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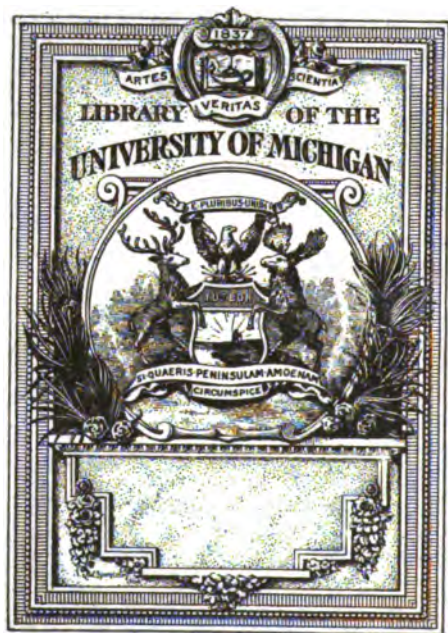
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CHRONICLES

SELECTED FROM THE ORIGINALS OF

Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

EMBRACING A PERIOD OF NEARLY XIX CENTURIES.

NOW FIRST REVEALED TO, AND

EDITED BY

DAVID HOFFMAN, HON. J. U. D. of Göttingen,

AUTHOR OF SOME LEGAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

CARTAPH. "Go faster, Jesus, go faster—Why dost thou linger?"

JESUS. "I, indeed, am going—but Thou shalt tarry till I come."

Old Legend.

"All Christendom or Moordom through, I wot he hath no peer."

"Seriousness and Mirth—Recollection and Anticipation—Spirituality and Sensuality—Terrestrials and Celestials—Life and Death, are blended together in intimate combination."—*Von Schlegel.*

"Immortality peals

Like the eternal thunders of the deep

Into mine ears this truth—Thou liv'ft for ever!"

Lord Byron.

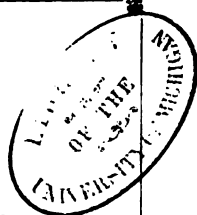
[IN TWO SERIES—EACH OF THREE VOLUMES.]

SERIES THE FIRST—VOL. I.

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1853.



**Entered according to the Act of Congress of the United States of
America, at Baltimore, Maryland : and at Stationers'
Hall, London, 1853.**

DEDICATION.

TO

SAMUEL HOFFMAN, ESQ.

OF BALTIMORE,

THE AUTHOR'S SEVENTH, BUT NOW ONLY REMAINING BROTHER;

These Volumes are Inscribed.

ACCEPT THEM AS SOME TOKEN OF AN AFFECTIONATE

REMEMBRANCE OF YOU;

WHICH LONG ABSENCE (THAT MAY NOT END,)

CAN NEVER DIMINISH.

LONDON,
Upper Brook St., Grosvenor Sq.,
March 10, 1851.

To The Children of The Dispersion,—

J E H O V A H ' S

FAVOURED PEOPLE, DURING SO MANY AGES—

C H R I S T ' S

SCATTERED FLOCK, DURING AS MANY MORE :

These Chronicles

Are affectionately Inscribed—

Trusting that, under Providence, they may become a link, however small, in that mysterious but not invisible chain, that seems to be now drawing Israel's sad and long enduring destiny to a speedy close—and Her to the only revealed and

TRUE FAITH.

~~~~~  
This Work comes to you under the name of an Hebrew renowned in the early Centuries of your last Dispersion—and greatly famed in the Legends of those days—but to your people of more recent times little known. He is now recently returned from a far Western Land, by your Forefathers and by the then Gentiles never seen. And yet that remote Land is seemingly destined by Abraham's God, to perform no small part in the great work of Human Melioration, and also of Israel's Restoration !

Marvel not, O Sons of Abraham !

that this Revelation shall prove how much He, who hath been called Cartaphilus the Wandering Jew, hath, ever since the days of Vespasian and Titus, abidingly cherished a sure Hope for your Race—as promised through

The Rock of Ages—.

Receive kindly, also, I pray thee, for my sake, the Offering of my chosen Editor—His, as well as my own toils therein, are with no vain pretension—but spring from hearts deeply conscious of unworthiness—feelingly alive to the present and past condition of the Abrahamic Family—and irresistibly impressed with the joyous anticipation that Israel every where must early see far better days.

CARTAPHILUS.

London, Austin Friars,  
September, 1852.



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## OF THE Legend of the “Wandering Jew.”



**I**T is a well known historical fact that during nearly eighteen centuries, there has been a mysterious and almost invisible tradition quietly passing down that long stream of time, in various countries of Christendom, respecting a certain wonderful personage endued with almost perpetual life ; and who has been known under the general name of the Wandering Jew ; but whose distinctive names, in different countries and ages, have been *Cartaphilus*, next *Abasuerus*, then *Josephus*, and finally, *Isaac Lakedion*. The curiosity of the ages has been much exercised to know *who* that remarkable individual was—why *destined* thus to live and wander—what were his “Sayings” and “Doings”—when and how his Wanderings shall terminate ?

**W**hat the nature of that ideality, or actuality is, which so greatly charms us in all such inquiries, and indeed in the contemplation of every remote antiquity (and especially of all mysterious personages, be they real, or only legendary), has long been a problem not easily solved : the fact, however, is indisputable : for, even the dullest mind is soon lost in a pleasing wonder of belief—or in a moving state of alternate incredulity, and of cherished self-deception ; and, be it the one, or the other, I entirely agree with the philosophy of the *Abbé de Polnitz*, that such emotions are, on the whole, invariably pleasurable. All antiquity, moreover, is environed by some halo of romance—by a mystic veil, that greatly engages our curiosity,—and we all know that no awakener of the mind is so potent as Curiosity—which began with Eva in Paradise ; and has never ceased to rouse the energies of man, as well as of woman, in all the after ages ! Hence originate our love of history—our delight in poetry—that Protean child of Imagination—our devotion to fictions and legends of every kind—our cherished blindness to the tales of fabulous ages—our momentary belief in the marvels of giants, in



the chivalrous deeds of knights-errant—in the doings and sayings of the renowned "*Seven Champions of Christendom*"—in the fascinating stories of the "*Thousand and One Nights*"—which neither exhausted the patience of the fair *Sche-hera-zade* in telling them, nor her earnest listeners. In this abundant fountain of curiosity we also see with what eagerness men seek into the chronicles of Druidical times—into the figments of the mediæval ages—into the *Mirabilia Mundi*, and the *Polychronicons* of cloistered monks. To the same veneration for antiquity, and the like effect of curiosity, we may refer the respect, and even worship accorded by so many to *relics*! In connexion with this, we also find an eagerness for the *prolongation of life* through many artful and mysterious devices—the faith with which myriads, even down to the present hour, have sought after a supposed *Elixir Vitæ*, to gain that imaginary perpetuity of life,—and finally, the readiness of our credence in every legendary story of life's metempsychosis,—all being sure proofs of the two sources of our pleasure in this regard, to which I have sufficiently alluded, viz. love of Antiquity, and the power of Curiosity! And yet, all antiquity is but comparative: what is mysterious to one mind, through a seeming great age, is not necessarily so to another, when practised in such inquiries: its contemplation, however, to most persons, is extremely vague, perplexing, and contradictory:—all long periods are very apt to bewilder, unless filled up by epochs and æras,—and especially by the graphic memorials of man's thoughts and actions, be they the veritable facts of history, or the sheer coinage of a prolific fancy. But, let the skigram be somewhat occupied in either way, how clear do the paths and vistas of very many consecutive ages then seem to become! By this means is it that history, true or false, may cause even Time's *Initiative* hour to kiss the fleeting *Now*; and make the remotest period seem *proximate*; and thus, too, not only to the philosopher's thoughtful mind, but to far humbler intellects; and, indeed, to every human being in the least accustomed to think of the past, or to be curious as to the present and the future. The capacity, however, of dealing sagaciously with the *future* belongs to the deeply thoughtful and experienced alone; and only to the more clever intelligences among them: but the *past* and the *present* have each its "*local habitations*" and distinctive "*names*," that give fixity to the thoughts of even common minds,—whereas, any portion of a *coming* age is shrowded in doubts, and often is wholly invisible,—and, as to the boundless future, it hath absolutely no epochs, even in the imagination—no ideal shores or mounds, on which the eye of thought may repose for any contemplation.

The Epistle addressed by Cartaphilus to his Editor, will sufficiently explain the origin, nature, and objects of his Chronicles; and his pages will often explain, to every useful extent, the presence or absence of truth, in regard to his mere traditional history. But,

as the veritable Chronicles, now given to the world, will clearly manifest that this *tradition* hath taken great liberties with the just fame and true character of our much renowned personage, it is but fair to Cartaphilus that his Editor should present to his readers the fragmentary and sparse materials of the *Legend* itself, as contrasted with the "Selections from his Chronicles" that now are given. Cartaphilus is quite too experienced a philosopher in men's customary ways, to take offence at Tradition for its vile mixture of idle falsehoods with undoubted facts respecting him. As might be expected from the nature of verbal reports, and of superstitious rumour, Cartaphilus has appeared to far less advantage in the Tradition, than he does in his own Chronicles. The Tradition, or Legend, will be now stated briefly, though sufficiently for our purpose, from all the meagre existing sources: the mendacity of Time cannot injure Cartaphilus, after this *revelation* of himself; and whether these mistakes and falsehoods be found in Spanish, Italian, German, and other ballads—or in the Hungarian, Bavarian, and Gallic traditions—in the chronicles of Vienne upon the Rhone; or finally, in whatever form his legendary story may have been told in the pages of the mere Fictionists, it is now hoped that his genuine Chronicles will for ever set at rest, not only profitless curiosity, but all disparaging tales, and superstitious rumours as to his past, present, and probable future destiny!

The "Wandering Jew" has been said to have made several "Revelations" of himself personally—but still very *partially*, and only by his occasional presence, and always verbally. No tradition has ever ascribed to him much loquacity, either as to his sayings or doings: but silence, dignity, poverty, the stigmata of crimes, and mystery have usually been the lineaments of his reputed character!—and, in such revelations, there have always been surprise and terror in those who heard his few words respecting his *curse*, and the *source* of it! Whether as Cartaphilus, Ahasuerus, Josephus, or as Isaac Lakedion, the tradition has ever been that he is "*doomed to wander*"—hath "*perpetual life*"—and generally that his alternations of "*extreme age*," and of "*renewed youth*" are as so many seeming deaths and resurrections!

Whence came these traditions—why so general—and why so uniformly associated with the idea of Jewish hostility to the illustrious Nazarene?—these are the questions we shall now strive to resolve, and as briefly as may be.

Doubtless, every reader will remember that, at the close of Saint John's Gospel, there is recorded a very mysterious *Conversation* that took place between Jesus (after his resurrection) and his great disciple Peter. It seems that John, whom Jesus so much loved, was then seen by Peter approaching them; when Peter said; "Lord! what shall this man do?" Now, it must be borne in mind that Peter asked this question immediately after Jesus had prophetically

declared that Peter should die an unnatural death. It is therefore probable that Peter was deeply interested, and perhaps too curious to know what should be John's fate also. Jesus, therefore, in reply to Peter, says, "If I will that John shall tarry till I come, what is that to thee?—follow thou me."

And, in the 23rd verse it is said—"then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that *that* disciple should *not die*: yet Jesus said not unto him He shall not die—but, if I will that he shall tarry till I come, what is that to thee? These remarkable passages have been supposed by many to be the *first source*, or true origin, of the legend of the Wandering Jew: and, though this is quite possible, and even very probable, it would still need some explanation as to the *manner*, in which that conversation *could* have given it birth.

Now, no one at this time can suppose that the Apostle John—the beloved of Jesus—could be one and the same personage as the much-famed, and ill-famed erratic Jew; but merely that, before Jerusalem's destruction (which occurred about thirty-six years after that conversation) the saying of Jesus that John should *tarry till he came*, was referred by the Jews to the *final coming* of Jesus: and hence that *mistaken* view of the matter may easily have given rise to the notion *at that time* (especially among the common people) that one of the disciples would *never die*: for the tarrying till Jesus should again appear would naturally be deemed equivalent to perpetual life; whereas Jesus clearly meant nothing more than that John should witness his coming,—not in the glory of his last appearance on earth, but in his prophesied one of *Jerusalem's destruction*; which, as we know, *was* the lot of John, and of no other Apostle! John did live at the time of that calamitous event—that "coming of Jesus" was well known of him; but the other Eleven had all perished, in various ways, some time before Jerusalem's destruction. As the Jews, therefore, neither expected the destruction of their city; and, when it came, regarded it not as any fulfilment of a prophecy, nor in any way as the "*coming of Jesus*," they saw in those words of Jesus to Peter, and also in John's greatly protracted life (which endured quite thirty years beyond that prophesied event), more than sufficient to raise a rumour among the unbelieving multitude, that this John, or some one else among the Nazarenes, should tarry till Jesus should *actually* come, if come he ever should: for, though very many Jews believed not in the Nazarene as the promised SHILOH, they had seen and heard too much to doubt as to his being a very wonderful personage, and a mighty prophet. Hence it was that, when the crude report had once gained ground among an unenlightened mass, (whether full believers or not in his messiahship), viz. that one of the disciples should *not die* till Jesus's coming, John's actual death, near seventy years after the crucifixion, would not stop, nor even arrest in any way the pervading rumour,—especially as copies of that Gospel were then extremely rare, and seldom

in the hands of Jews or Gentiles of the common sort. The tradition, *once out*, would not only spread, but assume additions and various forms; and might thus have easily become the *salient point* whence arose the entire Legend of the Wandering Jew.

So again,—there is another prophetic declaration of our Saviour's, that may have tended to add to, and confirm the rumour; and which has been equally misunderstood.

It will also be remembered by the reader, that Jesus used the following strong language upon another occasion. "Verily I say unto you, there be some of them which stand here, who shall not taste of death, until they have seen the Kingdom of God come with power!" Here Jesus, doubtless, alludes to those who were not apostles, or possibly not believers; and chiefly to the younger portion of his hearers; who, as he knew, would live to witness God's terrific manifestation of his *power*, not only in Jerusalem's prostration, but also in the wide diffusion of the Gospel, by miracles and preachings—which was emphatically called the "Kingdom of God,"—though Jesus also well knew it would encounter sore persecutions, but still would so radicate itself, that all the Powers of Darkness should never prevail against it!

It is, indeed, true that after ages early and correctly explained all of these passages: but the *legend itself* could not be thereby extinguished—and possibly never will be. It was, then, thoroughly among the people of all the nations—it had assumed new aspects, and had given birth to many strange stories, and even to artful devices in superstitious countries, so as to have occasioned evidently false, as well as misguided, and sometimes very plausible, *impersonations* of that mysterious personage!

I have already intimated that the Gentile and Jewish christians of the first century, knew not how to understand these passages of the then so recent scriptures: they thought not of Jerusalem's prophetic destiny as so nigh; or as equivalent to "*Jesus' coming*;" but they supposed that some *one*, or *more* persons were to remain on earth, to witness the second Advent of the Saviour, and the brightness of his kingdom, at some perhaps very remote period! And this interpretation the Hellenistic Jews, and the Gentiles generally would be the more inclined to give, as the Greek national legend of PROMETHEUS had ascribed to that wonderful son of Japetus an *immortality of woe*! Bound in chains to the Caucasian rocks, a vulture preyed eternally upon his liver, in punishment of that *daring genius*, which had caused him to substitute *human reason* for the divine wisdom; and to rob even the supreme god Jupiter (only a perversion of the name of Jehovah) of those gradual revelations he would vouchsafe to man! This Grecian *myth* was easily applied by them in support of the erroneous views they may have taken of these passages in the New Scriptures: and no marvel is it, if after ages, especially among the rude and superstitious, saw the imagined

"WANDERER OF AGES" in any poverty-stricken and aged Jew, whose miseries had driven him into caves and hidden recesses—or in other wretched exiles from humanity,—but who still were as innocent of the crime and curse of Cartaphilus, as was the Apostle John himself!

Suffer me, then, to trace the *actual* progress of this marvellous tradition from such lights as we do possess; and to state it chronologically, and wholly irrespective to the now published veritable Chronicles of Cartaphilus.

The first explicit and authentic mention of the "Wandering Jew" will be found in the Latin Works of *Roger de Wendover*, a monk of St. Albans, who died in the year of Grace 1237. This work having been merged in the more extended one of MATTHEW PARIS, a Benedictine monk of the Congregation of Clugny, likewise of the monastery of St. Albans, about the year 1250,—we there also find the same account given of this mysterious personage. It appears, then, from Roger of Wendover, confirmed by Matthew Paris, that, in the year of the Nativity, 1228, a great convocation of Bishops and of other church dignitaries, had assembled at St. Albans; among whom was an Arch-bishop of Armenia Major, who had come to England upon a pilgrimage to the relics, lately deposited there by the Crusaders. The conversation, after a time, happened to turn upon the subject of that famed Wanderer of Ages, then named "Josephus"—the faith that might be placed in the long known tradition—and as to the cause of his terrific curse. In the course of that interesting inquiry, the Archbishop, through his interpreter, a knight, was asked whether "he had ever seen or heard of that man, of whom there was much talk in the world, and who is still alive, and who, when our Lord suffered, was present and spoke to him." In reply, the knight stated, that "his lord, the Archbishop, well knows that man; and shortly before his lord had taken his way towards the Western Countries, the said Josephus had ate at his table in Armenia, and that he had often seen and held converse with him. On being further interrogated, the knight stated for his lord, that, at the time of the suffering of Jesus Christ, and when seized by the Jews and carried into the Hall of Judgment before Pontius Pilate—that governor finding no fault with him, nevertheless said, 'Take ye him and judge him according to thy law'—whereupon the shouts of the Jews increased, and he released unto them Barabbas, and delivered Jesus to them to be crucified. When therefore the Jews were dragging Jesus forth, and had reached the door, *Cartaphilus*, then a porter of the hall in Pilate's service, impiously struck the Saviour on his back with his hand, and said in mockery, '*Go faster, Jesus, go faster, why dost thou linger?*' And Jesus looking back upon him with a severe countenance said to him, '*I am going,*

"and thou wilt wait till I return." According as our Lord said, "this Cartaphilus (now called Josephus) is still awaiting his return ! " At the time of our Lord's suffering, Cartaphilus was thirty years old ; and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was at that time ! After Christ's death, and when the Catholic faith gained ground, this Cartaphilus was baptized by that Ananias who baptized the Apostle Paul, and then took the name of Josephus. He often dwells in both divisions of Armenia, and in other Oriental lands, passing his time amidst the bishops and other prelates of the church : he is a man of holy conversation—of few words, and circumspect in his demeanour, for he does not speak at all, unless when questioned by the bishops and religious men ; and then he tells of the events of old times, and of those which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of our Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection, namely, those who arose with Christ, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto men : he also tells of the creed of the Apostles, and of their separation and preaching,—and all this he relates without smiling or levity of conversation—as one who is well practised in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with fear to the coming of Jesus Christ, lest at the last judgment he should find Him in anger, whom, when on his way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. Numbers come to him from different parts of the world, enjoying his society and conversation ; and to them, if they are men of authority, he explains all doubts on the matters whereon he is questioned. He refuses all gifts that are offered to him,—being content with slight food and clothing. He places his hope of salvation on the fact that he sinned through ignorance ; for the Lord when suffering prayed for his enemies in these words—' Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' "

Such is the narrative we have in the pages of Matthew Paris ; but without comment by him, or by his predecessor Roger de Wendover ; and yet doubtless, with entire belief in the fact that it was so given by the Armenian prelate, and also in the perfect veracity of that narrator.

We next hear of this singular personage, somewhat more than a century later,—that is, in the meagre chronicles of the *fourteenth* century—which allusion to him, however, has abandoned the names of Cartaphilus, and of Josephus, and given us that of ISAAC LAKE-DION : and it also makes no mention of periodical alternations of age and youth ; but still imputes to him perpetual life !

Our next acquaintance with the unhappy Jew is one of a very wonderful character ; and is altogether so extraordinary, that we should much rather have expected to have found it among the monks of the seventh century, than connected, as it is, with a name of no small celebrity in the *sixteenth* century ! I allude to the very famous interview he is said to have had with the renowned CORNELIUS

AGRIPPA—himself a very wise man, and no little of a wanderer,—which, even in those days, was in itself regarded as a somewhat suspicious circumstance, especially if the traveller was at all addicted to the *occult sciences*, or, unfortunately, had gained to himself, from overmuch learning, the name of magician! Agrippa, doubtless, was at that time much occupied in the *alchemic arts*; but not so fearfully and *diabolically*, as the ignorance and superstition of many, even in that comparatively enlightened age, imputed to him. Judicial astrology, also the remnants of necromancy, and the supposed alliance of magic with the trismegistic or alchemic arts, were not yet quite out of vogue; so that the *spirit of the age* still cherished a multitude who firmly believed that Cornelius Agrippa was a most suspicious man, and that his strange doings in the adyta of his retired studium, would not endure the light; and that therein would be found such *familiar spirits*, and even *diaboli*, as take delight in misleading and poisoning men's souls, through the artifices of his unnatural learning! An examination of the character, and published works of Agrippa, however, would induce impressions much at variance with the chronicle now to be detailed. The date of this remarkable interview, said to have taken place between Cartaphilus and Cornelius Agrippa, has not been given: but as Agrippa died in 1539, it is certainly the first revelation the Jew made of himself, since that in Bohemia; after which he assumed the name of Isaac Lakedion; but again resumed that of Cartaphilus in Italy, about thirty-six years before his visit to Agrippa. The story I must somewhat condense; and also present it in a more seemly garb, though in perfect harmony with this portion of his legendary history.

+ Imagine, then, the famed Necromancer, Cornelius Agrippa, buried in an abyss of thought—surrounded by divers crucibles and alembics, with skeletons of various animals that garnished his walls. Upon his table lay some ponderous and worm-eaten folios, in confusion—many strange mixtures of metals, placed in acrid fluids—numerous amalgams upon his right and left:—also, the *Elixirs*, the *Salts*, and the *Sulphurs*—the *Ammonias*, and divers other ingredients of his potential and secret art! A shelf, nigh at hand, was burthened with many small vessels, the curious contents of which the shining labels told,—such as, *Mandibularum liquor*, or the oil of jaw-bones—*Mandella*, or the seed of black hellebore—*Jassa*, or the herb Trinity, and very many others!

The shades of night were gathering over Florence; and the lovely valley of the Arno had yet some feeble glimmerings of twilight reposing upon its green bosom, as if reluctant to part with so much beauty, or to cloud its charms by night's darker mantle. Suddenly, Agrippa heard a low quick rap at his door:—a tall figure entered, with much courtesy in his demeanour—nobly formed—mysterious and awful in his carriage, and whose eye could ill be divined, as both *youth* and *age* were so strangely blended, as were

never before seen in any mortal countenance ! No furrow was upon his cheek, nor wrinkle on his brow : his large dark eye flashed with the brilliancy of early manhood, and yet with all the intellectuality of long-experienced age ! But his stately figure seemed to have the weight of some years, and his hair streamed upon his shoulders in ample locks of fleecy white, blended with some of nearly jet-black ! His voice, though he had uttered only a sentence, was tremulous, but melodious—soul-searching—and enunciative of the sobriety of wisdom ! A silken abnet, inscribed with many oriental characters, encompassed his waist in several ample and graceful folds : in his hand he held a palmer's staff—upon his feet were gorgeous sandals, faded and worn : on his shoulders was a purple Ephod, of rare and exquisite workmanship, likewise the worse for time and wear ; and upon the lappets of which, in front, were the Hebrew letters *Thauf—Resh—Yod*, and *Aleph* ; and on that behind, suspended two cubits in length, was seen, embroidered in gold, a *triangle*,—beneath that a *single eye*, the centre or pupil of which was formed of an inestimable sapphire, the lashes of thin dazzling rubies ; and, over the upper lid of the eye was inscribed the letter *Beth* !

The eye of the Stranger was quick in resting a moment upon a graceful, but most intensely black dog ; whose small and piercing eye shot forth the intelligence, more of man than beast ; and whose general expression seemed to amble upon the very borders of humanity ! Time and circumstances, at that instant, permitted to the Stranger no closer scrutiny of the remarkable animal : but thought is speedier than action,—and he could not shut out a rush of ideas, inspired in him by that devoted and much-famed attendant upon the great philosopher ; for the Jew had heard of what the crude people so stubbornly insisted—that this jet black dog was naught but the very *demon* wherewith Agrippa wrought his marvellous deeds in the magic art ! Still the Jew spoke no further words than at his first entrance ; but gazed upon *Monsieur* (for so Agrippa had named his dog), then reposing at his master's feet, amidst many ponderous volumes and opened manuscripts on the floor around him ! As the Stranger entered, and uttered a few words of civility, there was an eye of the dog keenly intent upon him, and the other upon Agrippa, seemingly to inquire of his lord whether he should give to the Jew a kindly welcome ! A morsel was instantly cast to the noble beast (his well known signal of hospitality), and quickly the philosopher and his dog were on their feet, to welcome the approaching guest.

Agrippa gazed involuntarily, for a moment, in silence and wonder mixed with awe, upon the high intelligence of the stranger ; whose eyes shone with unnatural lustre in the evening dawn,—but whose countenance was pleasing to behold, and powerfully awakening—there being deep-laid sorrow, wisdom, and resignation, that seemed to reveal a tale of long-accustomed misery, entirely softened by the supremacy of mind !



"Pardon me, O Agrippa! this untimous intrusion, so unbidden, upon thy privacy," at length said the Jew: "thy vast fame hath reached unto the world's limits; and I could not leave this fair city without communing with *thee*, its brightest ornament—so loved by some, and so dreaded by others!"

"Thrice welcome art thou, O Stranger," said Agrippa, "but thy curiosity in thus seeking me, will, I fear, be ill requited: for fame is often mendacious, whether to *praise*, or to *censure*; and to Agrippa it hath been both. My many years have been more devoted to profitless and vain pursuits, than in the gain of enduring honour, and of real wealth: it is not all *regulus* that hath remained at the bottom of my crucible, O Stranger!"

"Dost *thou* talk of many and tedious years, O learned and renowned Agrippa!" exclaimed the unknown one, "dost *thou*, who hast scarcely seen more than three score years, talk of lengthened life, spent in much thought and vexation? I do remember me that, when quite a youth, O Agrippa! I used to gaze upon the bright orb of day as he declined,—and thought with delight of his speedy renovation in the far East, after he had quenched his rays in the boundless waters! and then foolishly coveted that *my* life should be like unto his—and be for ever! But, my Agrippa, a young head can *wish* for more than old shoulders can *endure*,—and long experience hath taught me that far better is it to slumber among those tombs on the Arno's banks, than, like the sun, to rise into renovated life, and thus, for ages, to pursue the same dull and toilsome existence:—But the tyrannous destiny of that Sun is *mine*!"

Agrippa shrank within himself, as the thought flitted through his mind, that a dangerous madman was possibly before him! But the stranger mildly continued, "I fear I trouble thee with my visit, and by my unwonted speech, that hath been too much of my poor self." "Thou indeed hast wondered me much, good Stranger," rejoined Agrippa. "Not so much, O Agrippa, as thou mayest *me* wonder, if report doth not belie thee—and, if thou wilt grant my request. I would have thee tell me of that MARVELLOUS MIRROR, which thy potent art of magic hath enabled thee to make—the renown of which hath brought even me, Cartaphilus (for that is the name I bear), within thy door, seeking after such strange knowledge. Tell me, I pray thee, is it indeed true that whosoever looketh into that Mirror, with faith, doth see therein the *far-distant*, and the *long dead*? If so it be, then much doth Cartaphilus desire to look into that truthful mirror, since his eyes are wholly closed upon such far distant scenes—upon the long dead—upon those that departed hence centuries ago—yea, Agrippa, upon very many dear friends! To me, O Agrippa! all life is but as a vale of tears: myriads of myriads easily die—and *when*, and as they *would not*: but Cartaphilus follows not—rivers do change their course—the solid rocks do disintegrate—the mountain tops repose, at length, upon the bosom of

the valley—the proud mausoleums resist the elements only for a time, and even the solidest of them do fade away at last! *Not so with me!* O give me therefore, I pray thee, but one look into thy much famed mirror, so that my earliest life—the one of my *real* youth, may again be seen of me."

Agrippa was greatly moved,—but at length replied, "Whom wouldst thou see? oh, wonderful man!" "Son, or daughter, never had I at that time," answered the Jew, "but earnestly do I crave to see REBECCA, only daughter of Rabbi Eben Ezra—a princess of every virtue, and the most beloved of all Jewish or other maidens. I would behold her, as she was in youth—before Shiloh was fully revealed:—*as she was*, I say, when with her I wandered, as Cartaphilus, son of Mariamne, upon the flowery banks of the Kedron, in her father's garden—or, as we rambled in joyous carelessness, and with the boundless innocence of earliest mutual love, upon the heights of Ramoth-Gilead."

Agrippa trembled as the aspen: "Who, and what art thou? and whether of Gehenna, or of Paradise, I wot not: but thy petition shall be essayed, come what *may* from the *nether* world," exclaimed Agrippa with tremulous lips—whereupon he incontinently chaunted much strange language—and then he polished his mirror with the softest furs—next, divers thin veils of shining gossamer were suspended before that metallic mirror; and many lights, of various colours, were seen streaming in from all directions! Agrippa then suddenly arose, raised his arms aloft towards Heaven, and anon depressed them towards Gehenna; when lo! quick as a meteor bursts, a mass of dazzling white light shone around, and the mirror sparkled as the meridian sun!

"Thou art seemingly of but few years, compared with what thou sayest," cried Agrippa, "and the mirror cannot be faithful, unless my *wand* shall waive once, for every *ten* years since the maiden lived:—proceed now, O strange man! to number these *tens*, since last she breathed—or, if thou listeth, since the early youth of which thou speakest: and be thou most *faithful* not to deceive me." As bidden, the anxious and soul-wrapped Jew numbered 149 times! Agrippa gazed in maddening terror; and at length sank with exhaustion upon his couch. "Wave on! wave on!" Sternly yet imploringly exclaimed the Jew; the wand soon continued to move, and but twice more—noting thereby just 1510 years in all—when lo! the mirror's surface was filled with numerous forms, reflected from its shining disk, seemingly as large as life, upon the gossamer veils that encompassed the mirror! All those forms were in the habiliments of ancient Palestine—each engaged appropriately in rural sports and actions! Upon this sweet scene the Jew gazed in wild rapture, as if his eyes would devour, what his arms could not embrace! In the distance were lofty mountains, aspiring to kiss the clouds; and hard-by was descried Ramoth-Gilead, an ancient City

of Refuge! In the foreground was a luxurious valley, garnished with various goodly flowers, and refreshed by a limpid stream, gushing through wide crevices of rocks, and anon, gently laving the banks—upon which were seen indolently reposing many fleecy sheep, a tamed gazelle, and numerous domestic animals—the cherished pets of a female of matchless beauty,—who then was sheltered from the noon-tide sun, by lofty cedars grouped there by nature's tasteful hand! "'Tis she!—'tis she!" cried the enraptured Cartaphilus, "yea, Rebecca as she was in the days of the then *Holy Temple*—a work of human art the greatest and loveliest—as was *she* the perfectest of nature's gifts! I must, I will *speak*." Cartaphilus spoke to her! and lo! instantly thereon, the charm was dissolved; a cloud gathered over the mirror; the dazzling light had wholly vanished; and the mysterious Jew sank, as one senseless, upon the couch!

Beviving, after a time, he seized the hands of Agrippa, and said, "Oh, many and boundless thanks unto thee, learned Agrippa—thou Prince of all the Magicians! I pray thee, receive this purse of costly jewels. In it thou wilt find more of value than in any other within my abnet—and worthily do I bestow it on thee." "No!—No!" exclaimed Cornelius Agrippa, "keep thy jewels, of whatever worth; I will none of them—no *Christian* man, perhaps, *dare* receive them: but tell me, I do implore thee, *who thou art*?—such a recompense, I *may* take of thee; but not thy jewelled purse—there seemeth danger in it."

"No peril to thee is either in my will, or in my power, most worthy Cornelius Agrippa," replied the Jew. "My name thou already hast; but *that* reveals me not unto thee, as it seemeth. But now behold! I pray thee, that exquisite *painting* suspended on thy walls, upon the left: doth it not represent the SAVIOUR bearing his Cross?—and look further upon thy right; yea, at that *portrait* and then *upon me*! Agrippa was lost in wonder; for the likeness was indeed perfect! "That portrait, oh mysterious man!" said Agrippa, "is the faithful representation of that wretched infidel Jew, who smote the Saviour, and urged him on when groaning under the weight of his Cross. "'Tis I—'tis CARTAPHILUS, the miserable Wanderer now before thee!" exclaimed the Jew, and instantly rushed from the chamber. Agrippa retired to his couch, but not to sleep.

Such, in substance, is the wonderful revelation, said to have been made at that period by the Wandering Jew!

In about ten years thereafter, on Easter Sunday, of the year 1542, we again find him, listening attentively to a sermon in a church at Hamburg. As the story goes, he then had the name of AHASUERUS. He was observed in that Church by two German students from Strasbourg; who represented him as being remarkably tall, with

snowy hair reaching below his waist—and with a beard that extended, when seated, to his abnet. Though the weather was then severe, his feet were quite naked. His lower limbs were covered with wide Turkish thigh-garments, above which was a closely fitting vestment around his body: and over that a loose and very small caracalla, or cloak. He conversed freely with the students in various languages promptly giving them his name; and stated that before the Crucifixion he had been a prosperous cordwainer! He acknowledges that he had joined the multitude around Pilate's judgment-seat; and had clamored loudly for the release of Barabbas, and for the death of Jesus; but that he had so done, more from excitement, than from any special religious hatred of the Nazarene, or personal rancour against him. He further stated, that when Jesus was groaning beneath his cross, he had urged him on—was then *curst* with perpetual life, and never since had known rest!

These students represented Ahasuerus as being wonderfully abstemious; as accepting alms only that he might distribute them among the poor; and as anxiously exhorting them to bestow their prayers for his speedy death!

We next hear of him at Straßbourg, about twenty years after his appearance at Hamburg—that is, in the year 1562. Upon entering Straßbourg, he notified the magistrates that they should not record him as a stranger; for that, if they would search their registers, the fact would be verified that, just two centuries before, he had passed through their city; whereupon the books being consulted, they were found perfectly to sustain the marvellous assertion!

During his sojourn at Straßbourg, the Jew made many kind inquiries after the youths of that city whom he had seen at Hamburg as students, and whose conversation had so much pleased him. He then stated that he had visited, during the intervening twenty years, all the Oriental countries.

Thirteen years after this, we again hear of him in Brabant, in the year 1575; when he is represented as still meanly clad; but as being a man of surprising knowledge, and of pleasing manners—as speaking the German in absolute purity; and also, as so fine a Spanish scholar, that no nobleman in the Duke of Alva's court could equal him! But here, again, we find the Jew under the name of Isaac Lakedion, as is seen in the famed BRABANTINE BALLAD. Its English garb is probably a crude translation; but seems to have been nearly as current in Britain as in Brabant. It has much of that legendary and ballad interest which mark the effusions of those days. This poetic chronicle, of twenty-four verses, is quite too extended to be here given at length; and yet, perhaps, too german to our subject to be wholly omitted. The ballad is descriptive of his person—his miseries, his travels, and of the conversation held by him with the worthy burgesses of Brabant. Possibly

the reader may be pleased at the insertion of a few of the verses.  
The Burgeffes fay unto the Jew :

" " We used to think your story  
Was but an idle dream ;  
But, when thus wan and hoary  
And broken down you seem,  
The fight cannot deceive—  
And we the tale believe.

" " Are You that man of sorrow  
Of whom our authors write—  
Grief comes with every morrow,  
And wretchedness at night ?  
Oh ! let us know, are you  
Isaac, the Wandering Jew ?

" Then *he* replied—' Believe me  
I suffer bitter woe ;  
Incessant travels grieve me,—  
No rest's for me below ;  
A respite I have never,  
But onward *march* for ever !

" "'Twas by my *rash* behaviour,  
I wrought this fearful scathe ;  
As Christ our Lord and Saviour  
Was passing to the grave—  
His mild request I spurn'd,  
His gentle pleading scorn'd.

" " A secret force expell'd me  
That instant from my home ;  
And since, *the doom* hath held me  
Unceasingly to roam,—  
But neither day nor night  
Must check my onward flight !

" " I have no home to hide me ;  
No wealth can I display ;  
Yet, Unknown Powers provide me  
Five farthings every day !  
This always is my store—  
'Tis never less, nor more !' "

It may here be remarked as an interesting characteristic fact, that, whilst the Germans and French have always spoken of the "Wandering Jew" kindly, and as meritorious, at this time, of our

sympathy, and even of our deep compassion, the Spaniards, on the contrary, in all their legends respecting him, have ever regarded him with unmingled detestation, and as an object to be hunted and cruelly persecuted. Whether our unhappy Jew appeared as Cartaphilus, as Ahasuerus, Josephus, or as Isaac Lakedion, he is always represented in other countries as philosophic, dignified, and learned—not as invariably poor—and always as kind and well-bred. He is generally described as aged and care-worn—as often having an immense white beard—grizzled hair—rather tattered garments—and as being no little fond of crude traces of Oriental finery.

We sometimes find our Jew represented as a *Scholastic cobbler*,—in which case he is said to have worn a leathern apron : and, indeed, it may be invariably said that the legend (brief as are its chronicles) takes its peculiar features and colouring, in a large degree, from the character of the people themselves, or of the age in which he happens to be noticed. In Spain, for example, he is said to have been often seen with an awful *stigma* upon his forehead,—which consisted of a flaming crucifix—consuming his brain for ever ; but which continued to grow just as fast as it was thus consumed ; and hence occasioned him unceasing agony—a fable in just harmony with divers other fearful things in that country, which are *not* legendary.

According to Xeniola, this dreadful mark was concealed by a black bandage : and that author states that the INQUISITION, though long in search of him, could never take him ! Cartaphilus, however, in his veritable Chronicles, contradicts that author ; and minutely describes the fierce cruelties he endured in that odious Institution. The same author says that the Inquisitors often heard of his magical incantations ; at which time he would display the crosses during some dark night ! and, from this, probably, school-boys, in most countries, have derived their alarming trick on their fellows, of sticking small bits of phosphorus upon their own foreheads, in the form of a cross ; which, in the darkness of night, might well occasion dread to timid and superstitious youths. But Cartaphilus, in his faithful Chronicles, sustains a far more dignified character than in these legends ; and converts most of such tales as to magic, and some of them as to the hated stigmata, and other mysterious appearances about him, into the contrivances of superstitious monks, and of the fierce papists of those times—and showing that theirs are not veracious pictures of his own sufficiently miserable life, made so from many other causes than such as sprang from his supposed magic, and diabolic arts.

The next time we hear of the famed Jew is in France, in the year 1604, when it is vaguely recorded that the learned *Père Louvet* of Beauvais, saw him at that place on a Sunday, coming from mass ! for the legend has, in this respect among others, been faithful in ascribing to him a species of faith in Christianity. But in his Chronicles, the exact truth of this matter is stated with much detail ; and forms the basis of most of the stirring events of his miscellaneous

and wonderful life—at all times in conflict with *papacy*, but seldom in opposition to Christianity of some sort: and finally, his creed settles down into the most orthodox and fervent piety. But to proceed. At *Beauvais*, it is said that he recited to the children, who were used to surround him, many stories of the Saviour's sufferings; and that this was done in such melancholy tones, as failed not to draw tears from their young eyes, and also to open the previously tied purses of his more aged auditors! These alms, nevertheless, were received by him in a tone of majesty; and seemingly as of right—imparting thereby to his hearers the idea, that he was *conferring*, rather than *receiving* a favour.

During nearly twenty years, France was greatly moved by the appearances, at intervals, of this mysterious personage,—and, doubtless, this stimulated others to personate his character in various ways; and thus to extort from the credulous multitude charities, which, according to his own Chronicles, he never exacted from the good people of either ancient or modern Gaul, or in any other land whatever.

Space will not serve me to detail his several appearances at *Venice*, *Neapolis*, and at *Salamanca*. These accounts are meagre, and but little varied. At *Naples*, the *on dit* was that the Jew had been marvellously successful as a *gambler*—a charge that arose, no doubt, from Neapolitan corruption, and their own propensity to that vice, so at variance with the other legends respecting the Jew, and which is contradicted in every page of his truthful history.

The next revelation of himself took place at *Brussels*, on the 22nd of April, 1771. Upon that occasion, he graciously sat for his portrait,—which, being engraved, was made to accompany a rapid sale of a new edition of the famed *Brabantine Ballad* of 1575—some verses of which have been given.

In very many cottages of Belgium may now be seen this same wood-engraving of his portrait. Belgium being a land in which all that concerns our sempiternal wanderer is highly valued; so much so, that no two names are so universally known to the Flemings as that of *CARTAPHILUS* and of *NAPOLÉON*! And here may be briefly noted, what is given by *Brand*, a learned antiquary; who states that a few years before he was then writing, probably about the year 1760, a remarkably curious Israelite made his appearance in Scotland. This Jew maintained a very hermetic life and exterior: but he was sometimes found wandering to and fro in the streets of towns and villages, ever followed by a train of playful, or mischievous boys; whilst the aged pedestrian would be muttering—"Poor Jack alone!"—"Poor Jack alone!"—and always in so singular and plaintive a mood, as to occasion much sympathy. The Author adds—"they thought him the Wandering Jew."

In conclusion of this sketch of the Legend, I have only to add that of all the revelations *Cartaphilus* is said to have made of him-

self, none is more interesting than that which took place at *Vienne* upon the Rhone, in Dauphiny—the burial place of *Pontius Pilate*; and also in the vicinity of that river in which perished the beautiful *Salomé*, niece of Herod, tetrarch of Galilee—the same maiden that so artistically danced off the head of John the Baptist. This appearance of the Jew at *Vienne* occurred in 1777: but, unhappily for our present purpose, we scarce have a fragment left of the detail said to have been then given; and so will it remain, unless *Cartaphilus* himself shall furnish it in the second series, and last volume of these his *Chronicles*—if destined to see the light: and which detail he may also furnish in the words of the records (if yet extant) in the present monastery near *Vienne*! In that monastery there was, and may be, a Latin chronicle of the, so called, "CONFESSIONS of *Pontius Pilate*!" It is said to consist of four large folio pages; in which are stated the early history of the melancholy tragedy upon Mount Calvary, in a way of great tenderness and truth,—and in which evidences will be found, either to confirm those Confessions of *Pilate*—or, that *Cartaphilus* himself furnished them in the year 1777, when, for a time, in communion with the people of *Vienne*!

I may not end this *historiette*, without expressing some unaffected surprise that, as this tradition may be found in almost every age and country, yet that so barren are the chronicles, even of the superstitious ages, that scarce fifty printed pages would suffice to quite exhaust what has been transmitted to us concerning this famous personage—and that no one has yet attempted to make even those materials assume a more narrative and connected form! A lively interest has at all times been manifested in all that relates to him. The Editor hopes, therefore, that his veritable *Chronicles* from A. D. 27 to 1850, may not only place *Cartaphilus* in his real and only useful point of view, but awaken the too erratic mind of the young, and of the sciolous among the aged, to the spirit of those consecutive ages, and to the philosophy of that history, civil and ecclesiastic, in which *Cartaphilus* so amply deals—and more especially, to the intensely interesting worth of all prophecy, as applied to the whole.

Why, permit me to ask, should the entire story of the fated Wanderer, be suffered to repose upon a few imperfect, scattered, and often idle legends? Why, out of such a *multum in parvo*, and, in this point of view, such ample and rich materials, should naught but wretched dramas be written, to amuse an ignorant and superstitious crowd? Or, why should even the fine conception of the "*Curse of Kehama*," or the gorgeous romance of "*Salathiel*,"—which only traces the Jew fictitiously, during a few brief years, and in contradiction of the entire legend, and, moreover, with no adherence to utilities and probabilities, but only in the fashion of a pleasing novel, be deemed sufficient to exhaust our interest?

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*M. Eugene Sue*, some years after these Chronicles were nearly in readiness for the press, saw fit to adopt a similar title for a work of loathing immorality—but of undoubted genius—in which, however, the Jew is permitted to make no figure,—is scarcely, at all, recognized as one of the *dramatis personæ*; and in which there is a strange and tedious *mélange* of magnificent descriptions, worthy of any pen, blended with much that, in manner and style, would ill suit even a daily journal!

"The Chronicles of Cartaphilus," however, are spread over nearly nineteen centuries—the story of the Gallic Novelist extends over but a few years of the *present day*,—the one is addressed to the moral and thoughtful—the other to the sensuous and thoughtless multitude—the latter has been most extensively read—the other may lie dusty on the undisturbed shelf! but Cartaphilus would blush with very shame, could he suppose that his carefully elaborated, and veracious chronicles, his recurrent musings, and his many ecclesiastic heterodoxies, (though often enlivened by his stories of real events, and by the details of his anomalous life) should be regarded by any one, in the least as partaking the character of a *novel*! And finally, why should the hasty notice of the Jew by *Goethe*, (in the mere *travestie* of the Brabantine Legend) and the few Italian, German, and other Ballads, be allowed to *fritter away* the sympathy of ages in a much cherished tradition regarding a personage, so strangely and interestingly connected even with the dawn of our holy religion; and who, if ever a Wanderer, is equally the same at this time? We therefore now refer our Reader to his only veritable and useful chronicles:—they may be found to generate some profitable thoughts in the heart and mind of every reader, who desires to deal with the long past—the present—and the future, as sources of pleasing and salutary instruction.

THE EDITOR.

LONDON,  
Upper Brook St., Grosvenor Sq.,  
March 10, 1851.



EPISTLE OF  
**Cartaphilus to his Editor.**

**S**OMEWHAT more than eighteen centuries have passed since, in the seven and twentieth year of my age, my hand was first set to the labour of recording the marvels of no ordinary Life—as seen of thee in my original *Polychronicon*—for by that name were the many Volumes called, when entrusted by me to thy judicious revision and selection.

**A**s those manuscript rolls embraced within their ample range the events of many ages, the whole were aptly so called by me,—not only as expressive of that fact, but because divers other persons, in the early centuries, thus styled their similar works, and at my suggestion: and of this might I state unto thee various instances; but will specially note only the Latin *Polychronicon* of the worthy *Ralph Higden*,—afterwards done into English by the admirable *John of Trevisa*. Now this *Ralph Higden* was well known of me; and often would we converse together in the cloisters of St. Werberg—which is the present Cathedral in the goodly old city of Chester, he being a Benedictine there; who, in kindness and good qualities, and in holy zeal, did much remind me of *Simplicius*, the first Benedictine I ever knew—as will be found recorded in the LXXXVIII Section of these my *Chronicles*. The monk *Higden* lived unto a good old age, being somewhat more than a nonagenarian—came into life at the close of the third Henry's reign, and departed in the year of Grace 1363.

**I**n the same monastery of St. Werberg, also lived one *Ranulphus*; who likewise entitled his similar work in the like way:—but, as the times now are not as then, I willingly yield to thy suggestions, not only to shorten and winnow down, by selection, my voluminous rolls, but to change the name thereof unto *CHRONICLES*—and likewise to do the whole into veritable and readable English—rendered the more necessary, as divers parts thereof could not now be possibly read by any, even of the riper scholars of the present day! And, even as these *Chronicles* now are, (after our united toil in this regard) much do I fear the style of these volumes—permitted

now to see the light, after so many centuries of concealment—may not yet be in a fashion as simple and uniform and pure, as shall meet the taste of the present age.

But, in truth, my Editor, it is not of the nature of Cartaphilus to come up to the height, nor to descend unto the lowness, of the fashion of writing so usual at this time. The smoothness of a current doth show deep water, I confess; but whether it be so with the style or manner of a writing, is a matter not so readily yielded by me. All use of words, their collocation, and their orthography, are matters far better understood now, than formerly: for, in these respects, every one writes well, and more sweetly, than was the wont in some past centuries: and yet is Cartaphilus compelled still to think that expressiveness, close thought, and distilled learning have somewhat suffered thereby,—and that the now idle dread of neologisms (by those who are *purists* as to manner, and *scatterlings* as to substance) hath also added its share of signal defects in very many of those countless volumes of the present day, with which the almost mechanical facility of mere conventional composition, and the yet greater facilities of steam publication, have deluged the world.

Doubt it not, worthy Editor, that if the *individuality* of any one who hath separated himself from the common herd, be a matter desirable to be known, and that if the same may be somewhat ascertained by such small instances as his calligraphy—his tone of voice—or even by his peculiar shake of the hand, and divers others, (so cognizable by the *deep* philosophy of some in the now age)—much more, in this regard, may be gleaned from his peculiar style of writing—a matter that irrepressibly belongeth to every individual, who hath, indeed, any decided warp and woof of character, to be in any way manifested. Cartaphilus, therefore, loves to see, in every setter down of his thoughts, that individualization which is given out by his own manner of writing, whatever it be: for this reveals unto the reader the very texture and marrow of the author's mind; and enables us the better to go deeper into his natural veins of thought—if any he have.

It was also my wish, courteous Editor, as thou knowest, to have retained, in various portions of the “Selections” made by thee from my “Polychronicon,” some specimens, just as they were written by me in the various ages: but, in this likewise (of thy judiciousness) have I been overruled—and mainly by the just fear of the Purists, and also of the Multitude—who shun such novelties, and hard readings, however sparsely they may be found!

But, my Editor, thou *hast* spared one pervading feature; for the which my readers may thank thee, as I do: I mean the *dramatic* and *narrative* forms, into which truth, and my own nature, enforced me, even from the commencement of my Polychronicon. In all the ages of the world, as thou well knowest, Dialogue and Narrative have pleased the popular taste, as finding their genesis, probably, in

man's earliest and most natural mode of imparting his thoughts. This we see throughout the Pentateuch—in the Iliad and Odyssey—in the pages of Livy, and in divers others among the ancients—without making special mention of Bunyan, De Foe, and others, among the moderns,—all of which have awakened and preserved more of popular favour than any other writings whatever, however learned, didactic, and perfect in style such others may have been.

Whether or no, the concluding series of these Chronicles (extracted from my original Polychronicon)—which brings down my eventful narrative to the close of the present year of Grace M.DCCCLII, shall ever see the light, time will disclose through the now volumes; which, if in kindness received, will bid me reveal matters—in a second series, possibly of greater interest; and yet only so, because more germane to the known and ordinary vein of thought.

And now, unto thee and them, let me say that, although I have never had a *beadman* in all the eighteen centuries of my marvellous life,—yet do I “*confess*” my great solicitude for the reception the Public may give unto this my first revelation! It is a faithful and well meaning chronicle—indited, surely, by the most notorious personage the world hath known,—one who, being an eye-witness through so many changing ages, could scarce fail to describe scenes and events, and the impressions of his times, more feelingly and truthfully, than those who have to deal only with by-gone centuries as to themselves, and with transactions in which they have had neither part nor lot.

In the present volumes, however mysterious and doubtful the character of the Chronicler may heretofore have been, he believes and earnestly hopes that the Pious—the Infidel—the Thoughtful—and the Worldling may, possibly, be edified and entertained: and that, whilst all Sects and Faiths may find therein something in regard to their cherished opinions, (either to confirm, or to drive them from their respective creeds) the *ultimate* opinions of Cartaphilus will display the loveliness and power of Truth—and of that Truth, alone, which was the “*Brightness*”—the “*burning and shining Light*,” from before which all “*the clouds passed away!*”

As Cartaphilus now sees, in the present “*Signs of the Times*,” many things to assure him that mankind are undergoing a more rapid change, (Intellectual, Moral, Religious, Political, and Physical) than the world hath ever witnessed, he trusts the advantage of his *long and varied experience* may not be neglected; and that the popular character which his Editor has graciously permitted his Chronicles to retain, may commend them even to lighter readers than were thought of, when first he began to note the passing events of the days of Tiberius Cæsar!—and also, that those well versed in the “*rerum divinarum et humanarum Scientia*,” may find in them divers matters not to be contemned; and some things that belong to the innermost *adyta* of the human heart.

Cartaphilus, indeed, hath not entitled his volumes "MIRABILIA MUNDI," as some have had the vanity to do,—and yet, without show of wonders, or of deep learning, he may truly say there are in them divers mental and physical marvels and mysteries worthy of note—veraciously true, and in no wise drawn from fancy's storehouse: and, as to some others, the courteous reader must himself judge how far the anomalous nature of *Cartaphilus* may have blended his own fertile imaginings with questionable truths—a mixture that can never lead to error, either *de qualitate*, or *de substantia*, in any well regulated mind. Nor hath the "Wanderer" the least need to render any account whence he drew his furniture throughout the ages, (as the British Chronicler *DANIEL*, and many others doubtless had to do) seeing that, in the present volumes, he deals mainly with things seen, or done of him—or deals in confidence with others whom he valued as entirely veracious: and hence hath he, happily, no occasion to charge his margins with lumber of that sort—sufficient weight and authority being found therein, as he hopes, (from the intrinsic circumstances) to satisfy any generous and judiciously confiding reader. And to all this *Cartaphilus* must add that, in truth, he hath ever had but poor relish for those "marginal stuffings," in which the overcharged in learning—or the sciolous pretenders—do so often annoy their readers. Such sumpter mules (burthened with references and citations) may be had even for a maravedi of thought, to a talent of labour—alike profitable to all, save in cases of real doubt, and of equal interest; and then ancient and cotemporary authorities *are* invoked.

**T**he many heresies, schisms, and heterodoxies, moreover, which have signalized my own life, and those of all other such agitators, will have wholly passed away before my labour of chronicling shall have wholly ended: and, though the greatest among offenders in this way, (as my varied history so painfully shows) yet hath *Cartaphilus* not been living and doing so long, but that he hath wrought, as well as wened, divers goodly things towards man's much needed wisdom,—and likewise in aid of his physical melioration:—and if so, then, as he hopes, in some atonement for the many evils to the inner man, which, doubtless, he hath caused. Now, among the greatest marvels of his mixed life, and the one he doth most complacently regard, (and especially at this time) is his steady rejection, in all the ages, of every *doctrine* and *discipline* that peculiarize the Latin Church,—as almost every page of his *Chronicles*, so far as they relate to the Church, do amply testify. And this reminiscence is the more agreeable to him, not only as he communed so often and affectionately with many of its pious luminaries in every age, long before, and ever since, Rome's bishop aspired to an extra-territorial jurisdiction, (for none of the centuries—nay years—have been without some shining light, worthy of love) but also, as he hath ever abstained from epithets of unfeeling severity—and from every grofs

vituperation towards that Church. And this hath been his course, though so often an eye-witness of its fierceness, and its mournful departures from the simplicity, eternal truths, and irresistible facts of the primitive faith—all likewise seen and heard by him too brightly, and distinctly, not for him to *know* (and *feel* as it were) the day and hour and motives of all the daring innovations of the Latin Church. Throughout his pages, dear Editor, thou wilt find he hath but faithfully chronicled the *facts* of its marvellous deeds—proving thereby *historically*, its early, continually adding, and finally deep and astounding violations of, and additions to the Apostolic fabric; until it hath become so essentially *one* and *invariable* in its factitious and terrene spirit, that, humanly speaking, it *can* never be aught else than what it is, and *hath been*, and *was prophesied that it would be!* The attempt, then, is vain to amalgamate, to modify, or, in any way, to blend the two systems: they are the *opposites* of each other; and this ROMANISM will never vanish, nor change, until the times of the Gentiles be fully accomplished! That this is no dogmatical assertion of Cartaphilus, is proved by the entire history of that Church during nearly sixteen hundred years—for it had its days of comparative purity of doctrine, and of observances:—and, as we find an *unmistakeable* prophecy respecting it: and an equally *garish* fulfilment, Cartaphilus is compelled thus to think, and thus to chronicle,—but never oblivious of whatever of lustrous and of holy zeal—whatever of charity, of expansive benevolence, of human learning, and of primitive simplicity, were manifested by very many individuals of that Church—whether of the laity, or of the clergy—Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans—or, whether they were of the *Whites* of Citeaux, or of the *Blacks* of Clugny.

X And, in every page of these my Chronicles, you, my Editor, will have remarked therein two pervading features—*first*, that although never could I harmonize with the Roman Church in any of its peculiar doctrines, observances, and discipline; yet *secondly*, that my zeal of opposition never betrayed me into such judicial blindness, as would cause me to join in an indiscriminate “*Hue and Cry*” of the often sciolous, and sometimes mendacious Protestants—and more particularly in regard to, what they have named, the “*Dark Ages*”—as if those centuries had been consigned to utter follies, corruptions, ignorances, and to total unacquaintance with the Bible—and also to an hostility to human knowledges—and further, as if the now *certainly* greatly Reformed Church, and the vast mass of learning we now have in it, owe no debt of gratitude to those very Ages, of which they so harshly speak! Cartaphilus believes and *knows* that much of this is a modern error—the more unpardonable, as there are still extant sufficient chronicles of those times—and veraciously accurate, too; and so beautifully eloquent, divinely charitable, eminently pious, and thoroughly orthodox in

very many particulars, as to assure any candid mind that the Church of those "Dark Ages," or that of the Mediæval times, was never in that state of profound darkness and corruption, which some illustrious writers of the last and present centuries have so fondly imagined, and so recklessly and daringly represented! Doubtless, the expression "Dark Ages," (from the Eighth to the Twelfth century) hath some just meaning: those centuries surely *were* dark, compared with some others that preceded and followed; but those Ages are yet much darker to all who fail to seek after the *lights* that actually belong to them: they are still far darker, from their prejudices—from the misrepresentations of indolent or sciolous authors—from their slovenly habit of yielding assent to traditional mistakes, or sheer falsehoods: and they are now again darker than once they were, from the fact of the loss of countless manuscripts, during a succession of fierce wars, of conflagrations, and of many accidents. But these greatly misrepresented Ages were not so dark, "*in themselves*," (as a wise, and liberal, and very searching Protestant writer of the present day hath clearly proved\*)—but that there were in them times in which the Church was *not dead*, but comparatively industrious, zealous, meritorious, and orthodox—Ages that did much to preserve the stores of by-gone times, profane as well as sacred—rescuing, no little of what we now possess, from the grasp of heathen and barbaric ignorance—from the rude destruction of sectarian animosity and superstition: and, though possibly we have not remaining at this time the one thousandth part of the results of their unobtrusive toils and research, we still have quite sufficient to assure us that light, and piety, and good feeling, and burning eloquence, and even good taste, were by no means extinguished in the Cloisters, or elsewhere! And, how evident is all this to those who search, and will read with candour! Let them but turn, with that spirit, to the familiar epistles of Gildas, of Alcuin, of Boniface—and of very many others in those, so called benighted ages,—and in those epistles will be found nothing to offend a generous mind; and little even of the scholastic severities, and of those theological refinements, that have marked many of the ages: but these cloistered writers evince the deepest tenderness of friendship—a lively interest in rational domestic enjoyments—the playful sallies of wit—all the courtesies of a refined life—and an enlightened and disinterested concern for the world's action and good,—all of which teach us, what too often is forgotten, that cultivated man, in all the ages, and of all faiths, when not inflamed by rude oppositions—by the passions of war, of conflicting policies,

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\* Cartaphilus here alludes to the Rev. S. R. Maitland's very able Essays on the "Dark Ages;" which had only come to his knowledge when addressing this letter to his Editor; and in which, he says, he earnestly concurs in nearly every statement made in that very able work.

or of religion, evince the like noble feelings, and manifest them in the like elegant and scholarly way.

The fact perhaps is, that during those centuries, it was not so much the darkness of Church and State, as the *wickedness* of both; and that *within* the cloisters there was probably little of either. The general multitude were fierce, ignorant, idle and corrupt—slavery abounded every where—oppressions were rife every where—arms were the only profession of the great; and among the poor were few excitements of any kind, save those connected with war and religion. The gentler sex sought repose and refinements in the cloisters,—whilst the milder spirits among the men took shelter in the monasteries; and there created a literature, and preserved an existing knowledge, that softened their own natures, and diffused out of doors a radiance of peace over the troubled and warlike mass—to which the Arts of music, painting, architecture, and sculpture were wholly indebted—and all of which laid the broad foundations of that refined taste and knowledge that energized modern Europe, and which have made Christendom so eminently civilized among the nations of the world.

Neither truth, therefore, nor historical justice, nor policy, will justify the severe dealing of many Protestant writers, not only towards those Ages, but also in regard to many excellent individuals, though of coenobitic memory—or, even as to the Roman Church itself, as to some particulars. God knoweth that, in all of the ages, and unto the present hour, that Church is signalized by follies and sins and superstitions, quite sufficient to *mark* it as the sure antitype of prophecies in both the Testaments, without robbing it of a single merit it ever did possess: and hence Cartaphilus consented not, at any time, to close his heart against the many individuals, who (during the whole of that long stream of time that defines the origin, progress, culmination, and decline of the Roman Church) were often, and now are, such bright exemplars of learning, of piety, and of the most lovely and winning Christian charity and simplicity. Who, that hath a heart, (whilst he may weep over their mistaken faith in some things) shall refuse to Saint Columbanus, of Bangor, afterwards the Evangelizer of the Suevi, and of other barbaric nations—to Saint Benedict, of Cassinum, and also of Gregorian fame—to Saint Bernard of Cîteaux—to the Venerable Peter, and his Notary, both of Clugni—to the Abbot Bonus, of Pifa—to the Abbot Gerbert, of Bobbio—to Rabanus, of Mentz—to Odo, of Clugni—to the excellent and simple-hearted Johannilinus, abbot of Fescamp, to the inimitable monk Bardo, of Fulda, and afterwards Archbishop of Mayence—to the much famed Lanfranc of Bec, the luminary of his age—to the justly renowned Saint Eligius, the Goldsmith,—afterwards bishop of Noyon—to Ulricus, a monk of Clugni; and, in fine, to very many others of those Earlier and also Middle Ages: who, I say, can justly withhold from them a large



share of beautiful piety, of good sense, deep acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, fervid eloquence, and of embellished taste? Cartaphilus surely cannot: he sees their virtues—he marvels at their attainments—delights that, under Providence, they were the instruments who preserved much excellent wheat, amidst so many weeds and tares and brambles of all kinds! And yet, good Editor, I have said that no faith whatever have I in any human plan that hopes for a compromise-union, or modified amalgamation of the greater divisions into which the Church of Christ hath so long been divided. But, nevertheless, that these dissensions will ultimately pass away the Chronicler doubts not: but not by any fashion of man's mere contrivance: no policy of State, or of Church—no human wit, or philosophy, or religion, will ever *blend* those churches; or destroy either, or raise a perfect one out of the disjecta membra of all, or of either:—and yet, as Cartaphilus thinks, the work will infallibly be done! And this, his conviction, rests upon the fact that the Anglo-Saxon Church was one of great purity, and almost wholly according to the now Protestant opinion of orthodoxy—and that the actual condition of that early church was at all times well known to the Latin Church. The Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon *Alfric* deny nearly every doctrine of faith and of discipline that characterizes the Roman, as distinguished from the Reformed faith, promulgated six centuries after: and, at the time of that Reformation, it was vain to appeal to those primitive Homilies; and equally bootless that the Reformers triumphantly declared, “Lo! here are the *novelties* with which you charge us—are they not older than thy doctrines?—we deny them to be innovations now, as did that early Church in the times of our Saxon fathers.” But those homilies became very odious to the Latin Church, and so remain to this day! And was it not equally so at all times with regard to the Waldenses—those earliest *witnesses* of the true faith?—but *their* clouds will also pass away—other *witnesses*, of the far East, will unite with those of the central valleys—those again with the remnants of the Anglo-Saxon times—and the whole, in bright effulgence, will shine from the remotest West, and send forth a light destined to energize and encompass the earth! Doubtless, there will be a *preparation* for all that mighty change—but even that *forerunner* will not effect the downfall of the Latin Church; nor cause the perfection of either of its great opponents.

There are words of Prophecy that are not to be gotten over, and which are yet in gremio temporis. And though prophecies were not given to enable man to *foreknow* any thing; yet, after they are fulfilled, he is derelict in duty, who shall neglect to see, in the events, the sure *interpretation* of those prophecies. So also, even before their accomplishment, man should be a patient and humble looker-on,—that he may not be coldly insensible to the signs of the times. Whilst, therefore, prophetic histories were not designed to

be thoroughly understood before their actual fulfilment, yet they should ever awaken attention,—and when accomplished, should be fully seen, and acknowledged as bright manifestations of God's sure omniscience. It is with prophecy, as with most of God's revelations of knowledges—we, at first, look through a glass darkly, and attain to approximations only, and until the fulness of the respective times has actually come : and in this way only can man's presumption be stayed, and his faith be kept alive : and hence the eyes of the mind should never be closed,—neither by incredulity, that causes us to regard such matters as wholly inscrutable,—nor by presumptuous faith, that shall make us think we surely have unravelled all the mystery, and defined the very points of the future ! Even Cartaphilus, then, looks doubtfully and fearfully on the present and on the future, though earnestly striving to draw lessons from an embodied and clearly visible past : and yet, (with neither incredulity, nor presumption) his convictions are deep that man has the competency to pronounce that the *dawn*, at least, of a very marvellous change is at hand—a dawn, not likely to endure very long, since a century and a half more may easily accomplish greater changes, than all that yet have occurred, during the many past centuries :—and thus will the “*Fulness of the Gentiles*” be found to synchronise with the commencement of the *Seventh* millennium !—a matter that, more or less, hath rested in the mind of man during quite two thousand years,—as will be found recorded in one of the sections of the third century of these Chronicles.

But, though it is not for man to say *affirmatively*, as to when and how any future event will accomplish a prophecy ; yet may he often justly say *negatively*, that certain predicted times have *not* yet come,—because he is sure that certain other *prior* events have not yet taken place :—neglect of this distinction hath sometimes caused the great presumption and ignorance of those, who define the very year as close by, when the world shall cease to exist ; or when certain other prophecies are to be fulfilled !—and yet man is fully competent to assert that this *cannot* be so—because he knows that some prophesied events have not yet occurred—and also, that these cannot take place in so brief a time : and thus, by a close inspection of the *past*, as compared with the *present*, he may also say with confidence, that the *actual now* doth reveal strong probabilities, nay proofs, that the early *future* must itself be one of signal changes ; and be such as *cannot* arise without superinducing much of that Fulness of the times of the Gentiles, so often spoken of by the prophets :—and this is all that man should venture to say, or that Cartaphilus shall dare to utter.

The infallible progeny of ignorance is superstition ; and hence is it that the crude multitude are so apt to confound *sagacity* with *prophecy* : but prediction is not necessarily *divino numine afflatus*,—far from it ; for there be very many sound predictions that are not

prophecies. Is not the long-past somewhat a mirror of the long-future? Cartaphilus so thinks; for man changes but little even with ages,—the like causes beget like effects; and the great events of one age are often very similar to those of another age, having been brought into existence by thoughts and impulses founded in man's essential identity of nature in all the climates, and in all the times.

But this *diving into the future* belongs only unto the long experienced; and, even among them, only to the closely observant and thoughtful; yet, doubt it not, my Editor, that if the signs of all the seasons may make one wise as to coming storms and convulsions in air earth and sea, so also may a careful inspection of the doings of men, and of nations, enable him to be a seeming prophet, as to the conduct and fate even of Empires—and why not of the so called Popedom?

Now the many links are connected in the vast chain that binds the past present and future, is not given to man clearly to see: but that the chain exists, and that there is far more of *repetition* in the nature of those links—or in the whole eventful history of our species, than can be noted by the multitude, the “Wanderer of Ages” doubts not: and keenly doth he desire to hold this opinion ever in view, and to judge upon that belief.

What the religion, therefore, of the Wonderful Nazarene must even yet pass through divers ordeals—that it must occasion still further struggles—varied, numerous, doubtful, triumphant, waning, growing, generous, persecuting, heavenly, diabolic—and finally, glorious—is the firm belief, not of Cartaphilus alone, from his much experience, but of every observing mind.

Marvel not therefore, worthy Editor, at the Protean forms religion hath so often assumed, or shall yet assume;—for it doth take its complexion (at least for a time) from any peculiar *status* of the nation where it is: nor shouldst thou marvel that, in such nation, it shall manifest itself *one*, and anon *various*: for, as the mixtures of many fluids and salts and earths may produce great changes and internal commotions, and yet, after a time, that mixture doth end in a homogeneous mass—silent, transparent, and useful,—so will it be with Christianity—and at no distant day!

A writer of the last century hath well observed, (as you, my Editor, may remember) that “When the cannons of Princes began war, the canons of the Church were like to be destroyed. It was first *mitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum*—first Saint Peter, and then Saltpetre.” But the times are again destined to change,—when neither mitre nor nitre will tyrannically triumph—but the primitive Church of the Christus and his Apostles will be as the genial and fructifying Sun of the temperate zone.

“*Plurimi transibunt, et multiplex erit scientia*” saith the prophet Daniel,—alluding to the comparatively latter times—

"*Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.*" Now, doubtless, there have been in the various ages since that prophecy, divers pourings out of the Spirit of Knowledges—but none to be compared with that manifestly Divine effluence, that so signally marks the present age: for, without any vain imaginings thereon, the stir among the nations—the inventions and discoveries of the past half century—the homogeneity of opinions—the breaking down of mighty barriers, and of mountainous prejudices—the annihilation of space and of time, giving to the multitudes of all lands, of all faiths, and of all practices, a means of blending and of *comparison* (which is knowledge)—also the almost miraculous diffusion over the earth of the people of all nations—the raising up of those multitudes to a nearer approach to the true dignity of human nature—the liberalizing and rationalizing of the illustrious few; whose intelligence, wealth, and power are now being turned into channels of far more practical usefulness than ever before were known,—and finally, the establishment of that *firm status*, on which alone can be founded the *kingly power* of Christ, to prove infallibly thereby his former *prophetic* and *priestly* offices,—all these are at this time, as I think, more plenteously developed, than in any other of the ages known in man's truly miscellaneous history—verifying, not only that we are, comparatively, in the "latter times," but that these words of prophecy are now fulfilling, as it were, *per saltum*, and likewise with astounding clearness! And, in this belief, Cartaphilus is far from being alone; the general and irresistible feeling of the multitude, and the sober judgment of the learned and studious, are largely in that way; and none can, nor do deny, but that these times have revealed more of Man's high destiny, physical as well as intellectual, than during very many previous ages! Hence is it that, now, the "WANDERER OF AGES" must no longer withhold these Chronicles of his much experience, and varied musings on his consecutive times—believing, as he surely doth, that the *Turk* must soon fade away—the *Crescent* vanish before the *Cross*—the *Children of the Dispersion* brighten in the esteem of all faithful Nazarenes—the *Land of Promise* be again revived in beauty and in great glory—the *Second Babylon*, and the *Man of Sin* be coupled in their fall, synchronously, with that of the *Arabian Prophet*, and of his City,—so that, when the "Time of the Gentiles" shall be ended, it may be lost in the eternal Fulness of the "CHILD OF BETHLEHEM;" and all memory of heresies, schisms, and persecutions—all collisions of Faiths, be only as things beyond the Flood!

And though, after the experience of so many ages, and after a retrospect of all history, we find the alternations of improvement and degradation in man's condition, to have been very many, and sometimes even alarming as to his ultimate destiny; yet Cartaphilus hath never solidly doubted but that in man's entire career, there hath been a gradual melioration, up to the present hour; and that

the close future is pregnant with the seeds of his perfectibility,—which are destined to a far more rapid development and permanency of results, than heretofore !

Individuals and nations may have greatly improved, and then degenerated—arts and philosophy, as we know, have shone with vast brilliancy, and then been nearly lost in after darkness : yet, as the world of nature suffers nothing to perish quite, but only to encounter divers changes that counterfeit destruction,—so is the world of intellectuality and of morals equally conservative ; and the beautiful, nay astounding marvel is, that sometimes the *actual status* of man becomes so gravidly pregnant, as to force out (not by accident, but by a species of necessity) such discoveries and inventions, as shall never be lost : and thus, not only revive what was apparently perished, but eternally preserve them, as accumulated stores in the vast garner of human knowledges !

Cartaphilus hath seen Athens and Rome in the days of their glory,—the City of Constantine in her infancy and maturity—Palmyra, when she had the lustre of the sun, and all the grace and beauty of the orb of night—Persepolis in the majesty of her ruin—Babylon and Nineveh and the Egyptian Thebes, as also Ctesiphon and Sileucia and Susa, all yielding dazzling proofs of their former wonderful greatness : he hath likewise witnessed Arabia in her night of ignorance, and in all of that sudden illumination, which broke upon the world as a flood of light from Superior Intelligences : he hath seen the conflicts of mighty armies for the rescue of Jerusalem, and took no small part in those marvellous Crusades—he hath gazed in admiration upon the many daring deeds, and, often with delight, on the amenities of Chivalry—so salutary in those fierce and feudal times—he hath marked the origin, growth, and decline of the great system of FEUDALITY—hath revelled amidst, and pondered over, myriads of volumes of ancient days, and looked with wonder on those more modern ones, which were the gifts of kings and princes, or the *Insigna Ornamenta* in churches and monasteries, all as gorgeously shining in precious jewels, in burnished and chased gold, blended with exquisite purple and pure white pearls, as was ever crown or diadem seen on imperial brows !—and yet Cartaphilus may truly affirm that all these evidences of skill and learning, and of man's mighty doings, fade clean away in the far greater brilliancy of those astounding actualities, that mark the past one hundred years, and especially the last half century ! And these have come upon the world, certainly, through no accident, nor even from the individual wit of man,—but by that sure law of nature's own unavoidable parturition, (so to speak) that doth synchronously designate the *individuals*, as exigences demand, who are to give birth to those surprising progenies of the mind that are destined eventually to ally man and his great career with the Supernal Intelligences !

And now a word only unto the long dispersed FLOCK OF ISRAEL. The day (doubt it not) is fast dawning upon thee when the "RESTORER" shall assemble thee from the twelve winds of Heaven—when the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory—when not a tittle shall fail of all that Isaiah declared unto thee, more than two score and a half of centuries ago—a day of perpetual brightness unto Israel, in which thy Shechinah shall encompass thee, when thou shalt no more be termed "Forsaken," neither shall thy land any more be termed "Desolate"—when all the nations shall delight to bow down themselves at the soles of thy feet, and call thee The City of the Lord! For in His wrath He smote thee, but in His favour will He have mercy on thee.\* But yet, oh Israel! harbour not the thought that thy promised Restoration is to be largely of earth—*earthly*—for such would be like thy first great error in the days of the only Emanuel. His then kingdom was spiritual, and so will it for ever be—the *wall of partition* was then broken down—and so it will for ever remain: Israel *will* be restored; and, as the Prophets said, shall become great and very glorious: Jerusalem and the whole Land of Promise shall again be theirs, and in great beauty—but not theirs alone—the Gentiles, indeed, shall greatly honour thee—but not for thy worldly glory—*Faith* and *Obedience* shall be thy chiefest dignity:—now *this* is a mystery, yet wholly unknown unto thy people!—cherish it, for it is infallibly true.†

Man is too apt to regard learning as a mere *existing fact*, rather than as a mass of assured *principles and truths*! There be now, and ever have been, very many students, who, on all matters are content to acquire what is written or asserted respecting such matters, and who deal dogmatically with the mass as knowledge *in fact*, but with little concern whether they be knowledges *in truth*: and hence is it that the learning earnestly toiled for in one age, is often worthless and contemned in the next,—and sometimes merely because it hath been superseded by a new set of opinions,

\* See Isaiah, chap. lx. &c.

† It here appears that Cartaphilus essentially differs in opinion from the popular idea among Jews and Gentiles, as to the nature of the long expected Restoration of the Jews. He does not believe that it will ever be a sudden, national, exclusive, and bodily restoration of Israel to Jerusalem and to the once Holy Land—but that they will unite in one Church with the whole Gentile world—that, by reason of their perfect faith, and lively obedience, they will be greatly distinguished and beloved in the Church—and that, although the *earthly Palestine* will also become again blooming and verdant, it will be alike for Jew and Gentile—and that the *Spiritual Palestine* is mainly signified by all the prophets: and finally, he cautions them against falling into the like erroneous expectation of an earthly restoration—for that the second coming of the true and only Messiah will be, like the first, mainly to promote his spiritual kingdom, but in which Israel will be as eminent for the purity of her faith, as she formerly was in her stolid incredulity.

possibly, as remote from reality or truth, as those that have been rejected! This anxious gain of supposed or false knowledge—this sedulous dealing with the *fact* of man's opinions, as if those opinions constituted genuine learning—and this treasuring up, and applying them all, as if real science,—and finally, this contentment thus to acquire and thus to use them, in lieu of ascertained truths, have been in all the ages the mischievous causes of perpetuating error, and of rendering veritable learning so stationary, by inducing man, from youth to age, and from century to century, to pursue idealities instead of actualities—traditionary opinion instead of known and immutable principles!

How often hath it been the lot of Cartaphilus, in all the times, and in all the regions in which his destiny hath cast him, to be forced to smile with contempt at the idleness of vaunted learning; and sometimes with even bitterness to reprove their folly! To know, however, the spirit of our times, we must neglect neither its vanities, nor its prejudices. When so engaged, but only for a time, how deep would be my mortification, and my hopelessness of man's intellectual freedom! And often, when communing with the learned jargon of the Astrologers, or of the Alchemists, or with the specious subtleties of the Logicians, or with the metaphysical crudities of the schoolmen, or with the right facts, but wrong causes, of the Physiologists, my wearied mind would shrink from the lumbrous volumes, and with the desire never to see them more.

Often have I conversed with *Anselm*, (before and after he was Canterbury's bishop) and been delighted with his *truths*, but much confounded and encumbered with his ragged habiliments—his mere human subtleties—and with his *errors*, though often clad in robes of revealed, or of heavenly inspired principles! Also, often have we communed respecting his famous *ontological* method, as given by him in his *Prologium*: and likewise as to his other writings, especially "*De Libertate Arbitrii*"—" *De Veritate*,"—and particularly, as to his views of original sin; which he fondly cherished, but failed to commit fully to paper, and which he so much regretted, when almost in articulo mortis.

So, also, many times have I communed with *Peter Lombard*, when teacher at the abbey of St. Genevieve, and afterwards when he became bishop of Paris! His "*Master of Sentences*" furnished us ample means of disputation; which failed not to make him largely suspect me of heresies. But the bishop was no maniac in dialectics—he was far wiser than some who had gone before him; and more so than many who soon followed,—but still a mere infant compared with others who now live: and yet, doubtless, even these are babes compared with those who shall diffuse the promised light, in less than a century and a half hence!

In the like way, and with similar feelings, did I converse with *Berenger, of Tours*—he who was so wise, in a degree, and so mis-

taken also, in a degree, especially in the mysterious matter of Transubstantiation,—and who, had he lived four centuries later, would have then proved a mighty coadjutor with Luther, have had more stability in his faith, and would have been incapable of the follies that somewhat sullied his character.

With *Hugo, of Amiens*, and with *Moses Maimonides*, I had many disputations, neither of whom could agree with me,—the latter especially, whose Jewish and Arabian, also medical and metaphysical—civil and theological education, gave him a wonderful amount of human knowledges, according to the fashion of his day;—so that he became the “Glory of the West”—the “Light of the East!”—and yet his “*Sepher Hammisoth*,” or Book of Precepts—and his “*Moreh Nevochim*,” or the Teacher of the Confounded, occasioned us very many warm words.

With the famed *Roger Bacon*, and with the two *Lully’s*, all of whom studied nature more than mind, I conversed often and largely: and though, in their dark gropings, they found some precious stones, they unhappily possessed not the art wherewith to polish them—nor the knowledge how to class them—nor an acquaintance with their several relations, whereby to avoid serious errors.

*Bonaventura* had much worth and gentleness, a sweet ardour of religious feeling—less of scholastic follies than usual—and far less of mysteries than most of his fellows. But this worthy “*Doctor Seraphicus*” loved the ascetic severities; was too superstitious—too much of an idolater of the Virgin and of the Host—and too much of a New Platonist, and also of an Aristotelian, for me to harmonize with. His illustrious contemporary and opponent, the Dominican *AQUINAS* (with all his eloquence and wit and human masses of knowledge, so called,) never enabled me to view him, like others did, as the “*Fifth Doctor of the Church*”—the “*Angel of the Schools*,” and the “*Eagle of Divines*!”

*JOHN DUNS SCOTUS*, a Franciscan, a few years thereafter, doubtless also made a marvellous noise in the world; and, nearly to the extent of Aquinas,—heaped Pelion upon Ossa, in the voluminous bulk and variety of his writings; but in a manner far inferior to Aquinas. His notions on the subject of Grace, and of the Immaculate Conception—and likewise his sterile refinements in the scholastic theology generally, and in the misguided and ill-understood metaphysics of the Stagyrte, must for ever class him among the most useless and vain of labourers.

With the fanciful, loquacious, and plausible, and somewhat learned, *Abelard*, I could never arrive at any comprehensible and certain point:—his mistress *Eloisa*, of famous memory, was more truthful and natural, and, as I think, more virtuous. Her Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, were all superior to his: and her heart of devotion merited a better fate: but Abelard was soulless—and posterity to this hour has never done justice to the suffering *Eloisa*.



But with the classical and poetical, yet sage *Francis Petrarch* of Arezzo, I delighted to hold converse,—and often did so, especially when he was at Montpellier and at Boulogne, as a law student!—which science, however, little suited his taste: and often afterwards at Avignon, at Verona, Rome, Milan, and at Vancluse, when in the full maturity of his fame—and of his passion! His love for the ancients greatly charmed me; and far more than his wild passion for Laura; and then he and I sometimes journeyed together, (as has been fully recorded in the second series of these my *Chronicles*) I, being at that time a youth, under the name of *Tacafubriph*, an anagram of my more favoured name.

Of all that have pursued knowledge since my Claudian and Neronian days, none have so well pleased me as *Petrarcha*: but whether that chaste and wonderful genius could have been in any respect wiser, had he lived now, instead of then, is no matter of doubt with *Cartaphilus*—whose response would be *no*,—as *he* alone is greatest and the most useful who can, by the force of vast and inherent genius, enlighten the ignorance that is around him—dispel the prejudices of his own age—resist the habits of his own times—and, from the moral and intellectual Pisgah (almost of his own creation) look down upon the valleys overrun with the weeds, and clouded by the mists, that nearly repel the vision of all others! *Petrarch*, indeed, did not *wholly* accomplish this; and, moreover, became almost the victim of Love!—a noble passion indeed,—but, can any passion that may make one the abject slave of another be essentially noble? Religion makes none a slave; but its insidious substitute hath perverted the human soul and made slaves of thousands—not indeed to Heaven, as all history so abundantly proves. And, though *Petrarch* was also called religious, it was still too largely after the fashion of his times: and yet, in mere human learning, I know of none so rational as he.

With *Matthew Paris* and *Matthew of Cracovia*, (the former a Benedictine of St. Albans, who hath made some brief memorial of *Cartaphilus* in his *Historia Major*, and the latter, whose writings were not to my fancy) I seldom communed; as both, like *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, and *Gregorius of Tours*, were too marvellously addicted to the recording of every idle and superstitious fancy, and were so highly gifted with faith—as to take in all things *gulosè*!

As for *Theophrastus Paracelsus*, I have elsewhere recorded, in full, my opinion of him,—and will only now add that his incarnated folly, and gross sensuousness, caused him to be specially odious to me. *Paulus Jovius*, and the two *Scaligers*, frequently amused me greatly—the former was something of a physician, somewhat of an historian—and wholly a bishop, *de facto*—but not a *pious* one: for his mendacity and his venal flattery could not be concealed, even by his highly gifted eloquence,—and it would be as vain to deny him the former as the latter.

The two Scaligers, father and son, were doubtless extremely eminent men—the former, Julius Cæsar, the latter, Josephus Justus: the father, a Romanist of extraordinary attainments—the son, a Protestant; and both decidedly the most learned men of their age. But, unhappily, they were both *morbidly vain*, and disgustingly *arrogant*—so that they, as well as their learning, were hated by very many, and their usefulness was thereby greatly impaired.

In the mere glance now given of the learned labours of a few, to show the sad tendencies of learning misapplied—or falsely so called, I was then, and am now reminded by nearly all of those days, of some wise sayings, in this regard, especially of my then valued friend ST. BERNARD, of Clairveaux; who, though not very learned either in the useful, or in the idle knowledge of his day, was still very deep in all the riches of heavenly wisdom, and in the soundest results of close thought, and of earnest self-communion. As to the vanity of curious and of presumptuous knowledge, and the motives for its acquisition, Bernard thus expressed himself. “Some there be who desire to know, merely for the sake of knowing—a mean *curiosity*! Some wish to know, that they themselves may be known—a mean *vanity*! Some seek for knowledge causa *lucris*—an avaricious *baseness*! Some desire to know, so as to edify their neighbours—a noble *CHARITY*! Others, again, that they may themselves be edified—which is *WISDOM*!”—and, if Cartaphilus be now permitted to add thereunto, he would say that some thirst after knowledge, that they may ruin souls—and this is *DIABOLISM*!

And yet, in all that hath now been said, Cartaphilus would in no wise be misunderstood. Knowledge is not necessarily vain, the just application of which is not at once obvious: he condemns only that which is wordy—unprincipled—or sheerly idle: for Cartaphilus knows of very many, who knew full well that they did not themselves understand what had been so laboriously written by them!—those, indeed, who sedulously coined words and sentences, and fashioned mysteries, only to deceive, or to gain factitious and temporary fame! And others are known of him, who, *ex industria*, have added folly to long traditional folly—sustaining their grounds by false facts, or by the gross abuse of their mental energies, in support of daring and mischievous theories, that they might be wondered at, and noised about! Such was the case with most of the Necromancers, the Astrologers, and with many of the Alchemists—and doubtless, with some of the present day, that shall be nameless, at least if living, when my chronicles shall see the light.

But, unhappily, as well I remember, it was the fate of some few to be hated and dreaded for *real* knowledge; and to be classed with wizards and magicians, though they were sincere searchers after truth; and who honestly believed they were unveiling nature, and who, in part, had done so—and yet, as may be admitted, far from the extent they had so fondly imagined. To that extent their

vanity was unfortunate; but not mischievously dishonest: and the truths they did reveal, or the approximations to veritable knowledge made by them, justly entitled them to the regard of their own times, and to the gratitude of posterity: and among these we may class Roger Bacon—whose was a most inquisitive mind, usefully employed, in the main, though no little affected by the popular prejudices, and idle fictions of his day.

**A**LBERTUS MAGNUS, also, for every species of learning bounding upon truth (perhaps, as far as the spirit of his times allowed) has great merit mixed with the usual alloy: likewise CORNELIUS AGRIPPA was extremely bright with varied learning—though too cynical and vain, and not sufficiently willing to repel the foul charge of too close an acquaintance with familiar spirits! So also in this class we may place *Thomas Aquinas*,—of vast depth of thought, and acquirements, and yet with no little chaff: and *Machiavelli*, so remarkable for thorough knowledge of man's wicked heart, and equally for a most *cunning* mode of using it selfishly! And preeminent over all is the great dramatist, Shakspeare, wholly wonderful for the most truthful and searching acquaintance with man's marvellously varied nature, and for language that never failed to express it all perfectly! His learning was moderate—but his *creative* power, out of small materials, was immeasurably in advance of his times, and abundantly shows that, had he possessed much learning, he could never have abused it.

**B**ut nearly on a level with the poet, and far beyond him in learning, stands my close and ever valued friend, FRANCIS BACON—he whose shining light dims not with age—whose glory it was to pierce the remote future—to scan all past and present *facts*, and from them to extract the most abiding results by *comparison*—a mode of gaining actual knowledge more sure than any other,—and in which the great author of the “*Novum Organum*,” and “*De Augmentis Scientiarum*” manifested a clearer insight into the foundations and adyta of truth, than any of his predecessors. And yet, even that illustrious soul showed earthiness—as his closing scene so lamentably revealed!—but never in the way of perverting his vast attainments.

**T**he Lord Verulam saith of History, that its true province is to represent the *events* themselves, and with only the more *direct counsels*—leaving the more studied observations and conclusions thereon to the liberty and faculty of each man's judgment. And yet he further saith, “I cannot be ignorant of a *form of writing*, “which some grave and wise men have used, containing a scattered “history of those actions they have thought worthy of recording, “with politic discourse and observation thereon—not incorporated “into the details, but separately, and as the mere principal of their “intention: which kind of *ruminated* history hath place among “books of policy, rather than among books of history.”

Now this hath often been the hopeful *design* of these my humble Chronicles—which will be found, perhaps, a somewhat more “ruminated” record of events, than is spoken of in the first book of the Lord Verulam’s “Advancement of Learning:” and yet, Cartaphilus trusts that the designed character of his pages will not have suffered by the many politic discourses, and other thoughtful ruminations which his very *nature* urged upon him, and which his *anomalous condition* perpetually cherished. But his hope still is that these, and even the *personal adventures* of the “Wanderer,” often so anomalous, may not be found to impair the worth of his Chronicles as a carefully elaborated History.

And now, my Editor, (as in all of our many interviews, thy wonder at my eventful life hath been often great) permit me to state for thee, and for such as may take some interest in *him*, who hath been called “The Wandering Jew,” what the great OCEAN OF LIFE truly is: for *my one* life hath been little else than *typical* of the aggregate of the many lives that have passed down the long stream of time, since first I breathed! and, moreover, the whole world is fuller of mystery, and each man therein is more a microcosm of marvels, than even the most experienced and thoughtful have been wont to perceive or to conceive!

Cast thy mental eye with me, but for a moment, over life’s shoreless Ocean,—and there thou wilt see how the children of men are cast therein, as it were from the clouds—and wilt learn what manner of reception, and of after-dealing they must experience—yea, from their first breath, until extinction comes in death! All therein is but as a storm, with only here and there a spot of calm; and the myriads of fresh lives are thrown upon that ocean, like drops shed by the Pluvian Jove! Some are as bubbles; and, surviving an instant only, are lost for ever amidst its boundless waters,—seemingly, as if those beautiful and garish and inflated drops were formed but to dazzle and to die in a single act! Others, having a fashion of some more strength, are rudely cast about, and are seen buffeting with force—giving thereby no small hope of endurance: but suddenly they, too, vanish on the extended surface, and the waters of life know them no more! But lo! next we behold very many, full of activity, joyously floating about—now here, anon there; and ever vaunting of much power: they jostle among themselves, and against divers others of far more weight—they crush the weaker, and change the forms of some that be naturally stronger: they seem destined to ride over the waves, reckless of the storm, and to avoid harm from all the many rocks and isles they meet: and yet, an unlooked-for and heavy cloud incontinently pours down its raging winds, and watery masses on them; and the whole are quickly merged beneath the surges and foams that abound!

And look again! Some feeble globules are here shed as mere

dew upon those waters : they give no expectation of continuance : yet, if thine eye will closely follow them, they mature marvellously into form and solidity—they grow from strength unto strength—they are every where seen, and for a long time,—they are dashed about as things that cannot be drowned ; and, as a cork upon the actual billows of a raging sea, they perish not, but endure until time and slow friction, together with the internal seeds of waste and dissolution shall bring death even unto them ! And yet even *their places* are soon forgotten of men,—none leaves an enduring wake ; the waters of life close up, and the myriads that flattered them, and who were astonished at their deeds, now give but feeble utterance of their names,—and after-ages can make but poor reference to any of them : or, should their names survive, and even some of their works, great may be the doubt as to the localities of their once wide renown !

**A**nd such, forsooth, is Life ! It is as the shadow that hath departed—as the dream of the night, striven to be recalled to memory on the morrow—as the tale of woe told unto the giddy and unfeeling ! It is as a drop of precious odour cast upon a troubled stream ; or, as the vapour hurried off by the evening breeze ! What, then, is all Life but an ill-assorted compound of idle fancies—vain hopes—fleeting actualities—fore disappointments—galling tears—unmeaning laughters—heavy sighs—and, at length, of terrific deaths, and loathing corruptions of the body—yea, often ere the tomb is tenanted !

**L**ife, moreover, is not only the most uncertain of things, but Death is revealed to us in forms, so infinitely various and unexpected, that garnishment but seldom comes. Goes not the bride unto her nuptial chamber full of joy, and may she not there find her death-couch ?—doth not the successful warrior often perish at the moment of receiving his reward ?—and the happy mother, gives she not birth to the heir, who hath been her long cherished expectation—and dies he not in the hour after ? So such things often are : for the long absent traveller voyages over perilous seas to the home of his affections—arrives upon his native shore ; but death stops him ere the wife of his bosom, or his hopeful children, or his aged parents, can hold him in their arms—such being the uncertainty of life !

**D**eath, moreover, sometimes becometh “ *dainty-mouthed* ; ” he passeth by unheeded the poor and lowly,—but maketh great havoc among the lordly, and those with filled coffers !—then, anon, becoming gluttonous, he feedeth ravenously upon the bodies of the impoverished and vile,—so that none may vaunt in security at any time, since they know not the signs when death shall change his relish.\*

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\* Cartaphilus, in a letter of June 1849 to his Editor states that, whilst encompassed by the Cholera, which then raged in London, he was reposefully

And the *manner* of death also ; oh, how full of vagaries, how diversely doth it come !

The experienced chirurgeon hath but scratched his finger—it soon festers, and he perishes of a lock-jaw ! The philosopher, in sheer absence of mind, doth swallow the plum he should have masticated—and death comes to him of choaking ! The lusty youth dashes his top with violence,—it rebounds with equal force, strikes a tender part, and he sinks in death !—A pebble, or a peeling, trips one up—the skull is fractured, and life is soon gone ! What sea, then, is more beset with perils, than that of Life ? Health and riches avail nothing to make its tenure surer : prudence, with all its Argus' eyes, penetrates no veil that shields an accident. In the midst of such hidden chances, who shall be indifferent to death's coming, save him, whose life of virtue doth make death but the entrance into a far more blissful existence than life here can ever be ? But, when soul and body have been made, during a long life, naught but the receptacle of every corruption, the ashes of the deceased are then vile indeed : and not a whit more worthy do they become by all the gorgeous paraphernalia of his careful funeral,—nor is the inner man, though wholly freed of the body ; in the least less odious than as it was before ; for then, all disembodied spirits are thoroughly known of each other. Pagan, Jew, Christian, Mahomedan—whatever the faith may have been, death seldom hath found him able to introvert his mind, and truthfully to say, his life hath been so pure, that the tomb hath no terror in it.

Now different have men's views been as to Death and Life !—and which, therefore, is the sounder philosophy—that of Ennius—of Solon—or of Euripides ? The Christian hath a higher source, whereby to resolve all such questions : and yet the truth may be somewhat extracted from these three Heathen poets.

(The wish of Ennius was,)

*“ Let none bestow upon my passing bier  
One needless sigh, or unavailing tear.”*

(That of Solon says,)

*“ Let me not unlamented die, but o'er my bier  
Burst forth the tender sigh—the friendly tear ! ”*

(And Euripides hath it,)

*“ When man is born, 'tis fit, with solemn show  
We speak our sense of his approaching woe ;  
With other gestures, and a different eye  
Proclaim our pleasure when he's bid to die.”*

writing the present Epistle ; and that the daily reports of its ravages (often so fitfully made among rich and poor, and in the best, as well as in the meanest parts of that great metropolis) occasioned him to indite the present sentence, and with a feeling of no ordinary conviction of its truth.

But, my Editor, all know that, hateful as death usually is, life is sometimes equally so ; and that men often run straightway to the cord, to the sword, the river, the precipice, or to poison—seeking after death : and yet such Wanderers in search of a Tomb, (*væ misero mihi !*) have often no such happy refuge. *Vere, protinus ad laqueum, ad gladium, ad flumen, ad precipitum, aut ad venenum currunt homines*—but Cartaphilus hath choice of neither, and cannot exclaim, *O præclarum illum diem mortis, cum ad illud animarum concilium proficiscar !* None for him will sound a death-trumpet—no one will admonish him to pack up his little all, and hasten for death's speedy coming—none will say to him—*Sarcinulas collige—brevis aderit dies, qui te ad plures ducit*—He, alone, must bide his time !

And here am I reminded of what Athenæus hath said of Ninus, that great monarch of Assyria, whose Life and Death are so much to my now purpose.

“Ninus had an ocean of gold, and also other riches—more than the sands of the Caspian sea : but he looked not on the stars, and desired not to see them ! Ninus stirred not up the holy fires among the Magi ; nor did he touch his god with the sacred rod—as by law he should have done : he never offered sacrifice, nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to his people, nor numbered them : but Ninus was most valiant to eat, and to drink ; and having mingled his wines, he cast the rest upon the earth. This king now is dead ; behold his sepulchre, and what of himself he saith !”

“Formerly I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man ; but now am I nothing but vile clay. I have naught but what I did eat and drink, and, in my lusts, ministered unto myself : these were and are my only portion. The riches with which all thought me so blessed, met together upon my death, and bore themselves away, like as the mad Thyades carry off a raw goat !

To Hades am I gone : and when there, neither gold, nor silver, nor horse, nor chariot carried I with me : but I, who once wore a crown, am now but a little heap of dust !” \*

With this will I end my long epistle—save that unto ALBION will I now utter a word of reproof and of kind admonition. I pray thee, then, my Editor, have patience with me a while longer, that I may apostrophise that famed “*Lady Island,*” ere I depart from its shores—possibly for the last time. It is a land in which Cartaphilus, at various times, hath had more repose and security, during

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\* Cartaphilus mentions that a portion of this vein of thought on the mutations of Life was somewhat occasioned in him, after reading that admirable work of Jeremy Taylor, on “*Holy Living and Dying.*” In a degree they resemble each other : the Editor therefore prays the reader to note the manner of the two, and assign to each its due.

some centuries of his anomalous life than elsewhere : but Albion is now in fore peril of her "*Candlestick*," and may become as low as any of the Seven Apocalyptic Churches, if unto Pope Leo she returneth, or with King Henry, or with Queen Elizabeth she wholly remaineth !—for "madness lies" in either path.

Oh Thou, that dwellest in the midst of the waters, who once wast as strong and clear as those briny waves—whose now treasures are boundless, and whose children are from the rising unto the setting sun ! Yet thy end may soon come, and thou perish as did the mighty nations of the olden time, if Roman idols be again embraced of thee, and if their false lights shall once more bewilder and beguile thee ! The measure of thy covetousness, O Albion, hath also been very great, and still is so ; thy pride is as the mists that soar upon thy Cambrian hills—thy knowledge, though vast, is often greatly misapplied—thy means of unmixed Faith is yet greater than of all the early nations, or of any yet around thee—thy silver and thy gold and thy treasures from land and ocean, are still more abundant than any other christian or heathen people ever had—and yet, oh Fairest Daughter of the Seas ! tell it not in Gath—publish it not in Askelon, that now the modern Spiritual Babylon hath bewitched thee greatly ! Receive not that dread "mark" prophesied of old : cast off from thee that infallible cause of untimous decay, and certain ruin ; but live again, as well thou mayest, in renewed lustihood, if to thy earliest Saxon faith before Augustine's days, thou shalt return. "*Is wisdom in Teman ? Is counsel perished from the prudent ?—hath their wisehood vanished ?*" Remember, O Albion ! that Israel and Judah, though now a "scattered sheep," will again flourish in Zion : for 'tis only because they of Abraham's seed will join in the true faith, and never take part with the "Seven-hilled Babylon." The lions of Assyria, at one time dispersed those favoured people of Palestine ; also a fierce king of Chaldea "broke their bones ;" and yet the fiercer power of Imperial Rome destroyed them wholly as a nation, and sprinkled them over the earth, even as worthless rubbish ! But still Assyria and Chaldea utterly perished ; and Rome's vast strength and boundless empire so faded, at first, into mere impotency, as to leave scarce the name of an Italian dukedom—and thus continued until a new dynasty of assumed power, and of impious pomp and pretension arose—claiming to rule the nations of the Universe, as the vicegerents of Him who created it ! And now, O Albion, thy own inquisitive people (after raking up the ashes of all those people, and with an almost idolatrous veneration of *mere antiquity* ;—yea, the ashes of the once mighty Nineveh, also those of "Chaldea's Excellency," likewise those of the "Pharaohs of Egypt," and of the once Kingly, Republican, and Imperial City) should not themselves become oblivious that age is fast creeping upon thee also ; and that all things, ancient and buried, (when brought to light) are only to



be now prized as revelations—showing how and why and when they perished, as the holy Prophets had foretold ! But the inner soul and mind of those long interred people, are still nearly without mementos—*those* cannot be raked up with their ashes and with their monuments—*so impotent* are the outward works of man to tell us of his intellectual being ! Remember, then, O Albion, that, in the greatness of thy vaunted greatness, nothing is so worth preserving as the evidences of thy Soul's Doings—not those of thy hands in bronze and in marbles, but only of thy sound Religion—of thy favour with Him who values the Heart alone. And, as *thy* lights have been so many, and pure, and bright, how much greater thy now sin, than that of Chaldea and of Egypt, if, in these latter times, like JOASH, thou shalt be blinded by the “Mysterious Babylon,” whose deeds, unlike those of the proud City on the Euphrates, are done amidst the effulgent halo that encompasseth Calvary ! And if the now suspicion against thee should be ripened into an awakening reality, doubt it not, O “Lady Island !” other people in after ages will *rake thy ashes too*—doubt it not, oh Albion, that the mere *penumbra* of idolatry in *thee*, would be far more odious, than its *radiance* was in those of the days of Esar-Haddon. Unto thine integrity, as once it was, be now steadfast—cast from thee the shibboleths and peculiar indicia, and all the fashions, and the merely terrene ways of that “marked” Church—imitate alone their virtues—their many holy means—their cherished glory in, and zeal for, their religion,—yet not with the vain ambition of proselytisers. But such *virtues* as they surely do possess, can give thee *no warrant* for thy adoption of any other part ; or, as some have done—the whole ! nor doth it justify thy doubts as to the purity of thy own far purer faith, because there are spots upon thine own sun : but rather strive to dissipate them all—a far easier task than to fashion a polished Mirror of Faith out of the *disjecta membra* of a religion, which, though ancient, persistent, and with wonderful *unity*, in some things, is yet equally full of obstinacy against light—of variableness according to recurring policies—of earthy proclivities—of dissensions and contradictions—of theoretic purities, and practical sensuousnesses—of heavenly mildness, and of fierce dictation !—these all, being the dross of that merely *terrene* soul, clearly foreseen of Prophecy, and which History hath abundantly proved. Why then, O Albion ! close thine eyes to thine own lights, and pursue the phantoms of Supremacy—of Mariolatry—of Celibacy—of hourly Sacrifices—of Penance—of Indulgences, and of divers more such figments, *because* of their actual or supposed antiquity, and of the tenacity with which they have been maintained by the Latin Church, when thine own dogmas and observances are far more ancient—are apostolic, and have *worked well*, whilst those of Rome have in all the ages brought so feeble a harvest of vital goods ? Be adhesive therefore, O Albion ! to thy more simple and

earlier faith : for, I tell thee, thou wilt sorely need it in the approaching darkness cast upon that Latin Church—an effusion of wickedness more intense, diffusive, insidious, and fatuous, than in all the past times ! Doubt it not, oh Albion, their struggle with the Powers of Light will come—Question it not, *their* means of attack, and *thine* of resistance, were never before so great : and I further tell thee that, as the various rulers of nations shall at length wholly forsake their past modes of War and of Peace, so will those great Powers of Belial and of Heaven, each cast off their earthy feebleness for the mighty conflict ! Momentous result ! Let the *Spiritual Waterloo* be also thine !

Now, although ever since the Council of Trent, in 1563, the *theory* hath continually been that all jurisdiction, civil and ecclesiastic, must flow from but one source—viz., the Chair of St. Peter at Rome—yet we know that, in *practice*, all power is exercised by that Church and by *another* power, equally if not still more potent ! It is now in vain that we look to one only—we must seek it not only in the White-robed Pontiff of the Vatican and his ministers, but also in the Black-robed General of the Gesù and his soldiers ! The subordinates of the GENERAL must all do as they are bid : and the whole of that Fraternity wield as tremendous an influence over the Pontifex-Maximus, and the Catholic world, as that General does over his own subordinates ! The mischievous results to the multitude, from this combined power of the two, can be estimated by no human calculation—it being infinite and various. The *Few* of the Vatican and of the Gesù may be the most learned and seductive among men—but the *Multitude* must be kept in nearly Cimmerian darkness, before the ways of Gehennom and of Heaven can be thus unnaturally combined and sustained ! And the greatest of all the marvels is that among the Multitude of that Church, and also among the Few of the Vatican and of the Gesù, there are *Individuals* of singular piety, and honestly zealous in their cause, when not the mere victims of an artful diabolic agency ! In the two are found elements born of Hell—whilst some of their respective members appear and are among the brightest exemplars of Christian zeal and purity—the unconscious, and we believe irresponsible agents, of Him who is the source of all “deceivableness.” Mysterious power ! Wonderful combination of unnatural elements !

No need hast thou, oh Albion, for “*Royal Primacy*,” more than hath the world at large for “*Papal Supremacy*”—save that the Church’s *designed weakness* in things civil and political, (after clearly defining its *spiritual* rights and claims) must leave their *enforcement* to the conscience of the Temporal Power, should need there be : for, in the melancholy case of a conflict, the Church can never *war* upon the Throne ; the former is then in deep *grief*—and must submit, until a change of heart shall visit, from on high, both, or one :—then mayest thou live long in thy wonted usefulness,

and in the enjoyment of all thy just and great renown. SHUN ROME! no cause wilt thou then have to fear lest the owl shall sit solitary in thy now gorgeous palaces—the fox bark out of the windows of thy many proud mansions, and the hissing reptiles repose among the weeds of thy ruined fortresses and dilapidated cities! No Jeremiah is *yet* needed to lament for thee: but, if hereafter needed, none would be then vouchsafed: thine own lights, now and ever, must wholly serve thee,—shade them not, lest thy waters be dried up—lest thy potency become weakness—lest thy knowledges become as delusive meteors, and lest, as of old, God shall deliver thee up to the “Syrians” though they “*come with a small company of men!*” Doubt it not, oh Albion!—danger now is in all thy paths,—and never before was there greater cause to cry out in the words of the Psalmist, “*Help Lord! for the godly man ceaseth—for the faithful fail from among the children of men.—If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do!*” And remember, once more, O Albion! there be other lands in the far West, as well as in the remote East, whose future greatness may take place of thine—and endure unto the end—and yet only if *their* own Faith be pure,—and only so long as it thus remains,—for no nation that forsakes the Faith hath sure life. Nations perish not, nor ever did, and never will, by old age alone: they perish through sin alone: full of years, then, as Albion now is, still may she flourish in perpetual manhood—but only whilst her Apostolic-Saxon Faith shall remain, and her Practice be the like. Accipite animis, atque hæc mea figite dicta.

Only a few words more unto thee, oh Albion!—Thou mayest be either the Saviour, or the Destroyer of Man's best hopes on Earth, and in Heaven,—for there are in thee two signal Virtues, flowing from the Source of all Good—“TOLERATION” and “LIBERTY”—the *just use* of either of which is heavenly—the *abuse* of which is diabolic! Dost thou not know that the GREAT DECEIVER hath speciously taken unto himself both of these—but only to mislead thee and the world whilst he is enslaving both? Doth he not *charm* thee with the loveliness of the *names* of Toleration and of Political and Civil Liberty—yet only in such a way as to lead thee into the certain abuse of each, so that every crime against Religion and Government—against salutary Toleration, and wholesome Liberty, may be perpetrated under the divine forms of them all, whilst thou and the world are becoming in a degree the real slaves, and his numerous minions the only Freemen, and the only Persecutors—to do as they list in all of their diabolic schemes? Doubt it not! Thy morbid and mawkish abuse of these two shining virtues is now becoming the most powerful of all the Satanic means revealed to mankind for their utter ruin! Doubt it not, oh Albion, that thy “Toleration,” without conservative limitations, and thy “Liberty,” without its essential restrictions, are

*fascinating* thee into the abyſs thou wouldſt anxiously avoid—into the very pit which the Deceiver hath ſo long aimed to caſt thee and the world, however much thou and thy admirers have ſeemingly ſtrived, during ſome centuries, to dignify man by religious toleration—by humanity to thy foes—and by civil and political liberty! But be wiſe, oh Albion! Virtues, iſſuing from the clear fountains of God's immaculate wiſdom, are the very *purities* with which the Great Deceiver would now ſtrive to miſlead thee!—and thoſe virtues, ſorely abuſed, may be thy overthrow—and will be, if thou remain obliſious of their inherent and juſt limitations. Beware of *traditional pride* in this matter of thy Toleration, and of thy Liberty! It is thy beſetting illuſion—LOOK TO THE JESUITS!

And now hath Cartaphilus delivered himſelf of a duty unto thee, as his Editor—and unto thoſe, if any, who ſhall read theſe Chronicles: and the Jew would only add unto his foregoing Meditations upon Life and Death, his hope that every one will feel through life, as Ninus ſeems to have done only when in the article of death! And now, *velis et remis*, I go for Oriental lands;

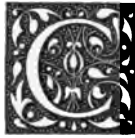
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|---------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|------|
| LONDON— | <i>Auſtin Friars</i> , September 16, 1852. . . .                                                | Julian Period . . . | 6565 |
|         | Anno Mundi, Supputatione Chriſtianorum . . . . .                                                |                     | 5856 |
|         | Anno Mundi, Supputatione Hebræorum—3 Tiſri . . . . .                                            |                     | 5612 |
|         | Anno IVth Olympiadis. . . . .                                                                   |                     | 657  |
|         | Ab Urbe Condita, (Terentius Varro) . . . . .                                                    |                     | 2605 |
|         | Anno Seleuc: ( <i>Eloul</i> ) . . . . .                                                         |                     | 2163 |
|         | Æra Juliani Auguſti . . . . .                                                                   |                     | 1897 |
|         | Anno Nativitatis XVI Kal: Oct. . . . .                                                          |                     | 1852 |
|         | The VIIIth Year of the 19 Years' Cycle—(Judaical Civil Year) commencing Sept. 16—1852 . . . . . |                     | 5613 |
|         | Anno Hegiræ, 1ſt Dhu' Chasjah . . . . .                                                         |                     | 1268 |
|         | Anno XVI Viſtoriz Reginz Brit:                                                                  |                     |      |
|         | Jupiter in Libra—Golden Number 10—Dominical Letters                                             |                     |      |
|         | F. E. <i>Old Style</i> . Dom: Letters D. C. <i>New Style</i>                                    |                     |      |
|         | —Epaſt 9.                                                                                       |                     |      |

And finally, my Editor, the remaining two volumes of this my firſt revelation, I entruſt to thy diſcretion. I bid thee, and Chriſtendom, a loving, but no ſhort FAREWELL.

CARTAPHILUS.



## The Editor to the Reader.



**C**OURTEOUS Reader ! it is probable a few words may be expected of thee from the Editor of a Chronicle coming from a source so little contemplated, and of a character, in many respects, so anomalous.

That it may not suit the taste of some is altogether likely ; and that, moreover, it may occasionally offend others is equally to be expected, however anxiously the "Wanderer" and his Editor have endeavoured to gain friends, or at least a docile ear. It also may be presumed that a few will be found so fastidious, as scarce to tolerate the blending of so great a variety of dissimilar topics, and perhaps styles, in the same work : but as the world is perhaps vast and various enough to yield even a numerous class of readers of similar taste, and sufficiently liberal to weigh soberly the ultimate objects and tendencies of the whole, both as to matter and manner, the Editor has ventured to cherish the hope that Cartaphilus will be kindly welcomed on his return from Oriental lands,—and that his Scholiast may also be, though both are as conscious as any one can be that, in all respects the *execution* of the enterprise may be regarded as extremely imperfect, compared with the vastness, and possibly the essential worth of the general scheme or ideality itself.

To the entire class of Purists and Carpers, the Editor will only say—read the whole—or none : go not in pursuit of faults, or as to what *might* have been done,—both are liberally, but most regretfully admitted—and then let your judgment be a tender one, no less towards the long afflicted and sinning, but now Converted Jew, than towards the retired Jurisconsult,—who, when in eager pursuit of mental occupation, hath, perhaps, inconsiderately and injudiciously undertaken a duty towards the "Wanderer of Ages," that ill harmonized with the early readings and vein of thought, so usually among the disciples of Littleton, and of his great Commentator. But, such as the whole may be, he now presents it,—neither craving praise, nor deprecating censure—but still hopeful of justice.

Now, as the Jew is again wandering, the Editor (whose feeling hath ever been, *Ubi sum, ibi patria—Where I am, there is my country—*) is grateful for all the benevolences he hath received in this, and in other lands: but now doth he yearn for his natal soil; and, nearly in the words of the gifted poet, Tupper, is inclined to say

“Thither thy son, O Columbia! is haft’ning  
There for *true* riches securely to search;  
Not for thy *gold*, California, longing—  
But for sweet Home, with enough—and a Church.”

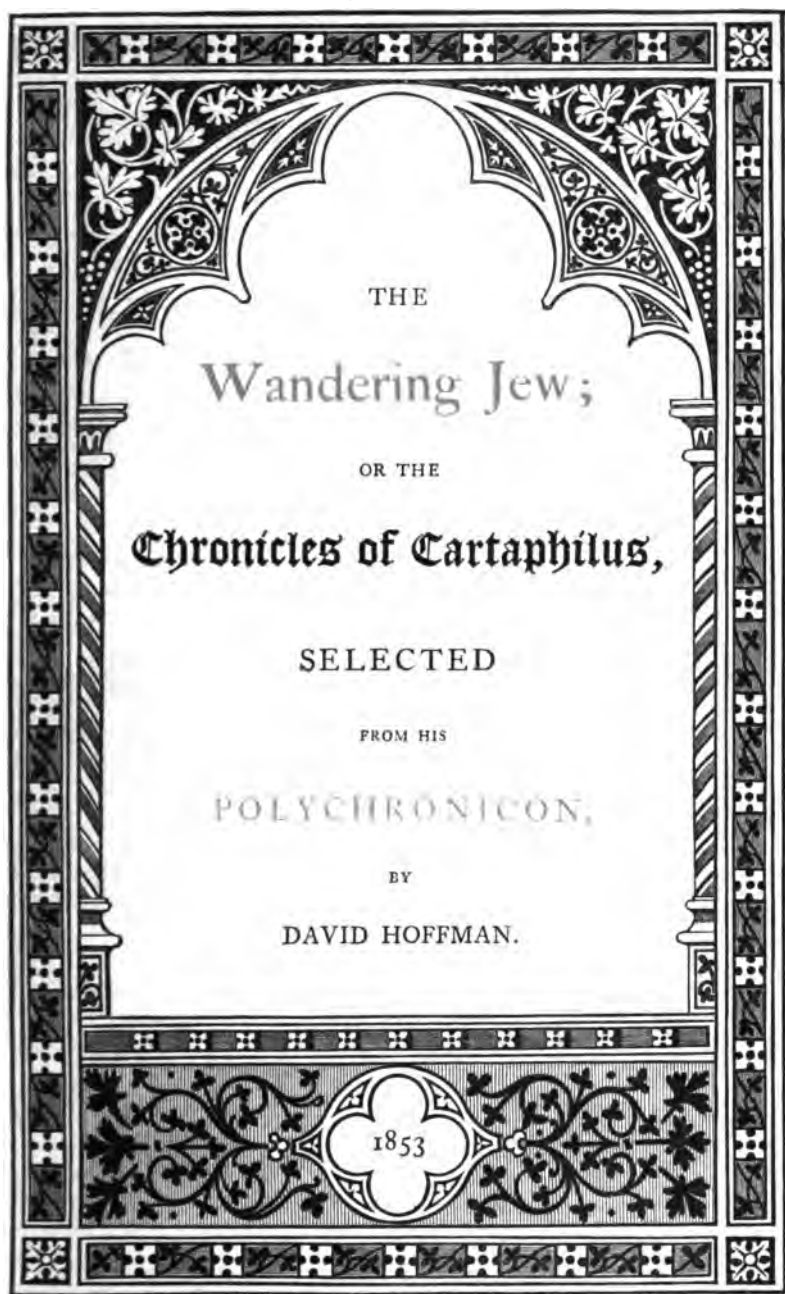
DAVID HOFFMAN.

LONDON,  
6A. Hanover St. Hanover Square,  
September, 1852.

## Note.

**T**HE Editor anticipates, but only from a certain class of readers, the objection that these Volumes deal too largely in theological and ecclesiastical matters: but the remark would be erroneous in fact, and no less unfounded in theory than wanting in correct feeling—as it will be found that quite four-fifths of the entire work are wholly free of this objection, if otherwise a just one; and also that the essential character of the Jew, and the very aim and spirit of his Chronicles demanded the progressive development of his anomalous character—the cause, effects, and approaching removal of his wonderful destiny. Cartaphilus is certainly anxious to win readers—now that the revelation of his Chronicles became necessary: but still, with extremely little of an Author's usual solicitude. Well knowing, also, the human heart, he has foreseen equally with his Editor, the probable objection alluded to; and therefore stoutly insisted, at first, that the following letter to the much famed *Cornelius Agrippa*, addressed by Cartaphilus to him in 1535, should not be here anticipated, but be inserted in its order of time. The Editor, however, had several reasons for the present chronological departure in this solitary case, which need no further mention than that he supposed the perusal of the *LEGEND* may have awakened some curiosity to know at once something more of the Wanderer's connection with Agrippa; and also that as the topics of that singular letter reveal much of the essential character of our Hero, if so he may be called, it would add to the reader's early interest in him, and also inspire a just hope that ultimately his *orthodoxy* would be all that could be desired—and hence the insertion of this letter out of place, though at the risk of increasing the objection we both have feared. We, however, have placed it in the *Appendix* to the first Volume—to be taken up at the option of the reader.

DAVID HOFFMAN.



I.

B





BOOK THE FIRST



## CHRONICLES OF Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

### BOOK I.

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Birth—Parentage, &c. of Cartaphilus.

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SECTION I.—JERUSALEM. Year of the *Creation* 3790—Year of the *Seleucida*, 342—Month of *Nisan*, 1st day. [Friday, March 12th—A.D. 30—A.M. 4034. V.Æ.]



**T**WENTY and seven times hath the first day of NISAN's moon returned upon me, and passed into Eternity's deep abyſs, ſince my mother, MARIAMNE, gave me to the light. Theſe moons, with the two hundred, ninety and ſeven others, that form the twenty and ſeven ſacred years my life now numbers, have thus far been to me years of toil and unmixed miſery! for, on the day in which I firſt ſhed tears, and likewise on the four preceding days, (as I have been told) the Meſſengers of our Great Sanhedrim had often returned from the ſummits of the neighbouring mountains—but ever with the unhappy proclamation that *no new moon* had yet been given to their anxious vigils! The heralds of the new-born year ſpeeded not, as uſual, from their watch-towers, back to the Holy City on the wings of the wind, ſounding their trumpets, and announcing to Jeruſalem's ſons and daughters the welcome tidings "*Prepare ye now for the Feaſt of the New Moon—the Feaſt of the New Moon!*" No fires had yet been lighted upon Oliver's verdant heights, to be answered by thoſe on other mountains, and ſo on by others ſtill more remote, till they reached Libanus' utmoſt verge on the north, and the regions of the Stony Araby on the ſouth. Nor did even the baſe Samaritans (in deriſion of our Feaſt of Trumpets, and to diſturb the order of our ſacred feſtivals) dare, as they ſometimes did, to light their deceptive fires, nor to ſound

Asaph's sweet Shophar, making a "joyful noise before the Lord."—A fullen silence reigned around—and the gate of the Inner Court that looketh to the East, remained still fast closed! Thus was all Jerusalem troubled, and in fore suspense, during the four entire days before my melancholy birth,—when, at length, the gladsome sounds were heard from the Messengers, hailing the infant year,—and these were quickly taken up by the chief Senator of the BETH-YAZEK, who ushered the well-known cry of "*Mekuddash—Mekuddash!*" to Israel's anxious people.

The air of Judea, usually so serene and genial—and the skies so cloudless, when Nisan is proclaimed, were cheerless and cold and black with many vapours, during those four presaging days before my birth; and the hours of the morning watch, of that first day which gave me breath, were as full of mental agonies to the father and mother of me their first and only born, as were the elements then, and after, with those lurid and unnatural aspects!

*Rumour of a mysterious dream.* The cause of my parents' great disquietude was found in a hideous dream, with which their sleep was visited—a dream full of awful presages concerning their expected offspring—a dream that baffled the utmost skill of divination! The shocking vision re-appeared, and with additional clearness, on the night of my *eighth* day—a day that had somewhat revived their wounded spirits, as being that on which, by Circumcision, I had been symbolically allied to the household of faith.

The same vision, I say, of horror, as at the hour of my birth—repeated to both my parents so early after the joyous event of my circumcision—and at Night's fourth watch, when dreams are most veracious,—visions, too, that no one, to whom they had been sacredly entrusted, could in any wise resolve, were potent circumstances to press sorely upon the minds of those, whom, by nature and our holy laws, we are ever bound to venerate and love—though *they* were the authors of an existence which, to the present hour, hath known no joy! As my parents are said to have deeply grieved, they surely mourned not solely for themselves:—oh no, *they*, at least, loved me; and their brief example seems now the only cause of the little kindness a few do show me, in this my early manhood!

The world around me had early heard and cherished the vague rumours, as to some portentous mystery at my birth: and whilst that was fresh in memory, they either hated, or dreaded me, its then wholly innocent object. But alas! ere a single revolution of the sun and heavens around the plain that man inhabits had been completed, my parents were gathered to their fathers: and, (that the mysterious cup of my affliction might overflow, even in

## His Parentage—The Mystery.

the dawn of life, and thus adumbrate the future) they both departed to their eternal home, on the same day and hour! Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Abraham's God!

My mother is said to have been the loveliest of beings—my father, SERAIAH, the most venerated of men: but they were both, by descent, *Ishmaelites*, not Jews; and both were *Profelytes of the Gate*; who, indeed, faithfully worshipped God, but had remained uncircumcised: and my own initiation into the strict faith of our father Abraham, is said to have been occasioned by the agitation caused by those fearful visions attendant upon my birth.

On their death I passed into the hands of a maiden aunt, on my mother's side; who being by her own birth and education, but not by previous descent, a Samaritan, and hence, by religion, no friend to her Sister's new-born faith, scowled upon her charge from his earliest days: and though she gave me the protection of her roof, and saw me educated in most of the learning of the times, still made my home sufficiently wretched,—which was greatly embittered, moreover, not only by the mystery that hung over my natal hour, but by the inevitable hatred also cherished towards me by my paternal uncle ANMAR, formerly of Arabia, who regarded me, not only as the immediate cause of my parents' melancholy end, but of their sudden adoption of circumcision and of the pass-over—thereby becoming, almost in the article of death, full *Profelytes of the Covenant*—a faith to which my uncle was no friend, if indeed he were to any.

Tell me, oh my soul! *what* were the visions that so weighed down the spirits of those who gave me birth, as thus to change them, and so speedily to consign both to an early and synchronous tomb?—declare unto me, ye Angels that hover invisible around us, be ye good or evil, the meaning of those dark and shadowy and terrific intimations—oh, tell me, if but in whispers, and more obscure than those vouchsafed my parents—so that, peradventure, by much study, I may resolve them, and mitigate (or, even though it increase) my woes!

At their death, they both charged my uncle (as the sole depositary, among all my relatives of a portion only of their fatal secret) strictly to withhold even that slight disclosure, from CARTAPHILUS, their son—for so had I been in due season named!

During the period of my Aunt's limited protection, and of her far more slender affection, I was still encompassed by many vague rumours of the idle and malicious world, as to this my mysterious birth and destiny,—and these were whispered to my young mind, long before I could understand the least of their import. These, as I grew older, tortured my inner soul—gave me up to many diabolical influences—poisoned all my thoughts,—and eventually

His Parents' death—Hope of Shiloh—His hatred of the Romans.

separated me eternally from every being in Palestine, in whose veins my ancestral blood was flowing! Those tender names, "Father" and "Mother," had never reached my infant heart and comprehension: they, whose devoted cares would have nourished me, whose loving counsels would have restrained me to the paths of virtue and peace, were now for ever gone;—and I, a helpless—degraded child, was cast upon the icy feelings of a bigoted and superstitious world; with no other inheritance than a foul story pendent over me, from the first hour I breathed—a story, which, though all could lips, and delighted so to do, yet could none define its particulars, nor in the least unravel its pregnant meaning,—for such is the world's malice!

A solitary being am I; of whom, as they say, even now, "*Heaven has determined something awful!*"—but what?—ah, that may remain for ever the awakening—the tormenting question! I see—I feel the mystery all around me; but as lightless as a night of blackest ignorance—impenetrable to all alike, and equally so to me, though twenty and seven years have now passed away! \* \* \* Would that no more of Nisan's moons could shed upon me their soft and silvery light!—and that these eyes were now sealed up in eternal sleep—yea, in eternal death! or rather, would that, if SHILOH is to come, he come quickly,—for that day *must* be one of radiance—a day of bliss to all—a day that surely will resolve all mysteries!

\* \* \* *The Prophets say He is to come; and many firmly hold, nearly if not in these very times!*  
*Hope of Shiloh's coming.* —and our Pharisees, also, and the Sadducees, together with the Priests and others, do further hold, that he will be a mighty Conqueror—one that shall rid our land of strangers—of these Idumeans, yea, surely of these all-pervading and odious Romans—and raise Israel from her now deep degradation, even unto a lofty national power, and unbounded wealth! O that these days would hasten as running streams from Oliver's heights! O that they were at our very gates!—for Jerusalem much needs a conqueror now,—far more, indeed, than even in Babylonian times: for the iron grasp of Rome, at present, seems far more fatal to our laws and religion, than was ever Chaldea's heavy hand, and fore captivity. Our people, *then*, (as a youth, ardent and full of strength) were not only conscious of their chains, and mourned over their deep ingratitude to Abraham's God, but they longed for the occasion to redeem themselves from both. But Roman fetters, in these our degenerate days, hang lightly on us; and our motley religion now seems as various in its creeds, as if our Master Moses had conferred, upon all who would, the power to thunder forth from any little Sinai, a Law to suit their fashion! Oh, how weary

## The Baptist—Cities of Refuge.

am I of the times, both in State and Temple!—and, as a Sadducee, (of course without a hope of things beyond the grave) *this world* should be good enough for me—and worth the living for—yet only when in its best estate—only when we remain masters of our country—masters of our own mind and actions,—seeking, finding, and using *riches*, as we list :—these all, or any, withheld, the tomb of our forefathers should be welcomed as a home of sweet repose, yea, of eternal oblivion. O that Shiloh would quickly come ! \*

## LETTER I.

CARTAPHILUS TO RABBI EBEN-EZRA [*now of Ramoth-Gilead*].

JERUSALEM. *Seleucide*, 343. *Tebeth*, 8th day.

[A.D. 31. Friday, 14 December.]

**T**HOU art gone, my friend, to a City of Refuge !—and yet thy alleged crime is surely none, seeing that it was not only involuntary on thy part, but committed against one of those noisy fellows, who followed that maniac the Baptist. Be it thy consolation, then, to learn that he is now in prison ! Herodias hath contrived this good,—and a woman, as thou knowest, when once angered and endued with power, stoppeth not ; but is a match for a host of men—yea, even of Beel-zebuls !

Thy new-comer, who hath seduced so many by his preachings, his baptisms, and his strange austerities, ventured to tell even Herod, that God would afflict him with sore evils, should he take Herodias to wife. She is his niece, indeed, and the lawful wife of his brother Herod-Philip ; but, as she hath already become his victim, the evil had better be thus cured, than made worse. Philip in this hath been much maltreated ; but Herod Antipas will have his humour—and so will Herodias : and yet I marvel much the “ Old Fox ” doth not prefer the beautiful SALOME, her daughter—but it may likewise come to this at last !

Thy flight, my Rabbi, was rapid and effectual, thanks to our newly repaired roads from the Holy City, to all those of Refuge ! They now each and all, are nearly forty cubits in width ; the rivers and streams are all well bridged ; the sign-posts, with their label “ *To the Refuge*,” are conspicuously set up—the magistrates, in this at least, having done their duty fully. I hope, moreover, thy selected city of Ramoth-

\* The SHILOH had in fact appeared thirty years before Cartaphilus thus chronicles,—that is, just three years before his own birth.

## The Avenger of Blood—Visit to his Uncle.

Gilead is plentifully stored,—for this cometh also within the Law of Refuge, as thou well knowest.

**T**HE AVENGER OF BLOOD, I am happy to inform thee, soon gave over his pursuit; whether from ignorance of thy first abode, or from Herod's winking at thy homicide, I wot not. Thy exile, however, may not be of long duration, as the High-Priest is now aged; and his *death*, as thou knowest, will necessarily release thee, if thy freedom come not sooner. When *Shiloh* appears, these things will all be better managed,—for thy hasty slaying of the babbler (though done with intemperate zeal, and yet with no design on life) was still done in Shiloh's great cause: for this *John* surely is not that Shiloh—nor yet his Messenger: Shiloh will come in power, and in great majesty; and not as this man, with a rude garment of camel's-hair—a girdle of skin about his loins—preaching in wildernesses—and feeding upon locusts and wild honey!

**B**ut still, John's *baptisms* have taken wonderfully with the multitude! These, however, are now likely to have an end for ever: for he is not only in prison, whence there is no escape, but it is rumoured throughout all Jerusalem, as well as Galilee, that Herodias, (if not Herod, whose fears) doth earnestly seek his death! I will write to thee anon, should John be slain.

**M**any who love thee, even more in thy now misfortune, salute thee. The young and noble ARTEMAS, of Cæsaria on the coast, is now here from Sepphoris, where he temporarily resides. He bids me, in the name of his newly made acquaintance with thee, to greet Eben-Ezra and his spouse Priscilla, most kindly. Freely do I add mine own—and not forgetting the young and gentle Rebecca.

FARE-THEE-WELL.

CARTAPHILUS.

SECTION II.—*Tebeth*, 16th day. [Saturday, 22 December, A. D. 31.]

**H**AVE just returned from my Uncle ANMAR's house! Some years had passed since we communed: but his ghost being then about to depart (and as the Pharisees would say) either to Abraham's bosom—or to Sheöl, I judge not which; he summoned me to his bed-side, and thus addressed me. "I know, Cartaphilus, that unto thee I have been as no uncle: but my death being near, I now seek to make thee some amends; and will disclose all, though that be little, which thy parents vouchsafed respecting those dreadful visions that so greatly tormented them; and which hastened their souls, as I trust, to Paradise—if an hereafter there be indeed. And, though charged by them both to reveal to thee nothing, left, as they falsely

*Visit to his  
Uncle.*

## The Prophetic Dream.

supposed, thou shouldest be made thereby still more unhappy, than thy unknown though rumoured destiny would doubtless make thee, my judgment and conscience now bid me declare unto thee the brief words then entrusted to me. These, possibly, to thy mind, may shadow something to unravel the great, and now long-enduring mystery:—but to mine, they have yielded nothing but mingled doubts, and vexatious fancies.”

“**N**ow, then, that nought of the portentous visions would they yield me—save that Thou, their *The Prophetic dream.* infant son, wert seen standing upon the summit of a lofty and eternal mountain, looking down upon all the Nations on Earth’s vast plain: and whilst there, thou becamest full of years—large in mental stature, and with hoary locks! And, as nations and ages passed before thee, thy whitened and flowing hair gradually faded away—thy body in like manner diminished; but not thy inner man: thy once youthful form seemed dimly returning to thee—the mountain vanished amidst dark clouds: but anon, these clouds dispersed, and Thou wast seen again in the full bloom of youth! On the mountain’s summit, thy young body was found again increasing rapidly to man’s proudest strength and form—age then came on in course; and thou didst stand, as they thought, like unto a lofty and venerable pine, on the top of Libanus! This was often repeated; sometimes at *unequal* periods—and, seemingly to them, during full two thousand years!”

“**N**ow further, O Cartaphilus! that, in this vision, thy young body was, at one time, suddenly enveloped in a cloud of the supremest darkness; but through which thy form was indistinctly seen, as a dim and very feeble light, striving to dispel the blackness around thee, and all the nations! Upon thy breast rested the Hebrew letters *Thauf—Resh—Yod—Aleph*, תרי"א—and, in the thickness of this profound darkness, thou didst remain SIX MINUTES, TWENTY AND FOUR SECONDS! And then succeeded a delusive and flickering brightness, that endured just EIGHT MINUTES, TWENTY AND FOUR SECONDS!\* Far beneath thy feet, lay a brilliant cloud of light—through which was radiant, in surprising brightness, the letter Beth, ב—and lo! the cloud around thy head and body slowly dissolved from before thee, until all became too splendid for man’s present vision. But thou, O Cartaphilus, wert no more to be seen—and yet, whether living or dead, they wist not!”

\* These, in apocalyptic language, would seem to import two periods of sixteen years and twenty-one years: and how these were exactly verified, in the thirty-seven years of a certain remarkable personage, will appear in the VIIth Century of these Chronicles.



## The Uncle's Admonition—The Praises of Mammon.

"**T**his, my Cartaphilus, is the extent of what I have to reveal as to thy parents' wonderful dream; save, that it was seen before thy birth, and also on the eighth day after; and that those who gave thee life, ever held that vision as symbolizing some *foul curse upon thee*; but for what *crime* committed by thy *forefathers*—or seen by the Omniscient Eye, as *thine own*, I wot not—and they revealed not."\*

"**W**hat I have told thee would have caused to *my* mind no special uneasiness for them, or for thee; as to me it seemed to preface as much good as evil: but thy parents' deep griefs, and their assurance unto me that there *was* seen of them an astounding evil, caused me to hate thee sorely; and to banish from my house and presence one so close to me in blood as thou art.—My parting word, and rich legacy unto thee, Cartaphilus, is this;—*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth*—and so I bid thee an eternal farewell."

My uncle's spirit was set free in a few hours after: and I at the age of twenty-eight, was left nearly a mendicant by that *repentant* uncle—whose *conscience* bade him such *amends*!

**A** LEGACY!—a rich one, too, as he called it—and yet of words, of *mere words*, known to our forefathers more than a thousand years! and hence, not my uncle's legacy, but Solomon's! Did my uncle remember *his* Creator, either in the days of his youth—or even of his old-age? No, surely; else, after his sore oppressions of me, he would not thus have dealt in words—which are but breath—and left me *shekellefs*,—but, instead thereof, out of his vast accumulations, he would abundantly have endowed me; so that I might regain thereby, in my long honoured family, that high rank, by birth my own—but which, by adverse fortunes, and foul injustice, so long hath been withheld.†

*His Praises of Mammon.* **Q**UAT this uncle, not in mockery, but in very deed, had converted each word of Solomon's admonition into a talent of silver—yea, of gold! for **MONEY** truly is the foul's awakener—the clear and copious fountain that allays all thirst—the vital spark of all that is worthy in earth, air, water, and fire! Money is a fast friend, in need, and a good one, at all times: money gaineth civil speeches—gracious entreatment—many followers—and only a few, but impotent enemies: money is kind and true, and may be trusted, where even one's best friends, yea, father and mother, may prove false: money slandereth

\* In the progress of these Chronicles it will be seen, that the life of Cartaphilus is a perpetual fulfilment of this wonderful vision. The Hebrew letters would seem to import the numbers 611 and 2000: but how these, and likewise the 16 and 21 years, are connected with his destiny, may not be now intimated.

† A *shekel* is a small Jewish coin, equal to about 2s. 4d. sterling.

## The Praises of Mammon—His first self-reproof.

not, but is indeed the sweetest, best, and most abiding of companions,—for, by it may be gained all sweets, and all companions that one willet! Money cools the blood of angry relations—but, when *we* have it not, *their* riches are as freezing waters shed upon a summer sky! Money not only winneth friends, but enableth one to reward their actual worth, or to punish their perfidy, and the wrongs of all our enemies. By money we may buy revenge, or ward it off: by money, all authority is at command, and all obedience too: by money, laws may be made, or unmade! Money is the key of all conscience—the oil that penetrateth all hearts—making the severe judgments of to-day, the soft and compliant decisions of the morrow! Of all else in life, than money, we may grow weary—of that never! for, when we loath all else, money may secure retirement—yea Death!

He who hath much money may have some trouble. He who once had much, but little now, must pine at the remembrance. He who hath no money, but some friends, may yet languish in pains. But he who hath neither mammon nor friends must perish in sore despair. Much mammon begets many friends,—and these may add to thy stores—possessed of both, thou hast gained Paradise! O then, Cartaphilus, cherish both as the apples of thine eyes: for he who parts with either, may soon part with both. \* \* \* \*

Had mine uncle's legacy been money *and* words, the sage precept of Solomon had been well remembered by me; but, as it is, my heart doth turn to gall; and, all hope, in man's dearest hope, MONEY, seems lost to me, save from my own good wits, and toiling hands—slow and odious as these must be: for now, alas! what shall even wit or toil avail in these desperate Roman times? My Aunt, too, if death should summon her, loves me not—and will do by me no better part. But hold, Cartaphilus! Do not the goodliest shrubs and trees spring from almost invisible points, lodged in the matrix of all seeds, however small they be?—do not the tiny fountains make the streams—and they the majestic rivers—and these again the boundless Ocean? If so, why not try the *Temple's Court*?—many, there, have more surely gained mammon, than their souls! but why not gain both, if an after life there be? and if in this the Pharisees be right, still *poverty* is a blighting foe to the soul's safety, as all Sadducees will urge. To the Temple, then, will I hasten, and sell doves—hoping that, with these, and the exchange of a few coins, of which I still am master, I may build up, in time, even an envied fortune, from this so poor beginning! *Ardua prima via est—et Initium in quaque re difficillimum*, as the Romans justly say—But do not they also say, *Venter præcepta non audit—et non habet aures*? Remember, then, O Cartaphilus, thy sole inheritance is Industry and thy Wits!

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His first meeting with JESUS—The Baptist.

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SECTION III.—*Sivan*, 16th day. [Tuesday, 25th May, A. D. 32.]



**W**HILST in the Temple to-day, one JESUS (of whom I had *heard* much, but *seen* nothing—a Nazarene, and surely an uncommon man) came in; and viewed all the glories around him, in a way that commanded great attention! Though the son of Joseph, a carpenter, known to many, the foolish multitude will have it that he hath wrought some notable miracles! This Jesus and the Baptist, as it would seem, colleague together—they both have disciples; poor and unknown, indeed, but marvellously shrewd: and, if the tales be true that are told of these two men, they are either *more* than prophets, or they work their marvellous doings through Beel-zebul; who, as 'tis said, hath often turned himself into an Angel of Light—or prophet—or whatever else he listeth, that he may gain his diabolic ends!

**T**his Jesus looked at me strangely—but no words passed between us.

LETTER II.

CARTAPHILUS TO RABBI EBEN-EZRA.

JERUSALEM. *Seleucide*, 345, *Adar*, 24.  
[March 8th, A.D. 33.]



**I**PROMISED, when last I wrote, to instruct thee, good Rabbi, in all things respecting JOHN: and now Artemas hath just called, with wonders upon his lips! Know, then, from him, that the Baptist is slain! Salomè, the graceful and beautiful Salomè, received his head in a charger, from the hands of her uncle! Hath not *What followed the Baptist's Imprisonment.* lovely woman been at the core of all mischief, ever since our first mother lost us Paradise—thereby making Satan a monarch, if not of the world, yet of its larger half? Herod Antipas, as thou knowest, hated John; but more from personal motives than from any regard he hath for Israel's religion;—he envied him, because of the influence he was daily gaining over the minds of the people. The multitude, he said, were led by John, and this impaired his own authority. He hated the Baptist also for Herodias' sake, and for the severe rebuke he and that adulterous and incestuous woman had received, for having taken to himself his brother Philip's wife! He hated this John still further, as some did rumour, and do record, that *Shiloh* would

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 Herod Antipas—Herodias—Salomè—Artemas.
 

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come through the preachings and baptisms of John, and thus displace Herod from all kingly power !

You, my friend, have thought John a holy man, and just, though a fanatic, and hence mischievous ; this may be so : but I more clearly agree with thee, that, as he and his followers are wild zealots—disturbers of the public peace—introducers of divers vile novelties into our holy religion, they should be put down, nay, punished : and through thy just zeal was it, that thou didst, though inadvertently, slay one of these brawlers—causing thee to seek refuge in thy present abode. I like not these men ; and yet hate this Herod more. I must therefore take counsel with myself, and see further of them, ere I would willingly inflict death, or harm any of them : but, should they press matters longer, and treat me, and my dealings in the Temple, as was done by the Nazarene to others, I shall go with Herod against them all. Herod, doubtless, would now release thee from Ramoth, were the matter wholly within his province so to do : but this appertains more largely to those in holy office. \* \* \* \* \* It now is time for me to redeem my promise as to the strange events which caused the Baptist's death. A prisoner in the castle of Machærus, well-nigh a year and a half, Herodias (that incarnate fiend in woman's blessed form) exposed John during all that period, to her utmost fury, save only death. Herod feared the multitude, but feared Herodias more—and yet John the most ! An *occasion* for his death, however, was only needed—and that came—for, that the inclination was never wanting will appear, when I tell thee that the Baptist's head was *danced* off—and by Salomè received ! Thou wilt naturally ask, why by the fair Salomè ? Most of what I shall now detail, comes from Artemas, and others, eye-witnesses thereof.

Artemas was present, as a guest, at Sepphoris, on Herod's birth-day festival ; which, at night, was solemnized with unusual splendour. The Tetrarch's palace, without, was brilliant with myriads of lights fancifully arranged, which blended their infinite rays in a concentrated mass ; and, like the sun at noon, dazzled the eye when gazed on, but which, when diffused genially through the surrounding distant foliage, gave a soft and moon-light radiance. The palace, within, was gorgeous with many silver and brightly burnished lamps, shedding subdued rays through thin transparent horn, of various colours,—whilst the mild air was redolent of frankincense and other precious gums, and of flowers in lustrous vases, all in vast but graceful profusion !

*Herod's splendid Festival.*

The Throne of State was magnificent in lights, reflected from plates of polished gold, inlaid with the emerald, the amethyst, sapphire, garnet, chrysolite, and other costly stones ; whilst polished jasper and porphyry—the onyx, and other stones and marbles of

## The Birth-day Festival—Salomè's brilliant drefs.

various colours, that covered the walls of the extensive apartments, cast back, on joyous faces, their mixed and mellifluous tints !

*Salomè and Herodias.* But, as the stars of heaven's beautiful vault hide their heads, when the more powerful lustre of Nisan's fairest moon appears, so was every brilliant object of the surrounding scene veiled, as it were, by the surprising brightness of the maiden Niece as she entered—lovely always, but on that festive night, far exceeding her wonted self !

**S**ALOMÈ, queen of the night, was seated opposite to Herod and Herodias, upon a throne of less elevation and grandeur than her uncle's, and yet in a centre of encircling lights. Columns of brightly polished onyx and jasper, alternately arranged, and inlaid with many precious stones, sustained a gorgeous canopy over her head ! The canopy was fashioned of transparent alabaster, which became more so from the many glittering lights within ! The extensive Hall sparkled with a thousand rainbow hues, reflected from the polished surfaces of so many varied marbles, and coloured ivory—all dazzling the eyes, and bewildering the senses with their matchless lustre, more than a hundredfold increased by the many coloured rays that issued from a thousand tiny lamps of odoriferous oils !

Salomè's lucid mantles, tastefully disposed, and such as even silk-worms never spun, were of a texture thin as the nets that spiders weave—which, in the early morning dew, are found gleaming with myriads of small watery diamonds ! Her tresses, bright as the stars of night's middle watch, were yet exceeded by her beaming eyes, and by the roseate freshness of her blooming cheeks.\*

The gaiety and mirth attendant upon such splendours, and still more from the many luscious and mixed wines—from spiced perfumes—from the melody of music—and from the richest viands served in sumptuous profusion, had so maddened the head of that proud and kingly Tetrarch, that he moved and spoke as if more than mortal,—though we know him to be the basest of men ; who, from his yet more infamous father, seems to have inherited most of his vices, and but a small share of his capacity for rule.

The chiefest men of Galilee and of Peræa were there,—all

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\* The description here given of the exquisite texture of Salomè's attire, and especially of her mantle, will not be deemed excessive, when we advert to the fact that, even now (as voracious travellers relate) there are muslins in Hindostan, (wrought by the hands alone of their girls) which far surpass in delicacy any production known to have been achieved even by the most perfect of modern machinery, guided by the most careful science ! To illustrate the wonderful fineness of its warp and woof, it is said that, in England, cotton has been spun so fine, that a thread 490 miles in length, would weigh but a pound—and yet that the Hindoo manipulators are known to make their thread so that it would need one of 1000 miles in length to weigh a pound !—and, that those muslins of *Deccan*, when spread upon the ground, and covered by dew, became wholly invifible !

## Salomè's Dancing—Herod's Promise.

brightening the gorgeous scene, by their apparel of the richest Tyrian dyes, sparkling in golden devices of cunning workmanship!

Salomè's magnificent attire—the beauty of her throne—the brilliancy of all around—the adulation rendered to her loveliness—the honours lavished upon Antipas, by the numerous parasites that encompassed him, together with the natural joyousness of the occasion, caused the damsel (even in the midst of Israel's fairest daughters) to be hailed by all, as the ruling star—the presiding glory of the palace!

Then came the hour of music and the dance. Artemas, the handiomest and wealthiest youth of Cæsaria, was selected by Herod to lead Salomè from her throne. As the maiden descended, and approached nigher unto Herod's presence, her almost celestial form and unrivalled grace attracted a multitude around her, to watch with eager eyes her agile and skilful motions, so harmonious with the music, and so in unison with the soul of the delighted Salomè!

*Salomè's  
Dancing.*

Herod was enraptured; his flattering guests still more so; and the dancing of the fair maiden was, doubtless, perfect. Artemas, who had retired with profound obeisance, as a spectator in the midst of the encompassing circle, watched with keen eye the last motions of Salomè; and again received the lovely damsel, to replace her upon the throne. Each guest, alike emulous to praise, then approached the joyous and triumphant Salomè, and lavished upon her enraptured ear the loftiest praises!

On an occasion such as this, when none were content with general acclamations of their approval, the Tetrarch could not long remain in dubious silence. From his throne, he bade the female attendants of his niece bring Salomè to him—and thus addressed her:

"My Daughter! (for so would I now call thee) thy loveliness hath greatly charmed us all; for thou hast well honoured this festive occasion by thy matchless attire—by thy courteous smiles, and winning manners—so befitting this night, and our assembled friends. But thy *dancing* hath surpassed all thy well-known excellence heretofore, and hence it merits, not the unproductive words of praises only; and, therefore is it, that I would now promise unto thee, and perform it, too, something more worthy thy acceptance, than speech, of even highest commendation. Ask of me, Salomè, whatsoever thou wilt, nay, even unto the one half of my kingdom, and I swear unto thee by Jerusalem, and in token thereof, I now *lift up my hand* towards Heaven, that surely I will give it unto thee!"——The damsel eyed the mother—made a low obeisance, and then retired.

The impious Herodias soon followed Salomè; who submissively consulted her mother respecting Herod's solemn and kingly vow. The half of his,

*Death of the  
Baptist.*

## Herod's Oath—Death of The Baptist.

kingdom founded well! but still was of little value to Salomè, since *Herodias*, in truth, possessed the whole—and him also, but not the Baptist's head! What the mother controlled, the daughter sufficiently shared; so that no great occasion had she to enforce the promise, as to wealth or power—but yet great occasion to oblige her vindictive mother. "What, then, O Queen, shall I seek from Herod?" said the bewildered maiden. "Demand, incontinently of the King," replied Herodias, (her eyes sparkling with exulting rage) "demand, I say, the head of John Baptist, to be given forthwith unto thee in a charger!" Salomè's tender years, not her well instructed heart, shrank from the request—yet, with the weakness so usual in the daughters of Eve, with whom religion and revenge—love and hatred, are often but inordinate impulses, Salomè soon complied! She addressed herself to Herod, demanded in execution of his vow, the Baptist's head, and then with dread and exultation, returned to Herodias.

An order forthwith issued—John was slain: and, in a charger, the ghastly head of the victim was brought! It was given into the soft hands of the damsel, who presented it to Herodias; who smiled thereon as if Gehenna and Paradise were then in her bosom—rage and joy contending for the mastery! \*

It hath been rumoured, indeed, that Herod, when the request was made, became greatly troubled—and this well may be; and if so, was it not chiefly because all previous usage hath established that, on birthday feasts, all anger is to be suspended—all contentions restrained,—nay, that even the pleadings of our courts shall cease; and, above all, that on such a day, the king shall shed no blood, and plot no mischief in any way, against human kind? If troubled, did not Antipas fear the people, more than his own conscience?—for the people greatly cleave unto the Baptist—more so than yet they have done, or are likely ever to do, unto the Nazarene. The Pharisees, and those high in office, never disliked

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\* If tradition may be relied on as to the decollation of the Baptist, the sad event took place on the viii of the Calends of September, which corresponds with August 29th. But the present letter of Cartaphilus is dated 8th March, and states that an order issued forthwith for the death of John. In the Church of Rome, however, their list of the Saints' days uniformly refers the event to the 29th of August—and the Editor is unable to reconcile Cartaphilus and a tradition in respect to the date: for even if the word "*forthwith*" be referred to the "order" the letter also states that the death immediately followed, which would be not only in harmony with the Gospel statement, but with the fierce disposition and great power of Herodias, and therefore far more probable than that the beheading was delayed until the ensuing August. Nor is it possible that if the event occurred in the August preceding, the letter of the following March could have stated it as an event that had just taken place. We, however, must follow our Chronicler, and the reader must refer the event to either the month of March or of August of A. D. 32.

## Herodias—The second meeting with Jesus.

John half so much as they now seem to hate this Jesus: and the multitude, stimulated by their masters, have ever listened to John with more attention, than to the Nazarene. These, my Rabbi, were the causes of the Tetrarch's fleeting trouble! I know this man well—this degenerate son of a most wicked Idumean father, and Arabian mother.—I know this half king, half tetrarch of Galilee and Peræa—he, who apes the vices, the tyranny, yea, even the expense, of our Roman foes! and therefore, I cannot think his troubles sank deeper than his *policy* caused them—selfishness and cowardice having but slender alliance, if any, with a really wounded conscience. And, though these repenting Baptists—these new-fashioned Essenes, as well as these miracle-working Nazarenes, are no way to my mind of liking, I still hold this slaying of John to be, in Antipas, a foul and causeless murder.

But the folly and wickedness of the incestuous mother went still further: for Herodias must have believed that John had power, either from Abraham's God, or from the great enemy, Beelzebub! Now, if from the latter, the act I am to mention was supremely foolish; since the foul spirit would surely have baffled so poor a device—and, if from the former, it was supremely wicked and daring, since the Almighty could never be baffled. What I allude to is, that when Herodias received the head from Salomé, it is said she thrust her needle through the tongue thereof, and then buried the head in her own palace, lest it should fly back to the Baptist's shoulders, and there become again united, to harangue her and Herod respecting their unlawful union! Such, my friend, is the silly ignorance and superstition that often accompany superlative wickedness! But, it is now time to relieve thee from my too garrulous pen; and I will merely add, that John's disciples obtained the headless body; buried it with care at Sebaste; and, as I have heard, between the graves of the prophets Elizeus and Abdias. FARE-THREE-WELL. CARTAPHILUS.

SECTION IV.—JERUSALEM. *Thamuz, 22. Seleucida, 344* [Wednesday, 1 July, A.D. 33.]



HE Nazarene, as I thought, eyed me specially, nay, piercingly, to-day! And, as I offered my doves and other sacrificial things, as likewise my moneys in exchange, He resolutely admonished us all that this was *sinful*! I would not then quarrel with him, though informed how, nearly two years ago, this same Jesus, with a scourge of cords, drove out of the Temple all who buy and sell there, as

*His second meeting with Jesus in the Temple.*



## His second meeting with JESUS—Relation of a Miracle.

we do now—calling it his “Father’s House,” and yet none laid hands upon him! I therefore merely asked him, how it were possible for poor men to live, in these pressing times of Roman exaction—or how they were to pay their *tribute* to the Temple, of a half shekel each, if so innocent a vocation, as holding a mart in the Outer Court, were prohibited as sinful? To this, he vouchsafed no reply whatever: but, One having some authority under this Bethlehemite, or Nazarene, (as most do call him) mildly whispered to me “Friend! this Jesus, though Lord of all, is now as poor as thou art—having no certain place whereon to lay his head! Yet doth he strictly obey the laws—venerate the Temple—and pay his tribute!”

“If so poor,” I replied, “how doth he pay his tribute?” Strange infatuation!—mine ears could scarce assure me of the marvellous answer of that disciple. “Neighbour, thou askest in ‘ignorance;’” said he, “hast thou not seen or heard of his *miracles*? “If neither, I will tell thee of *one*; and do thou seek to *see others*: “—be then convinced, and be converted from thy sins—repent—“and be forgiven! It is but a few weeks since, that, at Capernaum, they who have authority to demand the tribute, asked one “of us, ‘Doth not thy master pay tribute?’—‘Yea,’ was the reply: but Jesus, then, had not the wherewith to pay the asked—for didrachma, small as is the sum! and, that he might give no “offence to those in power, his *will* was instantly to pay it, though “a miracle were requisite to obtain the means!—whereupon, a “disciple was ordered incontinently to go unto the sea-side—cast a “hook into the waters, and draw up the first fish that came “thereto: this was done; and lo, in the mouth thereof, a piece of “money, sufficient for Jesus and that disciple, was found—and the “tributes were therewith paid!”\*

So idle a tale as this sorely vexed my spirit; for the man did but trifle with my supposed credulity; and hence my harsh reply. I bade him be instantly gone—that we of the Holy City looked deeper into such matters; and that, though such foolish stories might, indeed, deceive those of Capernaum, they could not but be scoffed at by the far wiser heads of Jerusalem.—Jesus then said to his disciple, “Follow me; that man is *yet* in the gall of bitterness!” \* \* \* \* What *can* these words of his import?—they were uttered by him, as one having supreme authority, far beyond that even of the Scribes, or Pharisees, or Sadducees,—and yet was he as gentle as the dove I then held in my hand! \* \* \* “*The gall*

\* See the record of this miracle in Matthew xvii. 24. It took place at Capernaum, somewhat more than two months after the Baptist’s death; and probably on Sunday, 25 May, in the Saviour’s 33rd year, and about 10 months before his death.

## His Meditation thereon.

*of bitterness!*”—how doth this man know whether gall, or honey, doth most prevail in my heart? The selling of doves in the Temple’s outer courts is a sin!—no vocation doth he follow—is poorer than I am—and yet he payeth his taxes and tributes strictly, and without reviling those who demand them! \* \* \* And, then, his countenance, how lovely to behold! It is as benignant as the moon of Nisan, when lofty in the boundless blue sky! Was ever face of man like his—so seraphic, that you would think of the *innocence* of a babe grown to man’s full stature—and yet with the *mind* of venerable old age!—truly, this is all wonderful! \* \* \* But, do they not say that Satan, and Belial, and Baal-zebul, can also put on such a face? The Nazarene, as all do know, is Joseph’s son! If a prophet, and “Lord of all,” why then so poor? If of some Evil Spirit, why so poor; and, if miracles are at his command, why should they be used to procure merely a *didrachma*? And, still further, were he the friend of John, and so powerful, why did he suffer him to languish in a foul prison full fourteen months—the sport of Herodias, and under jeopardy of life—and then suffer him, like a dog, to be beheaded; and, withal, why permit himself to be homeless? And yet, how gentle, how mildly authoritative—how sweet in mien and carriage! \* \* \* Oh, my soul! who, and what, shall relieve me from these conflicting and vexing doubts?—for, if these men be true, they *have* great power, and hereafter will use it—if impostors, what are their motives? \* \* \* But still, if impostors, though motiveless, save in frenzies, they do trifle with *holy things*—they sully the *Law’s honour*, and hence do merit punishment. They, moreover, disturb *us* in our vocation—and that they *must* not do. I shall look to this; and, if they would tarnish the glories of our Temple, or molest *me* in my sales and exchanges, they shall tremble for it. Look to this, Cartaphilus—look to this! \*

I have just received the following letter from Artemas, now in *Sychar*, of Samaria. It doth astonish and trouble me much. Surely, these times have greatly bewildered him,—and he hath lost the staff of his usual wisdom! How often and long doth error live, ere reason can have birth! \* \* \* But still, Artemas *writes* not as one whose brain is wrecked—he raves not, but utters all with soberness and method!—I must ponder it again; and once more question myself, as to who is the deceiver or the deceived.

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\* The Reader will please always distinguish between the Chronicle proper in the SECTIONS, which contain his daily *Narratives* and *Meditations*, and the *Letters*, which are from himself, or others.

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Artemas' reproofs of Cartaphilus.

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## LETTER III.

## ARTEMAS TO CARTAPHILUS.

*Sychar, Creation, 3793\*, Marchesuan, 1.  
[Thursday, 16th Octo. A.D. 33.]*



**I** CHARGE thee, my Cartaphilus, as thou valuest thy soul's peace, even in this world, enter thou not into any combination with those that would persecute the followers of the beheaded Baptist, or the friends of the humble Nazarene. John reposes at Sebaste—but Jesus, who hath just passed through Samaria and Galilee, amazed the people by his miracles—conciliated them by his precepts and doctrines—and hath won them, above all, by the gentleness of his tempers.

Thou, Cartaphilus, knowest full well, how, for near two years past, I have consented with Annas and Caiaphas, and lately even with Herod and Pilate, and somewhat with my new friend Ezra, to watch, and, if need be, to suppress with force, these strange men: and, when last I parted from thee, a few months ago, thou wilt remember how hot I found thy temper against these peaceful and extraordinary teachers; and mainly, forsooth, because thou, and others, who deal in the Temple's Courts, are fearful lest the preachments of those people against the defecration of our Holy House, might end in the loss of thy and their vocations! Thou art now poor, O my Cartaphilus; but remember thy family's dignity and wealth; remember how thy fortunes were first blighted, and then destroyed; and forget not that education, at least, hath not been denied unto thee; and that thy talents and acquirements are known and prized by very many. I venture thus to speak, because I have ever thought that Herod (the father of my Galilean ruler, after having so highly improved and adorned our second Temple, by Zerubbabel built, so that now it almost rivals that raised by the illustrious Solomon) should not have permitted *any* of its courts to be thus profaned—for they often are so, by loud and vile contentions—by avarice, and cruel oppressions of the needy and ignorant, especially in the exchanges of their moneys—the harder upon those who come to worship there from distant

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\* The Jews sometimes dated from the Creation; and they number only 3760 years as having elapsed at the epoch from which Christians now date; who extend that period to 4000, or to 4004 years. Others, at that time, also dated from the æra of the Seleucids—some from the building of Solomon's Temple—others from the Vocation of Abraham, &c.

## Cure of the ten Lepers.

lands; and indeed, by the mere fact of devoting, even the *Outer Courts* of God's Holy House, to any of life's mercenary transactions. I know that, to thee, Cartaphilus, it hath been for some time past thy chief means of subsistence,—and believe that thy dealings therein have been quiet and conscientious—but still, *little called for*, because thy pride refused to receive from *me*, out of my more than abundance, such aid, as thou so much doth need! When, therefore, fault hath been found with matters as they now are in those Courts, no offence to *thee* in particular was designed, either by the Nazarene, or his disciples; but only the vindication of holiness—and in this, thy friend is against thee, and wholly with the Nazarene. I mourn, therefore, to learn that thou hast been stimulated to rage, and almost to madness, against these people, since last we conversed; and only have I hope now, because I learn that this has been caused, more by others, than by even thy own hasty humours. But, my Cartaphilus, be thou careful of those who would urge thee onward in this matter—act not rashly against any of John's followers, nor against any of those who adhere to the, so called, Son of David: for, since I left thee, I have encountered the Nazarene in Galilee, and in Samaria, several times; and, whether the carpenter's son or not—of David's lineage, or not,—and whether the Shiloh, or not, Artemas is sure of his great *holiness*, and of his immense power; and will now disclose unto thee, not what he has *heard* of Jesus—but that which he hath most surely *seen*!

You can bear me witness, dear Cartaphilus, that I had no liking for any of the recent innovators, and introducers of marvellous doctrines, and novel practices; but feared them much. My present wholly changed mind, then, can be owing to nothing less than a most potent cause, and one that I have no power to resist; and so wilt thou judge, unless thy own high estimation of me hath changed from what it was:—nor couldst thou, my friend, have found the least support to thy many prejudices, hadst thou seen what my eyes so lately beheld—unless Cartaphilus hath sunk in the estimation I have so often expressed of him. But, convinced as I am that we are both as honest and as sensible as we were, I shall rely upon thy wisdom and candour; and thou wilt repose upon my calmness and fairness in all that I now utter.

The Nazarene I found attended by only two of his disciples—those named John and James: and what I now declare unto thee is what my eyes intently witnessed, and my ears keenly heard,—not in a dark and mysterious corner, but in the garish light of the day, and in an open place: not by any design, moreover, but by a chance only: not with people that *could* colleague, but with those that were

*Cure of the  
ten Lepers  
witnessed by  
Artemas.*

## JESUS and his two Disciples.

hopelessly helpless, poor and wretched and diseased; and hence, thou must rely, in perfect confidence, upon all I now declare, unless thou shouldst say that Beelzebul utterly deceived *me*; or, that, though actually done by the Nazarene, and really witnessed by me, yet that it was still done, not through divine agency, but through the power of some diabolic spirit,—neither of which, as to me it seemeth, *can* be imagined,—because, first, if by Beel-zebul, the act was one of the tenderest mercy; and *he* labours not in that way—and secondly, if not wrought, but I alone was deceived, the foul Spirit hath gained no friend in me, and only assured me the more that he is the prince of deceivers. But listen to my story—it *should* awaken thee, and to all other thoughts than those of unkindness and want of faith, in the wonderful Being who wrought this work!

**I**n a small village nigh unto Sychar, Jesus and his two disciples, after a wearisome journey, had sought some refreshment from the villagers; but which they most inhospitably refused to give! “Master! shall we call fire down from Heaven,” said the disciples, “to consume these men, as did Elias?” But the Nazarene, with heavenly mildness, such as I never saw in human countenance, checked their intemperate zeal, and said, “Not so—Ye know not the temper whereof ye are, else would ye not expect the Son of Man to *destroy* that which he hath come to *save*!”

These words, so full of celestial benignity, at a moment, too, when other men’s tempers would have been, at least somewhat excited, sank deep into my mind—nay into my inner heart; for the look and voice of Jesus confirmed his words, and showed *no human* excitement whatever, but perfect tenderness and heavenly mercy on those, whom sin had so much perverted! I pondered over this for some hours—brought to my remembrance his benign expression; and questioned my understanding, not my prejudices, whether such things *could* be of evil, or ever tend to evil; and also, whether Satan could, or would ever confer *such* tempers. To thee, Cartaphilus, I put the same question.

**H**e calls himself “The Son of Man,” said I musingly—and faith that he “hath come to save, not to destroy.” This, my Cartaphilus, as to me it seemeth, is not the language of *self-deception*, nor of the spirit of the Evil One,—since all self-deception is not only irregular, but enthusiastic—but Jesus is all harmony and calmness—and, had he been neither, he would, doubtless, have yielded to the desire of his disciples, under the firm belief that fire *would* descend from Heaven at their bidding: he, therefore, was not self-deceived—and hence must be an impostor in this, *or* the heavenly Being I now claim for him. That he was, in that matter, no impostor, what is yet to follow will clearly prove—and, if no

## JESUS and the Lepers.

impostor, then 'tis with thee to say, at last, that he is from Heaven or Hell—for the *powers* exercised were not of Earth! Musing unto myself, in the way I am now writing, I resolved to attend Jesus on his course, and to carefully watch the three. It was then *Jesús's* last day—and they were journeying, as I supposed, to Jerusalem, whither I was also bound; but soon learned that Jerusalem was not their destination. I then still followed on their track; and, when near the foot of Mount Ebal, no less than Ten foul *LEPERS* suddenly appeared from a ravine of the mountain, and prostrated themselves before the Nazarene, exclaiming as they approached, “JESUS! MASTER! *have mercy upon us!*”

The sight of these afflicted beings curdled my blood—a cold sweat rushed over my body, and I trembled in every limb. Never before had I seen a leper so closely—and none so lost to all hope of cure. Their half-naked limbs were so livid, that it seemed as if the blood that feebly moved in their veins, had all been changed to water mixed with ashes! The hair of their heads stood out like innumerable bristles on the back of some fretted hyæna: and as they, in the madness of their torments, plucked them out, it took with them portions of diseased flesh! Their protruded eyes were red and purulent with inflammation; whilst they fearfully sparkled with unnatural rays, like animals of prey, when watching for their victims in the darkness of the night! White scales, cast out by the foul humours of their body, covered their livid skin,—whilst their tongue swollen, and black—and ulcerated, protruded from their parched and withered mouths! The faces of some were green, and full of knobs, ashy at their tops,—others, again, had lost some members—the nose, or fingers,—and all had voices so hoarse and sepulchral, as to pierce my inward soul with horror, at every word they feebly uttered! Such were the beings then before me, imploring relief from that mysterious man named Jesus!

*The Lepers  
described.*

Oh, how astonished was I at his reply!—which, though prompt and full of compassion, was so unlike what I had expected, if, indeed, I expected anything. I had not time to think deliberately what he possibly might say or do; and surely, I then had no spice of faith, save what arose from his lovely reply to his disciples respecting the unkind conduct towards him of the villagers. But still a crowd of ideas seemed to rush intuitively through my mind. As these Lepers (seemingly accursed of God, and actually abhorred of men) now placed their firm and only hope upon this unearthly man, methought that, “if he be a mere man, he will then not fail to use *many words*,—that, by them, he may lull these poor creatures into some crude, but fatal hopes—and thus get rid of them: and if, again, his commerce be with Beel-zebul, or other evil spirits, he *may* cure them,

## Jesus and the Miracle—Ingratitude.

but only upon some *hellish terms*, to the advantage of his kingdom !—but, should this man's counsel be of God, he will show his power, either by their instant destruction, as being unworthy of life, even in their present torments, or, by a single word, cure them effectually, as objects worthy his pardoning mercy." Such were my thoughts, as quickly passing through my mind, as doth lightning course through the empyrean—for minutes seem as instants, when we think deeply and anxiously with hope—and yet, my Cartaphilus, neither of these things did Jesus !—but still the work was *infallibly* done—not as by an evil spirit—nor yet as by a man,—but truly as by a god, and in such a way as I had wholly failed to conceive !

"Go, show yourselves to the Priest," said Jesus mildly, "*according as the LAW requires ; and, BEFORE ye are come thither, ye shall all be healed.*"

My heart, I need not assure thee, beat with intense interest and curiosity ; and yet with many struggling doubts. He had spoken as one having full power, and yet as willing to put them to some trial of their faith ;—he had uttered the words of omnipotence, and yet required of them to go on their way to the priest ; he had promised their cure, and yet with no unkind delay of their torments—for they were to be healed *before* they should reach the priest ; he yielded to the entreaties of *all* ten, and yet he must have known that nearly all would prove less worthy than even the most of men !

As they journeyed on their way, I followed closely by them : the minutes were as hours to me—and the few hours as so many days ! After a time, I heard a shout of joy—and I declare unto thee, Cartaphilus, *they were all cured !*" Doubt it not—question it not—argue it not ; the fact *is* so,—these eyes beheld it, these ears heard it, these hands have handled it ! But, my Cartaphilus, go with me a little further ; and as I have shown thee a God, now behold what Man too often is—selfish and ungrateful ! Wouldst deem it possible !—Jesus was a little in the rear of the Lepers, when the miraculous cure came on ; and, of the whole *Ten*, thus speedily rescued from unutterable misery, only *One* retraced his steps, to pour his soul of thanks to this wonder-working man ! Oh, how that poor leper, now in the freshness of his new-born health, prostrated himself to the earth, at Jesus' feet—uttered his grateful flood of feelings in tones of sweet exultation—and glorified Him, as his Master, and his God !

Oh shame, *one* only, out of *ten* !—and that one a *Samaritan* ! The others I beheld going lightly onward ; and, forsaking the mountains that so long had screened them from the gaze of man, they now sought, with hastening step, the villages and

## Ingratitude—A Meditation.

other haunts of our fallen race ! I cannot—will not—dare not go with thee, O Cartaphilus, one step further in opposition to these wonderful ministers of power, whatsoever, or whosesoever they be. And, as what hath been done by the Nazarene cannot be of mortality (be he or not the carpenter's son, and from Galilee, whence, as they say, no *prophet* cometh) tell me, O tell me, Cartaphilus, with thy utmost skill and candour, (for thou art my senior in age, and largely so in knowledge) whether this doing hath not been of God ? FARE-THREE-WELL. ARTEMAS.

SECTION V.—*Marchesvan*, 9th day. [Friday, October 24th, A. D. 33.]

**T**HESE words of Artemas have shaken the foundations of my soul ; and my mind is agitated, forward and backward, with but momentary rests ! As the fitful lake of *The Feast of Tabernacles.* Gennefareth, it is covered with tempestuous waves ; and then, anon, is as the polished speculum, yet only for a fleeting time, that it may again rage the more violently. Happily, however, the joyous Festival of Tabernacles ended Sixteen days ago—and most prosperously for me. That great feast of ingathering of the fruits of our land, on *Tesri's* fifteenth day, and which, during eight days, seldom fails to gladden every heart, hath proved so to Cartaphilus. During seven of these days we make offerings, by fire, unto the Lord ; and on the eighth day, all Israel holds its solemn assembly—its holy convocation,—abandoning their tabernacles, and returning to their respective homes, ceasing from all labour for a time, that they may render thanks to the God of Abraham for the riches of our gathered harvests. As the first seven days are designed to remind us how our Fathers, in the wilderness, dwelt in rude tents ere they reached this promised land,—so is the eighth day a symbol of the repose that Israel found, when established in our blessed Palestine !

SECTION VI.—*Marchesvan*, 14th day. [Wednesday, 29th October.]

**I**LF a moon has gone by since our Feast of Tabernacles ended ; and five days since Artemas sent that astounding letter—and yet no further word from him, nor is he here, as looked for ! What a soul-stirring time were those eight days of the Festival !—what events crowded in upon its six first days,—events, such as



## Avaricious Mufings—The Feaft of Tabernacles.

Jerufalem hath fcarce witneffed during many ages ! Since the days of Ifrael's mightieft King, (now fully a thoufand years) this feftival, poffibly, hath not been kept with more obfervance—whether of heart, or of lip fervice, or from fome myfterious dread that is now upon the people, I wot not ; but fure I am that many were there, far more from fear than love,—theſe times being indeed full of expectation as to Shiloh's coming, and alfo with panic dread of theſe all-pervading Romans ! Hence is it that worſhippers, even from the remotefteft lands, were ſeen in ſuch furprifing numbers !—and to myſelf ſo gainful. On the fourth day of the Feaft, Jeſus appeared in the Temple—and great were the wonders of that day—great the agitation of the people ! \*

*Judah's Sceptre now fading.* If, when SHILOH cometh, the Sceptre *is* to depart from Judah, (and ſo all prophecies, holy and profane, do ſeem to ſay) is it not now true that the Sceptre is already nearly invifible ? Are not theſe Romans our maſters now ? Judah hath, indeed, encountered numerous trials at other times than theſe ; ſhe hath been forely oppreſſed at various periods, by Egypt and Aſſyria—by Macedonia and by Syria—and alfo formerly by theſe Romans : but ſtill, Judah in all theſe was never wholly without a hope—ſeldom without the rule of State, as well as of Temple. Judah heretofore hath deeply mourned over her captivities ; but ſhe had conſolation in the remembrance of her marvellous reſtorations : Judah may have grieved over the violations of her Holy Temple, by an Epiphanes, and a Pompey—but ſhe ſaw lustrous days under her Maccabees, and even after the firſt Roman affault. In Ariſtobulus, unhappily, we received a King over us—but Judah ſtill was a Power—ſtill a Nation : then came the Great Herod, the firſt of his vile Idumean race—tributary to Rome, and confirmed by her Senate ; but Judah

\* The Feaſt of Tabernacles is from the 15th to the 23rd of the month *Tifri* ; which in that year, was from Wedneſday, October 1ſt, to the 8th. In about a week after the ending of that feſtival, occurred the miracle wrought on the ten lepers. The events, therefore, from the 4th to the 16th of that month, (ſomewhat more than five months before the Paſſion) were the firſt that loudly awakened Cartaphilus, and drove him to thoſe conflicting meditations which follow. His very ſlight notice of the doings of Jeſus, in and about the Temple, during the four days of his attendance on the Feaſt of Tabernacles, was probably owing to the avaricious occupations in which Cartaphilus was engaged in the Temple, and which may have prevented his being an eye or ear witneſs of the wonders that then ſo much excited the Rulers againſt Jeſus. But, in about ten days thereafter, the letter from Artemas, reſpecting the cure of the Lepers, reached Cartaphilus ; and this urged him to *argue* the matter in his own mind againſt Artemas,—ſo that ſelfiſhneſs and the *pride of opinion*, with other cauſes that followed in quick ſucceſſion, gave a more fixed courſe to his thoughts and actions ; and ended in the calamitous way the reader will preſently find.

Judah's Sceptre Departing—or Departed !

was still not without hope—for he was our King, and a mighty one. After this came Archelaus, the son of that Herod, also of Roman appointment ; and even he left us, after nine years of rule, still with some seeming political existence. But now, alas ! Judah is wholly faded away, and hath become a mere slavish province—yea, a *district* of a province, SYRIA being in truth our master, and she the slave of Imperial Rome ! Where, then, is Judah's sceptre now ?—is it not devoured wholly by the Roman Eagle ?—truly it so seemeth unto Cartaphilus.\*

And yet Shiloh hath not come ! Strange !—And the more so, as, well do I remember, it was said by that wonderful man, the Baptist, that *he* was Shiloh's Messenger ! and others tell me that the yet more awful man JESUS, when only *twelve* years old, and at the very time that Judah became a mere province, entered into the Holy Temple, and there confounded by his wisdom even the wisest of our doctors ! Oh, how marvellous indeed are these times ! Is there an ordained virtue in these strange *coincidences*,—or, in the vast whirlpool of time, must we regard such things as mere fortuitous harmonies, by men called *chance* ? \* \* \* \* — or, may not all these be but the imaginings of my own busy and ever fertile brain ?—profoundly troubled, deeply perplexed is Cartaphilus—Either, or neither, may be the truth : and yet, of a certainty, this Nazarene hath made much noise of late among the people—who speak largely, also, of divers Miracles, (seen of others, but not by me) and they would even confirm that strange tale by Artemas told ! This Jesus, moreover, doth now frequent the Temple, oftener, and openly,—and even during our festivals,—there teaching such doctrines as never before were heard—and with a boldness, too, that greatly angers Sadducees, no less than those proud and arch-hypocrites the Pharisees :—and (far more wonderful than all) many do hold that “ they gladly *would* lay hands upon him, but that they *cannot*, though daily is he in their presence ! ”

It was but yesterday that the Pharisees proclaimed, and truly, “ *We know his parentage and his education : and yet, how comes he*

\* It may be proper here, for the young reader, to state that, upon the death of Herod the Great, his dominions were divided into four parts, called *Tetrarchies*, from the Greek word *tetra*, four, and *arche*, government. Herod-Antipas ruled over that of Galilee and Peræa—his brother, Herod-Philip over that of Itruria, Traconitis, &c.—Lyfanius over Abilene, and Archelaus over Judea, Samaria, and Idumea. Being the eldest son of the great Herod, Archelaus had the title of king, for a time : but being removed by the Romans, in the month of June, A.D. 12, an officer, called Procurator, was appointed ; and, after several had exercised it, Pontius Pilate became the procurator in September, A.D. 24, and was superseded by Vitellius in September, A.D. 34, of the vulgar æra.—Herod Antipas, however, during the procuratorships, still retaining the title of king, probably, by courtesy.

## The Sceptre Departing—Avaricious Musings.

*to understand so well, the Law and the Scriptures, never having been taught in the Schools of the Prophets?"* And who shall answer this question? — Nevertheless, is it not even a proverb among the learned in the Scriptures, that "*Out of Galilee cometh no Prophet?*" —and, is not Jesus from Galilee? Wearied am I with these many and troublous doubts and conjectures — all this doth sicken my heart, and confuse my mind — both, now, so tempest-tossed, that fain would I barter the little of mammon I have for their solution!

And even NICODEMUS, so renowned in our great Sanhedrim, doth of late greatly favour this Nazarene, if he hath not *wholly gone over* to him! And, when the Scribes and Pharisees, with all their gall and cunning, fought lately to confound the Nazarene, as to a woman charged with incontinence, how signally did he destroy their artful contrivance—there not being one among them all, who dared to cast the first stone! And why? because the *test* he so wonderfully put to the *conscience* of each of that woman's accusers, was also done in a way that seemingly read their *inmost* thoughts! All were glad to retire from the presence of that mysterious man—and the Nazarene, finding all her and his enemies put to flight, is said to have mildly looked on her and said, "*Woman! now depart thou in peace, and sin no more.*"

Such, and divers other things, are now related of this Jesus! These do trouble me greatly; and they, with the testimony of Artemas, have won me, somewhat, to this Nazarene! And, though Shiloh he cannot be, I will not disturb him, or his followers, if he and they trouble *us* of the Temple no further in our daily calling—that they have no right to do.

Marchesuan, 27. [November 11, A.D. 33.]



**D**URING the late festival of the *Tabernacles*, so wonderfully crowded, great were the profits of thy dealings in the Temple, O Cartaphilus! and sweet is the music of Money—a melody that softens all hearts, even unto thee—causing them to forget (and almost thy Aunt) the hideous rumour of thy natal hour! A few more years of such thrifty work in the Temple's Court, *His avaricious Musings.* would make thee rich, maugre the icy coldness of thy unnatural relative; and would leave thee no great need to curse thy uncle's memory further!"

"The private sacrifices, truly, were numerous, and all well paid for;—though they, as well as the public offerings, daily diminish in numbers, from the first unto the octave of our holy fes-

## Soliloquy.

tival." \* \* \* \* "But, if the Doctors rightly say, that this daily diminution doth preface that, when MESSIAS comes, there will be no more sacrifices! what then of thy vocation, O Cartaphilus? And moreover, it is also said by these sage doctors that this decrease must go on, and in a fashion somewhat thus! Ninety-one bullocks should be the true number—that being just *thirteen* for each of the seven days: whereas, all know that only the first of these seven days doth receive that number; and that each of the following days drops one,—so that all of our seven festival days demand but seventy, and not ninety-one: and the eighth, being the last, consumes but seven, instead of thirteen! These seventy bullocks the doctors further tell us, typify a like number of distinct nations—or wholly separate languages, which the world now contains; and that this daily decrease of the sacrifices is but a preface or shadow of the like gradual extinction of all these nations or languages, until all shall be resolved into that great and last one under the reign of Messiah! Should that be so indeed, then it doth follow that Messiah is yet far off—unless the mighty empire which hath lately seized upon us, be destined quickly to swallow up all others! Rome, in truth, is fast becoming "Lord of all"—Messiah, then, must conquer Rome—or Rome must place Messiah at her head! How idle then is the notion that this poor Nazarene will be that Shiloh; for no Conqueror is he—or fit agent for those who do conquer; and surely, his followers seem alike in this, all without ambition, or care for worldly power. This Galilean, then, *cannot* be the Shiloh; and if not him, his wonders can be of no good spirit—but may be of some evil one!" \* \* \* \* "Artemas! thou didst but *dream*, and all thou hast uttered respecting the Ten Lepers, is the vision of thy indigestion—the idle fancy of thy sleeping hours, early in the night's watch—but still so clear as greatly to have disturbed thy mental eye, so that thou hast thought it real!" \* \* \* \* "Strange! Even thou, O Cartaphilus! hadst well-nigh been won over to the Nazarene by that phantom seen of Artemas! Arouse thyself!—this son of Joseph hath, indeed, more than once baffled Scribes and Pharisees and Sadducees; and hath infatuated some even of the Sanhedrim! Truly, I hate those Pharisees, as they do me—but still, in this matter, I go with them—never to the injury of my good friend Artemas, but only to the probing of that folly, that would make of the Nazarene the long desired Shiloh!"

"These cold and heartless and haughty Pharisees, moreover, call *me*, and all who flatter them not, "*people of the earth*"—as if poverty were doubtless a crime, and justly as odious as is the filthy earth; and also, as if difference in faith were also a crime—they surely right, and we Sadducees as surely wrong! But they should

## Soliloquy.

remember that wealthy and powerful *Sadducees* and also *Pharisees* were many of my family—and originally, some, by birth, *Ishmaelites* of great note—though I be now an unhappy descendant, and in worldly gain so very low—but not always so to be ! ” “ If, then, as a *Sadducee*, I hate these lordly Separatists, no reason is it why I should now make common cause with this Nazarene : for the Carpenter’s Son, as well as I, may loathe these Pharisees, and yet breed no tie between us. Cartaphilus and the Nazarene are surely *twain*, if he disturbs us further in the Temple. Oh shame, shame upon thee, Cartaphilus ! John is just where *Herod* placed him—the Nazarene will *not* destroy the Temple—nor will he raise it again in three days, as some on yesterday did say !—*Shiloh* is *yet* to come—and these Romans will perish before us, when Emanuel, the true Conqueror, shall come—doubt it not, Cartaphilus—doubt it not ! ”—\*

\* Such were the conflicting and greatly disturbed musings of Cartaphilus, shortly before he took the decisive course that fixed his destiny ! The reader will find throughout these *Chronicles*, his *Meditations*—or “ *Musings* ”—upon a great variety of subjects that, from time to time, deeply agitated his very anomalous mind. In these monologues, he often addresses himself in the third person ; and sometimes passes suddenly into either of the three persons ; which, perhaps, was not, in him, an idiosyncrasy, but is natural to all greatly troubled minds. From materials so extensive as are the *Original Chronicles*, descending through a period of more than eighteen centuries, our “ *Selections*,” though extensive, are still comparatively very limited ; and ever with the hope of preserving, in a large degree, the chronological chain of the more important historical events of his momentous life—also some fair portion of his opinions and musings—and lastly, so much of his own personal narrative, as may render the story of his various and really adventurous life, as popular and dramatic, as the actually substantial warp and woof of his character will permit. In consenting to its publication, at this time, Cartaphilus is too elevated in mind and in piety, to aim at the gratification of mere curiosity—his object being far more lofty. He firmly believes that Israel is now more emphatically in a *transition* state than ever before—and that, especially Hebrew Youths, will find impartial instruction and spiritual knowledge in these his pages,—whilst the young and old of every faith will also find therein a condensed and veracious chronicle of past ages ; and in a form, perhaps, more pleasing and impressive than History and didactic Philosophy ordinarily are. Under whatever name this remarkable personage may have been dimly seen, or thought of, throughout the long stream of time he has passed, and in the many heathen and christian lands into which his destiny has brought him ; and whatever legendary features superstition and fancy may have attached to him, especially in the mediæval ages, the now veritable and enlarged Revelation of himself—(made also as a portion, of that very destiny) cannot but add, as his Editor hopes and believes, greatly to the sympathies, the world has so long bestowed upon him,—whilst it must satisfy every rational mind that the *WANDERING JEW*, in his selection of the present time for that revelation, has his eye intent upon the assured fact that, scarce One-Hundred-and-Fifty years being added to his now life, will not only terminate his Wanderings, but place the whole Human Family in a condition of more quiescence, and of higher moral, intellectual, and physical happiness, than has ever before been known, or even imagined !

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The Temple—The Wonderful Nazarene—Rabboni.

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## LETTER IV.

CARTAPHILUS TO RABBI EBEN-EZRA.

JERUSALEM. A. M. 3794. *Tebeth* 2nd day.  
[Monday, December 15, A. D. 34.]

**H**OW much do I lament thy forced absence from us, my Rabbi, (or, as I would rather call thee, *Rabboni*) now that our Holy City so greatly needs thy presence, and the wisdom of thy counsels! \* We are in the midst of times filled with such agitating wonders, that men's hearts utterly fail them. Since the Feast of Tabernacles, now about two months, no day hath passed without agitating inquiries and rumours concerning the wonderful Nazarene—for, in truth, he divides not the multitude alone, but men of power, of learning, of wealth, and of great piety,—yea, men of all sects and conditions, and fancies in religion, (in the which, as thou well knowest, we at this time so largely abound) all, all, I say, are now greatly moved by this Christ—this Galilean—this, so called, son of David—this man of Nazareth, or of Bethlehem—this son of Joseph—this Lord of the Temple,—and of what else we know not! He doth now commune much with the People, at the Temple, and every where in Judæa, in Galilee, and in Samaria,—speaking and acting as never before hath man spoken or acted!—and this I cannot deny, and all admit. The wise and simple are equally confounded, and silenced by his discourse, and even by his presence; whilst his deep acquaintance with the Law and the Prophets—his new and strange doctrines—his many sage precepts—his marvellously wise parables—and the authority, and yet gentleness of his speech, amaze all, vex many, and convince some, among all of the many classes in which we so abound!

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\* *Rabbon*—or *Rabban* is a word that imports a higher title of respect, than either of the words *Rab* and *Rabbi*: the former two, as well as *Rabboni*, signify exactly the same thing, and confer the highest possible distinction in respect to wisdom and learning,—so much so, that it is said to have been conceded to only seven persons recorded in all Jewish history! Hence was it that the blind man, mentioned by St. Mark x. 51, gave this title to our Saviour—and also that Mary Magdalene hailed Christ, after his Resurrection, as *RABBONI*. The two latter words have each a cognate signification, and also differ somewhat from each other in strength—*Rab* signifying a man eminent for wisdom, and highly educated in *some foreign* school: but *Rabbi* was a word of yet higher respect, because applied only to one educated in *Judæa*, as being nearer, in their opinion, to the fountain of true light and thorough knowledge. It is a word of great antiquity, but still little used until a short time prior to the birth of Christ.

*Israel's much  
divided faith.*

Thou, my Rabbi, art a Sadducee, and so am I ;—if not by birth, yet by education and choice : and it doth gall my spirit thus to see some, even of *our* faith, yielding to the notions of one, who, though indeed wonderful, may yet not be true ; and who would, as they say, abolish alike the faith and practice of all—yea, the ordinances of Moses ; and who hath openly declared some words of wonderful import, even against our beautiful Temple, in which myriads have so long worshipped, and which even Romans cannot gaze at without wonder and delight !

There are, doubtless, my Rabbi, foul practices enough among all our numerous Sects ; and it is most true that the Nazarene hath said to each and all of them, many wise things of reproof—and hath also done, as 'tis said, many notable miracles, that manifest in him some unearthly power ! But, have not other false prophets done the like ? And hence for our instruction, hath it not been expressly written in Deuteronomy, thus ?—“ *If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or wonder, and the sign or wonder come to pass whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other Gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them,—thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or dreamer of dreams.*” And this scripture I ventured to urge upon the more than wavering Nicodemus ; who, though a Pharisee, and a ruler in the Sanhedrim, hath lately gone partly, or wholly, over to this Galilean—this “dreamer of dreams,” so clearly pointed at in Deuteronomy !—but Nicodemus strangely replied to me, “O Cartaphilus ! thou hast not well read that scripture : for, though some *false* prophets have been permitted to *prove* God's people by mere *wonders*, and by idle interpretations of dreams, yet these were not miracles at all ; and surely not such as those now wrought by Jesus. And, moreover, the object of such false prophets was to draw them away from the true God to ‘*other Gods*,’ by their lying signs and mere wonders,—but which is no part of Jesus' purpose, either by his doctrines, his precepts, or his miracles : and Deuteronomy surely forbids not our hearkening to true prophets, and true miracles ; which are to display the power and grace of the only true God—and not to set up any other God.”

It would have been vain in me, my Rabbi, further to waste breath in arguing with Nicodemus—now as blind with these new inventions, as often he hath been with others,—for, like most of his sect, whether for or against this Nazarene, he and they are ever in extremes.\*

\* This famous passage from Deuteronomy, xiii. 1, 2, 3, still continues to be greatly valued and relied upon by the “Children of the Dispersion ;” so much so, that one can seldom converse with an Israelite respecting the claims of

## Jewish Sects—Pharisees.

And, my good Rabbi, even our Galilean friend, the gifted, and accomplished and excellent Artemas, though a Sadducee, is likewise now strongly in this way of thinking! Strange infatuation! to what must all this come, if men like him—if learned and wealthy *Sadducees*, the rulers of our land—those, too, who under Shiloh, when he comes, should be great captains to free us from the Roman yoke, and raise Israel as much above all other nations, as the pines of Libanus tower over the tiny shrubs that seek their nourishment in the clefts of rocks beneath them—if all these, I say, are now found so blind to reason, when shall Israel hope to be united in one faith—in one action—and in one government?

We now have a divided faith—a divided action—and no government that really belongs to Abraham's seed! We have *Pharisees*—*Sadducees*—*Samaritans*—*Essenes*—*Nazarites*—*Rechabites*—*Karaites*—*Herodians*—*Gaulonites*—*Baptists*—and now NAZARENES!—all, except the two last, differing among themselves, and some, of all the rest, seemingly well disposed to abandon every thing to these new-comers—these innovators, who would destroy both Law and Temple! But when Shiloh shall really appear, he will surely bring them all into one fold; and into a faith, which you and I are willing to believe, must be more like that of the *Sadducees*,—for SHILOH will come with might, and wealth, and learning, and authority, able and willing to destroy these grasping Romans—these political Herodians—these wily Gaulonites, and others.

But the fierceness of his anger must be against the PHARISEES,—those obstinate contenders for the Law, beyond its utmost letter—those *separatists*, who, in their own PHARISEES. esteem, are ever holier than other men—those crabbed interpreters of all that hath been written, yea, of much more—those believers in a resurrection of soul, and even of body—those vouchers for the idle fancy that souls do transmigrate, and inhabit various bodies!—those rigid fasters, persevering washers, and cruel whippers of their own flesh!—those who lie on flinty beds, and on the cold earth—those payers of tythes, yea even of cummin!—especially, I say, Shiloh, when he cometh, will scowl upon these PHARISEES—those makers of long prayers, to be measured by the cubit, and which are bellowed forth at street corners, to be heard and seen of men, rather than of God!—those who bear upon their fore-

our Messiah, without having this text vauntingly cited in disproof of them!—the conclusive answer however to which is to be found in the words of Nicodemus, notwithstanding Cartaphilus so scoffingly slighted them; but without a single word of reply,—so unusual with him, who never needed words, nor arguments for any purpose!



*Essenes—Samaritans—Nazarites.*

head and left arm, their broad *phylacteries* or scrolls of the Law, that they may refresh thereby their exhausted memories, or drive away, as by a charm, Bel-zebug, or other evil spirit!—for such, my Rabbi, are the Pharisees! who, as I think, will be then utterly extinguished.

**When** Shiloh comes, he will likewise win over  
**ESSENES.** those mad ESSENES—they, who abstain from all temple-worship, and retire from the world into woods and caves—have no individual property, but hold to a community of scanty possessions—they who delight in poverty, and daily pray that the sun may rise upon them! as if that glorious luminary would fail to rise, should they fail to pray!—those Essenes, I say, who abjure all wars, and would not fashion a sword or shield, or even an arrow, for all the wealth of Ophir:—they also, will surely fade away when Shiloh comes.

**And**, my worthy Rabbi, a word as to the **SAMARITANS.** **RITANS**—those mongrel Jews, by origin Assyrians, sent here after our own captivity, and whose idolatry, upon their first coming into the mountains of Samaria, was early scared out of them by the numerous beasts of prey, which then infested them, and which they ignorantly supposed had been sent there by Israel's God to punish them! even they will yield their motley religion, laws, and institutions, to the all-absorbing power of Messias.

**And** what shall I say of the **NAZARITES**, or rather,  
**NAZARITES.** what need have I to say aught to *thee*, my Rabbi, who art so learned in all such matters? But thou wilt presently see why I do thus unburthen my mind as to Israel's divided faith. Some of these Nazarites, as thou hast often seen, reject even the Books of our master Moses,—some dedicate themselves, in tender infancy, yea, are sometimes thus devoted before their birth by some over-zealous friends, to a life of strict devotion, in their way, and adhering to precepts and practices of such fashion, as dishonour human intelligence,—whilst, others of them, in later life, thus bind themselves for a limited time; during which they abstain so strictly from all sensuous enjoyments, that, in abandoning *wine*, they must not venture to eat even of the *grapes*, be they ever so green! These men remain unshorn of head and beard, until the days of their vow be ended; and then they are to be shaved at the door of the tabernacle, and their hair burnt under the altar! They are men, too, who, on no account must come near to any dead body; and yet they and all mankind must soon alike become vile corpses.\*

\* The vein of bitter feeling manifested by Cartaphilus, in his remarks upon

*Rechabites—Karraites.*

**H**appily, my excellent Eben-Ezra, the RECHABITES are now nearly expired—those uncircumcised descendants of Jethro, father-in-law of Moses—so like the Nazarites RECHABITES. in their way of living, though differing in many of their religious notions—will they not also utterly vanish before Shiloh's preference? They belong not to any of our tribes, they being Kenites. And yet, was it not promised unto the son of Rechab that there never should be wanted a man to stand before the Lord? Doubtless, my Rabbi, they were good people, and a few may now be so—it being the nature of the best things to be most vile when corrupted—these will be destroyed, and the rest be absorbed by the effulgence of Shiloh.

**A** word likewise as to the KARRAITES—those abjurers of all the traditions, for they rest upon the Scriptures alone, but make strange interpretations of them!—they admit to their Passover none but *males*, and only those at full age—they kill their Paschal sacrifice only after sunset—they begin their month with the first appearance of the moon after change—they burn the remains of their passover on the fifteenth of the month Nisan—and differ also in several other matters from all around them. Are they not of Sadducean origin? and if so, good Rabbi, both have changed from what they were.

the Sects of that day, must be received with some caution, as being those of a mere worldling, little capable of duly appreciating either the vices or virtues of any of them. It is probable, however, that he is mainly correct as to some, but largely erroneous in his favour towards the Sadducees, and in his prejudices against the Nazarites and Nazarenes, whose really spiritual and unearthly nature his own sensuous mind could in no degree comprehend.

The Nazarite vow was of great antiquity, and at all times was regarded as of singular holiness, and not as one of merely ascetical institution, but as a designed *human* contrast to the condition of the Leper—considered as a *divine* visitation—a living type of sin, as the former was of holiness.

The Leper, like the Nazarite, was a rigid separatist—but from very different causes—the one, condemned of heaven, was foul in body and the loathed symbol of sin; the other, approved of heaven, was the type of absolute temperance and of singular purity of body, as the living symbol of an immaculate mind. Upon a close inspection, therefore, of the habits and customs of the Nazarites, it will be found that each and all of them, so sarcastically remarked on by Cartaphilus, are not justly obnoxious to any of his censures,—and that the utmost innocence of life, and cleanliness of body harmonized with the intentional contrast of the impurity inflicted upon the Leper—always regarded as the visible sign of his sin. The modern notions therefore of Bähr, of Henkenberg, and of many others (so disparaging to the real character of the Nazarite) are not only erroneous in the particular case, but afford to the infidel and sensualist a mischievous countenance of objection even to such purists as John the Baptist, Jesus of Nazareth, and others, in whom the lovely ideality of the Nazarite shone out in its sublimest form.

## Sadducees—THE WONDERFUL NAZARENE.

**A**nd, as to the Sadducees, to which *we* belong,—surely, even they are not faultless : and yet, was not our beautiful world created for man's enjoyment, and have not *our* sect, more than all others, made honourable that design ? We hold to no resurrection of soul or of body ; and believe that man hath been made the sole arbiter of his actions ; being as free to act, as if he had made himself—and that this world is the scene where moral and physical evil are in close alliance. The Pentateuch alone is our guide ; and therein we find that wisdom and virtue, folly and vice, have *here*, and *no where else*, their appropriate rewards and punishments. By these opinions is it that the Sadducees, as well thou knowest, have generally become the most distinguished and opulent of all the sects ; and are now the highest in all the services of Temple, and of State. Such, then, will the Sadducees be found when Shiloh cometh—fit instruments to advance his glorious kingdom—competent to relieve Israel from foreign oppressions, and to restore this now degraded land to a measure of power, of wealth, and of magnificence, far excelling even that of Solomon, in the brightest days of his glory !

**I** have thus, my Eben-Ezra, ventured to commune with thee on matters familiar to thy mind ; because now, certain among us in the highest stations, quail at, and tamper with, these disturbers of our peace—thereby *preventing* the coming of that long looked-for Messiah, whose kingdom can have none of those self-devoting and idle mortifications of body and soul, which, especially in the Essenes, the Nazarites, the Rechabites, the Karaites, and now in the infamous Pharisees, do so captivate the people ! \*

**THE WONDERFUL NAZARENE.** **H**astily, O, Eben-Ezra, I would dwell somewhat upon these Nazarenes,—the great cause, now, of all the agitations among all the sects ! True, indeed, neither the Baptist, nor the Great Nazarene, ever spared the follies of any of them ; and yet, what are the doings and sayings of these deluded Nazarenes ! This Jesus, I admit, countenances, in the others, neither their long prayers,—their severe austerities—

\* The Sadduceean faith, at that time, was as stated ; but probably, in its earlier history, the soul's resurrection was not denied ; and they then differed from the Pharisees chiefly in withholding their assent to the oral and vaunted traditions, so much relied on by the boastful Separatists. The pious John Hyrcanus, (under whom the Jews were so prosperous during thirty years, about a century before the time of Cartaphilus) could scarcely have rejected the doctrine of resurrection, and of a future judgment. He had been a Pharisee, and knew them well ; but in leaving them for the Sadducees, would not have so done had that sect then believed in temporal rewards and punishments alone, and rejected the undoubted faith of Moses in the soul's resurrection. Cartaphilus, therefore, in his portrait of the Sadducees, must be restricted to those of his own corrupt times.

## The Messiahship.

their vaunted adherence to the Law and the Traditions—nor, especially, their vile *corbans* and rash vows; and yet this “Son of David” disclaims all worldly glory—deals with the prophetic Scriptures far differently from all other Jews—speaks of a kingdom *in* this world, but not *of* this world—says that the glorious inheritance of our father Abraham shall be taken from us, and be given to the Gentiles!—proclaims that even the Temple shall depart from us, and shall soon be utterly destroyed—not cleansed, though it be, as he saith, “His Father’s House!”—and finally, he hath lately declared that *he* is greater than even the Temple, and that before Abraham was, He was! He, moreover, saith that Jonah and all the Prophets looked to his day!—that even King David, whose son he claims to be, called *him* Lord—that the Sabbath was made for man—that *he* is master even of the Sabbath—that the Law shall be abolished—and that the days are fast coming, when Israel shall worship neither on Mount *Moriab*, nor upon Mount *Gerizim*!

But, my Rabbi, the crowning wonder of all these strange declarations, and that which doth most offend me, is, that this Nazarene hath now, and for the first time, expressly taken upon himself the *title* and *office* of the Great Messiah! and the people further rumour, that, when his disciples, and especially one *Simon*, a poor fisherman, fully admitted his MESSIAHSHIP, the Nazarene gave forthwith to this Simon (who was one of his earliest friends) a *new name*, and called him PETER,—declaring, at the same time, that upon “*this rock*” (by which I understand Simon’s then open confession of that Messiahship,) he would build his Church, and establish his Kingdom!—and truly, the Messiahship, if admitted, would be a *rock* upon which he might well build!\*

The matters I have now detailed, together with others vaguely rumoured, and likewise many signs and wonders, and miracles, which some declare he truly doth perform, have so greatly roused the people, that Jerusalem is shaken to its very centre; and

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\* As the general and less informed reader might erroneously suppose, that this interesting event had occurred only about that time,—it is proper to state that Peter’s open confession of his Master’s Messiahship, and the remarkable promise then made as to the Church by Jesus, took place at Cæsarea Philippi, in the month of May, about ten months before Cartaphilus thus notices it—the date of the present letter being in December, and only about three months before the Crucifixion. It, however, is not necessarily to be inferred that this important fact remained unknown to Cartaphilus till then; or that he records it as having only then taken place. But, as it is quite probable that the claim of the Master, and the open admission of the Messiah by that great disciple, inspired additional confidence—the Messiahship of Jesus had become, at the time of this letter, so avowedly and strongly insisted on, as to occasion his opponents to further and more decided acts of hostility: and in that spirit the letter to Rabbi Eben-Ezra seems to have been indited.

## Free-agency.

agitated, not in the rude crowd merely, but among the wealthy and powerful and learned also ! All are troubled—some are distracted—many follow him zealously—others gaze with idle curiosity—many suspect him—some hate him—and not a few even compass his early death, as being one guilty of blasphemy, and other violations of law, human and divine.

These things, most excellent Rabbi, but feebly reach *thee*, in thy mountains of Ramoth-Gilead—possibly, not at all ; but, if they do come to thee, it can only be in whispers, that ruffle not thy soul : with me, 'tis far different—they press not lightly upon my mind ; and far more than I well know how to account for ;—and therefore is it that I would now seek thy soberest counsel, as having (besides thee and Artemas) few to counsel with. As to Artemas' great inclining to the Nazarene, I have fully advised thee.

Trusting to hear soon from thee, I now, with the kindest greetings unto thy spouse, the most excellent PRISCILLA, and to thy daughter REBECCA, worthy of such a mother, bid thee  
FAREWELL.  
CARTAPHILUS.

## LETTER V.

CARTAPHILUS TO ARTEMAS [of Cæsaria, late *Straton's Tower*].

JERUSALEM. *Seleucida*, 346. *Nisan*, 11th day.  
[Monday, 22nd March, A.D. 35.]



PRAY thee hasten, as an arrow from the strongest bow, to our Holy City ; for the wonders that have thickened upon us, within the last few days, do baffle all description ! It is now near sun-set—the hours of the present day have nearly maddened thy friend, who would now seek solace of thee.

I know not why, but so it is, my Artemas, these awful times seem to weigh far more heavily upon my soul, than upon others !—for whilst, to most around me, the approaching Passover hath its customary pleasing hopes, the heart of thy Cartaphilus sinks deeply, and involuntarily within him ; and all his thoughts recoil with horror from the future ! Tell me, oh my friend, the cause of this—tell me, can this be *destiny* ? Ah, my dear Artemas, spurn me not that I, so sturdy a Sadducee do put this question ; for thou wilt say, what hath a Sadducee to do with destiny, or it with him ? And yet the future cannot bind me, if that we be free-agents—and, not as the Pharisees say, bound by a necessity we can in no wise control. But whence the dreads that so sorely haunt me by night and by day—in dreams

*His doubts of free-agency.*

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 Rebecca of Ramoth.—The worth of Mammon.
 

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and in visions?—whence my fearful forebodings as to what thy admired Nazarene and his disciples lately have been doing? I would conceal nothing from thee that is *wholly mine*,—of others I cannot speak—but of myself I fully may—I *hate the Nazarene*, and now avow myself, to thee, to be his deadly foe—because, again hath he openly declared he would destroy the Temple!—and because he hath once more outraged those who deal within its cloisters, declaring that the long practised exchanges and sales therein shall no longer be permitted!

Now do I crave thy patience, whilst I detail the events of the last few days—events that have fixed my purpose, and which irrevocably call me to prompt and vigorous action—yea, even to the *death*, if need there be, of this my enemy—the Law's enemy—the blasphemer of our holy religion—the misleader of our people and the destroyer of the poor man's privileges in the Temple! But first, a word of mere private concern.

Of late, as I have before informed thee, I had been doing *well* in the Temple. My maiden Aunt, *His Love for Rebecca.* moreover, has been growing somewhat kinder towards me—and her wealth is great—this she parts with feebly, if at all, to those who cannot, or will not, help themselves; for, with her, poverty and misfortune are more *bated*, as crimeful, than *pitied* as unfortunate!—and finding me now more prosperous, her abnet is less tightly drawn! The excellent Eben-Ezra, likewise, doth not in any way frown upon my suit for his lovely daughter—so fair, that the rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley, in sweetest union combined, were not fairer! Nor doth the loving mother, Priscilla, though so strictly prudent (as Jewish mothers mostly are) give me cause to doubt her free consent: but, oh my Artemas, more than this—even the lovely maiden REBECCA, though supremely beautiful, and only now on the threshold of life's most blooming and cheerful period, seems willingly, though so modestly, to cherish hope in me: for, as the tender and often petted lamb, she reposes in me her utmost confidence; and delights (as do such young and spotless pets) to play even at my very nod before me,—and thus to cheer my wearied spirits, when, from so many other causes, they flag! Now, my excellent Artemas, may not all this bright sunshine upon my love—these lustrous hopes, and all these enchanting visions, be darkened, nay destroyed, if an exile from the Temple, I am once more an outcast upon the tumultuous sea of life, without a calling? Then would my Aunt again begin to frown, and severer be than ever!—then should I seem in the world's regard the mere mendicant lover! Oh no, my Artemas,—MAMMON (preach the Essenes, and other madmen, as they list) *Mammon* is food for soul and body,—and hath now become so

## Treachery of Judas Iscariot.

essential in all life, that it is not only the *primal* element of happiness, but the only potent equalizer of conditions—the sceptre of all authority—the fortrefs of all security : yea, 'tis mammon alone that giveth wings to soar above calamity—yea, over all calamity, save only disease and death!—and even *them*, it largely mitigates ! Mammon, therefore, must not, *shall* not, be denied me by this meddling Nazarene. Placed as I now am, every shekel hath double value : for, if I wed the lovely Rebecca, with some wealth and a calling of my own, all the world, as well thou knowest, will smile upon me ; and my mother's unnatural sister will enlarge her generousness,—for so is the world to the prosperous ! What, therefore, hath just now been done by the carpenter's son, hath so stirred up the deepest gall within me, that vengeance calls aloud, and bids me onward ! This, my Artemas, is the chief matter that hath caused me to urge thee on, quick as the winds unto Jerusalem ! —Hasten Artemas, hasten !

*The Iscariot's first treachery.* Three days ago, it being then six before the now approaching Passover, the Nazarene was lodged with one *Lazarus*, at Bethany, it being Sabbath the 9th of Nisan.\* There, a certain wealthy Pharisee, named Simon, once a leper, curious to see Jesus, (who had arrived on the preceding night, from Ephraim of Samaria) invited him to supper ; and among the guests was this Lazarus, (concerning whom the people of Jerusalem and elsewhere, have an idle rumour that the Nazarene, about six weeks before, had raised him from the dead, after being in the tomb some days !) and he was accompanied at the supper by his sisters, Martha and Mary. It so chanced that Mary, desiring to add unto the grandeur and liberal hospitality of Simon's entertainment ; or, as some imagine, eager to testify her gratitude to Jesus for her brother's resurrection ! anointed the feet of her Lord, and dried them with her rich and flowing hair. The delicious perfume, from an alabastrer vase of very costly and odoriferous ointment, diffused itself instantly through the apartments, and admonished all present of the high value of the balsam, and the folly of such an honour upon one so poor, and, until lately, so obscure, as was the Nazarene. This ointment (the genuine *Nard*, composed of purest extracts from *nine* sorts of extremely rare herbs) seemed a causeless and idle waste, even to one of his *disciples*, named *JUDAS*, as I think. He, therefore, openly murmured at the vain ceremony, and expressed his natural thoughts, that the rare essence had far better have been sold, and its large price distributed among the poor. But the Nazarene regarded it in Mary as an act of signal holiness ; and therefore rebuked the officious disciple ! This, as I

\* Saturday, 20th March.

## Triumphal Entry of Jesus.

have cause to believe, hath not a little enraged this Judas : for those of Jerusalem, then at Bethany, on their return, report that this Nazarene's purse-bearer (hence called '*Scariot*') is not likely to hold much longer faithful to his master ! But of this I will say no more, than that some of the Sanhedrim would like to commune with this Judas !\*

\* The anointment of Jesus, as recorded by Matt. xxvi. 6, and by Mark xiv. 3, who agree — and by John xii. 1 to 8, which differs from both (actually, or apparently) seems to have been variously confused by different commentators, who would have us believe there was more than *one* such occurrence ! Certainly, there are some difficulties, if the matter be not somewhat closely and impartially looked into, — but the chief of which is removed by the mode in which Cartaphilus states it ; who evidently regards the three statements as being of only *one fact*, — and that the occurrence did *not* take place in the house of Lazarus, (as some strangely suppose) but in that of Simon the leper, — at which Lazarus and his sisters were present. The difficulties, real or imaginary, are as follows :—

1. *St. Matthew* and *St. Mark* state the anointing as being of the *head*.
2. That it took place *two* days before the Passover.
3. That it was in the house of Simon, the leper.
4. That "a woman"—not naming her—came and poured a box of precious ointment on his head whilst he sat at meat.
5. *St. John* states it as being *six* days before the Passover.
6. That it was an anointing of his *feet*.
7. That it was by *Mary*.
8. And some commentators *infer* that *St. John* states it as being in the house of Lazarus, as no express mention is made, by that Evangelist, of Simon.

Now, if this *inference* be (as others justly suppose it to be) *erroneous*, and if it did take place, (as stated by Cartaphilus) in the house of Simon, in the presence of Lazarus and his sisters, the other difficulties seem easily to vanish : for,

1. The mention of the *head*, by the other two Evangelists, cannot be exclusive of the *feet*, especially as it also says that his *body* was anointed.
2. The time mentioned, as *two* days before the Passover, is in a distinct and substantive sentence, not by any means necessarily referring to the day of the supper and the anointing, mentioned also in a substantive paragraph,—for that supper may have been *four* days previous to the *two* days alluded to by the Evangelists, as being *then* before the Passover.
3. The general statement by them of "a woman," instead of the *named one* by *St. John*, is of no moment whatever. He evidently designed more *detail* than the others—he records all the names, so manifestly in accordance with the *general* statement by *St. Matthew* and *St. Mark*, that there is no necessity for us to suppose there was any other anointing of Jesus, at any other time, or elsewhere.
4. The details of the two first Evangelists state it expressly as happening at Simon's house : and *St. John* does not by any means state it as occurring at the house of Lazarus — but only says, "there (at Bethany) *they* made him a supper." He does not say by whom the supper was given—nor at what house ; but he *does state* a fact, in a way obviously at variance, as we think, with the idea of its being at the house of *Lazarus* ; for he says, "but Lazarus was one of them that sat with Him at table ;" which manner of stating the fact of his presence is quite consistent with Lazarus' being an invited guest at the house of Simon ; but it would be strange to record that Lazarus was at his *own table* !



## The Triumphal Entry of Jesus.

*Triumphal Entry of  
Jesus into Jerusalem  
and the Temple.*

The rumour as to the supposed resurrection of Lazarus was then at its height, and agitated the people greatly: and, whilst it occasioned at Bethany a multitude to flock from Jerusalem and other places, it hath stimulated the Sanhedrim to debate as to punishing Lazarus also, for thus countenancing so moving a tale. Early next morning, it being the 10th of Nisan, Jesus left Bethany, and came to Bethphage—a small village, as thou knowest, at the foot of Olivet, scarce two miles from the City. Curiosity was intense to know whether the Nazarene would now venture into the city, especially during the Passover, then five days off—seeing that, although the people, or very many of them, would do him no evil, the Rulers were greatly enraged against him; and, doubtless, could easily draw the people, by management, wholly over to them. Many of the multitude were heard to cry out, that they vehemently longed to see *him* who, not only had raised Lazarus after four days of corruption in the sepulchre, but who, since that time, had cured one Bartimas of blindness! They also cried out to see *him*, who had threatened to destroy, and to rebuild our great Temple in three little days!—a temple, good Artemas, which, as all know, is now the world's glory—a temple which had God and Solomon for its first designer and builder, and then Zerubbabel for its restorer, assisted by unheard of numbers—and, finally, as our eyes now tell us, a temple most expensively improved and adorned with inestimable magnificence by the first Herod, and by others since, through a period of full six and forty years!—and yet this Nazarene will unmake and make this glorious building, (if so it please him,) in three days! No marvel, then, is it, that an ignorant multitude, hearing all such stories in every corner of the land, should flock in masses, ready to hail this man as KING OF THE JEWS, in preference to our imbecile Roman tetrarchs, and ethnarchs, and still more puny spiritual governors,—for, even the Priesthood now is not what once it was!

You, my Artemas, will readily agree with me that this excitement is most natural; and for this very reason is it, that I would now endeavour to unite all hearts, all hands, and all sects—political as well as religious—to suppress these fanatic outrages upon our

The conclusion, then, upon the whole matter is, that there never was but one supper and one anointing of Jesus designed to be recorded, viz., that which took place at the house of Simon, the leper, *six* days before the Passover—(though probably known to the Evangelist only *two* days before that Passover)—at which Martha and Mary and Lazarus were present as guests; and that “*a woman*,” mentioned by Matthew and Mark, was no other than “*Mary*,” the sister of Lazarus, who anointed his feet, his head, and his body: nor does there seem to be the least occasion to labour with any *real* difficulties, as they all vanish under the present explanation.

## The Triumphal Entry of Jesus.

laws, our religion, and our most ancient and venerated institutions. Your own tenderness towards these people, therefore, greatly pains and surprises me: for, if this Nazarene be Shiloh, he cannot approve their wildness: but he comes wholly without credentials, and greatly misleads the people, either by false miracles, or by working them through some satanic agency: and that he is not the Shiloh, demands no further proof: for, what could one without a shekel in his abnet—or a place whereon to lay his head, do for Israel's rescue from Rome's tremendous power,—and how can such an one be that “Expectation of Ages,” which prophets and kings have so much desired to behold?

The approaching Passover, now but three days off, hath brought to us many foreign Jews from Asia, Egypt, Rome, Syria, —and likewise multitudes from all Judea, Galilee, Samaria, and from all parts beyond the Jordan. Thousands of these, and of the Holy City, on hearing of the Nazarene's approach from Bethphage, went out in triumph, yesterday, to meet him! The living mass from Jerusalem (bearing in their hands branches of palm and olive) proceeded up the wide avenue towards that village: and, as this vast procession (midway, that is, about one mile from Jerusalem) met the other small and humble procession of Jesus and his followers, the NAZARENE, to the great surprise of all from the Holy City, was found seated upon a colt, the foal of an ass,—which was covered with some rude garments,—whilst his disciples and others were slowly walking on each side of their adopted master!

As the multitude from the City came nearer to those from Bethphage, they rent the air with loud and joyous acclamations—waved on high their palms and olives—strewed the way with their richest garments; and, as the two processions met, that from Jerusalem *divided*,—the one half preceding, and the other half following JESUS,—whilst his disciples gave to the air their oft-repeated cries, then also echoed by the multitude,

“HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID! BLESSED IS HE THAT  
COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD! HOSANNA IN THE  
HIGHEST!”

As the now united processions ascended an eminence of Olivet, which overlooks the City, some of the Pharisees and chief Priests, desiring to check this outrage, required the Nazarene to reject, and to suppress the sacrilegious plaudits of the inconsiderate multitude: but the short reply of the shrewd son of Joseph was, “*Should these people cease their Hallelujahs, the very stones would cry out?*” And then, silently looking towards Jerusalem, for a time, with a steady gaze and weeping eye, the Enthusiast turned, first to his disciples—then towards the City, and exclaimed, “*Would, oh Jerusalem! that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to*

## Jesús in the Temple.

*thy peace!—but now they are hidden from thine eyes. For the day shall come when thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and hem thee in on every side, and lay thee even with the ground, with thy children within thee; and shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation."*

**A**s the proceffion entered the Holy City by the Sheep Gate, nearly the whole remaining population, then in violent commotion, crowded around from every side,—friends and enemies—Jews and Gentiles—young and old—people of all conditions and occupations, and of both sexes—some asking "*Who is this?*"—"*Whence comes he?*"—others crying aloud "*This surely is the great Prophet of whom our master Moses spake—he is the Son of David—blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord!*"

**T**he Nazarene, with these demonstrations in his favour, seemed no way elated; but proceeded directly to the Temple, then likewise filled to overflowing with a living mass, impatiently awaiting his coming!

**E**ntering the cloisters by the Gate of Shushàn, this new-born "King" found access into the Temple nearly impracticable, from the teeming multitude that covered the Porch of Solomon, and likewise the Courts of the Gentiles, and the cloisters on both sides,—whilst the noble flight of steps on the Temple's three sides, (affording a view over the heads of the sea-like multitude) were wholly lost sight of by the solid mass of anxious gazers below!

**T**he entire scene, my Artemas, was inexpressibly imposing and gorgeous: for, on that day, the tenth of Nisan, not only were the heavens beautifully transparent, but the sun shone with more than wonted lustre—sending back his golden rays from the dazzling white and lofty pillars, which form the outer portico,—and again from the polished surfaces of the numerous columns that range within the extensive cloisters—and still further, from the nine magnificent gateways, with their towering pillars on either side! In the midst of so unclouded a sun, the Temple itself seemed to rise before us in peerless majesty—its golden portal glittering as topaz, with myriads of reflected rays—whilst the enormous VINE, (of the same precious and shining metal, that hangs over the gate, redundant in golden grapes, each cluster shaming the size even of Goliath's head) also sent forth, in a thousand forms, the ruddy and reflected beams of the ever glorious Orb of day! Long must that Tenth of Nisan be remembered by all—and never can it fade from the memory of your Cartaphilus.\*

\* This corresponded to March 21st—now called *Palm Sunday*—being five days inclusive before the Crucifixion, A. D. 35, *corrected æra*.

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Cartaphilus cast out of the Temple.

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As the Nazarene approached the "*Beautiful Gate*," the multitude, particularly those who so triumphantly had hailed him on the road from Bethphage, as also his now much-delighted disciples, who responded their Hosannas, by exclaiming, "Blessed is the King who cometh in the name of the Lord—peace in Heaven, and glory in the highest!" were soon after sadly disappointed; for *they* all looked for it as certain, that, whilst standing by the Gate, he would loudly proclaim his Messiahship, with an invincible authority, too, thereby at once to establish his kingdom in vast glory, and in absolute power! But, how great was their surprise, when Jesus merely looked around upon the Temple—then hastily upon the crowd—anon, upon various things within the Temple—and forthwith retired from it, and proceeded on to Bethphage!

On the following day, however, which is the *Cartaphilus and present day*, and early in the morning, Jesus again *others cast out* was present in the Temple: and, whilst passing *of the Temple*, through the "*Beautiful Gate*," and still through the like assembled multitude, I was placed against the right pillar, immediately in front of that inner entrance, and of the outer one of Shushan. My tables, as usual, were near that pillar, which, with all the rest, were sorely pressed upon by the anxious mass whilst entering. The Nazarene, methought, instantly eyed *me* in particular; and then waving his hand to the crowd, bade them all to relieve the tables, and to press further on into the cloisters;—this done, he incontinently overthrew my tables, with all their varied contents; and, in the like manner, the tables of all the others—bidding us all begone; and saying, with a commanding, though gentle voice, "*It is written, MY HOUSE shall be called the House of Prayer for all the nations; but ye have made it a den of thieves:*"—and, not content with thus declaring our Holy Temple *his* house, and open to the prayers of *all the Gentiles*, he ordered, with the like assumed authority, that no vessel, or other thing whatever, should pass in or out the gates, save for the *Temple's* service:—this done, he calmly walked through the Beautiful Gate—thence through the *Nicanor*, and then on to the foot of the *Brazen Altar*—none in any way molesting him!

What *could* we, indeed, do in such a case?—the multitude being awe-struck, and they seemingly were *with* him: his boldness, moreover, being truly majestic—his air of authority celestial—his eye benignant, yet withering! Now, whether God or Devil, none did, or dared more than to follow, and to gaze upon him; and the silence that prevailed through the astonished multitude was in itself most unnatural and subduing! Incontinently, thereafter, I left the Temple—neither attempting, nor thinking, to regain my scattered and much abused property—and so did the others likewise!

But, my Artemas, thanks to our rulers! this superstitious *panic*

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Cartaphilus seeks Pontius Pilate.

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will soon be made to pass away, and these fanatics to know the majesty of our laws : the people, also, will early see their gross error ; for, as the winds do at first but ruffle the smooth waters of Tiberias, then raise them into fearful waves, and soon pass off to other lands, leaving the sea once more as a mirror, so will our fickle multitude (now so maddened with many wild fancies) hastily subside into a deep calm !—how long to continue, who shall say ? for, may not that same people, in their next storm, be *against*, as well as *for* this Nazarene ?—it surely may so be,—since, when the nation boils, the scum is uppermost, and floats it knows not whither—the hero of to-day being often the victim of the morrow !

The Sanhedrim, as I now learn, will instantly assemble ; and surely it will maintain the Law's supremacy, and the Temple's sanctity—now more grossly violated than by Syrian, or by Roman conquerors ! The more eminent of the Sadducees and Pharisees—the Priests and the Lawyers, are all clearly with us ; and, as I have told thee, Artemas, *my resolution* can never now be changed : this violator of our rights shall be made to know and feel that he is *no king*. And though, with grief, I know the temper of *thy* mind is, of late, not with me, and that thou art strangely taken with the Nazarene, thou surely wilt not—cannot wholly forsake thy friend ! Let Joseph's son, then, have a *trial*—and do thou hasten to Jerusalem, and see more of this man's proceedings, before thou dost consent to abandon the laws and the religion of thy country, and condemn thy friend for rashness and injustice. I would be neither hasty nor unjust—but the law's prompt assertor.

Thy story of the ten lepers, I confess, much aroused me ; and diligently have I since pondered it,—but *thou* wert deceived—grossly deceived, my good friend Artemas !—and if not, thy fevered brain did afterwards coin, out of seeming wonders, things that existed not ! Much have I *heard* of his miracles—also communed often with those who believe in them,—but yet have I *seen* none. The Nazarene hath again retired to Bethany ; and when next he comes to the Temple, I would have *thee* there : Thou and the people (then calling for his credentials) will be taught to judge more coolly as to those rumoured miracles ; and will severely condemn the sacrilege he so often hath committed. Let but the Great Sanhedrim speak, and the multitude, that so lately shouted his praises, will speedily end his triumph ! Come quickly, dear Artemas, come quickly. FAREWELL. CARTAPHILUS.

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Judas and Cartaphilus meet.

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SECTION VII.—*Nisan*, 11th day, 2nd Watch of the Night.  
[Monday, 22 March, 7 o'Clock.]

**P**ASSOVER is close at hand—Artemas will doubtless be here late to-morrow—and now instantly (this night) will I to Pilate, and crave admission into his service—though I a Jew, and he a hated Roman! *He seeks Pontius Pilate.* The Chamberlain of his palace, as I learn, hath just been dismissed; and I must have his place! Is not that office in the Procurator's service more honourable than selling doves, and exchanging of moneys, though far less profitable? Pilate, moreover, needs urging; and I would rouse this lagging and undecisive Roman; who, had he done his duty, would long ere this have checked the Nazarene and his fishermen, so that they would not, as now, have thus misled the people. Pilate is cruel and bloody enough, as all have witnessed, especially when labouring for his own ends: and this we lately saw in his foul murder of the Galileans—done, too, when they were worshipping even in the Temple's courts! And we have further witnessed how insidiously he brought the Roman standards into our Holy City—a matter so abhorrent to all Jews, who would shun every semblance of idolatry. So also, when our messengers fought this Pilate at Cæsaria—beseeching him for five whole days and nights, prostrate upon the earth, that he would withdraw those idolatrous standards, he refused so to do, and threatened sorely to take their lives,—and which were saved to them, only by their invincible firmness! This same Pontius Pilate, as I also well remember, gave, on a certain occasion, a signal to his men to wound and indiscriminately kill, all who should oppose his robbery of our sacred treasures,—that with them he might build, forsooth, an aqueduct, similar to those of Rome, two hundred stadia in length!\* Pilate, therefore, hath without doubt, *that* within him, when moved, that shall rid us effectually of these turbulent innovators—this fabricator of a new religion—this kingly lawgiver, who strives to supplant our master Moses! The Procurator, moreover, if he gains a single friend more to Cæsar, would find death in any form no obstacle to that purpose. \* \* \* But this JUDAS is now my strong hope—and, in my new adventure, the very tower of my strength! The discontented purse-bearer is, of all others, the instrument most needed by me: for, should *he* appear against the Nazarene, it would be eloquent proof of the foul imposture we allege.

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\* Twenty-five miles.

A Meditation thereon.

Judas, then, (the avaricious 'Scariot of this needy son of David) shall be earnestly cultivated by me; so that, if not already fully traitor to his so-called master, he speedily may be made so! Pilate and Judas, then, be henceforth my anxious aim!

SECTION VIII.—*Nisan*, 12th day. [Tuesday morning, 23 March.]

ALL is well—most well! I am now of PILATE's household, and deep in his confidence, too! We communed full three hours respecting this Nazarene's *kingly* aspirations; and especially of the late exciting events on the Bethphage road, and in the Temple. What in his ear I so zealously whispered, seems to have somewhat roused him—Pilate may now *listen* to those of the Sanhedrim, and possibly be brought to *act*.—I see he is his own friend first, and then Cæsar's—but he *fears* Tiberius greatly,—and that will do more than *love* towards that emperor: but *self*, *fear*, and *love* must all be awakened in him. My success also with Judas, last night, surpassed my utmost hope: and, though avaricious beyond expectation, he still prated much of Jesu's power; and seems yet to cherish some lurking faith in him, whether from fear or love I wot not. But the wily disciple faith (and it *may* be so) that he doth desire but to *test his Master's power!*—for, if death he cannot repel, Judas hath nothing lost—if death *he doth* resist, then is Judas only the *hastener* of his triumph, and therefore meritorious of reward! Poor salvo this to a slender conscience—a hideous mixture of venal faith and of flimsy superstition! Something of hope I found in him, but more of anger and of disappointment in the petty vaultings of his ambition. Judas, as it seems, would be *first* among the disciples!—and yet, from his own words, I would judge him the *lowest*. Judas would sell the precious ointment to benefit the poor—and yet deny to *Shiloh* an honour yielded by a sister's gratitude! Judas doth hail the Nazarene as Master—and yet would see that master slain, because the purse he bears is not so full as Shiloh's *should* be! Judas doth *love* his Lord—and yet would experiment, even to jeopardy of life, that the Servant may in both ways win! Oh, how loathing unto me is that puling wickedness, which doth coin such paltry excuses that may deceive himself alone; and which, with love of mammon, would feed *intention* to the full, but lack of all daring to *do* the deed! Judas knows not himself—nor the kingdom he so fondly imagines he greatly covets; but nothing real would he peril to win it! Judas hath faith—but only when the skies are clear and congenial! Judas *hoped* for that fair kingdom, but became sorely vexed that it

The plot against Jesus thickens—Arrival of Artemas.

is so "*long delayed!*" Judas venerates his master, but would peril that master's life, only that he may *hasten* the master's *triumph!* \* \* \* Such, in brief words, is the substance of all that Judas uttered, in his miserable colloquy with me last night!—but still, I left the 'Scariot full of assurance that, if traitor now, in feeling, to the Nazarene, he will not prove faithless to me hereafter in execution,—hence do I find that Judas, so poor in wisdom and in honesty, may still answer my purpose well! \*

\* \* \* But, oh, Cartaphilus! in all this ugly matter, art thou sure of *thyself*, and of thine *own* clear conscience? What hath Joseph's son done unto thee, that thou shouldst either compass or be consentient to his death? \* \* \* The Nazarene hath spoiled some of thy goods!—or hath uttered unto thee a grievous word; and yet only such as Artemas, thy best friend, hath used! And may not Rebecca be for ever lost to thee—and likewise Eben-Ezra—and Priscilla, for thus, with Judas leaguings, and in a deed, so violative of friendship, and of all holy confidence? \* \* \* Oh folly, folly! cast *thought* to the twelve winds!—what hath Cartaphilus now to do with questionings?

SECTION IX.—*Nisan*, 13th day. [Wednesday, 24th March.]

**A**RTEMAS hath just arrived!—Oh, he hath been quick upon my letter—so like my valued friend! But, even to him, I must no further disclose my plans, than what concerns myself alone—nothing of Judas, —nor of my counselling with Pilate, or with Caiaphas! Much vexed, I fear, will he be, to find me here in the Procurator's service—and yet far more, were he cognizant of the solemn league I have made with that filly and false disciple! \* \* \* How

\* The vein of contemptuous *irony* here manifested against Judas, and at the moment when Cartaphilus so much desired the aid of that wicked instrument, strongly illustrates the artifices of the TEMPTER—the miscellaneous nature and wonderful deceptableness of the human heart—the haughty spirit conferred on the wicked, when conscious of great intellectual superiority over their guilty associates—the consolation they would derive to themselves from such disparaging contrasts—and the eagerness with which they would seek to merge their own conscience in the arrogance of accusations against others. Doubtless, the character of Judas is here correctly drawn; but Cartaphilus knew not himself, and, had he then been capable of even a moment of sound reflection, he would have seen through the gossamer veil he strived to cast over himself, by the truthful portrait drawn by him of another.

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## Cartaphilus and Artemas visit the Temple.

Artemas counselled with me, and wept, I must not—cannot record! We, however, resolved instantly to visit the Temple, where the people were anxiously expecting Jesus. There we tarried some hours—but the Nazarene appeared not! Many then began to say he would not come, but would continue at Bethany, whither they would go—we joined therein: and when at Bethany, we there found the anxious people saying that, when Jesus left the Temple on yesterday, he had declared “his mission ended!”—and further, that “in three days more he must *needs* be a sacrifice!” The people likewise said that a taunting message, to the like effect, had been sent by him even unto Herod!

**M**ysterious Being!—thy “Mission”—but why, and by whom sent?—and if sent, why *must* thou be a *sacrifice*? Wonderful man!—powerless, yet powerful! But are not all *evil spirits* thus?—is there not unto them a law—“*thus far may ye go, and no further?*” But thou *weepest* over Jerusalem—and yet *denouncest* her! and, as they say, thou curest the halt and the blind, and, oh Jesus! thou raisest the dead—and makest wine out of water—and feedest thousands from invisible means—and confoundest the wisest with thy speech—and, at pleasure, thou vanishest, from our sight! All these, and far more, are declared of thee: and yet, why so poor, why yield to the arrogance and power of thy foes, why resort to oft-repeated flights, why wander in secret places, in Olivet and Bethany and in Bethphage, and, why permit thyself to be betrayed by one who so long hath known thee—and, if knowing so much, as thy disciples say of thee, why not fully know Judas’ designed treason, though now known to none but Judas and Cartaphilus? Surely the idle and insensate multitude can no just answer make to these inquiries. Ah, Cartaphilus! thou art a logician, and dost look more deeply into such things, than Artemas, and the rest with him.

\* \* \* \* **B**ut hold, Cartaphilus!—hold! be thou candid and wise, and no self-deceiver. Art thou quite sure of thy alleged facts and of thy proud conclusions, and that all hath been as fairly and as fully argued with thy own self, as if with interlocutors in the schools of philosophy? May it not well be asked, what *need* had Jesus ever to retire for safety into secret places, and whether he ever *did* so?—has he not for years past been openly among the people—and none to do him harm, though many were doubtless *willing* so to do?—was he not ever as much within the Sanhedrim’s power at Bethany, and is he not so now, as when within Jerusalem’s walls?—was he ever in disguise?—and, even when he so boldly used the Temple as his own house, who, of all the vast multitude, ventured to assail him?—not one! and did he not fearlessly

Deep Musings upon not finding Jesus at the Temple.

reproach the most exalted among our rulers, both of State and Temple?—and yet who to say him nay! And oh, did not even those whose tables were cast over shrink from his presence—and, when he slowly retired from the multitude, sought he not solitude merely for his own repose?—doubtless, all is just so. And yet, Cartaphilus, wonderful as all this truly is, may not all this panic in the people be caused by the dread of a *demon*, as well as of a beatific spirit? No *miracle* of his have I ever witnessed—many, indeed, say *they* have; and though the late proceeding in the Temple was, indeed, most strange, yet it was *no miracle*: multitudes, like the stormy waves, are ever unmanageable, and driven by hidden impulses into strange follies. But, doubt it not, the people will soon revive,—and so will the Sanhedrim—what need then to *plot* his death, and why cherish Judas' treason, when at any hour, Jesus may be taken, and fairly brought to trial? These are the matters for and against the Nazarene!—greatly do they disturb my soul. \* \* \* Such, and the like, were my rapid *thoughts* during the two hours spent by us at Bethany. Artemas and I then hastened to the City—for it was now manifest that Jesus would visit the Temple no more, for ever, as he had declared! †

\* \* \* 'Tis now the second hour of night's first watch, and Judas is in waiting for me! Artemas in silence mourns in my adjoining room,—and, there, secretly I will leave him, until this hideous matter with Judas be ended. \* \* \* Oh, Cartaphilus, would thou hadst never seen the light!—better had it been that Nisan's moon, which came so sluggishly at thy natal hour, had never come!—O that the then anxious seekers of the Beth-Yazeck had found that moon shrouded in eternal darkness—or, that in some other land, unknown of Israel, thou hadst been born,

† It will be seen that Artemas and Cartaphilus visited the Temple on Wednesday morning, expecting to see Jesus, and were disappointed; but afterwards, on reaching Bethany, they were informed that on *Tuesday*, 12th Nisan, (or 23rd March) the Nazarene had openly declared his mission ended; and that in three days more he should be sacrificed! Tuesday, therefore, was the *last* day of Jesus' presence there; but still the multitude (ignorant of the true import of Jesus' prophetic words) came on Wednesday, and on Thursday, looking for him. The meditations of Cartaphilus at Bethany show very clearly that he and others sinned not from want of light, or rather the means of light; but, still it will be remembered, the impressions were very general and powerful that Shiloh was to come in a wholly different form—also that wonders might be wrought by a *false*, as well as by a true prophet—and that he, who could not, or would not, shield himself from the power of the Sanhedrim, could not be that "EXPECTATION of Ages"—that "EMANUEL," of which their prophets had spoken,—and if not, that then the warning given in the 13th Chapter of Deuteronomy, was imperative on them!—and yet, what but Israel's wicked heart ever suggested the thought of a merely *temporal* Messiah?

Conflicting mufings between reafon and revenge.

—a Gentile rather, than with fo enlightened and confcience-ftriken a foul, thus to be tormented with endless doubts and torturing mifgivings ! \* \* \* But no fitting thoughts are thefe in me, who muft instantly commune with that Scariot, Judas. Roufe thee, Cartaphilus ! and be ftroingly clothed in refolution, and with a fixed foul !—forget not thy *corban* :—remember, moreover, how an ancient tradition doth hold that the world endures but *fix thousand* years—2000 whereof are from creation until the giving of the Law—2000 more whereof are to be under that Law—and that the remaining 2000 are deftined for Shiloh's reign ! Now, if fo, Shiloh's time furely hath *not* yet come :—for do we not count, even to this very hour, but *three thousand, feven hundred, ninety and five* years fince creation ?—and therefore, 'tis plain, the coming of the great Meffias needs full *two hundred and five* more years ! \* \* \* But night's black mantle is now deep upon all nature—and fo lightlefs are its folds to me, that all is fuited to my much belaboured foul ! Oh, how doth refiftlefs *thought* tear and rack the inner man with its rufhing and burning current ! Since at Bethany, now eight hours, hath not my foul been *all thought*—yea, as a wheel in fuch rapid motion, as leaves after it no abiding vifion ? \* \* \* \* PILATE muft I fee this night or early on the morrow.

And now, Cartaphilus, remember how it behoves thee to deal with both !—be thou with them wife as the Serpent—artful as the Fox—gentle as the facrifical Doves—for thefe men demand thy utmoft wit—the Roman, that thou mayeft overcome his timid nature—heightened as it hath been by fome filly dreams his wife doth prate of !—and, with the money-loving Jew, fee that thou conquer the leaven of his fear, or affection, towards his mafter, with the which his brain is even yet fomewhat befet ! Oh folly ineffable, and paff endurance !—vice and cunning and wit and learning, may all be made to do obeifance unto a fuperior mind—each having its defencelefs point—but, he who would ftrove with *superftition*, or with the wifdom of a *fool*, or with the hopeful and the doubtful, vexedly combined, will find great need for caution, and for the beft ftrategy of his fobereft head ! Remember likewife that, in two days hence, the Paffover will demand the prefence of our Galilean Prince. Herod Antipas doth, indeed, hold no friendly communion with Pilate : but of this, they both muft be cured—and quickly, too—elfe Herod's hate of Jefus might caufe the Procurator to befriend the Nazarene,—for thofe at enmity, work not well in a common caufe—*self* being often ftronger than *duty*. Now, fo it chanceth, that this Herod hath, of late, been fomewhat beholden unto me ; and hath frown me, in return, fome fpecial kindnefs : hence, may I now the more freely give my counfel to him,—as well in regard to Pilate, as the Nazarene. Should I heal the breach between them, by ufing many foothing words to both,

Cartaphilus and Judas agree—The horrors of that meeting.

the dealing of each, towards this disturber of our peace, will be the firmer, and more to my mind. \* \* \* And now for JUDAS ! and, on the morrow early, (if not this night,) Pilate and Herod shall be seen of me :—they all must be *absorbed* by Cartaphilus—for souls extinguish souls, as do the greater lights the less !

SECTION X. — *Nisan's* 14th day. Night's 4th Watch. [March 25, 5 o'Clock, Wednesday night.]



H night of horrors just passed, and morn now sweetly dawning, how rayless are ye both of *Musings upon* further happiness to Cartaphilus ! The *his interview* wretched hours I spent with Judas till *with Judas.* the dead of night, were blissful compared with those that followed ; when, upon my couch I lay, counting oblivious sleep—that would not come—and hoping (but with no fruition) to drown the many foul and hellish thoughts that forced their rude—resistless passage into my already maddened soul ! Sleep came at last—but oh, such sleep !—so full of busy visions, as tired nature in her agony creates—peopling all space with filthy dreams—with a world of demons, and each with appropriate mien and action !—and oh, how terrifically clear were all those varied scenes of horror !—and yet, but one little hour did Cartaphilus sleep !—an hour that would have filled an age with miseries ! \* \* \* Have not our Sages often told us that our sins appear to us but as feeble *shadows*, when our day is in its glory,—but that, towards the evening of our life, or, which is the same, towards the setting of its prosperity, these sins do show themselves in hideous forms ? If thus it be, surely life, or prosperity soon must end with me. The matter so warmly urged by me on Judas, and so cunningly, too, seemed *then* scarce the shadow of a sin ; but, when upon my couch encompassed with night's darkness, and so full of *thought*, it all became so bright and monstrous, that Gehenna itself laughed me to scorn—and, even to myself, more vile I seemed than that traitor Judas !—for Judas still had some fears—some hopes,—but I, his urger, had none ! Is this, then, indeed the evening of my life, or, worse, the evening of my prosperity ? Is Cartaphilus, then, a suborner of foul murder, and of atrocious treason against domestic trust and friendship ? Oh no, it cannot be—'tis but the fever of a wildered brain—a sickness of body and of soul, making of Cartaphilus a poor and trembling coward ! But why should *thought*, which is but a fleeting, immaterial something, or a nothing—ever coming and going without our bidding—thus greatly move me ? If no other world there be—no torturing spirits—no angels of mischief and of utter darkness,—if revenge be natural, and each for

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Cartaphilus resolves—He welcomes the dawn of day.

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himself must care ; and oh, if no *destiny* there be, but all have free will (and so my *Sadducean* teaching hath ever been) why should now my soul recoil from what with Judas I have resolved ? Oh no—the NAZARENE SHALL SURELY DIE ! for, hath he not trampled upon my lawful calling in the Temple—threatens he not the *destruction* even of that Holy House ? \* \* \* Be now still, O my soul ! and let this bright and lovely morn, so fresh with dewy fragrance, shed upon thee, as well as others, its softest influences—a morn, breathing airs distilled of purest empyrean, oh let it bring upon its wings the choicest perfumes from gardens it hath just kissed, when the moistened shrubs and flowers are first saluted by the sun—so that, in these delightful odours may be wrapped my much disturbed soul—yea, a morn most lustrous in nature's lovely garniture, and so unlike the horrid night just past, that all of God's creatures now rush to hail it ! Oh then, even unto Cartaphilus let it bring courage, and perennial floods of joy—lest his bruised and crushed heart shall sink to rise no more ! The fourth Watch will soon end.\*

The birds now carol sweetly their blitheft notes—the gaudy butterflies are at their early gambols—the insects of various hues and form and size, are buzzing and humming every where around me : and shall I, a being of lovely *woman* born—God's last and perfectest work—remain the only ingrate—silent and wretched ? So must it no longer be. \* \* \* Glorious indeed is this morn of Nisan's fourteenth day : and the young sun, in soft and cloudless majesty, smiles upon the hills and valleys, and upon all that breathes—bidding every moving thing cheer him with their grateful songs—and not thus, as man so often doth, unkindly slight his genial influence ! Awake, Cartaphilus !—awake ! and be thyself again !

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*Nisan*, 14th day. [Thursday, March 25, 10 o'Clock, A.M.]

Judas was well resolved last night :—and the night of the present day is the time fixed for the momentous act in which I am engaged ! Judas will bring to Gethsemane's garden, (where Jesus so loves to linger,) a sufficient force ; and there betray him unto the minions of the Great Sanhedrim ! Pilate, I have already communed with ; and though reluctant and timid, as usual, he hath cheered me with the welcome news that the Sanhedrim will meet to-day, and at an

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\* Night and Day were each divided into four watches, each of three hours—the fourth watch of the night therefore ended at six o'clock in the morning.

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Further proceedings with Judas—The alarms of Love.

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early hour—this being the *first* of Unleavened Bread.\* Judas will attend that formal conclave—and, if permission may be had, so will Cartaphilus; for meet is it that I should witness what is promised by the disciple, and that Judas, in this, should nothing fail. \* \* \* I have just returned from Judas, who argued the ugly matter bravely with his conscience! He mouthed much concerning a withered *fig-tree*, near Bethany; which, as he said, had been cursed by his master, on the evening of Nisan's 10th day, and been found on the following morning, utterly leafless and lifeless! But, enough of this, HEROD will I now instantly see—then the Sanhedrim—and finally settle the *hour* in which Judas shall meet me, before going to Gethsemane.

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But, ere I fall forth, let me, for a brief time commune (in *thought*, at least) with thee, thou loveliest of maidens, and fairest of all Judah's daughters—dearest Rebecca! What, of thy Cartaphilus, wouldst thou say, *Love for Rebecca awakens alarm.* were all his mind and deeds, for six days past, fully revealed unto thee? Can thy dovelike heart conceive, or thy soft and rosy lips give utterance, to aught against thy fond one—he who hath loved thee from thy tenderest years, and fondly watched thy graceful motions, so like the sportive fawn, even before thy pearly teeth and ruby lips could give distinctness to all thy words? Ah, no—treason were it, indeed, against thy devoted friendship, if not thy love, so to think of thee.

Now, that even the roses of thy parental bowers have sought their freshest bloom from thy love-tinctured cheeks—now, that the lilies also, (which reflect their brightness, and shed around their delicious perfumes) have taken both from thee, when treading the panfried borders of the blue-streamed Kedron—now, that the zephyrs which gently play over Ramoth-Gilead's verdant heights, steal their softness from thy matured and silvery voice, and, from thy spicy breath, shed the sweetest incense over the vales below; yes, dearest Rebecca! now, that the radiance of thy sparkling eye, and each word that flows as nectar from thy lips, have to me become more potent than spells of magic—stealing o'er my soul like

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\* According to the Hebrew mode of computing days, which begin at sunset, the first day of unleavened bread began on *Wednesday* at sunset, and continued till the sunset of Thursday. The feast of Passover, therefore, commenced on Thursday after sunset, and ended at sunset of Friday. From Wednesday-sunset till Thursday-sunset was the 14th day of their month *Nisan*, corresponding with our 25th of March—and from Thursday-sunset to Friday-sunset, was the 15th of Nisan, or the 26th of March.

Affliction of Artemas—Early before the Night of the Betrayal.

the holy oil that ran through Aaron's beard—gently piercing my heart, though they be soft as the air of morn playing o'er beds of violets,—thou, my Rebecca, wilt not, cannot forsake thy once happy, but now wretched Cartaphilus! Willingly, I would not bring to thee a sigh—oh, no, not for all the golden treasures once enshrined within the Beautiful Gate, even of Solomon's own more famed Temple—a temple renowned in all the lands during more than a thousand years—a temple, though now greatly changed, as I know, yet most dear unto thee, and therefore doubly so to me. Our present glorious Temple of Zerubbabel, (fallen off from that of Solomon) doth still wonder the world, which surely hath not its like:—and *that* Temple, so loved of thee, would I now rescue from all peril—yea, from all the wild fancies that so threaten it;—ah, even unto the death of that truly awful Nazarene!—Oh, let not this, my Rose, my fairest Lily! be condemned of thee as vile and murderous!—for, 'tis not the nature of thy gentle sex to know, nor scarce conceive, the rude elements whereof Man is made—and wisely made, that he may contend the more successfully, and with all required energy, against such as delight in levelling to the dust (as would the Nazarene) all that the wise, the good, the great, and the learned have raised with care, throughout all the ages! But, my Rebecca, if tears must flow from thy lovely eyes, when these sad tidings reach thy tender soul, Love's magic will transform them all into pearls of purest whiteness, that I may wear them ever in my bosom—and then, on the wings of the wind will I hasten to thee, craving thy forgiveness! Bad news, indeed will be sure to reach thee early—and ever in hideous forms: this day, then, will I surely write to thee—these present words not being for thine eye, but for mine alone—yes, for mine own deeply troubled heart, musing now in solitary sadness. \* \* \* \* \* But, I must now leave thy sweet image, and seek Herod—then to the Sanhedrim—and lastly, in Gethsemane, to meet that Judas—for weal or for wo!

**W**hen from Herod I had returned, I found *Artemas* in a retired part of my chamber, in sadness, such as never had  
*Interview* I seen in him. He wept over me, as would a child  
*with Artemas.* who from his fond parents was about to separate for ever. He questioned me not of Judas, but was full of grave suspicions! Oh, excellent, gentle Friend, how noble and generous thy heart—how strong thy love!—but, hath not thy too rigid virtue dealt severely with me? Am I a murderer in thine eyes, because I cannot see like thee? Our creed, indeed, doth differ greatly in all this matter; and yet have I never questioned thy regard for the laws, or for our holy religion. Thy prudence is great—mine may not be so: and, if the Bethlehemite escape *this night* from Geth-

## Cartaphilus meets the Sanhedrim.

femane, or, if, when taken, he manifests his vaunted power, and dispels that of the Sanhedrim, *that* would be miracle enough for me, and my corban would then be no longer binding. But this will *not* occur; the Sanhedrim are now in earnest, and as intent upon his death, as is the famished lion upon its prey:—is not this with cause, and are they not our rulers?

SECTION XI.—14 of *Nisan*, 5th hour. [Thursday, March 25th,  
11 o'Clock, A.M.]

**T**HE hour for the Sanhedrim is now close at hand; the money-loving 'Scariot will then make his disclosure, and the *conditions* whereon he bargains for his master! A free admittance I hope for—or secretly, under Judas and Caiaphas; for the Chief Priest doth know my anger, and would cherish a strong friend to his cause, especially one coming from among the people.—And now, to the 'Scariot\* first, for a brief time—and then to the Sanhedrim at the sixth hour.†

## THE SANHEDRIM.

Judas has arranged for my admission, openly, before Israel's selected wisdom! At the last hour of the day's second watch, the GREAT SANHEDRIM met in full attendance. I found assembled there the Chief Priests—the Elders of the People—and the Scribes,—in all, seventy and two in number, mostly Sadducees,—to vindicate our holy laws and institutions—to suppress the wild illusions of the times; and chiefly to devise the means of bringing Jesus, The False Messiah to condign punishment.‡

By permission of the High Priest, CAIAPHAS, I entered into Halls my eyes had never seen; and, under the guidance of his father-in-law, *Annas*, I was seated close by the Golden Seat of the *Nasi*, or President of the Sanhedrim. The august council was al-

\* It will be perceived that Cartaphilus never makes use of the initial I, so invariably prefixed in after times. Some of the earliest copies of the New Testament justify this; for the Syriac word *Scarjuta*, or *ſckaryuta*, and the Greek *ſcariotes*, both of which signify steward—or purse-bearer, as likewise the Hebrew and Arabic, all omit the I. 'Scariot, the correct name, was probably made to assume the initial I, merely as being softer,—and this is found to be the case with many other words in the various languages of modern Europe. The name "Iſcariot," however, will be hereafter used in preference, being more familiar to the ears of all.

† The *sixth* hour corresponds with our 12 o'clock,—the Sanhedrim met on Thursday, the 14th of *Nisan*, or 25th March, at 12 o'clock, A.M.; which also corresponds with the Jewish last hour of the day's second watch.

‡ As to the number that composed the Sanhedrim, there has been some diversity of opinion. Some say 70, others 71—We follow Cartaphilus.



## The Great Sanhedrim—Opening Speech of Caiaphas.

ready formally arranged, in their customary semicircular form,—and soon after, with haughty step, and visage full of thought, Caiaphas entered the Hall, and took the Golden Chair, as Prince or Nafi of our Sanhedrim.

On his right was the AB-BETH-DIN, or vice-president, GAMALIEL—a renowned Pharisee, and most learned Doctor of our Laws; being, moreover, the son of that Simeon, who, as 'tis said, hailed in the Temple this very Jesus, when yet a babe,—and then, clasping him in his arms, blessed him as the true Messiah!\*

On the left of the Nafi was seated the WISE-MAN; whose office more specially is, to resolve the law in very doubtful cases. Then came JOSEPH, of Arimathea,—whose sad and disturbed countenance gave assurance to the general belief that he, like NICODEMUS, who was seated next to him, was too deeply affected by the idle superstition of our day, to do aught against the Nazarene. My eye, however, soon rested, and happily, upon PHILO, and found in him, and in Caiaphas, sufficient pledges for the speedy accomplishment of the great work.

At each end of the semicircular array of Israel's minished power, was a Secretary,—the one to record the votes of acquittal, the other those of condemnation.

*The opening  
Speech of  
Caiaphas.*

As Caiaphas arose, all eyes were upon him, and thus he opened, in brief words, the deliberations of the Council.

“Priests, Elders and Levites!—holy and learned men of Judea! Ye, to whom are entrusted the Laws, the Traditions, and the Institutions of our forefathers! it is now high time to check with powerful hand, yea, to crush for ever, the blind superstitions that now prevail throughout our land. The once feeble, but now powerful rebellion against our holy Priesthood—the daring sacrilege against our still more Holy Temple, demand our instant interference; that, in the person of the Nazarene, known as JESUS CHRISTUS, we may stop the pernicious frenzies of which we complain—else, *they* will surely crush us, and our long venerated laws!—And justly, too, O Men of Judah and of Benjamin! since, if Israel's suffering people awake not now, how shall Judah retain her Sceptre—how shall Benjamin dwell between the shoulders of the Lord—and how shall they both escape God's vengeance? Men of Israel! is not this Jesus now become the idolized prophet of a growing multitude? Do not our people forsake even Zion's Temple, to follow in deserts and in secret places, this most mysterious of all Beel-zebul's agents—this worker of magic—this seducer of the multitude, by false, though notable miracles? Is not this new

\* This was the same Gamaliel who was the teacher of Saul of Tarsus—afterwards Paul, the great Apostle to the Gentiles.

## The Speech of Nicodemus—The Speech of Philo.

aspirant to the Messiahship, more justly to be feared than all who have gone before him? And have I not told ye all, but ye would not heed my prophecy, how that it is now expedient for *one* to die for the People—lest the whole nation perish! Let that victim, then, be none else than this *self-created* Messias—this Nazarene, that would be the Shiloh! This, and naught but this, will bring repose to our distracted people—and our Holy Temple will no longer be molested. Hasten, then, O Priests and Elders and Levites! this good work, and so that it fall not on the Feast day, lest the people murmur.”

“Secretly, have I already communed with one of the Nazarene’s disciples, cognizant of his, so called, Master’s unholy aspirations: and *that* witness, by appointment, is now at hand, willing to deliver into thy hands, him, whom once he so wickedly and superstitiously followed,—and that being done, do Ye see, and quickly too, that this new “King of the Jews” doth die the death.”

NICODEMUS then arose; and with that firm serenity which ever marks him, thus addressed the Council. “I do see ye are all intent upon blood! Would ye slay the Lord of Life—would ye kill the Anointed of God—the Holy One of Israel, and that, too, without witnesses—a thing so contrary to our law? But ye *cannot* see, ye are wholly blind! and this as a punishment for thy great obduracy. Doubt it not, in Ye are verified the words of Isaiah, ‘*They are drunken—but not with wine; they stagger—but not with strong drink. For the Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes,—and the vision of all hath become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed.*’” Look to it ye Men of Israel! I charge ye, look to it, if that Holy Man ye slay!” And thereupon, Nicodemus was seated. The Sanhedrim was greatly agitated by this speech—a dread silence reigned, for a time, throughout the Hall; and even Caiaphas trembled and grew pale.”

CASTING suddenly his mantle off, PHILO arose; and, unlike those who had gone before, rushed from his seat, and came midway before the council! His eyes flashing fire—his breast heaved with contending emotions, and he cried out, “Fathers of our Holy Jerusalem! are ye to be intimidated by all the whining of this timid and superstitious Disciple of the carpenter’s son? Are ye to be driven from your purpose by Nicodemus, who, from the first, hath countenanced this Galilean, and thus brought upon us the great mischief we lament? Will ye listen to him, who secretly consoled with this Jesus; and, for some time past, hath talked to the vulgar herd, some incompre-

\* Isaiah xxix. 9 to 14.

## The Speech of Gamaliel—Speech of The Arimathean.

hensible philosophy of this Nazarene, about "*New Birth*"—"Eternal Life"—"*Everlasting Punishment*"—"Faith in the Lord's Anointed," and other mystical notions? Oh, is it not monstrous that NICODEMUS—a Ruler in Israel—should thus countenance so great a folly! He, surely, ought to know—doth know, that no Prophet will ever come out of *Galilee*! and this he would not have passed over, had he better heeded the Scriptures, than treasured up the vain and wicked fancies of that Galilean. Men of Israel! I would see this JUDAS, and incontinently bargain for the delivery by him to us, of his, so styled, Master! I have spoken!"

The general cry then was, "Let Judas come forth; we will now hear him." But Gamaliel arose with great dignity; and waving his hand, silence was again restored.

*Speech of  
Gamaliel.*

"Sadducees! Pharisees! Ye Rulers of our afflicted country, of whatever faith! I invoke thy calm and patient hearing. No time is this for rage—no time for invidious distinctions—no time for irritating words, and galling epithets: but with soberness, and in steady judgment, we should all strive to see what *good*, not what *evil*, can be done. Israel is now sorely oppressed by *outward* causes—and yet much more by those that are *inward*,—for she is greatly at variance with herself! I say unto ye, Israel doth not now possess the power of life and death! and, if she did, would it not be better to leave the cause of this Nazarene in God's own hands, than rashly to take it to ourselves, and thus, peradventure, be found fighting against God? That wondrous works have been wrought by this Jesus, ye all do know: nor can I now judge, by *what power* these things are done—but this I will say, he is wholly *innocent* of death, and Ye are *not* his judges unto death."

Gamaliel ended, Caiaphas quickly arose, and bade Judas forth: whereupon the Arimathean JOSEPH interposed, and softly asked permission to be heard. Caiaphas slowly resumed his seat, but with quivering lips and scowling brow,—whilst Philo, in vexation, lay buried in the ample folds of his mantle. Joseph eyed them not, and thus he spoke.

*Speech of the  
Arimathean.* "It is well known to ye, Senators! how our holy Prophets, from the beginning, have promised unto Israel—a SAVIOUR; and ye cannot gainsay it, that much he is *needed*; nor, but that he hath been, of late, much and anxiously looked for—not, indeed, that ye do zealously seek righteousness—but temporal preferment.

"The promise of this Shiloh was first made by GOD himself to Adam, in that '*The seed of the Woman should bruise the Serpent's head*'—that seed, as Ye should know, is CHRIST,—and the

## Speech of The Arimathean.

Woman, is his highly favoured mother, according to the flesh—whilst the Serpent is naught else than the wickedness of this world, and a portion of the other, over which Messias will surely triumph! Again the *promise* was made to our father ABRAHAM, that in him should ‘*all the families or nations of the earth be blessed*’—and to Isaac and Jacob, it was renewed in the like language,—Jacob prophetically saying that Shiloh comes, when Judah’s sceptre is *departing* from her! Judge ye now, how much of a sceptre remains among us!

“After a time, our Master MOSES announces that a prophet ‘*like unto himself*,’ would be raised by God; and that those who set at naught *his* teachings, should be punished. Judge ye now, whether He of Bethlehem (*not* of Nazareth) should remind ye of *Moses*, seeing that, from the time of that great *Lawgiver*, until this very hour, none of the Prophets claimed to be a *Lawgiver*, save this *Nazarene* alone, (as ye erroneously do call *him*, who is, by birth, no Galilean) who *doth* claim to be both *Lawgiver* and Prophet. And, ye Men of Israel! see the *likeness* further. Moses confirmed *his* own teachings by notable *Miracles*—so doth the Bethlehemite. Moses relieved *our nation* alone from Egyptian bondage—He, of the little Bethlehem, would relieve our people, and also the *whole world*, from the bondage of sin! Moses promised to our people a goodly land, and happiness therein, to those who kept the Law—the ‘Son of David’ promises a far better country beyond the grave; and, to all who keep his law, eternal happiness! Moses fasted during forty days—the, so called, Nazarene did so likewise! Moses gave food to a famished multitude in the wilderness—the Nazarene twice *created* food in a wilderness for many thousand persons! Moses divided the waters of the Red Sea, and brought his people through in safety—the Bethlehemite walked upon the billows, and bade the storm subside? Moses shone in his face with supernal brightness, when descending from the mountain—Jesus was transfigured upon Olivet, where his face shone as the sun in the highest heavens! Moses prayed for the cure of Miriam’s leprosy, and it was granted unto him—Jesus by his own inherent power, cured ten of the foulest lepers! Moses changed the *name* of Oshea into Joshua—the Christus gave unto Simon the name of Peter. Moses appointed seventy rulers over his people—Jesus sent seventy, by *twos*, into every part of Galilee and Samaria. Moses sent forth Twelve men for the preparation of his way—and ye all know that the Nazarene hath Twelve; who, as his messengers or Apostles, are in all our regions. Moses was miraculously preserved when a babe—Jesus, when also an infant, was wonderfully rescued from the murderous edict of the first Herod! Moses fled from Egypt into Midian, in great jeopardy of life—the parents of Jesus

## Speech of The Arimathean.

sought refuge in Egypt, with their child, to avoid the decree that sought his death! Moses was bidden to return to Egypt, since those who sought his life were dead—Jesus was bidden to return to Judea, as all who would slay him were then no longer living! Moses craved not distinction, refusing to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter—the Bethlemite hath ever been gentle,—and, as ye all do know, refused to be a king, when, only a few days since the people would hail him such! Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians—the Nazarene hath contended with our greatest Rabbies—confounded alike our Pharisees and Sadducees, and hath shown himself richer in all the learning and hidden wisdom of our Scriptures, than the whole Seventy and Two that we do number! Moses often prophesied calamities on the disobedient, and all were fulfilled—this Christus has as often prophetically denounced ye all!—Judge ye now, O Men of Israel, whether those denunciations *will* be accomplished!—These, O Senators are some of the many similitudes between the now despised 'Nazarene,' and our ever-honoured Lawgiver and Prophet, Moses! and Ye ought to see, but ye do not, that Jesus is destined to be far greater than Moses!

"When came king DAVID, more than *one thousand* years before our day; and, in various psalms, now daily read and sung throughout our land, proclaims that Shiloh's kingdom will in no wise be such as ye do crave—and *how* it will differ from thy own imaginings and carnal wishes, judge ye! for these *Psalms* and your *temporal* expectations are now both before ye!

"And after David came ISAIAH, who declares to this effect, that '*in the last days*,' (not of the World, O Senators, but of our present Mosaic Dispensation) the Gentiles shall be brought in, and new ordinances shall go forth to the ends of the earth—so that Shiloh's kingdom shall be one of Righteousness, founded upon the Throne of David—that the light of salvation shall come from 'Galilee'—that the Child to be born shall be called 'WONDERFUL'—'THE PRINCE OF PEACE'—'THE MIGHTY GOD,'—and yet that he shall be a 'MAN OF SORROW'—shall be '*wounded for our transgressions*!' Believe ye the Prophets? I know that ye do—but in thine own *perverse* way, O Men of Israel! And yet I tell ye, that this very *Jesus cannot be Messiah, unless ye do slay him*! Marvel not at this strange saying—for IT, likewise, is parcel of that prophecy—and Ye *will* fulfil it!

"Thy present *blindness*, O Senators! is also the fulfilment of a prophecy denounced against thee, in punishment: for, the same Isaiah saith, '*The wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid*'—yea, bidden, O Men of Israel! from all those who '*draw nigh unto God with their mouth, and who with their LIPS do honour him, but who have removed*

*their HEARTS far from him*—and now judge, again I say, whether Ye be such ! But, O thou seed of Abraham ! (after the *flesh* only) I would have ye remember that *prophecy*, be it of blessings, or of curses, *determines* nothing fixedly upon ye,—nothing is *predestined*—but is only *foreseen* !—Man is ever a free agent—but all is a perpetual *now* unto God ; and hence, when it is *declared* by him that things *will* take place, it imports not that they *shall*. He hath left ye all wholly free ; but, from his own eternal vision of what *man* calls the *future*, He knows them as actions *present* to himself, but *controls* them not, by uttering, ages before their accomplishment *in time*, that they *will* take place !—and hence, what ye *shall* do is cause of faith and of deep repentance !

“ But I must now proceed further to show ye this great Scheme of Prophecy—and MICAH comes next. He saith expressly, that Messiah will be born in Bethlehem ! And hear ye the words, ‘*Thou Bethlehem, though LITTLE among the thousands of Judah, yet OUT OF THEE shall come forth unto me, HE that is to be Ruler in Israel—whose goings forth have been from old—from EVERLASTING !*’—judge ye, still again, O Senators ! whether the despised ‘*Galilean*’ were of Bethlehem, or not. Ye *know* that there he *was born* ! and ye further do know, or some of ye, how the matter truly was. Now, though Joseph and Mary were both dwellers in Nazareth, of *Galilee*, yet the birth of their only son was in that ‘*little Bethlehem* !’—and how that came to pass was, seemingly accidental, and only by reason of the taxation decreed by Augustus, and which demanded the presence of Joseph and Mary there, as *their* birth place—and at that time Jesus was there born, and in marvellous humility !—Next comes the prophet JEREMIAH, and he says, ‘*Behold ! the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto DAVID a righteous branch, and HE shall execute judgment and justice in the earth.*’ Now, that this Jesus *is* the son of David, none of ye can deny. Judge ye of this out of thine own Genealogies—which lie not ; and ye will therein find (if ye take the *reputed* father) that this very Joseph is the nearest relative and *heir* of HELI, who is the father of that MARY who was mother of this Jesus ! And, if ye pass Joseph wholly by, which ye well may, ye will also find that Mary is the *fortieth* in descent from King David : and further I charge ye to remember, that Joseph is not only related to his wife Mary, but that, on both sides, the two branches of King David’s family united in that very Zerubbabel who built our present Temple !—and, again, further, that both of *his* branches, met in that very Jesus, whose claim to be called the ‘*Son of David*,’ some of ye do now strive to condemn ! Judge ye now all, O Men of Israel, whether a ‘*righteous branch*’ hath not, in this, so called ‘*Nazarene*,’ been surely raised unto David, as the Prophet foretold !

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"In a few years after this, came DANIEL; who lived during our captivity at Babylon—now more than six hundred years ago; and that prophet announces Messiah's kingdom as one that 'shall never be destroyed—but shall break in pieces and consume all the preceding kingdoms!'—and do ye, in your blindness, suppose that Shiloh will build up a gorgeous *earthly* kingdom?

"Now this same Daniel hath been yet more clear in this than Jeremiah: and, if the eyes and ears of thy understanding were open, ye would see and hearken; for that prophet of the Captivity reveals nearly the day and hour of Shiloh's coming! Daniel's *Seventy weeks of years* (that were determined upon Israel, as the period that must intervene between the decree for rebuilding our City and Temple, and the coming of Messias to possess that Holy House) were four hundred and ninety years! Now, O Senators! perceive ye not that these years are nearly gone by, at this very hour? And, if ye will reject that Messiah, and seek his life—because *lowly and meekly born*—what time is left unto you for the coming of that Shiloh who is the hope of thy own vain imaginations? The appointed time is already here, and no *temporal* Messias hath yet come, but ye do still find that a most wonderful person *hath* surely come, and is in our midst—claiming to be Him of whom Daniel and all the prophets have spoken—and doth he not cause the blind to see—the lame to walk—the dumb to speak? and will ye cast him off, only for that he declares his kingdom to be, not of earth, but a *spiritual* one—a kingdom, not as Ye would have it, but as He would have it? Oh, let not the iniquity of Israel make the *fulfilled* prophecies more mysterious than when first *given*!

"Next in order of time, came the prophet HAGGAI; and he declares unto us that the '*Desire of all Nations*' will fill our Temple with a glory excelling that of Solomon! Now, though the present Temple is a goodly building, and in itself indeed very glorious, yet was it so inferior to Solomon's, that the people, as ye well know, *wept* over it in bitter remembrance. But EMANUEL's presence in that mourned one, would give unto it a glory beyond all human art; and thus vindicates the prophet's truth. Now, O Men of Judah and Benjamin! ye all do know, and many have been offended thereat, what *authority* this same Jesus hath lately exercised when present in our Temple, and none preventing! Judge ye again then, whether *that* authority were from Heaven, or from Gehenna: and, if from the skies, whether it hath not given to our Temple a glory that would darken all the magnificence of Solomon and Zerubabel's combined? Can ye still be blind—can ye longer resist the light,—or is it because, in *spiritual* vision, ye are now more blind than were the *natural eyes* of those men, to whom this Jesus restored sight?—and remember that the natural infirmity *sins* not; but the

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spiritual infirmity is always sin, and ends in *death*, which is the wages of sin. Bear with me, Senators! I do but plead Israel's salvation—much have I spent upon ye—but *words will flow* in such a cause. Our next prophet is ZECHARIAH: and he hath told us in what a *lowly* form the Messias should appear! '*Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold! thy King cometh to thee with Justice and Salvation,—lowly, and riding upon an Ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass!*' Who among ye did not witness the Nazarene's entry into Jerusalem from Bethphage, only a few days since? Did He not then come to '*His Temple*' seated upon a colt, the foal of an ass, and with that *lowliness*, too, mentioned by the prophet more than five hundred and fifty years before the late wonderful event? Remember, moreover, how the multitude received him, though thus meekly seated and attired! was it not as a great King—or hoping he would prove such—and as one that *could* bring Justice and Salvation unto Israel? The people strewed his way with palms, and with olive branches; they spread their richest garments before him, and shouted Hosannahs to the Son of David! But this was not of Jesu's seeking; for what the people gave in ignorance, or from selfish hope, *that* he received in meekness, but with a heavenly dignity, as of his due: and thus this prophecy, unknown to myriads, was on that day perfectly fulfilled!

"**A**nd now, O Senators of Israel's fallen people, I have but one more prophet to name—MALACHI; and even he, as ye all know, hath slept more than four hundred and fifty years! Listen attentively, I pray thee, unto him. '*Behold I will send my MESSENGER—and he shall PREPARE the way before me; and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come into His Temple!*' Deny it not—argue it not—doubt it not: *that* messenger was the very Baptist whom Herod slew! Question it not, for surely the Way of the Lord was *prepared* by that JOHN; who, when asked whether he was the Christ, declared he was *not*; but that he was the herald of Him, who soon was to follow, and of one far more worthy than himself! And ye cannot gainsay but that, shortly after this, a certain other person *did* come among us, and *suddenly* entered the Holy Temple of Ages—claiming it as '*His House,*' and scourging therefrom those who deal therein with merchandizes, instead of worshipping there in purity of heart!—and, for this "*coming unto his own,*" Ye would seek to slay him!

"**H**ear again, and tremble, O Men of Israel! what the same Malachi further saith, '*But who may abide the day of His coming?—and who shall stand when He appeareth?—for he is like a refiner's fire, and like a fuller's soap!*'" Twice did the Bethlehemite *purge* his Temple,—often hath he admonished and threatened: notable miracles, also, hath he wrought: and, if ye had hearkened unto him,

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## Speech of The Arimathean.

they would have been unto ye as "refiner's fire," and as a "fuller's soap"—purifying the believer from all sin. But *then*, ye would not, and *now*, ye cannot hearken—for ye are blind: hence there must come upon ye *that*, which all will find it hard to *stand* against, and fearful to *abide*, at the day of his coming. O Senators! ye may now rudely send him away—ye may be his murderers!—but will he not come again?—doubt it not: and then indeed will come more than the refiner's fire, and fuller's soap—yea, in power will He come, such as no eye hath witnessed, nor the mind of man ever imagined—for this prophecy concerns that rejected One, whose blood ye do now seek:—and these, Oh Elders of Israel! are the fearful words of our last prophet!

"Listen! but once more, I say, to this last of the *ancient* prophets; who also faith, '*Behold! I will send you Elias the prophet, before the coming of the great day of the Lord.*' This, if I err not, is truly a great marvel: for, who was this Elias? Ye all do know that, more than nine hundred years ago, he lived—but *died* not, being *translated* into Heaven! And now, in this our day, as to me it seemeth, Elias may have been found in the person of him we knew as John the Baptist—the very Messenger sent to prepare the way for Shiloh's coming! If so it be, then doth it look as if the irrevocable appointment of God is that every one born of woman must *once die*—and hence Elias *reappears* and *dies* by Herod's hands. And that this is so judge ye from the words of his reply to those who asked concerning John, (if rightly the words of Jesus be understood of me), '*For this is he of whom it is written, Behold! I send my Messenger to prepare my way before thee. Verily I say unto thee, among them that are born of woman, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist—and if ye will receive it, this is the ELIAS which was for to come.*'

"**N**early two years after these words were uttered, the same wonderful person said to his disciples, "Ye ask why the Scribes say *Elias* must first come: but I say unto you, *Elias* has already come—but they *knew him not*, and have done to him whatsoever they listed."

"**N**ow, O Senators, did *Ye know the Baptist?*—and know ye not how our rulers did unto him whatsoever they *listed*, even unto years of imprisonment, and then his death? *Elias* surely then *hath* come, and *Ye slew* him. *Shiloh* hath come, and ye *will slay* him also! I have done"\*

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\* In an after part of the Polychronicon, (omitted in our selected Chronicles,) a different opinion from that of the Arimathean's is expressed by Cartaphilus on this, at one time, somewhat mooted question, and which, no doubt, is the true one, viz. that the Baptist was not *actually* the prophet Elias; but only that,

## Examination of Judas Iscariot.

The effect of the Arimathean's speech on many was almost unto madness: some rent their garments—others gnashed their teeth,—and, in all directions were heard subdued hissings, and whispering execrations! “Thou hast blasphemed,” exclaimed Caiaphas and Philo, nearly at the same instant—“thou art no Jew—no friend to Israel,—perish thou, and thy vain and wicked superstitions! Do thou, CARTAPHILUS, instantly call in *Judas Iscariot*.” This was slowly done by me! and Judas stood in the midst of Jerusalem's Senators with downcast eyes! Silence proclaimed, the High-Priest proceeded.

CAIAPHAS. “Thou, Judas, art a disciple, or hast been, of the Nazarene; who, for some years past, hath so greatly agitated our people. We would now have an end of these pernicious doings, and we have been told thou art willing to deliver him into our hands. Wilt thou so do?”

JUDAS ISCARIOT. “He hath been kind to me—but not of late. He seemeth not of this world—we have long waited his promised kingdom—for some days past I have doubted—my larger hope hath fallen off—He now refuseth to enter the Temple more,—and saith his work is finished!”

CAIAPHAS. “Ah! Judas, thou hast truly said: and thus will it ever be with kingdoms that are of Satan. Thou hast seen or heard of the like doings by one *Theudas*, who seduced many; and likewise of thy namesake, the Gaulonite, who took with him much people: but they and their wild notions wholly perished—and so, in like manner, will the Nazarene. Wilt thou, Judas, surely deliver unto us that man, that we may deal with him as our holy laws require?”

JUDAS. “What thou askest doth now no further thought

as the herald of the Messiah, he came fully in the “*spirit*” and “*power*” of Elias—this being all that was ever meant, either by the Prophets, or by Jesus. This view of the matter is entirely consentaneous with the language of both in respect to John's coming and character. But still, it is no way surprising that a more *literal* meaning should have been adopted by some Jews of that day. Elias was manifestly a *type* of the Baptist: they both were very austere, intrepid, and also fond of solitary and wild places. John, therefore, is only *figuratively* named Elias. John himself, when questioned whether he was Elias, (by which the Jews, of course, meant *actually*) was prompt in his reply “*I am not*.” And, when Christ says, “*if ye will receive it, he was Elias that was to come*”—and when he further saith, “*Elias hath already come, but they knew him not*,” he merely signified that, if the Jews would receive the true meaning of the prophets, they would find in John the *antitype* of that Elias mentioned by Malachi—and also the “*Voice of one crying in the wilderness*,” as announced by Isaiah. But, whether figuratively, or actually Elias, it is now quite certain that John was the very evangelical Messenger, so often alluded to by the prophets, as coming somewhat in advance of Messiah, who was to be the true Light.

Judas examined—How he was paid.

demand—save that thy promised recompense be forthwith in hand: then will I surely deliver him unto thee.”

CAIAPHAS. “In that, O Judas, thy stipulation is accepted.”  
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“Fathers of our Holy Jerufalem! happy are we to find in Judas a reclaimed son—one who no longer bends the knee to a living Idol, nor yields to the mischievous fancies of the carpenter’s son. The Nazarene and his ‘Messenger’ whom some would call Elias! are now alike abjured by Judas, who, returning to the ordinances of our Fathers, hath thus boldly cast from him all allegiance to that false Shiloh.”

And now, O Men of Israel, we dismiss this Sanhedrim—again to assemble at the close of this night’s Second Watch.”\*

*How Judas  
was paid.*

As Caiaphas descended from his Golden Seat, he delivered unto me a purse, saying, “Do thou, my Cartaphilus, deliver this incontinently into the hands of Judas, the Scariot: it is the reward stipulated between us—yea, to the half shekel.”

The Council were soon dispersed; and I handed, in privacy, unto Judas the purse. It contained thirty small pieces of silver, mostly shekels: these he carefully numbered over, and thoughtfully said, “This, O Cartaphilus, is indeed what I bargained for, privily, with the High Priest—but truly it is small—more may possibly come hereafter, as the work is yet to be done.”† Judas then eyed me intently, and further said, “Do thou, Cartaphilus, meet me this night, at the *fourth hour*,‡ near the Oilpress, hard-by the Southern gate of Shemaiah’s Garden, bordering upon Gethsemane. Jesus intends there to spend the night,—its loveliness and retirement inviting him so to do—and its wealthy and generous owner permitting him its free use. Something, moreover, have I to reveal to thee, that weighs upon me. No time have I longer now to tarry with thee. Jesus and the Twelve will eat the Passover to-night, at the house of one Jonah, on the first street that leads from the Beast Market. Peter and John were bidden to prepare it—thither I must hasten, as the sun is fast declining,—and soon thereafter it will be eaten. Much have I to do, O Cartaphilus, ere we meet again at the *fourth hour*. If before then thou shouldst

\* Thursday night, 15th Nisan, 12 o’clock.

† Those thirty pieces of silver have been calculated to amount to 3*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* sterling—or about sixteen dollars and twenty-one cents of our currency. Some have supposed they were not all shekels: for, as 30 shekels amount to 3*l.* 15*s.*, there can be no doubt that if the pieces amounted to only 3*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.*, the additional 6*s.* 7*d.* must have arisen from some of them being of larger value than the silver shekel.

‡ The “fourth hour” and the “first hour of night’s second watch” mean the same; and agree with our 10 o’clock at night.

True time of the last Passover.

need me, leave thy message at the house of that Jonah—where, in a large upper room, I also must partake with them in the passover!”

“But how comes it, Judas,” said I, “that thy Master doth take the passover *this evening* after sunset, when the Jews, everywhere, will partake of it on the morrow, at that hour?” “The Master hath so willed it,” replied Judas, “for the practice all around is but an innovation; since this day is yet the *fourteenth* of Nisan: but, when passover is eaten, the *fifteenth* hath begun: and that surely is the time appointed of old for the *eating*, though not for the *slaying* thereof. In this, as in all things, our Master hath had no regard for the changes brought in by men. \* \* \* \* But now must I hasten away. Fail not to remember the appointed time and place—the *fourth* hour, and at the *Oilpress*, nigh unto Gethsemane.” \*

\* Some learned controversy has arisen, as to whether Christ observed his last passover at the same time with the rest of the Jews—or one day sooner: the latter seems to be the opinion of Cartaphilus; but he elsewhere admits first, that it was then, and always, celebrated by Jesus at the *true time*; secondly, that the Jews had innovated upon the Mosaic institution, by prohibiting its observance on the 14th and 15th of Nisan, whenever the eating thereof fell upon what we now call Monday, Wednesday, or Friday; in which case they slayed the sacrifice on the 15th instead of the 14th, and ate it on the 16th instead of the 15th—the fourteenth and fifteenth of Nisan being the true time, according to Exodus xii. 13.

As the Saviour came to fulfil all righteousness, he saw no reason for the customary postponement when the passover fell on either of those three days of the week. In the year of the Crucifixion, the passover occurred so as to occasion the *eating* thereof to be on Friday. The Jewish sacred day began at sunset of one day, and ended at sunset of the following day; whereas the Egyptians, and most of the moderns begin their day at 12 o’clock at night, whilst the Greeks, and nearly all of the Oriental nations, ancient and modern, commence at sunrise,—and the Arabians at all times, also the ancient Umbrians, and the astronomers of all nations, at mid-day. The lambs were to be *slain* by the Jews on the 14th of the month Nisan, and were to be *eaten* after sunset of that day, and before morning. It is obvious, then, that on Wednesday at sunset began the 14th of Nisan—or the *first* of Unleavened Bread, which lasted till sunset of Thursday. Sometime on Thursday, probably between 12 and 3 o’clock in the day, Peter and John prepared the sacrificial lamb, and other things for the passover, which were *eaten* soon after sunset of that day—which was the beginning of the 15th of Nisan: and then the Lord also established the EUCHARIST: so that, in this Passover and Eucharist, the *symbolic* sacrifice on Thursday after sunset, and Christ’s *actual* suffering on Friday upon the Cross, between the hours of 9 and 3 o’clock, were upon the same Jewish 15th of Nisan, that day not ending until sunset of Friday. Hence we see that the whole transaction was upon the 14th and 15th of Nisan, as the Mosaic Law required, viz. the *preparation* of passover during a part of Thursday the 14th of Nisan—and the *eating* thereof, after sunset, of the same Thursday, it being then the beginning of the 15th of Nisan; and the *actual* sacrifice of the great Antitype on the Cross, upon the same 15th of Nisan, which ended only at sunset of Friday. The slaying of the typical lamb being on the 14th, and the eating of it on the

## SECTION XII.



UDAS then left me, and I soon reached my home. All around me there was in dead silence. The sun had just set in sheets of golden light; and the soft moon then shed her beautiful rays over all nature, calming into sweet repose every thing, save my own deeply awakened soul!—*Thought—thought—thought!* in uncontrollable succession, assailed me even unto frenzy. Fearfully did I await the coming hour of our meeting: oh, how I strived *not* to think—but, as with the madman, all in vain: the varied loveliness of Eden, if then around me, could not have shut out Judas and the Sanhedrim! “Is that man sustained by the Invisible Powers,” thought I, “and if so, are they of Sheol, or of Heaven? Should this Judas be Beelzebul’s minister, what else can Cartaphilus be? Is the matter wholly changed by his promptings being of avarice and disappointed ambition—and mine revenge for a paltry loss of property, and the hope of sitting high in the Sanhedrim’s favour, or in the hearts of a rabble people? And is there wisdom in that Scariot’s notion, that, if the Nazarene be *true*, death cannot come to *him*—and if *false*, his death will not harm *us*? But, if the promised kingdom may be sold for a few shekels, what faith *can* this Judas have in him, or his kingdom; and who shall truly know the Nazarene, if his long-trusted agent knows him not? And again; Judas will eat the passover with his master! Is not that master, then, *ignorant* of his coming fate, and of Judas’s foul treason towards him—how, then, can he be a prophet?—’tis therefore clear that SHILOH he cannot be; this Nazarene knows not how to escape the designed evil. Be quiet, then, oh my soul!”

*The sudden  
appearance  
of Judas.*

While thus deeply musing, and with my eyes riveted upon vacancy, Judas rushed into my chamber, some hours before the appointed time for Gethsemane, with

15th, so the *passover* of Jesus commenced on Thursday the 14th, and was perfected on Friday the 15th of Nisan—and these two correspond with our Thursday the 25th, and Friday 26th of March: and all this manifestly harmonizes with the spirit of the entire matter; for the commencement of the Lord’s *passion* was on Thursday the 14th of Nisan—was perfected on the Cross, on Friday the 15th, in the like manner as the suffering of the typical lamb was on the 14th, and perfected by the eating thereof on the 15th—for the true *sacrifice* consists not of the slaying merely, but of the offering and eating thereof.

The 8 days, from the 14th to the 21st of Nisan, both inclusive, were the days of Unleavened Bread: the *first* of Unleavened Bread began in that year at sunset of Wednesday, and ended at sunset of Thursday: the next day, or Friday 15th of Nisan, was more emphatically the Passover-day.

## The Revelations of Judas before the Betrayal.

haggard looks, and scarce the power of utterance! "What brings thee here Judas, and in such a plight—quick—speak! was it not *I* who was to meet *thee*, and at the Oilpress two hours hence—and comest thou now to me, and with madness in thine eye?"

"O Cartaphilus!" exclaimed he, "a marvellous thing indeed hath just come upon me; which so racks my inmost soul, that I feel as if it were now impossible to go further with thee in this fearful matter—the Master seems to *know* all!—openly hath he accused *me* before the Disciples, of my designed betrayal of him! Hath he Nicodemus seen—or that Arimathean Joseph?—and if even so, it doth *not* unravel all he uttered! But he surely saw them not—that were impossible; time and opportunity were both wanting; and, I repeat, O Cartaphilus, that, had the Master been with us at the Sanhedrim, and heard all there that was uttered, still he told me of things beyond all that—and as a prophet, or Shiloh would have done!"

"I pray thee, Judas," anxiously said I, "hasten on with thy speech, and disclose all thou hast seen and heard, that now so keenly moves thee." \* \* \* \* "Peter and John," at length continued he, "had procured the sacrificial lamb at the adjoining market, had it slain, and for the exact number, as the law requires. The wine also, and the unleavened bread, and the sauce of bitter herbs, as also the roasted lamb, were now all ready: and when I entered, they with Jesus were all reclining on their couches, ready for the holy supper. John lay near the Master's bosom, and Peter next. The Lord then said, 'Most earnestly have I desired to eat this Pascal supper with you, *before I suffer!*' Oh, my Cartaphilus! how congealed within me was my heart at these words! 'Is he, then, *certain* that he *is* to be betrayed this night, and that he *will* suffer?' said I within myself. And, at that moment, there rushed into my mind all that had been said and done *last night* at supper: the like words were then used; yet I heeded them not! But, at the passover of *this night*, and from which I have so hastened unto thee, the eyes of my understanding were forced open, when he further said, 'After this, I will *eat no more*, nor will I drink of this fruit of the vine, until the Kingdom of God shall come!' I tell thee, Cartaphilus, it was only *then* that I saw fully, and remembered all that was said at supper *last night!*' Here Judas seemed dumb, and spoke not further.

"Why, O Judas! hast thou spoken so much of *last night*? I pray thee, now tell me separately, *what* of the last night—and then, *what* of the passover *this night*;" "I will—I will, Cartaphilus," said he. "Know, then, that last night, so soon as supper was ended, Jesus arose suddenly,—laid aside his robe, girded his loins with an ample napkin—and, canst thou believe me, O Cartaphilus?"

## The Revelations of Judas before the Betrayal.

he forthwith proceeded to *wash our feet*, though Peter was unwilling, and withstood him for a time: but the Master insisted on washing the feet of the *whole twelve*, and on drying them with the napkin,—ah, even my most unworthy feet, Cartaphilus, that were so soon to hasten in search of him at Gethsemane! This deeply moved me—yet not to frenzy: but Jesus then said, “Ye are now clean—but *not all!*” Quickly the thought struck my heart, that he must have meant *me*; but still I was not powerfully awakened thereby. The Lord then resumed his place at table; and counselled us all as to humility, and as to his designed exemplar, for us and all men, in having thus cleansed our feet! Soon after this, the chiefest matter that so doth now trouble me, came on: when Jesus said, “*I know whom I have chosen: the Scripture must be fulfilled, he hath lifted up his heel against me, who eateth bread with me. I tell ye this now, so that when it comes to pass ye may believe.*” All were deeply amazed and sorely pained; for each doubted of whom the Master spoke. John, whom Jesus so much loves, was leaning on his bosom; and Peter beckoned unto him that he should ask the Lord whom it was that should betray him: whereupon John whispered unto Jesus, “*Who is it, Master,—tell us we pray thee?*” The large dish of Charofeth\* was next to him, and Jesus answered, “The 41st Psalm doth declare: and I say unto you, that he to whom I shall now hand a sop of this charofeth, the same shall betray me—the Son of Man goeth to his death; but wo unto him by whom he is betrayed!” They then all eagerly asked (in which I joined my feeble voice) “*Is it I, Lord?*”—and thereupon Jesus handed the sop unto *me*! I suddenly arose, and hastened from the chamber; and, as the door was closing, those words of the Lord reached mine ears—“*That thou doest, do quickly.*” I tarried not an instant, and hastened as one distracted, to the City—yea, to the Rulers, and unto thee, O Cartaphilus! In the madness of that hour, I bargained more specially with Caiaphas, and counselled with thee—but mentioned not these sad things to them, or to thee. And now, O Cartaphilus, *this night*, was I again with the Master—partaking of the Passover. The Disciples received me still with some kindness—they not fully seeing the meaning of the words uttered by the Lord *last* night. It was soon after sunset that we partook of the passover; and oh, most terrific!

\* The *Charofeth* mentioned by Judas was composed of dates, figs, and other delicious sweets, so reduced together as to form a sauce. In this, the morsel or sop of bread and bitter herbs was dipped, and then eaten. It is said to have formed a part of every passover supper, that they might be reminded of the clay and mortar used by the Israelites in making bricks during their fore oppression in Egypt, and from which they had been so miraculously delivered through God's selected instrument Moses.

## The reply of Cartaphilus—Their joint Resolution.

the Master again warned us that one among us surely would betray him! All, as before inquired, "Is it I, Lord?" and to my question he openly declared "*Thou hast said.*" Then only was it that we all fully understood that he had been prophesying! The deed, then, O Cartaphilus, is nearly done! Where is my refuge now—what further have I to do? for on thee alone must I repose—Judas hath no other master now than Cartaphilus?"

"This surely is some idle dream, some crude vision of thine own distempered brain, oh Judas!" feebly muttered I—"for, of late, thou hast been much given thus to magnify small and impertinent things, into those of sore and pregnant meaning—'tis all but a shrewd *guess* in thy late master. We all do know there are now divers rumours afloat—he hath doubtless heard them all,—and, my Judas, dost thou not clearly see, no Shiloh *can* he be, if that he *suspects* his death at thine or other hands. Remember the alabastrer box of precious ointment, how he was with thee offended, and thou with him! Doth SHILOH come to *die*? And if he triumphs and lives, will he not surely pardon thee?—but, if that he dieth, will he not die the death of an impostor—yea, of a blasphemer? Fail not, then, O Judas! to do "*quickly, what thou doest*"—this was his counsel—follow thou it—and make thou his cunning suspicion *a very truth!*"

"I will—I will," was the 'Scariot's short reply: and hastening from me with trembling steps, but a resolved eye, I soon lost him in the shades of night.\*

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\* Although Judas was permitted to participate in the last Passover Supper, it is highly probable he did not partake of the *Eucharist*, or Lord's Supper, then for the first time celebrated. He, no doubt, left the room as abruptly on Thursday night, as he had done on Wednesday night; and doubtless for the same cause—a troubled conscience, and the then too awakening prophecy of his Master, to permit him longer to argue with that now greatly excited conscience.

The long discourse of Jesus, and the prayer, (as recorded in such close connexion with the passover) must have taken place whilst the Eleven were on their way with Jesus towards the Mount of Olives, and soon thereafter to enter the Garden of Gethsemane, probably only a few hours before the betrayal.

The events of those two momentous nights—Wednesday and Thursday—the 14th and 15th of Nisan, or the 25th and 26th of March, are too apt to be confounded, especially as to the suppers and the marvellous doings of those nights respectively. The washing of the feet, and the first accusation of Judas, doubtless, took place on Wednesday night preceding the Crucifixion. The prophecy of the betrayal on that night was quite as explicit, if not more so, as on the Thursday, or passover night: but the eyes of Judas, as well as of the disciples, were not then fully opened: for, on Wednesday, the words of Jesus—"that thou doest, do quickly," alluded altogether to his treasonable plans; and yet the disciples, who had not yet been instructed to prepare the passover, seem to have supposed the Master alluded to Judas' preparation of it, as it was *he* who had charge of the common purse. And as to the yet more explicit declaration as to the "*son*," and the "*xli. Psalm*," even *these* seem not to have fully reached



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JESUS is taken !

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**T**hough faithless to his Lord and Master, Judas proved most true to the Sanhedrim—and to Cartaphilus ; for, at the appointed place and hour, I found him with the Spira, and some chosen officers, all yielded to Caiaphas by the Roman authority : these were also accompanied by a motley assemblage, armed with rude swords and staves, and some bearing lanterns. The moon, though at its full, was often obscured by dark clouds ; and the deep and shady recesses of the garden also required such provision.

**W**hen near the Oilpress, at a small distance without the garden, Judas approached and said, " We are met, Cartaphilus, on a business that must not now fail. Through the assistance of Caiaphas, I have this armed body,—do thou follow that band, headed by myself, into the garden,—and *him that I shall salute with a kiss, is the one we seek !*" I felt, for the moment, as if I could have struck the traitor dead at my feet,—for, though intent upon my purpose, all that was within me recoiled from *kissing* him, whom I would *slay* ! Staring at him with surprise and loathing, I at length said, " Thou, Judas, art our leader—we will follow thee—do as thou listest"—and then to myself I muttered, "*if a curse do follow, it surely will light upon him.*" \* \* \* \* \* What happened in the garden during that half hour of unutterable horror, I will not—cannot now indite, further than to say, that my eyes then witnessed a *miracle*, and for the first time,—the ear of one Malchus being cut off by Peter, and instantly cured by the wonderful Jesus !—But still the Nazarene *was taken* ; which shows that Belzebug from that moment left him, and would sustain him no longer—but that the God of Abraham doth deliver him into the hands of Caiaphas !

**W**e left the garden soon after, and the Holy City received us. The house of Annas, late the High Priest, and father-in-law unto Caiaphas, being on our way to the Council, we tarried there a short time ; but Annas would not detain us,—and then we proceeded with the prisoner in chains, to the other Hall of the Sanhedrim, where Caiaphas was impatiently waiting our coming.\*

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their hearts : they seem not to have understood that Jesus meant to point out Judas as the sure and only traitor—for they still asked, "*Is it I, Lord ?*" And at the moment the sop was handed to Judas, he hastened out of the chamber ; and then the Lord said, "*That thou doest, do quickly*"—which again they confounded with some mission the Master may have entrusted to him. The Eleven were all innocent and guiltless men ; and became far more enlightened in all temporal, as well as spiritual things, only after the awakening events that followed in no long time after. The history of all that concerns *Judas Iscariot* is certainly instinct with deep mystery : and its *real nature* is probable to remain utterly unknown, till the great day that shall reveal all things !

\* It would seem from this, that the *Trial of Jesus* did not take place in the

## TRIAL OF JESUS—No final Decision—Referred to Pilate.

The spacious Hall of Caiaphas, where the Sanhedrim was convened, was hung with numerous lamps; which, as we entered, shed a light so feeble and unusual, as struck terror into some, whilst others were soon engaged in trimming and supplying them with better oil. In the mean time, the heavens were strangely darkened—threatening a heavy storm: and though the minds of many misgave them greatly, the proceedings went on,—and the more rapidly as the Prisoner seemed little disposed to answer any questions—but said that, as he had lived and spoken publicly, *witnesses* could be found to testify whether, or no, he was guilty of death.

At length came some witnesses, who proved that the Nazarene had said “*I am able to destroy the Temple of God, and build it up in three days,*” which, together with his own declaration that he is the *Messiah*, were readily adjudged sufficient to convict him of *blasphemy*—which, by the law of our Master Moses, is death by *stoning*.

Many, however, then urged that the prisoner had also been guilty of *treason*, which, by the Roman law, is death by *crucifixion*: and as strong doubts and even assurances were given that the Sanhedrim’s power at this time extends not in any case to matters of *life and death*, the whole accusation was referred to Pilate’s jurisdiction and tribunal in the Prætorium. It then being the eighth hour of the night,\* the Sanhedrim was then dismissed, to meet again at Pilate’s house at dawn of day, as accusers, and with Jesus in chains, who in the mean while continues bound, and in charge of the soldiers.

same Hall, in which the Sanhedrin had sat on the occasion of Judas’s examination. It is said that a chamber, called *Gazeth*, within the bounds of the Temple, was the usual place of the Sanhedrin’s meeting,—but that, on various occasions, this great Council convened in the High Priest’s house: and this seems to have been the case when Jesus was tried before the Sanhedrin, Matt. xxvi. 3. It also may be here noted that Cartaphilus calls that great Council, indiscriminately, the Sanhedrim, or Sanhedrin: the latter, however, is probably the more correct. The usual time of meeting was in the morning,—but on occasions of urgency it could meet at any hour of day or night—as so also its place of meeting was close by the gate of the Temple,—in a hall named the *Gazeth*, bordering upon the Outer Court of the Women. The trial of Jesus, referred by the Sanhedrin to Pilate’s jurisdiction, transferred the Prisoner from the Hall of the High Priest’s House, to Pilate’s own dwelling; so that neither of the trials took place in the Sanhedrim’s more usual place of session—the *Gazeth*.

\* 2 o’clock of Thursday night.

His deep vexation at the Sanhedrim's failure.

SECTION XIII.—*Nisan*, 15th day, 3rd watch, [March 26th.  
Friday morning, 3 o'clock.]



ESUS, though in chains and held guilty, is not condemned!—the Sanhedrim failed in strength—they had the strong will, but not the power—Judah and Benjamin are lost in Rome!” \* \* \* \* \*  
“Judas is now worthless—a frenzy hath seized on him—and worse still, Cartaphilus is compelled somewhat to doubt our timid Procurator—Pilate fears to do, and not to do!” \* \* \* \* \* “The last hour of night’s third watch is now come; and yet my eyelids cannot close: as a loathed thing sleep flies me.

*His meditations on the late events.*

Oh that the broad day were all around me, that I might hear and see the busy stir of life, and gaze upon the glorious sun—so pure and bright!—would that the garish things of nature, yea, in their strongest moulds, were now pressing on me, if but for a moment, that haply they might merge the ugly visions of my raging and fevered brain, and silence the hideous voice that thunders in mine ears, ‘*Cartaphilus! peace will rise to thee no more.*’

“The Sanhedrim of yesterday—Gethsemane that soon followed—the Sanhedrim of the present night, and my now consuming thoughts, oh, how they have crushed a soul that, only a few days ago, was upon the broad and verdant caufey of a happiness, such as boundless love alone, and the gentle Rebecca would have for ever nourished!”

“And at that second meeting of the Sanhedrim, how wrapped in gloom were all things!—the lamps, for a time, refused their wonted light, as if ashamed of that timid Sanhedrim—or, possibly of the murderous scene that might follow—Cartaphilus now resolves not which—for, truly his soul is *divined away*!” \* \* \* \* \*  
“Deep, very deep, am I steeped in forrow; the Cyclops hammer of my griefs wears thin the anvil of my soul; and my wavering conscience doth so rack my heart and wits, that, like Judas, all is frenzied in me.”

“Artemas I found in tears—he spoke not, and passed me by. Strange!—at so late an hour, as at my return from Gethsemane and the Sanhedrim—and still here! But why here at all in Pilate’s palace, knowing, as he did, my long continued absence this night? and yet he departs not, though so nigh to cockcrow!”

“And more wonderful still! he now would question me as to my absence, and likewise as to this Judas, and also as to the rumoured presence of us both at the Sanhedrim of yesterday! Were there *traitors* there also?—traitors to me?—doth Artemas

Artemas—The Elements that Night-day dawns.

know all, and watches he me thus, that he may report my doings the more faithfully to REBECCA? Doth Artemas seek to supplant Cartaphilus? He doth *love Rebecca!* and if—Ah no, dear Artemas, I *will* not wrong thee so—perfidy hath never entered thy noble soul—it could find no lodgement there:—as refined gold is thy love towards me—there *can* be no alloy.” \* \* \* “And yet, ’tis certain the messenger Ananias he hath just despatched for Ramoth-Gilead, though at this untimely hour—and on his letter, as methought, was ‘Eben Ezra’ as its superscription! ah, doth he indeed counsel with him respecting me and this Judas?—hush! hush! my soul—Artemas cannot be false to Cartaphilus.”

“It is now the first hour of Night’s last Watch [4 o’clock, Friday morning], and Artemas, in the adjoining chamber, is retired, hoping to snatch some feeble rest, ere the sun shall awaken us to the Prætorium, that the fate of this Jesus may then be wholly decided!” \* \* \* *The fearful skies during that night.*

“I still hear his deep sighs—his mutterings to himself, showing his racking agitations—oh, even of his guiltless soul!” \* \* \* “Oh, what an ugly and terrific night hath this been with all the elements—and yet is!—as if compelled to sympathise with a hideous deed!” \* \* \*

“Artemas shrinks and moans as doth the night! for still the heavens are most dreadful to behold in their foul blackness: full were they, an hour ago, with unnatural motions, like mine own belaboured heart, and charged with distant and smothered noises, such as were never heard since Eva first sinned! What can mean all this?—bright was the moon ere I reached Gethsemane,—but before the Sanhedrim ended, those throes of nature came quickly and thickly on! No more will I heed them: that which *is done* cannot be undone: if *destined*, why lament it? and that it was so, the skies, in anticipation, even whilst in that garden, gave the forebodings,—for then Gethsemane’s lovely walks and flowery borders, her retired and sweetly perfumed arbours, were all left in darkness, save from the small light yielded us by the torches; and how noisome were the smells of sulphurous fumes that followed soon after; whilst passing towards the Sanhedrim!”

“When in the Sanhedrim’s gorgeous hall, Caiaphas, and even Philo trembled,—and feared worse things ere the night should end: and far worse surely came—the refusal of the lamps to shed their wonted light being indeed but a feeble preface of the horrors a few hours more should bring us!” \* \* \* “That *treacherous kiss* of Judas seemed to tarnish even the fair moon; for no cloud did Cartaphilus see, until after that!—but, if the myste-

## Prepares for the Pretorium of Pilate—Death of Jesus!

ries of the natural world are past men's finding out, shall not our wonder be far deeper at those in the great moral universe, and especially beyond the grave, both of which have God for their centre and circumference? Man knoweth something of the visible former—nothing of the invisible latter!"

"The crowing of the cock for morn is now at hand; and the wonderful Nazarene (whether of Tophet or of Heaven born) will then reveal himself. Israel's now shadowy power yields to Imperial Rome, which must, by Pilate's sentence, affirm or annul the past night's doings."

"Where, in the Pretorium, will Cartaphilus be, to complete the work so timidly and poorly begun: there, must he see that no Gamaliel, nor Nicodemus, nor Arimathean Joseph, shall mar the work again!—oh, no—the wavering Procurator doth fear Cæsar—and *that* must prove the means! Be mine then the task, forthwith, and ere the Nazarene comes forth, and after, in the people's presence, to well assure our Pilate how much and surely is Rome's sovereignty questioned by this son of Joseph—far more indeed than ever it was by Theudas, or by the Galilean Judas, who so lately perished, and with his rebels. Pilate is a late comer among us, and knoweth not how much the mischief is of these false Messiahs, who are ever hailed as *kings* by the inconsiderate multitude! Let him, moreover, be urged to bear in mind how one of them dared to harangue his followers, and stamp them cowards, '*Should they yield the least of tribute unto Rome, or acknowledge mortal man as their ruler, since God so long hath been their only King!*'—this will not fail to win our unsteady procurator." \* \* \* \* \* "My tedious task of recording the wonders and miseries of the day and night just past, is now ended. Unto my couch, then, but only for an half hour, ere the rich tints of day shall smile upon Jerusalem's assemblage at the Pretorium."

SECTION XIV.—*Nisan*, 17th day. [Sunday, March 28th.]

HE tremendous deed was done!—the Cross is victorious! Jesus sleeps eternally in the *sealed* tomb of the rich man!—but poor Judas, in frenzy slew himself—and as a dog!" \* \* \* \* \* "The following letters are just received by me—'tis all as I feared—Rebecca knoweth all!—save as to the actual fate of the Nazarene; and *that* she will quickly hear. My eyes refuse to weep; oh that I could weep a single tear! oh that I could sleep my life away!"

The Curse !—The Resurrection !—His Horrors !

\* \* \* \* \* “**H**ORROR OF HORRORS !—a rumour—a fearful rumour, hath but this instant reached me, that the Nazarene, early on this morning, *awoke from death—spurned the GRAVE, and hath been seen alive of some !*” \* \* \* \* \* “Oh, this surely is but the crazy tale of our maddened times—’tis a foul *lie*, and from Gehenna’s depths ;—no word of it *will* I believe—nor eyes nor ears nor touch ever can assure me of it ! \* \* \* \* \* But alas ! should it *indeed* be so, Cartaphilus must incontinently perish !—for, said he not to me ‘*I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come ?*’ If verily the grave hath refused to retain him, if he hath refused life, and come again to us, then must Cartaphilus *no longer tarry* ! O days and nights of unmingled horror ! when shall thy teeming wonders cease, and leave my mind at rest ?” \*

THE RESUR-  
RECTION.

## LETTER VI.

### RABBI EBEN-EZRA TO CARTAPHILUS.

RAMOTH-GILEAD. *Nisan*, 16th. *Seleucidæ*, 347.  
[Saturday, March 27th, A.D. 35.]



**T**ELL me, dost thou, of thine own eyes and ears, O Cartaphilus ! confirm what Artemas relates in a letter just received through the messenger Ananias ? A copy of that letter (as it so deeply concerns thee) I now send—earnestly hoping thou wilt explain the many wonders therein detailed, and others we daily hear, respecting the Nazarene and his disciples—but more particularly, and faithfully, the terrific matters relating to thyself ! Of thee alone, Cartaphilus, I would know all ; and that, too, in thy calmest moments, if such now can be thine—and also with thy strictest candour : for, if Artemas be not somewhat frenzied, I grieve to learn the extremity of thy measures against those strange people, who for some years past have so greatly

*Reproof of  
Cartaphilus.*

\* At this place, a *hiatus* occurs in the Polychronicon—and of course in the *Personal* Chronicles,—Cartaphilus having been too wretched to make any record of his thoughts, or doings. Some letters, however, written by his friends, are preserved ; and these sufficiently reveal the continuity of those deeply interesting events, that were daily and almost hourly expanding the views of many, in regard to that most remarkable of all personages, **JESUS** ; who, as we have seen, had been so much connected with the public thought ; and which thought had now been stimulated to the highest point of excitement by the **RESURRECTION** ! Cartaphilus does not resume his pen until after the **PENTECOSTAL** day, which then corresponded to our Sunday, May 16th,—it being the 7th of the Hebrew month *Sivan*—that is, just *fifty* days after Easter Sunday, or the Resurrection-day.

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Artemas reveals all—Mourning over Cartaphilus.

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agitated Jerusalem, and indeed all of Israel. And especially I would know the truth of what Artemas hath but conjectured, though strongly, that thou hast collocated with one Judas, called the Scariot, to betray this Jesus! Now, though Artemas (the noblest youth of Galilee) befriends the Nazarene, and greatly more than thou, or I can do, as Sadducees; yet would I not for much fine gold have had *thee* among his slayers. It ill becometh him who seeks the fair daughter of one of Judah's rulers, (though that father be now himself an exile in refuge) to league with a *traitor* and base violator of private faith—for such this Judas surely is, however guilty of death this *son of Joseph*, and no Messiah, may have been. Priscilla, who hath ever been thy advocate and warm friend, mourns sorely over this ugly suspicion; and will the more if not disproved by thee—and Rebecca, whom thou hast wooed with so much devotion and tenderness, would have hourly strengthened in her love towards thee, and, even as Jerusalem's daughters were wont to do in ancient days, she would have now brought to her Cartaphilus a heart as truly thine, as if created alone for thee,—or, as if, with Adam, taken out of thee! But now, alas! her virgin love that hath dawned so kindly upon thee, will depart for ever, unless thou art indeed spotless of this charge! Often have we feared thy hot and hasty humours would betray thee into some signal harm: and though thy zeal ever towards us, and especially while here in refuge, hath been that of a devoted son, and our love towards thee very great: yet, should these foul reports be confirmed, thou, Cartaphilus, hast *lost* that love; for thou hast gone too far—quite too far for thine, and for our honour!

**W**hat hath been so painfully announced to us by Artemas, was done by him more in friendship towards thee, than of anger—and no way in rivalry for my daughter's love—great as that is; for the excellent youth would win her love by no such means; and this is manifest, as well from his known generosity in all things, as from the letter itself,—in which he reveals only what is known, or vehemently suspected; and all with deep grief for thee,—and, moreover, with no intent that aught he had written should ever be disclosed to other eyes than mine. But, my Cartaphilus, a parent's and a husband's duty alike forbade me to conceal any portion of this sad matter; nay, even the public *suspicion* thereof, however causeless or idle it may have been. And further, as thou dost so fondly dote upon my priceless daughter, and she so artlessly revealed to her mother the great preference for thee over thy more wealthy friend, I could not (merely in deference to the pure and honourable wishes of Artemas, who, to thee, is as Jonathan was to David) withhold from spouse and daughter what concerns us all so much,—and, for so doing, I must make my peace with him—leaving unto

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 Rabbi Eben-Ezra to Cartaphilus.
 

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thee the duteous task of removing from thy character the heavy stain that rests on it from all the circumstances,—and which, I mourn to say, seem so largely against thee. Frankly, then, do I declare unto thee, it will demand on thy part clearest proof of innocence, wouldst thou win back what thy seeming guilt hath so recklessly cast away! Remember, Cartaphilus, a woman's chaste and tender love—her pure and spotless soul, shrink with horror from bloodshed for any cause: what then, if willingly and causelessly spilled, especially, too, when done through private revenge, and with breach of holiest friendship?—and to this full extent doth the suspicion run against thee, and thy coadjutor: for, though *thou* didst owe the Nazarene no friendly allegiance, *Judas* truly did,—and *that* thou must have known. Remember, likewise, O Cartaphilus, that Rebecca hath not yet attained the full-blown excellencies of womanhood, whether of mind, or of person—she, but sixteen—and thou in ripened manhood. Hence was it (of the which thou shouldst have never been oblivious for a moment) that she looked upon thee, not with *love* alone, but with much *confidence*; and such love is ever the strongest and most abiding, as based on trust and high respect; and yet is it ever the easiest blotted out, when, from any cause, that respect, or confidence, is once shaken. Of what avail would all thy knowledge prove—thy many gifts of mind—thy honourable birth; nay, were even thy large estates (so unjustly wrested from thee, almost at thy natal hour) now fully restored unto thee; of what avail, I say, were all these, and more, if the young heart shrinks with involuntary dread from *plotted* murder, and unholy consort with such as Judas? In person, my Cartaphilus, we all know thee as beautiful as was David, when reposing on the verdant banks of Bethlehem's limpid streams, and rejoicing in the Almighty's voice! In human learning, also, I know thee, for thy years, to be justly and much praised: but alas! what are all these, I ask again, to a young maiden who values alone the pure heart, the refined soul, and all the tender feelings—so like her own? I therefore declare to thee in truth, again, that if the suspected things be confirmed, Rebecca will never be thine, were it even possible for her parents to view thee more kindly. Look to it, then, Cartaphilus! and relieve our anxious suspense—and withhold nothing, for thine, our, and Rebecca's sake.

I must also tell thee, in candour, that my daughter, since thy alleged dealing with Judas, now ponders much, and with many tears, over the *mystery* attendant on thy birth; and likewise upon the strange words, said to have been uttered in the Temple, by the unfortunate Nazarene;—as to the former of which, she has often heard crude and silly rumours—till now in no wise heeded. But,

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 Rabbi Eben-Ezra to Cartaphilus.
 

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when suspicion once hath admiffion into the foul, things before unheeded become of moment : and now the maiden (though fuperftitious, as women moftly are) doth fo fhrewdly argue this matter with us, that I, no lefs than my Priscilla, have naught wherewith to banifh fears, left thy parents' marvellous dreams concerning thee, (but of which thou haft fpoken to us only in lightfome mood) may ftill have *some bearing* upon thy now condition !—Can this be fo ?

**A**rtemas has not yet told us what became of this Jefus—his letter being written late on the very night of his betrayal to the Sanhedrim. If not now too late, we all conjure thee, as thou wouldft hope for happinefs, haften to *save him*, and whether in aught thou haft contributed with Judas, or not. Remember that this domeftic treason of that difciple—and for *money*, as they fay, was fo foul in *him*, that it muft needs greatly foil *thy* honour, as well as confcience, if fo it be that thou *haft* spurred on, or conftented to the deed. Had the Sanhedrim, by fair means, gained the Nazarene's perfon, and thou (as every Jew of right may do) hadft merely feen that he were dealt with as our holy laws require, then wouldft thou have been but as one in a multitude, with none to condemn thy act—none to point at *thee* as a hated traitor, nor at the *act* as odious treason !

**B**ut, my Cartaphilus, I will no longer aggravate thy mifery ; for miserable muft thou be, if time thou haft had to remember any thing.

**I**f thou haft been fo rafh, and fo unfeeling to thyfelf and us, as to connect thy name and deftiny with that bafe and faithlefs 'Scariot, be fure that thou, as well as he, will deeply lament it : for, even I, (the unwilling inftrument of the death that placed me here in refuge) have not been happy fince. Prefs this matter, then, no further ; but ufe thy utmoft endeavour to undo, if poffible, what thou haft done : and fail not to refcue the Nazarene from his peril, if not already the Sanhedrim's victim.

**F**rom Artemas I fhall hear again anon, and truft from thee alfo, very foon ; and oh, if poffible, relieve our anxieties. *Fare thee well.*  
EBEN-EZRA.

The following is the letter of Artemas above alluded to. *Edit.*

Artemas to Eben-Ezra.

## LETTER VII.

ARTEMAS TO RABBI EBEN-EZRA [*now of Ramoth Gilead*].JERUSALEM. *Seleu.* 347. *Nisan* 15th, 8th hour. [Thursday,  
2 o'clock at night, March 26th, A. D. 35]

HANKS to the God of Jacob! this night of unearthly horrors is nearly spent,—the *fourth* watch is nigh at hand; and yet my wearied eyelids have known no sleep. *The Night of the Gethsemane Treason.*  
O, *Night* of fearful presages—such as

Israel never saw! canst thou be followed by a *Day* of calm—or will tired nature cease to breathe, and therewith the sons of men expire? The skies are yet in pitchy mantles—in solid and unnatural blackness, as if the glorious sun could never shine again! Forked lightnings, as if from the Throne of God, alone do pierce the heavy clouds, so lightless, in themselves, that they seem born of profoundest Hell, and as if no beams of former days are now permitted to remain within them! Our Holy Salem also, like a troubled sea, is, even at this late hour, still in violent commotion; and will find repose, if ever, as slowly as the waters that raged around the Ark of Noë!

The wonderful Nazarene hath been violently taken, at a late hour this night, by the orders of our Great Sanhedrim, aided by the foul treachery of a disciple—one Judas! And it will deeply grieve thee (and hereafter those around thee) to hear that it is now much rumoured, and on good authority, that our dearest friend Cartaphilus has rashly leagued himself with this Judas in the treason, so foul and odious, as being against all trust and sacred friendship! At my friend's entreaty, I had hastened from Cæsaria here to Jerusalem, on the very day after the Nazarene had made triumphal entry into the Holy City, amidst the loud "Hosannahs to the Son of David," that were proclaimed by thousands!

The cause of rooted anger in our Cartaphilus is, that the Nazarene (I would say with *miraculous* power, else why not resisted?) had expelled from the Temple's courts, all who so long have defecrated them by mammon's traffics—and Cartaphilus with the rest. From that moment, oh, my Rabbi, he made his terrible vow of vengeance; and added his *corban*! These, in spite of my most urgent, nay weeping entreaties, he doth still persist in; and seems intent upon the fierce purpose of sacrificing the Nazarene, and, perhaps, his early followers! Whether, or no, he *hath* so conspired with Judas, or with any other, I cannot of a certainty

## The Night of the Gethsemane Treason.

tell thee, as I questioned him not upon that point,—but rumour is rife to that effect; and his own words, together with the letter that summoned me here, do greatly countenance the tale. He hath, moreover, admitted to me his urging of Pilate, (with whom he now resides!) also his desire to see Herod thereon, who hath just arrived, attendant upon the Passover—and likewise, you will bear in mind that Cartaphilus was absent from the palace most of this night, having reached his apartment fatigued, and with haggard looks, only after the Roman Cohort had returned from Gethsemane with the captive Jesus!

All these matters, my Rabbi, have I closely and painfully watched during all this night of such unnatural darkness—a night, so full of disturbance in the elements, as seemed in harmony with nothing else than deeds of treachery and moral darkness! And now, oh my Eben-Ezra, I do pray thee to read for thyself the signs of these wonderful times: for, if *nature* hath been with thee at Ramoth, as it surely hath been all this night at Jerusalem, (and doubtless this was the case) what else could have caused this frowning of the elements, but the heavy shock the world of morals—nay the religion of our forefathers—has received in this hideous, this loathing act of destroying so great a prophet?—one, moreover, who hath wrought (and none can deny it) more works of mercy, more palpable miracles, and taught us wiser precepts, than even the holiest prophets of all the olden times!

Thou, my Rabbi, even during this night, mayest have reposed in deep sleep, and have witnessed nought of the marvels *seen* and *heard* and *felt* of me: but I declare to thee that this night hath been a counterfeit of all that Gehenna can have within itself—so frequent with blackness, then so pierced by unnatural lightnings and nauseating smells, and anon with hoarse and distant sounds, that, like the lamentings of the remotest Tophet, they seem permitted only feebly to break their bounds, and to reach our earth in such low and piteous moanings!

This, good Rabbi, can be no fancy of a feverish brain—no crude vision of a sleepless night—no emanation of a foul digestion; oh no, for my coming here from Cæsaria was only on a service of kindness and of judgment; my health was perfect, and no visions by day, nor horrid dreams by night have disturbed me,—but all hath been a succession of terrific realities! My eyelids, this night, could not be closed, as nature during all the watches, and to the present hour, has been in the same way tossed: 'tis diseased at heart, and so out of its wonted course, that powers celestial and terrene, as well as those of the wicked demons, seem all shaken to their very depths: and yet, oh my Rabbi, all this with no violent and destructive abruptions,—but with a shrinking and shuddering,

## The Night of the Gethsemane Treason.

equally dreadful, and far more loathing! Had earthquakes come upon us, or flooding torrents poured unceasingly; had raging clouds encompassed us, and forked lightnings darted through them,—or, had sheets of fire lighted up the skies from horizon to horizon—all this would have been as in course of nature, and such as our eyes have sometimes witnessed: but, in this *misshapen* night, the elements, and man—beasts and birds, yea all that *breathes*, and all *mute* natures, seem equally sick, and so diseased, that none have been moved in *customary* ways; and hence, good Rabbi, more exhausted am I in heart, and worn out in strength, than if contending for days with toils and perils through nature's known and ordinary convulsions! But it demands even more than all this to rouse some minds, who dread nothing but those loud, and immediate ravages of nature, that must soon exterminate!—and even this they may soon have, if the *death* of that wonderful man shall follow his now imprisonment: then may Jerusalem and the persecutors of this Nazarene witness, not a fullen and bewildering gloom, and such other fearful though remote manifestations, as of this night, but the fiery vengeance and destructive power of an Almighty and much offended God! Remember, oh my Rabbi, that the Nazarene—be he God—or his Angel—or, even Beelzebub—hath declared expressly, that Israel's life is now nearly spent; that Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles; and that He is the only Shiloh that will ever come! If so, and all things seem to prove it, yet, how different is that coming, from the long-looked for “Emanuel”—the “Expectation of Ages”—the “Consolation of Israel!” And who is Emanuel? It meaneth, God *with us*!—that is, God *incarnated*, and dwelling among us! Now, my worthy Eben-Ezra, the Jews are much disappointed, and greatly troubled: but God sees not as we see; and hence, though so full of difficulty, we must not marvel unto total unbelief, if the Shiloh of *our weak* and sinful imaginings doth so greatly differ from the one he hath vouchsafed to send—if this Jesus be indeed that Emanuel! And yet I am free to confess to thee, I do not *now* perceive (*if he to death submits*) the cause or use of his coming,—except, that his doctrines and precepts and holy example were such, as man heretofore never imagined. All is truly a mystery, and quite too deep for me:—a *man*, endued with the powers of a *God*, and yet marked by the feebleness and gentleness of a *child*!—a man, healing the diseases of *others*, and saving them, and yet himself a victim of the basest treachery!—an *Emanuel*, hoped for through ages,—and, when he cometh, dies as a *malefactor*! These are indeed things *hard* to be understood! the future may, and alone can explain them; and, though these sorely press upon me, I declare unto thee, good Rabbi, that still the claims of Jesus to

## Trial of JESUS before Pilate.

the Messiahship appear to me to be such, that their *rejection* is still harder:\*

**I** pray thee to let no other eye than thine rest upon this letter. It is not meet that thy spouse or the gentle Rebecca, should see it.

**K**nowing thy solicitude to be early informed of all that is passing in these strange times, I have striven to banish, for a time, the horrors that yet hang upon all nature without these palace walls, and thus to dedicate myself to thee.

**T**his epistle is sent in all haste, by the tabellarius Ananias; who will scarce be able to tarry for thy answer. FARE-THEE-WELL.  
ARTEMAS.

## LETTER VIII.

ARTEMAS TO PRISCILLA, OF RABBI EBEN-EZRA, AT SYCHAR.



**Y**OU have often expressed an ardent desire, my excellent Priscilla, to know of me all that I have seen and heard respecting the individual whose crucifixion, near two months ago, has so greatly agitated all, and deeply grieved the few, who place their faith in him as the true SHILOH, that was to come.

**I** know not how to write to thee of such events, so full of cruelty and of matchless wickedness, as well as of unnatural and persevering blindness: nor doth heart or mind know how to deal with an event, which, till now never had a name, since man never before conceived even the thought of DEICIDE! My pen trembles as, for the first time, it indites this word—more hideous than letters before could fashion; and my soul recoils at the first clear conception my troubled mind hath had of it, since the fatal hour the more than diabolic crime was executed!

**B**efore I commence my terrific and melancholy narrative, I would say a word of Cartaphilus—as also of thy late joyful release from the pains of refuge at Ramoth-Gilead.

**I** mourn to tell thee that, since the dread scene upon Calvary, and the yet more affounding events that followed, Cartaphilus hath been little seen of any,—seems reckless and nearly stultified; and, as I fear, will pass either into a more confirmed wickedness, or into

\* These difficulties were removed from Artemas, when, at the Pentecostal day, the messiahship was completed, by the coming of that Holy Spirit that had been promised by Jesus. Such difficulties were then, and now are, natural to man; and are never resolved, but by the influences of the same Spirit, either gradually, or somewhat suddenly, as is doubtless sometimes the case, even at the present day.

## Trial of JESUS before Pilate.

hopeless madness! And yet, at times, he revives; but only to manifest an obstinate pride of opinion, a flimsy endeavour to smother conscience, and to convince himself and others, that the Nazarene must have been Satan's, and not God's messenger: so that I have little hope of any change in him for the better—or, rather, that it *can come soon*. If, therefore, his course be persisted in, I dread to say, we must be for ever separate!

I was rejoiced to hear of thy release from the City of Refuge,—which, as I learned, was speedily effected through the exertions of our (still in this respect) dear Cartaphilus: who, whilst he was plotting ruin to himself, so generously laboured for thee and thine, with *wickedness in high places*,—and prevailed upon Caiaphas and Philo to amortise thy sentence. Would that the means of thy discharge had been more worthy than these two infamous men; though one, the high-priest, the other, a renowned senator of our Sanhedrim! But, thanks to Abraham! thou, and those so dear to thee, are now wholly free of them, such as they are. And greatly pleased am I, also, to hear of thee all at *Sychar*—a lovely spot, as I well remember, near the foot of Mount Ebâl—a place that must never fade from my memory; as it was in its vicinity that I witnessed the ever-awakening act of grace, and of divine power, wrought by Jesus on the ten Lepers—which first caused in me the will, and afterwards the ability, to inquire more concerning him.

And now to my mournful task, of informing thee of the events you so earnestly seek to know, as happened since the morning of Nisan's fifteenth day.

*Proceedings  
before Pilate.*

At the dawn of that day (the terrors of the preceding night of which, were detailed by me in my then letter to the good Rabbi) I followed Cartaphilus into the balcony of the Prætorium. Cæsaria, upon the coast, is, as thou well knowest, Pilate's usual residence: but, during the festivals, in consequence of the great multitude then assembled at Jerusalem, he visits the palace of the Prætorium; and there, in retired apartments, Cartaphilus, as Pilate's chamberlain, and I, as the guest of my friend, had spent the by-gone night of wretchedness.

An awful multitude had assembled at early dawn, in view of the balcony—the Jews being very generally unwilling to enter *within* the domain of any heathen. They soon began to vociferate for Pilate's presence,—and for judgment upon the Nazarene. The Procurator early appeared, and ordered his moveable Tribunal to be placed on the mosaic pavement of the Prætorium's Court; for that there he would make inquiry concerning the nature of the accusation.

He then demanded from the Tribunal, to know of the Jews the extent of the charge they had against Jesus; and why they had

## Tria of Jesus before Pilate—Herod Antipas.

called for *his* interference. Cartaphilus then stepped forth, and said, "Most noble Pilate, the Jews have doubted in their Sanhedrim, as touching this matter, seeing that this Jesus is accused, as well of *blasphemy* against our holy religion, as of *sedition* and rebellion against thee, Rome's Vicegerent! We have also found this man perverting the nation with his doctrines, and, in effect, forbidding to give tribute unto Cæsar, in that he saith he is Christ, a *king*!"

Pilate, thereupon, retired into the palace, where Jesus was, and interrogated him. The Nazarene denied not that he was King of the Jews! This greatly surprised and troubled Pilate; but the governor was soon relieved by Jesus himself, who plainly stated that *his kingdom was not of this world*; and, therefore, did not interfere with that of Cæsar: and further, that the object of his coming was to establish TRUTH! Pilate then returned to the Tribunal, and declared to the accusers that he had found in their prisoner nothing worthy of death. "Take ye him, therefore," said he, "and judge him according to thine own laws." But the Jews grew very fierce, and said that, perhaps, it was not *now* lawful for them to put a man to death; and that Jesus had excited sedition among the people, even from Galilee unto Jerusalem. Pilate again retired into the palace, and asked Jesus whether the things whereof the Jews accused him were true—"Art thou, indeed, king of the Jews?" The Nazarene answered, "Thou sayest it—and to that end was I born, and for that cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness unto the TRUTH. Every one who is of this TRUTH heareth my voice. If my kingdom were of *this* world, then would my servants fight for me, and rescue me from the Jews—but now my kingdom is *peaceful*, and not from hence." Pilate, confounded by these sayings, and by the Nazarene's frequent allusion to "*Truth*,"—and supposing it to be some subtle doctrine of the philosophers, or, possibly, of the Essenes, said unto him, "WHAT IS TRUTH?"—but, before he could receive a reply, he hastened once more to the Tribunal, and declared "*I find in this man no fault at all*." The multitude now became yet more enraged,—often crying out that Jesus was "a seditious Galilean"—well knowing that Pilate was much prejudiced against those people. At length Pilate becoming desirous to free himself from passing any sentence; and being equally disposed to render Herod some compliment (they having so lately made up their quarrel) bethought himself of sending Jesus unto him; who, as Tetrarch of Galilee, might well judge the cause: the prisoner, therefore, was forthwith sent unto Herod, who then was residing in another division of the Prætorium.

Herod, who had often heard of his father's dealing towards the infant Jesus, and likewise of the INNOCENTS whom he had

## Trial of JESUS before Pilate—Herod Antipas.

destroyed, in endeavouring to slay the supposed aspirant to the throne; and remembering, moreover, that this very Jesus had been intimately associated with the Baptist, JOHN, whom he himself had beheaded, readily accepted the Procurator's offer. It seems, however, that this was done of Herod, more with a view of testing Jesus' power of working miracles, and also of gratifying an idle curiosity by Herod's asking him many questions, than from any desire to take efficient cognizance of the cause. Jesus, without doubt, perceived this, and disappointed the weak and arrogant tetrarch, in both respects; for he neither wrought any miracle, nor would he condescend even a reply to his many questions! Herod being greatly incensed at this, and hearing him styled, in derision, "*King of the Jews*" by the vile rabble that attended him, joined in that cruel sport; and insulted his claims to royalty, by clothing him in tattered garments, as a mock king!—and, thus arrayed, he sent him back, in the midst of the taunting multitude, once more to Pilate!

On his return to the Prætorium, the Procurator seemed yet the more anxious to be discharged from the painful importunity of the Jews; and especially now, as his wife had again renewed her entreaties that Pilate should "*have nothing more to do with that just man; for that she had dreamed concerning him, and had been much troubled thereat.*" Pilate thereupon proposed that his *customary* release of a criminal at the Feast-day, should now be extended by him as a boon to Jesus: but the chief priests and the elders incontinently intervened, and urged the people in no wise to consent to this; and to insist upon the release of *Barabbas*, who stood condemned for murder, and also for sedition!—whereupon they violently cried out, "*Let Barabbas be free, and Jesus crucified!*" Expostulation with the insensate multitude now seemed utterly vain,—and, as a tumult was likely to ensue, Pilate's feeble resolutions gave way, and he yielded to their wishes, though with inward reluctance. Now, to manifest his own opinion of the Nazarene's purity, he openly washed his hands, declaring aloud, "*I am innocent of the blood of this just person.*"

To this the Jews cried out, as with one voice,

"HIS BLOOD BE UPON US, AND UPON OUR CHILDREN!"

Terrific imprecation! Who may not live to witness its *beginning*—and what ages may not endure before its termination?

Still, Pilate revived somewhat; and made one more effort to save the lowly Nazarene. He then brought Jesus fully out, for the first time, before them,—loaded with chains—exhausted from want of sleep, and by the many cruelties practised on him during the past miserable night. And, as Pilate approached the multitude, he exclaimed with a loud voice,

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"



## The Condemnation of JESUS.

—hoping thereby to move them to pity! But, as vain would be the hope to calm the voracious hyæna, by removing from its *open* jaws its favourite prey, as to extract *pity* from such a mass of human depravity! The more Pilate urged, the more did the air resound with the hideous shouts,

“CRUCIFY HIM—CRUCIFY HIM!”

But Pilate once more exclaimed, and with tremblings upon his lips,

“*I find no fault at all in him!*”

The Jews, to their surprise and great vexation, seeing their governor thus resolute, fell back once more upon their *first* charge,—and said that, however it might be as to the matter of *sedition*, the Jewish law awarded death for *blasphemy*—and that Jesus had declared himself to be the SON OF GOD! This new turn given to the case seemed, however, for a time, as if it would have saved the now silent and submissive Nazarene: for Pilate again communed with him in the palace; and with great solicitude desired to be informed what the Jews meant by his claiming to be the Son of God?—“*Who art thou—whence dost thou proceed?*” To this, no reply being made, the governor admonished Jesus that life, or death, might depend upon his answer: but the Nazarene mildly said, “*Thou hast thy power only by divine permission: and yet, he who delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin.*”

Again Pilate returned to the people, apparently resolved to discharge the wonderful prisoner! But alas! the people had still in reserve one appeal more—they *knew their man*, and cried out,

“*If thou let this Nazarene go, THOU art no friend unto CÆSAR!*”

Pilate trembled greatly, and a crowd of fears seemed to have rushed impetuously upon his mind. Unto the Jews the emperor Tiberius is well known—they remembered his great jealousy of power, and also how truly powerful he is: and Pilate equally well knew all this; and likewise how wily and persevering would be the multitude's complaints against him, should he in the least countenance any one even suspected of treason against Roman supremacy.

Jesus then, for the second time, was summoned into the presence of his accusers, and before the tribunal on which Pilate stood; who merely said,

“TAKE YE HIM AND CRUCIFY HIM.”

Thus did the fear of man greatly exceed man's fear of God!

I must now, O Priscilla, say farewell unto thee—but will soon continue my narrative to its melancholy conclusion—and afterwards unto the present hour.

ARTEMAS.

## LETTER IX.

ARTEMAS TO PRISCILLA, OF EBEN-EZRA.

CÆSARIA, *Sivan*, 3rd day. [Wednesday,  
12th May, A.D. 35.]

N eye-witness of such a scene as the Crucifixion of Jesus, must ever have it present to his view—no time can erase it from his memory—no events of busy life, no toils, nor griefs, nor worldly pleasures can subdue its stern realities—but it is ever deeply seated within his mind—irrevocably engraved upon his heart! And yet, my Priscilla, thou hast imposed upon me an arduous task, one from which my pen convulsively recoils, and from which my soul would fain retire into thoughtful and weeping silence.

*The Crucifixion Procession.*

To a mind as pure as thine, and so tender, I neither hope, nor desire to impart a lively picture of the odious scene upon Calvary, one as unnatural, as it was truly hideous; nor shall I attempt it, lest too much pain should follow. But all the ugly lineaments being sketched for thee, thy own innocent imagination, guided by thy generous and feeling heart, which revolts at all injustice even to God's lowest creatures, must supply the rest, and temper that tragic picture to thy *own* endurance.

Had the Nazarene been a wild and pestiferous fanatic, nay even a gross impostor, our countrymen were still, in his case, foul murderers: for the death was unutterably cruel—their previous dealing towards him that of fiends, and the motives that actuated them anything but a vindication of our holy and justly venerated laws. But, dear Priscilla, if that mysterious Being were no fanatic—were no impostor; if a just and holy man—if a prophet—if the Messiah—ah, if an *embodied God!* who is the mortal that dare, with unveiled eyes, contemplate the thought, and whose the pen that can attempt more than its most feeble delineation? Thou wilt, then, readily absolve me from a larger undertaking—for such belongs not to *language*, but must be left to that inward imagination and unembodied thought, found only in unfulfilled souls, when sweetly musing, and raised, for a time, by piety above all earthly distractions. My task, then, is briefly to state the extraordinary and melancholy events that have moved all Jerusalem with thrilling wonder, and filled an humble few with the deepest grief—a few, which, as I truly believe with the sage Gamaliel, can never be suppressed,—no, not even by Rome's supremest power, and Israel's boundless wickedness, if so it be, that the Nazarene is more than Moses and the

## Death by the Cross described.

Prophets, yea, if more than mortal!—and that he claimed so to be, who can doubt? Now, though the feeble plant left by Him, and as sustenance for his chosen disciples, hath yet scarcely taken root, and for a time may cast no shade; still it may eventually become a forest of goodly trees,—under whose umbrageous foliage generations yet unborn may seek repose, and delight to nourish their new-born faith, with the waters flowing from living fountains of Eternal Truth! This expectation, my excellent friend, comes over my mind from no gift of prophecy in me; for it needs none, in any one, to foretel that this *must* come to pass, if Jesus unjustly died;—since no *medium* can exist in Him, whose whole course hath been that of, either an arch-impostor, and Satan's most favoured agent—or, (and what he professed to be) God's own beloved Son—the Expectation of many ages, and for whose coming Israel hath so long sighed!

*Death by the Cross.* **B**ut Jesus, as you have heard, died by CRUCIFIXION! I know not how the gentleness of thy sex

can fully conceive the uncompromising *disgrace*, and the unutterable *agony* of death by the *Cross*—a mode of execution at once the most shameful and cruel that could be devised, even by Roman sagacity and fierceness!

**P**ossibly to thee, even the *form* of this instrument of death may be wholly unknown. It is composed of two parts, an upright beam called the *tree*, scarce twice the height of man, which is firmly planted in the earth,—and of a *transverse beam*, of nearly equal length, inferted into the tree, near its upper end—the former, to receive the body—the latter, for the extended arms. The body's entire weight is suspended on the cross by three spikes, one driven through the palm of each hand, and the third through both feet, which are thus forced to lap over each other! Can human, or even diabolic ingenuity have contrived a more artful mode of gradually extinguishing life, in unmitigated torture, than this?—the blood of life scarcely impeded in its flow—the body unsustained, except by the three spikes, which agonize every nerve and muscle of the four limbs—the head without support!—and thus hangs the poor sufferer, until agonized and exhausted nature slowly sinks into death!!

**S**o gradually mortal, though with all its tortures, is this mode of death known to be, that intoxicating drinks are sometimes given to the wretched victim; more, however, from the impatience of his executioners, than from any humane desire to deaden the feelings of the sufferer: for, if life endures more than a day, death is often hastened by suffocation; but, if signal and cruel revenge be uppermost, some hours are allowed to remain for the victim's convulsive and hideous struggles between life and death!

## The Curse of Cartaphilus.

Excuse me, my valued friend, for this detail of man's ferocity towards man!—what beast more savage—what cruelty more relentless—what satanic devices more artful than those of man, in all his contrivances of hatred, when he hath not known, or regards not the God of Abraham! *Mind* without a *heart*, dear Priscilla, makes the artful and powerful demon, and becomes even more terrific than the enraged and famished beast of the desert—or than the poor maniac, who, though his heart be ever so malignant, yet lacks the mind to digest and skilfully execute his cruelty. But, to proceed with my sad detail.

On the instant that Pilate uttered the fatal words, "*Take ye him, and crucify him,*" execution was in preparation. No moment was permitted to intervene, that Jesus might fortify himself against the miseries soon to follow—no time given for an affectionate farewell to his mother, and to the few who so greatly loved him; but the *transverse beam*, as is customary, was placed upon his shoulders; and he walked amidst the rude scoffings of unfeeling soldiers from a foreign nation—those whom the Jews call *dogs*—and of the still more brutal and fiendish rabble of the Jewish multitude, who more specially fought his life, whilst the motley, and in part gorgeous PROCESSION FOR CALVARY, marched slowly and circuitously through much of the City, passing first down the *Millo* then around the *Hippodrome*, thence by the dwellings of the *Nethemins*, then past the *Asuppin Gates* of our Holy Temple! And here, in derision, the procession halted for a moment, that the Nazarene might redeem his imputed word, by destroying the goodly House, and rebuilding it in three days! From thence the procession marched round the *Antonia*; and finally reached the main street that leads directly through the Great Western, or Valley Gate, to Calvary.

But, shortly before this mixed multitude had reached the gate, an incident occurred, so extraordinary and mysterious, as greatly disturbed me then, and far more since I have had time to meditate upon it,—as it so deeply concerns our still beloved Cartaphilus! As we entered the street leading to the Valley Gate, the crowd of spectators became so immense as to press sorely upon the procession. The house-tops, moreover, were filled with people of all sexes, conditions, ages, and countries; for it was well known the Victim must pass that way, and many of the thousands who, only five days before, had shouted Hosannahs to this very Jesus, as David's son, were now venting their fiercest anathemas on the Nazarene, as a miserable impostor!

Jesus (who during the previous night at Gethsemane, and until his appearance before Pilate, and afterwards before the wily and mocking Herod) had endured every indignity which coarse and cruel minds could inflict, was now seen groaning under the heavy

*The Curse of  
Cartaphilus.*

The Curse of Cartaphilus—Vastness of the multitude.

burden of the Cross he was obliged to bear : and nature being almost exhausted in him, he gradually slackened his pace, and then nearly stopped ! At that moment, my eye and ear caught Cartaphilus. I hastened towards the spot, and distinctly heard him thus address the unhappy Nazarene !

“GO FASTER JESUS, GO FASTER—WHY DOST THOU LINGER ?”

Jesus mildly answered,

“I, INDEED, AM GOING—BUT THOU SHALT TARRY TILL I COME !”

Cartaphilus uttered not a word ; but, as one suddenly withered, his uplifted sword instantly sank by his side : he gazed wildly upon the crowd—gave a loud and unnatural shriek, and hastily disappeared ! In a moment after, Jesus sank to the earth—the beam fell from his shoulder—the procession stopped, and it then seemed as if the Cross was to be instantly robbed of its hated victim.

The soldiers, however, seized upon one *Simon*, a Cyrenian, supposing him (and perhaps with truth) to be one of the New Faith ; and hence placed the beam upon his shoulders ; which, to my no small joy, he willingly received.\*

I then looked around for Cartaphilus ; but he was no where to be seen. The words that Jesus hath uttered were still ringing in my ears—and deeply affect me, as they seem of no ordinary import, and as if they shadow forth something momentous respecting the already sufficiently mysterious life of our friend : and so Cartaphilus would think, judging him, as I do, from his deportment when thus spoken to, and his misery since. I have not ventured yet to speak to him on this portentous incident : he certainly was not on Calvary ; and where he was during the terrific scenes that followed I wot not, but must soon learn ; and shall not fail to make it known to thee.

*Vastness of the multitude.* The procession was once more in motion : and, as it passed the gate, another incident occurred, equally remarkable, but evidently of more extensive application, than the one we so specially mourn.

\* This conjecture of Artemas proved correct. Simon had probably just come from the country, as others of Cyrene had, who heard of the melancholy proceedings of the preceding night, and also at the Prætorium on that day ; and, though but little acquainted with the Nazarene and his disciples, his heart had been with them ; and hence he followed the procession, and probably with grief upon his countenance. Simon has been thought by some to be the same as *Niger*, mentioned in the ACTS, as a teacher at Antioch. He was certainly the father of Alexander and of Rufus, afterwards noted Christians : and it is said that Simon became bishop of Boston, and suffered martyrdom. It will scarce be necessary to add, that the incident here recorded, as to Cartaphilus, is to be found only in the well-known tradition respecting the “Wandering Jew.”

## Vastness of the multitude.

You, my valued friend, have often witnessed the miscellaneous, and almost innumerable crowds, that annually visit the Holy City during our great festivals, especially that of the Passover. Israel's sons and daughters, whithersoever dispersed by the various accidents, or business of life, or, wherever carried, in times past, by the judgments of the King of Kings,—as also the proselytes from whatever faith, or region, have always endeavoured, as you know, to resort to Zion's Temple, once, at least, during life—there to pay their deep homage, and to swell the proud and vast procession in honour of the only true and revealed Jehovah.

At our late passover, the very ends of the earth seemed to have poured forth their myriads! Kings, princes, and rulers of every rank—sages and soldiers—rich and poor—bond and free,—the Jews of the icy North—Ishmael's sons from beyond Horeb—those of Misraim, beyond Nile's furthest sources—the sun-burnt Ethiopians—many of our Babylonian countrymen,—in fine, Scythians and Idumeans, Mesopotamians and Greeks, Romans and Arabians, of the blessed faith of Abraham—also learned Rabbins from India on this side, and beyond the Ganges, nay those from even the remotest *Seres* in the far East, and of the Britons, in the far West, were all there assembled; and Jerusalem thus became, for the time, the most populous of known cities!\*

Most of this astonishing multitude were in some way attendant

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\* The number assembled has been estimated, by some, at more than *three millions*! This is regarded by Cartaphilus as no great exaggeration; but still, beyond the fact if it be meant that such was ever the population of Jerusalem at any one time. But that the City and its environs, during all the days of the passover, may have had even 3,000,000, is possible, and even not improbable; as doubtless, very many would depart after a single visit to the Temple, as the crowd must have been so excessive for so small a city, as Jerusalem, within the walls, is well known to have been. The circumference of the city scarcely exceeded one parasang, or about four and a half miles; and its customary population perhaps did not exceed 150,000: but so attractive were the ceremonies of the Passover, as to summon Israel's faithful people from the furthest regions, so as to swell the multitude to an astonishing degree. We have, indeed, the means of knowing with considerable accuracy the number; as *Cestius Gallus*, a procurator of Judea, close on these times, being desirous to ascertain the probable number of worshippers at Jerusalem during their passover, (in order to impress the Emperor Nero with juster views of the strength of a people, whom that monarch was too much inclined to condemn) directed the High Priest to keep a register of all the sacrifices offered at the then ensuing festival. As a lamb was appropriated to each family, or rather to a number not less than ten, nor more than twenty, the 255,000 lambs, offered that year, at an average of only ten persons to the lamb, indicated the presence of more than two millions and a half of souls: so that, upon so extraordinary a passover, as that which preceded the Crucifixion, the number then in attendance during its continuance, may have amounted to three millions!—As to the people called *Seres*, some have regarded them as the Chinese; but erroneously, as Cartaphilus shows elsewhere.

Those who mourned for JESUS in the Proceffion.

on the death of Jesus! The streets were suffocated with the still increasing masses—the doors, windows, and house-tops with their living burden!

The proceffion itself was chiefly composed of the dissolute and reckless of our misguided people; whose hisses and blasphemies and imprecations were more terrible than I would clothe with language, or than even imagination can endure to portray; for Hades, yea even the Pandemonium of the Gentiles, could scarce have vomited forth more fitting instruments for the unholy purpose then in hand! And yet, my Priscilla, the Nazarene went not to the Cross *unwept*: a few faithful hearts attended him even there, but amidst foul insult and peril.

Here and there, in the mixed proceffion might be *heard* the deeply suppressed sigh, the irrepressible groan, the convulsive shudder; and might be also *seen* the tearful eye, the saddened countenance, the dismayed looks of those, whose faith survived (though much shaken) the sore disappointment of that wretched hour;—for, where was now the bright hope they had so fondly cherished, of a triumphant Messias—where such a hope in a *crucified* Shiloh—where the confidence of those who, as yet, had scarce conceived the idea of a glorious *resurrection* of a victim of the Cross! These silent tears, these inward and almost smothered lamentations at length burst forth; and oh, my friend! they came from gentler hearts than man's; for *we* are cast in a far ruder mould than *woman*.

Jesus, who had no ear for the thousand cries against himself, that at every moment rent the air, had yet an overflowing heart towards the few, who so much loved him. He turned to the women, and mournfully said, "*O Daughters of Jerusalem! Weep not for me—but for yourselves and your children. For lo! the days will come when the barren, and those who give no suck, will be the more blessed. Then will the people say to the mountains, Fall upon us; and to the hills, cover us! For, if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?*"—by which latter words, as I suppose, He meant that, if the Romans are now permitted by Heaven to be to Him, who is wholly innocent, so great a scourge, how much more so will they be to the Jews, when *their* cup of iniquity (now nearly full) shall soon overflow? So many words, prophetic of our nation's ruin, have been uttered at various times by this holy and wonderful man, that those which then were so plaintively addressed to a few of the weeping daughters of Israel, in the name of them all, went deeply into my heart.

Whilst the proceffion was making its slow and painful approach towards Calvary, my eye rested on *Mary*, wife of Cleophas, and near her was *Salomé*, wife of Zebedee; and also another *Mary*, formerly of Magdalà, and hence called Magdalene. Then came

## Procession to Calvary—Priestly Vestments.

*John*, the most beloved of the Lord's disciples—a fisherman of Bethsaida, and son of Salomè and Zebedee. On John's arm rested *MARY*, the holy and honoured mother of Him who was about to suffer. On one side of the Cyrenian, who carried the beam, was *NICODEMUS*, (the same whose renowned cousin Gamaliel, you well know; and who, I am pleased to say, took no part against Jesus)—and, on the other side of the cross-bearer, was the Arimathean *JOSEPH*. Next in order were *CAIAPHAS*, the High Priest—and likewise the wicked and odious *PHILO*,—both there, seemingly, as willing sentinels over the actions of the two preceding, as they in the Sanhedrim had so boldly espoused the cause of the persecuted Nazarene.

But, my excellent friend, my heart sank within me, and my indignation had nigh got the better of all discretion, when I beheld that notorious robber and Murderer, *Barabbas*, just then freed from his chains, marching triumphantly near the Cross-beam, and vociferously echoing the hideous cries of the insensate multitude! Oh Justice! whither hast thou fled—surely Jerusalem no longer knows thee, and our people regard not thy lovely mien,—else would they, though releasing *Barabbas*, and condemning Jesus, have still forbidden this foul murderer's presence: but no! Caiaphas and Philo, and *Barabbas*, with a thousand of *their* kind, were fitly associates there; and if so, then the holy women of Galilee, and the few other friends of the despised Bethlehemite, were there as *unnatural stars*, shining with dazzling brilliancy amidst clouds of terrific blackness!

The High Priest, by a long approved custom, may not wear his *sacred garments* abroad in the city, save when demanded by some holy, and fitting occasion—such as *Jaddua* esteemed it, when he went forth to meet the victorious Alexander of Macedonia, craving to impart and receive reciprocal testimonials of respect in regard to our holy religion—and these to be manifested in our long venerated Temple.

But Caiaphas and others, (on this now so different occasion—one, of all others, the least suited for such a display) appeared in the procession, clad in all the varied splendour of their sacerdotal vestments!—a base defecration, this, of habiliments peculiarly sacred, not only from their moral and typical uses, but chiefly from their having been fashioned after God's own pattern, and given to our Master Moses, not merely for "*glory and for beauty*," but as the Priests had been ordained "*to serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things*"—and hence also were the garments made for Aaron and his successors by those alone who were "*wise-hearted, and filled by God with the Spirit of Wisdom.*"\*

\* Exodus xxviii. 2.



## The Priestly Vestments described.

As it may not have been your lot to have witnessed, my good Priscilla, the High Priest and all his attendants, fully arrayed in their pontificals, and various other attire; I will now endeavour to describe them, as briefly as I well can, in order that you may the better comprehend how incongruous, nay, sacrilegious it was, for our ecclesiastics to be thus gorgeously decked, on such an occasion.

The vestments are of two kinds, and are eight in all. The first four are the "*plain vestments*," common to all the priests: the other four, from their extreme richness, are called the "*golden vestments*;" and are peculiar to the High Priest. The first of the plain vestments is called the *Michnese-badh*, or drawers; which reach from the loins to more than midway above the knees. It is made of the finest linen; and was probably unknown as a garment prior to its divine institution for the Jewish priesthood: nor has it to this been adopted, even by the refined and luxurious Romans, either for their people or their priests.\*

The second of these vestments has the name of *Chethoneth*; and is a coat, also made of fine linen. It reaches from round the neck, to near the feet, with sleeves as far as the wrist. This garment, of course, entirely covers the *Michnese-badh*.

The third of these habiliments is called the *Abnet*; and is a linen girdle, highly and curiously wrought with many colours. It extends around the waist and breast many times, giving support to the body, as also a more graceful form to the *Chethoneth*: and then being tied in a beautiful knot, the two ends hang down in a very ornamental way, almost to the feet. This girdle is often quite eighty cubits in length! is but a few inches wide, is wove double, or hollow, and always serves as a purse, or as a depository for other small articles.†

\* In confirmation of this opinion, vide Suetonius in Vita Jul. Cæs. cap. 82, and Mart. Epig. lib. iii. 24; it is, indeed, probable that drawers—trousers—breeches, or any covering for the thighs and legs, remained unknown to the Ketic and other barbarous nations, as well as to Greeks and Romans, and even to as late a period as the ninth or tenth century. A small tunic about the loins, which sometimes reached to the knees, came to be much used, however, by the Belgæ—and hence these people were often called *Braccæ*, as distinguished from those nations that had adopted the Roman toga; and who hence were called *Togatæ*. The *braccæ* being the name of this tunic for the loins, gave rise to our modern name "*breeches*;" but the *braccæ* was itself so called only from its red and chequered colour, as the word *brac* in the Gaëlic language has that signification; and not by any means either from the form, or the use of the garment itself.

† Eighty cubits are about 120 feet. It is probable the last folds, only, were wrought double, to serve as a purse, &c. Hence among the Romans, who also used a species of abnet, we find that the expression "*Zonam perdidit*" was equivalent to saying "he hath lost all"—or "he is insolvent."

## The Priestly Vestments—Plain—Golden.

The fourth, and last of the plain vestments, is the *Migbangnoth*, or head-dress, composed of a long slip of the finest linen, ingeniously folded and plaited round a cap suited to the head. It rises into a somewhat conical form; and differs from the *Mitre*, which is not only broader, and more curiously and beautifully folded, but is generally composed of much richer materials, as being destined solely for the high-priest, which the *Migbangnoth* is never.

The Golden Vestments, also four in number, are peculiar to the High-Priest; and being much more expensively and cunningly devised, than those already named, will require of me a little more detail, and also as being more pertinent to the object I now have, which is, to describe the inappropriate and too pompous display of the Sanhedrim, on an occasion so melancholy as this truly was.

The first of these is the *Mengnil*, or blue robe, which supplies the place of the *Chethoneth*, or coat, already described as for the use of the inferior priests. It is a garment of great magnificence, not only from its hyacinthine colour, but from the exquisite fineness of the wool from which it is wove. It is without sleeves; the arm-holes, and that through which the head passes, are made to draw close, or wide as occasion requires; and each has a firm binding round it, to guard against its being rent, by the frequent putting on and off. The *Mengnil* is always worn with the *Ephod*; which serves to bind it, in like manner as the *Abnet* girdles the coat; and hence it often is called the robe of the *ephod*. The *Mengnil* hangs from the neck to near the feet; and around the hem of the bottom is a broad and splendid fringe, formed of blue, scarlet, and purple pomegranates, alternately; and each of these three also alternates with small golden bells. Each bell, and each pomegranate is nearly the size of an egg—there being seventy-two bells, and the like number of pomegranates. These with the necessary spaces between each, occasion the hem of the robe to be about eighteen cubits in circumference; and the whole is seen hanging in numerous small and graceful folds, extending from the neck, around which it is finely plaited, down to a little above the ankle.

The second of the golden vestments is the *Ephod*, or *Aphad*. It is by far the most superb and graceful of all the sacerdotal garments, and consists of three parts—two being small lappets, a cubit or more in length; which hang down in front from the shoulders, covering most of the breast. These lappets are connected with the third piece, which is rectangular, and nearly of the body's breadth, hanging down behind, from the shoulders to the ankles. Each lappet is united to the main piece by a button, upon each shoulder; which is of considerable size, and of rare and exquisite workmanship. These buttons consist each of a large onyx set in gold; and contain the names of the twelve tribes—six being engraved upon each stone. Connected with the *Ephod* is a small

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Their supposed typical import.

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and extremely rich girdle; which, passing under the arms, comes out from each in front; and is tied in a peculiar bow upon the breast. The materials of the Ephod and girdle are gold and fine linen, curiously embroidered with rich jewels, and with devices in blue, scarlet, and purple—all of the best Tyrian dyes.

The third of these high-priestly habiliments, is the *Cosben-Mishpat*, or Breast-plate of Judgment, made of the same rich materials as the ephod; and is suspended in front between the lappets, but yet connected with them. It is about a span, or nine inches square; the two upper corners of which are fastened to the lappets, by golden rings and chains; and the two lower to the girdle of the ephod, by the like rings, and by blue ribbons, instead of chains. This Breast-plate contains twelve precious jewels, secured in golden sockets, in four horizontal rows, of three jewels each. On these are engraved the names of the XII Tribes—a name for each jewel:—and how these twelve precious stones were connected (during Israel's more prosperous and virtuous days) with the oracle of URIM and THUMMIM (now lost to us) I must not even strive to explain, since all Israel must at this time acknowledge, to her shame, that her wisest and most pious sages know little, if any thing more, of this once inestimable oracle, than you and I, O Priscilla!—a clear proof of national degradation, and of depravity, even among the priesthood.\*

The fourth and last of these pontifical vestments, is the MITRE, with its *Tefits*, or golden plate, sometimes called the Holy Crown of Gold. The plate worn in front of the Mitre is of an oval form, near a span in length; and is fastened upon a richly embroidered blue ribband, which ties behind the Mitre. This tefits of the Mitre has engraved upon it the impressive words

KODHESH LAIHovAH—HOLINESS TO THE LORD!

There can be no doubt, my valued friend, that the fashion and use of all these several vestments, with their ornaments, were designed to shadow forth typically, some holy and spiritual meaning,—but what the import of each truly was cannot be clearly known, in this our much degenerate age: for, with our loss of piety hath also gone much of our knowledge: ignorance and vice being natural

*Supposed typical import of the Vestments.*

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\* The manner in which Artemas passes over this difficult and extremely delicate subject of Urim and Thummim (Lights and Perfections) shows clearly that the knowledge of its extraordinary nature was then as little known as at present: and evinces the idleness of the theories, or learned fancies, of some modern authors, as well as of the Talmudists; and fully justifies the ingenuous confession of Rabbi Kimchi that "he is on the safest side who frankly acknowledges his ignorance—so that we seem to need a Priest to stand up with Urim and Thummim to teach us what they were."



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The Proceſſion reaches Mount Calvary.

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allies,—and it now ſeems as if it is Iſrael's dreadful fate to ſink yet deeper into mental darkneſs, and in proportion to her declining faith in the promiſes of old, and to her neglect of Jehovah's ſtatutes. As to the poſſible import, or typical ſignification of the veſtments, I have juſt deſcribed, and likewise as to the nature of Urim and Thummim, there have been various opinions—on the ſoundneſs, or mere fancy of which, it becomes not one ſo young as myſelf, O Priſcilla, to ſpeak with any confidence. Some have imagined that the Eight garments denote the like number of days that intervene between birth and circumciſion ! and that each veſtment is deſigned to admoniſh us of ſome particular ſin,—as the girdle, of *theft*—the drawers, of *uncleanlineſs*—the ephod, of *idolatry*—the breaſtplate, of *wrong judgments*—the bells, of *ſlanderoſ ſpeaking*—the mitre and its motto, of *pride and arrogance*. If theſe be, indeed, their actual import, Caiaphas, as I much fear, hath not ſufficiently ſtudied them out, or laid them to heart.

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But, dear Priſcilla, I have detained thee, I fear, unto great fatigue, with this long account of prieſtly decorations; which, however, I was the more willing to enter into, as I confeſs my heart and mind involuntarily recoiled from then purſuing my narrative, when the eyes of my remembrance had reſted upon Caiaphas and the gorgeous array—upon Philo, and Barabbas—and then upon the weeping friends of Jeſus ! I then found that my pen craved a willing refuge in the deſcription I have given thee of theſe veſtments, rather than, at once, to proceed with the narrative of the terrific events ſo ſoon to follow. Excuse, then, I pray thee, this digreſſion as to the prieſtly robes; and alſo, if I now ſpeedily end this letter—my own mind, and doubtleſs thy feeling heart, ſhrinking from the ſcenes that tranſpired on Calvary.

The proceſſion at length reached the Mount; and I once more caſt my eyes anxiously around, ſtill ſuppoſing Cartaphilus might be ſomewhere ſeen: but he appeared not. A ray of joy momentarily darted through my heart; and I almoſt audibly ſaid, “this looks well—he may yet be ſaved—his eyes are now opened, and he is weeping in ſome lonely place, in the bitterneſs of a deep repentance !”—But alas ! in an inſtant after, the myſterious words “*tarry thou till I come,*” ſaſhed acroſs my mind; and, at the ſame moment, I beheld upon Calvary, then cloſe at hand, the murderous and loathing preparations ! Oh, how could I then, my Priſcilla, have a hope for Cartaphilus ?

I have now brought thee to the *place*, and to the *hour*, in which the mildeſt, the pureſt, and the moſt wonderful of human beings (if it be proper ſo to call him) was about to ſuffer from un-

## The Crucifixion.

grateful man the cruelest of all deaths. My pen must now proceed no further—we both need respite for a time. In my next letter, I shall endeavour to finish my melancholy narrative—for the present relieving us from the pain of so continued a communion with scenes, as novel and awakening, as they truly are loathing and terrific. FARE-THEE-WELL. ARTEMAS.

## LETTER X.

## ARTEMAS TO PRISCILLA.

CÆSARIA. *Sivan*, 6th day. [Saturday,  
May 15th, A. D. 35.]

## THE CRUCIFIXION.



THE scene before me, my Priscilla, was inexpressibly grand and thrilling and various, as I stood, with so many thousands, upon the heights of Mount Gihon—itself of no great elevation, with the narrow valley of Golgotha intervening between its base and the foot of the little mount called Golgotha, or Calvary, from its resemblance to the top of a skull. On my right was the teeming City, with myriads of people anxiously pressing through its narrow streets from every direction, and hastening towards the Valley-Gate. The little towns of Ramah—Eleph—and Gibeah, on the north; those of Chephar, of Nob, of Bahûrim, Bethany, and of Bethphage, on the east, were then pouring into Jerusalem their living torrents; whilst the remaining population of Jehoshaphat's lovely valley, who had not been in time for the procession, were making their way, with all haste, along the three main avenues leading to the once Holy City, and crowding her gates with solid masses of people, eager to witness the unholy tragedy, then in such dread preparation more immediately before me! The towers of Phasaelus and of Hippicus—the Palace of Agrippa—the stately edifices of Eliakib, and of Azarius,—also Herod's magnificent Temple—the Hippodrome—the forts of Antonia, and of Antiochus, were all instinct with vast multitudes from regions far and near, of all conditions and ages, and of both sexes,—each casting their anxious eyes over the tumultuous procession, as it slowly receded from their view, and advanced towards the Mount of Crucifixion—for so it should be for ever hereafter called.

On the summit of that mount, now beneath our eye, were distinctly visible the trees of the three destined crosses; and on the very spot, too, where, as 'tis said, ADAM, in whom all died, was

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The Crucifixion—Hinnom—View from Mount Gihon.

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buried, and where now JESUS, in whom all (as some affirm) shall be made alive again, was about to be crucified by a most rebellious and wicked nation—and on the very spot, too, where, as 'tis further said, our father Abraham, so many ages ago, was about to sacrifice his only son, Isaac! Surely, my Priscilla, these are marvellous coincidences!

Still, somewhat towards the east, but more southerly, lay before me the whole valley of *Hinnom*, with its eternal smokes, and unfavoury smells, rising towards the heavens, from numerous smouldering fires, that daily and nightly consume the Passover's vast mass of animal and vegetable offals, together with all hated and rejected things of the Holy City, which, throughout the year are there deposited! Gazing upon the commingled scene in that loathsome valley, my mind rapidly and almost involuntarily mused upon the days, when in this terrestrial gehenna—in this "Vale of Shrieking," were often heard also the mingled sounds of many shrill drums and hoarse trumpets, raised there to stifle the mournful and hideous cries of Hebrew children, sacrifices to Moloch! and likewise upon those ancient days, when Jewish idolatrous kings sacrilegiously dared to raise in that valley temples even to *Asteroth* and to *Chemosh*, almost within the verge of God's only dwelling upon earth—the only spot where he hath ever vouchsafed to place his ineffable Shekinah!

My mind was also for a moment brought back to those days, in our eventful history, when, in this same valley, myriads of the Assyrian hosts, through God's purpose, were utterly destroyed by a foul pestilence! This consumed them like a raging fire; leaving their mixed bones and vile bodies to taint the air with hateful smells, which, in long after times, remained in odious freshness, and even yet, if but in imagination, linger there, in perpetual testimony of Jehovah's unmitigated abhorrence of all idolatry! I remembered, moreover, it was in this valley that king Josiah, hoping to suppress the idolatrous practices there, sent into it every unclean and filthy carcase—every poisonous and vile thing repulsive to our senses,—and forbidding, at the same time, the burial of any of them!

When thus musing, from Gihon's heights, upon the past and present; and, whilst the stone-blind Jews, and power-infatuated Romans were ascending Calvary, actively preparing for the cruel sacrifice then in hand, methought they all should instantly have turned from the Mount, and hastened with their crosses into this Hinnom—this ugly Tophet—this long hated Gehenna—the only *Sheol* upon earth's surface, and there perform their diabolic deed, as the best fitted of all other spots for an act of such unmingled darkness.

But, turning my eyes from Hinnom, and also from the towers

## The Crucifixion—The three Crosses.

and palaces of David's City, and likewise from the rich and varied plain of Jehoshaphat, and from the tops of Olivet, which, in their rear were so verdant with lofty cedars and with palms,—I looked towards the west, and saw the like crowds pouring in torrents towards Calvary, from the cities of Gibeon and Taralah, and from the village of Gittaim. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" whispered I, "would that the deeds of this day had been such as Heaven and Earth might smile on, instead of those that must cause Angels to weep, and even devils to tremble! Man, could he but see the approaching act, in all its naked horrors, would sooner seek an everlasting refuge amidst Hinnom's congregated abominations, than lend a willing hand, or consenting eye, even for a moment, to the fiendish deed now in hand."

Come with me, then, my excellent Priscilla, at once to Calvary! for I know that *thou* hast no *consenting eye*—but wilt deeply contemplate this scene with me, that we may weep together for the innocent and persecuted Nazarene, and pour oil into all the wounded hearts, alas too few! of those who, like us, do truly and grievously sympathise.

Jesus, as thou hast heard, had been severely scourged, before the procession had left the Prætorium. His malignant foes had pressed upon his head a crown of thorns; and placed in his hands a reed for a sceptre; and over his *seamless* coat, they had put a tattered robe of Tyrian purple,—all in cruel mockery of his kingly power,—though he had ever expressly declined the earthly title, and had declared that *his kingdom was not of this world!* The Victim's head and forehead and temples were now reeking with blood—his strength much exhausted from loss of sleep, and want of food, caused his persecutors, when stopping at Golgotha, to hand him for drink some crude wine, mixed with gall! On refusing this inhuman offering, he was stripped of his clothing, leaving upon him little else than the bloody Crown of Thorns!

*The three Crosses,* Descending from Gihon, I pressed through the dense crowd which filled the heights, and intervening valley; and soon found myself close by the three crosses. The two malefactors (destined to be crucified with the gentle Nazarene) seemed but little to occupy the attention of any one,—for each still had upon his shoulder the transverse beam of their crosses—of which Simon, however, had been relieved before I reached the mount. The trees of the three crosses had been previously planted firmly in the ground, at a distance of about ten cubits from each other—not on a line, but the two somewhat at an angle with the centre one. This middle cross, destined for the Illustrious Victim, had a tablet placed, immediately over the point of union between the tree and transverse beam, whereon was an Inscription, in black letters on a white ground. This inscription was repeated

## The Crucifixion — The Inscriptions.

in the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman languages,—so that all present, from every nation, might possibly read one or the other of them. The words of that inscription were,

JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

This had been placed there by order of the Procurator.

As Caiaphas, and those high in authority, approached the Cross, and read the inscription, their vexation knew no bounds—but to tear it down they dared not: and therefore they instantly sent a messenger to Pilate; whilst others of more note soon followed; who implored him that the hated tablet might be removed, or in some way altered,—as it seemed to imply that the Nazarene's *Messiahship* had been acknowledged by the Jews!—whereas, if only four words were permitted to be added, all would be well: and these four words were, “*Who said he was!*” But the Procurator, who, I doubt not, designed his inscription as an affront to the Jews, for having so sorely urged him to pass the final sentence, would in no wise listen to any change in the title set up—the Procurator firmly saying, “*What I have written, I have written:*” and hence it there remained, to the great mortification of all those of Judea's now nominal rulers, whose hearts were so deeply poisoned against the humble, and yet most mighty victim.

The dreadful moment at length arrived, when the rude spikes were mercilessly used—but oh, upon *this I must not, cannot dwell*; my soul recoils, and all my heart sickens at the recollection—nay, my eyes would close involuntarily upon the lines my pen should indite; and oh! would not the ink refuse to flow, and grow dry, ere the words could be fashioned? All, then, I can say is, that

JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS!

Through what agonies he passed in being there, and what he endured, from the *third* until the *ninth* hour, when, as a MAN, the Nazarene expired—and, as a God, seemed to shake all nature, must now be left mostly to thine own just imagination, and feeling heart.\*

Whilst this purest of mortals, and the two sinners crucified with him, were enduring the tortures of a most lingering death, which ceaselessly kept my eyes upon the crosses, my inner soul was suddenly chilled by a sight too revolting to be long endured, as it shows the extremest depravity of man, and that the cruelties practised on the unhappy sufferers sprang, not so much from the excitement of hatred and deep anger, as from that utter indifference and diabolic callousness, which the human heart can only manifest,

\* Jesus was on the cross about *nine* hours; but expired after a suspension of six hours—viz. from 9 to 3, P. M.



## Game of Lots for Jesu's Habillments.

when the last ray of divinity forsakes the soul. Canst thou credit it, my Priscilla, I beheld the executioners carelessly reposing upon the ground, at the very foot of the crosses, and under the soul-piercing groans of the two, who were mere sinful mortals, and under the deep sighs of Him who was surely more than man; and whose moans were as if a world of agonized souls had been poured into his—and yet I saw these men amusing themselves heedlessly on the grass beneath their tortured victims, and there, by the *casting of lots*, cheerfully dividing among their fellows the poor vestments that belonged to Jesus! I declare unto thee, dear Priscilla, that, for a moment, I craved the power of Omnipotence; and felt, perhaps with Peter's hasty zeal in Gethsemane, that instant vengeance on them would have been mine—but Jesus thought quite otherwise: and yet, thou wilt not condemn me, good friend, for this, if a sinful thought: for surely their hearts were as the nether millstone, and their alliance was with the powers of eternal darkness, seeing that they could sport thus, unconscious of piteous moanings that might have arrested the roaming and half perishing beasts of the desert; and yet, these creatures, in human form, had not even an occasional eye of pity for them—none even of curiosity as to the sufferers above them—none for the long continued sighs and sobs of mother, relatives, and friends, watching the last groans of an expiring God! I closed my eyes with both my hands—I was stupid with horror and surprise and disgust; and in the very agony of my exhausted feelings, I rushed involuntarily towards the Cross—but, happily! my progress towards it was instantly arrested by the sudden uprising from the ground of those cruel men,—for, it so chanced, that their *game of lots* was ended; and they stood in solid mass around the fatal instruments of death.

The priests, scribes, and pharisees, the lawyers and sadducees—yea, many clothed in fine linen, and who fare sumptuously every day, were near those soldiers, idly gazing upon this scene of woe,—and still with anxiety for its ending, yet with no mind to minister comfort, or to lessen in any way the racking pains of the miserable sufferers! These all, together with the common people, began at length to manifest their own tiny suffering; which, however, was from nothing more than impatience at their long detention—a restiveness which then broke out in many odious insults practised towards the Nazarene, even in his dying moments!

“*Let thy God deliver thee now! If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself. Come down from the Cross, and we will believe in thee,*” was the oft-repeated hypocritical cry of the insensate multitude!

*The crucified malefactor.* A circumstance now occurred, which greatly arrested the attention of all; and made some impression in Jesus' favour, even on the crude and maddened mass.

The two thieves had not, as yet, spoken a word: but, on hearing

## The crucified Malefactors—The penitent Thief.

these taunting words, and seeing the wagging heads of thousands, who exclaimed "*Thou that wouldst destroy the Temple, and build it in three days, save thyself!—he saved others; himself he cannot save!*" one of the malefactors, though in deep agony, railed against Jesus, and said, "*Yes, if thou be indeed the Christ, save thyself and us.*" But the other mildly rebuked his companion, and said, "*Dost thou not fear God? We, indeed, are justly condemned, and receive the reward due to our deeds; but He hath done nothing amiss.*"—and then turning his eyes towards Jesus, he cried out, "*LORD! remember ME when thou comest into THY kingdom.*" Oh, how great was my surprise, and still more, my delight, that, amidst the depths of his own deep—deep sufferings, Jesus forgot not his mercy and forgiveness, and faithfulness to his promised reward—and that all these shone out as brightly upon the Cross, as when, a year before, at the foot of Mount Ebal, he cured the wretched Lepers!—for, though it now seemed as if the cross was to be victorious over him, he was not dismayed; but seized with alacrity this seemingly impossible occasion, to manifest the riches of his love towards our benighted world, by responding to the hasty penitence, even of an expiring malefactor!—and moreover, by granting a request apparently so disproportioned, as that so great a sinner should be remembered, and for ever, in a heavenly kingdom; and now, too, for a sorrow necessarily so momentary! And yet Jesus was prompt; and distinctly replied, "*Truly I say unto thee, TO-DAY shalt thou be with ME in Paradise!*"

The merciful and confident tone with which this promise was uttered, by HIM who, only the moment before had been so indignantly challenged to descend from the cross, and to save himself, could not fail to raise, for the first time, a fearful *doubt*, lest the persecuted and then dying Nazarene might not, after all, be something more than the powerless and poor and humble son of Joseph and Mary!—and, from that moment, there seemed to be an almost *visible silence*—a subdued and even cowed expression in the many thousands who, till then, had as little fear, as pity: but now they trembled, they knew not why; and yet were they still without *pity* though with much *fear*!

The sudden alarm occasioned by the malefactor's penitence—by his firm reliance on the expiring Nazarene—and by the more than human authority with which Paradise was promised, was soon thereafter further strengthened into deep terror: for new feelings had seized upon the multitude, in consequence of the miracles which then almost instantly ensued. An unnatural darkness began at that time to hastily prevail throughout the heavens; which continued from the Sixth to the Ninth hour!\* In the midst of this

\* That is, from 12 to 3 o'clock of the day.

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The miraculous Darknes—Jesus expires!

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sympathetic gloom of nature, and the awe inspired by the forgiveness of the repentant thief, the multitude became still more agitated by the gush of *human* feeling which Jesus displayed, in this his most agonized moment, upon beholding his Virgin Mother, and the other two Marys, weeping at the foot of the cross. In a voice, as sweetly gentle and tender as spring's mellowest zephyr, Jesus consoled all who loved him,—especially his disconsolate mother; whom he con-signed to the special protection of his dear and faithful disciple John,—enjoining on them both to regard each other in the tender relation of parent and child: for the words to his mother were, "*Woman, behold thy Son!*" and to the disciple, "*Behold thy Mother!*"

But, if doubts and alarm had been caused by the three circumstances I have just mentioned, how withering and consuming did they soon become, when Jesus, on breathing his last sigh exclaimed,

ELOI, ELOI, LAMA SABACHTHANI?

then earth and heavens were violently moved—nature groaned and sickened at the deed—many rocks were burst asunder—the Great Veil of our once Holy Temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, and even whilst the Priests were then sacrificing—many tombs were suddenly opened,—and those who long had slept therein arose,—all these mighty wonders seeming to announce to Israel—yea to the whole world, that the SHEKINAH now had wholly departed,—to give place to some new Dispensation, under the invisible, but sure guidance, of the crucified Shiloh! Oh, it was an indescribable—unimaginable sight!—the whole face of creation was shrouded in a heavy and loathsome gloom; the grounds shook beneath us, as if to their very centre, and as if *themselves* in agony!—terrific lightnings pierced the thick black clouds,—revealing, at rapid intervals, the miraculous truth that the Sun's disk was still as effulgent as ever,—and that all this blackness in him was but apparent,—it being in the *heavens*, and by no means in the great Orb of day!\*

These prodigies could not fail to strike the keenest terror into even the stoutest hearts—for the Centurion, and most of the Roman soldiers, prostrated themselves upon the earth; and the Centurion exclaimed—

"*This man was righteous, and truly was he the Son of God!*"

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\* The moon at that time was at its full; and hence, the universal darkness could not have been occasioned by an eclipse of the sun. It was probably, therefore, a miraculous obscuration, or destruction of the solar rays, after they had reached our atmosphere; and if so, it harmonises with a modern physical theory, that the Sun is neither a mass of fire, nor of light; but that his rays become calorific, and luminous, only by combination with our atmosphere—which, in the present case, was miraculously prevented.

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 Nature revives—Embalment and Burial.
 

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Others were *heard* and (through the occasional brightness) were *seen*, violently to smite their breasts,—wailing and piteously groaning, and soon flying rapidly from their now inanimate victim!—so that Calvary, and Gihon, and all the valley, were emptied of their myriads, as if by some *magic dissipation*,—leaving few others there, than the Roman soldiers—the pious and devoted Mother—the faithful Galilean women—and the ever constant John of Bethesda!

Soon after the ninth hour, the sun reappeared, and with more than usual splendour: all nature seemed refreshed—the valleys and the mountains sent forth their brightest hues from emerald fields—from compact groves and forests—from the flowery banks of the Kedron, and from the richly adorned gardens of the suburban palaces! But the Crosses still retained their lifeless burthen; and continued so to do during near three hours more.

By law, however, such bodies are never permitted to remain on the cross after sun-down; and, moreover, the next day being Sabbath, Pilate then gave permission to the Jews to remove them all forthwith from their respective crosses. This was done; but not until after breaking the legs of the two malefactors. But Jesus having been dead quite three hours, they saved themselves that trouble; and were about removing him, when one of the soldiers suddenly thrust a spear deep into his side, and probably so far as to reach the heart; for there issued thence *water*, as well as *blood*.

And here observe, dear Priscilla, that even in this small circumstance, amidst the many of this varied tragedy, we find a wonderful, and a seemingly *accidental* fulfilment of a very ancient prophecy!—for, are we not expressly told that “*a BONE of Him shall not be broken*”—and further, that “*they shall look upon Him whom they pierced!*”

By the Procurator's permission, the body of Jesus was delivered to JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA; but with the charge that others should examine that body: which was then *embalmed* by his friends; and deposited in Joseph's new sepulchre of stone: and this delivery of the body was about the Twelfth hour, the Nazarene having been on the cross nearly nine hours.\*

The High-Priest, and other unrelenting Jews, with power, still dreaded even the *lifeless* and *embalmed* corse; for though they saw the body was thus prepared for eternal sleep in that tomb, and delivered into its cold and stony chamber, all carefully *sealed* without; and, though upon each side of the door an ample guard of Roman soldiers, taken from the fortrefs of Antonia was placed before that

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\* That is, from nine in the morning, to about six o'clock in the evening.

## How guarded—Days in the Tomb—Resurrection!

sealed tomb; and, moreover, though strict directions were given that, on peril of life, those soldiers should protect *that sepulchre*, yet, did conscience admonish those priests to be fearful! The tomb, as we know, was protected, and faithfully, too:—but, my Priscilla, doth not all Jerusalem, and millions more, also *know* how this matter ended—and likewise what followed that RESURRECTION from that tomb? Now, though the eye-witnesses of the resurrection from the dead, were not very numerous, yet the whole Jewish world also well *knows* that the body miraculously disappeared—none, no not one, suspected the faith of the *Roman* guard; no motive existed for the removal of the dead body to any other place; the Jews are themselves now deeply silent on the matter—the soldiers have received no punishment, or even *censure*; all are amazed—none can gainsay it—hundreds have seen the risen Jesus—his disciples, male and female, have conversed with him—and millions have witnessed the wonders attendant upon the fact, and also those that followed! Now, again, my good Priscilla, a simple and visible *fact*, such as the death of Jesus, or of his being *seen* and *spoken* to afterwards in full life, would be as well sustained by the testimony of a few hundred credible witnesses, as by so many thousands, or millions: and this the Jews *well know*; and hence, not a man among them, or among the Romans, dare say to the contrary of the fact of his resurrection. Those in power, or out of power, venture not to attempt the proof, or even the grave *assertion* that Jesus *died* not, or *arose* not: so that there is now around us unutterable astonishment and dismay: this dismay pierces through the whole land—impressing many with an unmixed and living faith;—others (more removed from the scene, and from those eyes and ears that witnessed it) have, indeed, a less vital and animating faith, but still leaving the great mass of our people greatly troubled, and some in a state of such judicial blindness, nay ferocity, as seems, of itself, to be quite miraculous! But, doth it not verify to the very letter, those ancient prophecies which speak of the hardy incredulity that *would* afflict the Jews at this time, and for ages thereafter? Truly did Isaiah say, (and nearly 800 years before the event) that “Their wisdom should *perish*, and their understanding be *hid*.”

Jesus remained in the tomb of the “*rich*” man, and of the counsellor, a part of the sixth day, all of the seventh of that week, and part of the first day of the ensuing week—probably, in all, about thirty-six hours: which, as thou dost well know, good Priscilla, we Hebrews ordinarily speak of as *three days*—since parts of three days are embraced therein. And here, again, is the fulfilment of an early prophecy—where Isaiah saith, “He made his grave with the *rich* in his death—because he had done no violence,

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Proofs of Jesu's Divine Mission — Proofs of the Resurrection.

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neither was any deceit in his mouth." \* And the same prophet, not only thus alludes to his *sepulchre* being "with the rich," (as the Arimathean Joseph surely is) but also that Emanuel's *death* should be "with the wicked," and he be "numbered with the *transgressors*," as were the two malefactors, who were crucified with him!—showing conclusively, how minutely the far-seeing eye of that holy prophet had before him each scene of this varied and terrific drama!

I have now finished the painful task your pious sympathy hath imposed on me—feebly, from its nature, but veraciously, and carefully done, as was my solemn duty.

The wonderful purity of the Nazarene's character is alike known to all—his Crucifixion, therefore, was intensely wicked. Never hath *innocence* been so proved, and the injustice of its punishment been so triumphantly attested! for in it, have we not at least *seven* distinct testimonies?—some divine, others human! 1st. It is said, a Voice from Heaven declared unto certain of his disciples, "This is my *beloved son*, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him!" 2nd. *We know* that all nature trembled and mourned over his Crucifixion, and that the grave gave up its victim! 3rd. We know that his judges, Pilate and Herod, bear testimony to his perfect innocence. 4th. So was also the testimony of the traitor, Judas; who, moreover, hanged himself. 5th. Also, the wife of Pilate warned her husband, as to the righteousness of Jesus. 6th. The Roman centurion declared the same, and also held him divine, though he an executioner and guard, then at the foot of the cross! 7th and lastly. One of the malefactors, perishing at his side, declared his own guilt, and the purity of the Nazarene! God—Nature—Man, all thus combined to establish the innocence of this marvellous Being!

You have also desired to have my views as to the *proofs* of the Resurrection: this, dear lady, I will strive to perform, and according to the laws of *strict evidence*—that is, without the least reference to ancient *prophecy*—or to the *promises* of Jesus shortly before his crucifixion—equally without regard to the declaration of his Apostles, at this time—and finally, without respect to the wonders that preceded, and followed the alleged triumph over the grave. For, if the direct and naked proofs of this mighty fact be not, in themselves, irresistible, man's perverse and incredulous nature would be scarce better content with the argument that should embrace all the rest, that I would now omit!

To us who are *now living*, and especially to those in Jerusalem at the time, such a statement would in no way be needed, for the miracles and wonders were all around us. But, where miraculous

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\* Isaiah liii. 9.

## Further Proofs of the Resurrection promised.

evidence terminates, faith must begin ; and this can be produced only by clear proofs :—the *great event* cannot endure for ever ; nor can there be *eyes* and *ears* for ever present to witness it ; and hence human testimony must supply its place—and *faith* must supply the want of ocular, and of auricular convictions. Those who have seen no such wonders and miracles,—or who, in after-ages, shall have no miraculous proofs of the now alleged event, must repose their belief upon the *essential nature of proofs*—be they intrinsic, or extrinsic, or both. This other task, then, as to the RESURRECTION, shall not remain untried of me : this I am bound to do ; not for thee, good Priscilla, but chiefly for Cartaphilus, according to my promise heretofore given him ; and who will send to thee those letters, after he shall have carefully perused them.

And now, I pray thee, suffer the gentle Rebecca to read this letter, my former ones, and those also upon the Resurrection, when they shall be sent to thee : for it is meet the lovely maiden should be a Nazarene in faith, as He was *altogether lovely*. In truth, it doth much grieve me to see how unwilling Rebecca is, to expose her mind and affections to full reliance upon the New Faith—seeing that it presses so sorely upon her Cartaphilus. I also crave of thee to show these epistles to my much honoured friend, thy husband : for I likewise mourn that one, like him, should be so deeply imbued with unworthy prejudices against all those who, for nearly four years past, have laboured to reform and renovate the religion of our forefathers ; and to engraft thereon doctrines which, though new, are yet in perfect harmony with those of all the prophets. FARE-THREE-WELL.

ARTEMAS.

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

*Wandering Jew.*





BOOK THE SECOND



# CHRONICLES OF

## Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

### BOOK II.

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Cartaphilus resumes his Chronicles.

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SECTION XV.—JERUSALEM. *Thamuz*, 22. *Seleucide*, 347.  
[Wednesday, July 1, A. D. 35.]



NOW return to the Chronicles of my yet green life, (though so wretched and varied) after an absence from them of more than three moons. These months have been, to others, only as a few fleeting days : but to me, they have been ages of torture, with

*Chronicles resumed.*

no moment of repose. Can the busy scenes of life ever blot out the remembrance of my interviews with Judas, and of his own miserable end? But what oil can assuage the recollection of the scene in Gethsemane's garden—that which followed on the same night in the Sanhedrim—the horrid events, on the following morn, at the Prætorium—the hateful and fiend-like procession towards Calvary—the mysterious words, so firmly yet mildly uttered against me at the Valley Gate? Oh, what rivers of holy water can wash out the picture from my mind, of that stolen and distant view I had of Calvary and its crosses, on that fatal day! and what stirring scenes by day, or dread visions of the night, shall suffice to mitigate the remembrance of those prodigies that signalized the day on which the Nazarene expired, and yet more, *that*, in which, as many say, the sealed tomb gave up its dead! These all have so crushed the soul of Cartaphilus, that life is to him a black and angry cloud, more full of pestilence to his belaboured soul, than is some stagnant pool, festering in the hot sun of the remotest south! To the distracted and now benighted soul of him, who with Judas leagued, all of those pregnant events have brought agonies only,—as the sweet solace of Conviction, whether

## His monologue on Love and Sin.

*for*, or *against* the Nazarene, hath not yet been his! Oh, that Cartaphilus could have, even the feeble consolation of *those* who *can* believe, though they *do not*! but he hath *seen*, and *heard*, and *felt* no little of those marvels; and yet is not convinced!—deny, he cannot, and yet his soul is in doubt! Whence cometh that deep spirit of mechanical, resistless—*necessary* doubt? DISBELIEF it is not; oh, would it were *that*! for *doubt* doth more rack the firmest soul than incredulity, though *against* all testimony, and all reason. Strange! Cartaphilus hath prayed for belief—for faith; but it comes not!—he hath also prayed for utter unbelief; yet it comes not! Nature is but a vast series of ænigmas,—Man the greatest of them all, and least to be resolved!

\* \* \* \* “Surely, as I have said, Man is an ænigma—doth he not to some possession cling as if part of his inner life, and then recklessly forfeit it, as if it were a bauble?—and *for* a bauble! Oh, dearest to me of all Israel’s lovely daughters—thou, Rebecca, loveliest of them all! canst thou, and *wilt* thou not minister to a mind as sick with LOVE, as SIN? Strange combination—*love* and *sin*!—unnatural allies ever, and destructive of each other: for is not Sin deformity and death—but Love order and life? and yet, in me, one soul doth surely contain them both!—yea, a soul, O Rebecca! that would now, more than ever, quaff immortal life from the radiance of thine eyes—a soul athirst and panting for the refreshing dews of thy chaste love—a soul that would revel in the smiles of thy beaming countenance—in the melody of thy rich and tender voice,—hoping and believing they might drown the horrors that so unceasingly weigh down life’s bliss, and poison the very inner and intellectual being of thy once beloved Cartaphilus!

“Would that these solaces from the dear maiden were now mine, if but for an hour! ah, even for one hour, to mitigate, though for so brief a time, the many woes that assail, so constantly, the spiritual and even active entity within me, we do call the Soul! Oh, that the joys of such an hour would then end in that soul’s annihilation—and in the body’s too,—so that of me, CARTAPHILUS, nought should remain, in this, or other world, save his dishonoured *name*—which is but *breath*; for then, nor sin, nor love, would agitate him more!

“Now is it manifest, oh, thou raven-locked daughter of many worthy fires, that Artemas *thou* wouldst not wed—nor *be* with thee,—the love he bears his friend forbidding it: and yet, dearest maiden, *mine* thou never, never canst be! Oh no, brightest of earthly beings! thou shalt *not* be mine; for, though Cartaphilus be as a murderer, and suborner of an arch-traitor, he would never harm *thee*, thou innocent one—never wound thy peace, nor prove himself

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 Cartaphilus—Rebecca—Artemas.
 

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untrue to thy holy love!—and yet will Cartaphilus ever continue to adore thy angelic virtue, and thy matchless beauty—the one, as perfect in the heart's purity, as the other truly is in the graces of thy outward self! And, now, Rebecca, for the boundless love I shall ever bear thee, no other return would I crave, than thy continuing, generous pity.

“Oh, would that thou *couldst* love Artemas!—but this, thou, and he, and thy honoured parents, say must not be hoped for. Then, dearest Rebecca, may we not yet be true friends, though my own deep unworthiness, and destiny, forbid a closer tie—and even though we should never meet again? And, at least, may we not once more meet, that I may then drink from thy nectared lips sweet accents, and have my ears ravished with the glowing words, that flow in gentle streams from thy rich and noble mind?—and may we not then together stray on Kedron's soft sunny banks, and in the meadows, gemmed with varied flowers, and in the cool shades of thy father's roseate bowers,—yea, may we not there hold sweet converse, and innocent remembrance of our happier days, until the moon grows pale in the morning dews? Yes, much beloved Rebecca! there might we wander,—thou to *pity* me, thy first and only love,—and I still, still to *love*, as ever! And though the sportive birds, whilst cheering thy generous and spotless soul, could bring no peace to mine; and though my tears should sprinkle every flower, and the gentle winds, that play over verdant lawns, odorous with a thousand violets, were but as murmuring and harsh sounds to my discordant soul,—yet would thy voice, thy gentleness, thy friendly counsels, sooth my troubled spirit, and stifle, for the time, the ugly demon that so long hath foully haunted me—yea, from my natal hour!

“To win repose, (ah, the repose of even one *brief hour of FORGETFULNESS*) how often and ardently have I sought that oblivion, in the numerous rolls of Greek and Roman poets—in the volumes of their historians, of their philosophers, their moralists!—and all was but vanity and vexation of spirit—they proved to me no draught of Lethe; for the guilty past is ever present—and the dark future seems as an endless journey through wastes, and deserts, and stagnant pools! Gethsemane's dread realities—the gorgeous wickedness of all I witnessed in the hall of the Sanhedrim—the howling multitude at the Prætorium—those upon the way towards the Valley—those upon Gihon and Calvary—the terrific throes of nature in the then enraged elements, and the moanings of a sickened world, can never fade from memory's tablet!—and yet, whether these be all of Beel-zebul's vast power, in mighty conflict with the God of Israel, Cartaphilus wots not. Fain would I shun these meditations, but cannot; for thought comes upon

## The two years' Separation of those Friends.

thought as resolutely, as doth wave succeed wave ! and now doth Philosophy bid that, if we would conquer evils, we should not mourn over them as without hope, nor waste the soul's energies in vain endeavours to annihilate them—but that we should sternly view them all ; and, concealing nothing, look upon them in their naked, and most hideous forms ! Fear vanquisheth nothing ; but valorous contemplation leads to *knowledge* and hence to *power*—which Satan as surely hath ! yea, possibly, to conviction, perhaps to repentance, and finally, to forgiveness, with its blessed offspring, Happiness ! Can it so be, ever, with Cartaphilus ?”\*

## LETTER XI.

## ARTEMAS TO CARTAPHILUS.

CÆSARIA—late Straton's Tower. *Sivan*, 13.  
*Seleucide*, 348. [May 22nd, A. D. 36.]



Y heart prompts me to write kindly unto thee ; since, if rightly I know thee, thou must now be, of all men, the most wretched. O Cartaphilus ! what hast thou done—and what thy remedy ? As to me it seems, no other refuge is left thee, but in that very Name thou so much hast abused : for, though he *died* upon Calvary, remember that he *perished* not !

Nearly twenty and six moons have passed since, at Golgotha, we parted,—when, near the Valley Gate, I witnessed thy first misery, and the cause of it. We have, indeed, somewhat communed by letter ; and my inquiries have been anxious and constant in regard to thee : but thy face, and once delightful converse, have been withheld, and hidden from us all, save myself, and only once wouldst thou see me, quite two years ago !

\* This is one, among many, of the characteristic *Musings* of this greatly agitated Soul ; who thus strangely blends a chaste love with deep sin—doubt with belief—hope with despair—terror with daring—candour with self-deception—the power of Satan with that of the God of Jacob—blasphemy with faith in repentance—and who regards *knowledge as power* !

And here it may be remarked, as a very interesting fact, that this great *Baconian* maxim, that “*knowledge is power*,” may be found not only in some Hebrew and Talmudical writers, but also in some *Arabian* authors ; to none of which, is it probable, that Lord Bacon ever had access ! and how this fact, as regards Cartaphilus, will be found in entire harmony with his proceedings, in the seventh century of his eventful life, need not now be further alluded to.

## The Day of Pentecost.

Why three valued friends, now at *Sychar*, have heard with deepest sorrow, of thy maddening gloom—*The Day of Pentecost.* and also of thy inflexible unbelief, as I must call it, though the softer word “*doubt*” be thine—each, however, in stubborn disregard of the mighty wonders of the Crucifixion-day; and of those yet more awakening events which, three days more produced,—and again, in forty-seven days more, when, upon the Pentecostal-day, so many thousands witnessed those wondrous gifts of tongues, that added great strength, even to the Crucifixion and Resurrection marvels! Since that pentecostal-day, two years have merged their hours in the great sea of time—years to me, the happiest of my life—save on *thy account*, oh, my Cartaphilus!\*

Since the astounding event on the day of Pentecost—an event that obscures all others on account of which the festival was previously established, my mental eye has continually dwelt upon the bright scene of that day,—and with a keenness, second only to that which happened upon Calvary: and I doubt not that, in all future ages, the Nazarenes will observe that day, as dearer to them, than even to the Jews,—for, on that day, the once crucified, but then glorified Shiloh, sent from Heaven, as promised, the *Comforter*—called THE HOLY GHOST: and all of that great miracle (witnessed by so many thousands) was so mighty, and visible, that none but the blindest, and the most perverse resisted, or can resist, the great truth it seemed to teach, that, immediately thereafter, a New Dispensation was ordained: which, whilst it retains the whole *moral law*, hath utterly abolished the *ceremonial law*—hath brought *Immortality* more clearly to light—and hath revealed new *doctrines*,

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\* The Feast of Pentecost was the second great festival of the Jews. It is called the “*Feast of Harvest*”—“*Feast of Weeks*”—“*Feast of the First Fruits*”—“*The Feast of the Fiftieth*,” and, by the Rabbins, the “*Gnathoth*.” It was celebrated on the day after the expiration of a week of weeks—that is, on the *fiftieth* day after Passover day, or seven weeks from the 16th of the month Nisan. This feast was originally instituted by the Jews, to commemorate, 1st, their peaceful possession of Canaan; 2nd, to render thanks for the in-gathering of their harvest; 3rd, as the anniversary of the promulgation of the Law from Sinai: and afterwards by the Christians, as the day of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, attended by the miraculous gift of tongues! It is now popularly called *Whitsuntide*, or White-Sunday,—because, in the primitive Church, the newly-baptized were accustomed, between Easter and Pentecost, to come to church clothed in white garments. Easter being a moveable feast, that of Pentecost is necessarily so: for Easter is always the first Sunday after that full moon which happens upon, or next after the 21st of March: and, if that moon happen upon a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday after. The 50 days are now reckoned from Easter Sunday, instead of Good Friday, which was the actual Passover day. After the Resurrection, it occurred on Sunday, the 7th day of the Jewish month *Sivan*, then the 16th May.

Reproof by Artemas of Cartaphilus.

and *facts*, in fulfilment of nearly all the remaining ancient prophecies since the Fall of Man!

Of all Israel's sons, *thou*, Cartaphilus, hadst most need to be present on that day of wonders; for even thy stubborn heart must have been subdued by the palpable and effulgent testimonial of those holy truths, which thou hast resisted—nay trampled on—and with as little cause as Caiaphas, and the rest.

*Urgent reproof of Cartaphilus.* I failed to convince thee, by my letter concerning the ten Lepers, though I, thy friend, was an eye-witness thereof: but the ear of Malchus was miraculously restored in *thy presence*; yet this, and likewise the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, (also seen of thee, and no small miracle) were all alike indifferent to thee! The Purgation of the Temple, moreover, seen of thee, and more than that, *experienced* of thee, was still with no effect!—nay, it *angered* thee—and to what dread extent, I would shudder to recount! Thine own eyes also beheld most of the awful events that marked Calvary's great day—a day, black as Satan's abode; yet must it live in man's grateful remembrance in all time, and be juvenescent through eternity; for, on that day was Adam's Fall atoned—and Emancipation announced, and made of all true believers—Gentiles, as well as Jews!

Now, dear Cartaphilus, if thy unbelief, after all thou hast seen and heard, shall still be cherished, great need wilt thou have to pray that the Nazarene may *not quickly come*, and that thy "*tarry*" here may be prolonged for ages! The words he uttered to thee at the Valley Gate, will never fade from thy memory: we cannot say, of a surety, their exact import—but they can have no ordinary meaning.

Our mutual friend Aquila, as I learn, has lately placed before thee, in all simplicity and truth, his argument upon that piercing and resistless fact, the RESURRECTION. I call it *piercing* and *resistless*: but that it is a *fact*, neither he, nor I, ask of you to receive it as such, upon assertion only—nor, though that assertion be made by myriads: for the Resurrection, *as a fact*, is sustained by far better proof than the assertion of any number of men whatever! Marvel not at this; because, so numerous are the incidents and circumstances—so inherent are the proofs, beyond the mere declarations of those who saw him, and conversed with, and handled him, (after crucifixion, embalment, and burial) that such circumstances (like *accidents*) are of far greater weight than human testimony. Admitted *circumstances* (and there are many touching the alleged resurrection) whilst they are beyond the wit and power of man to *contrive*, afford to every one the means of arguing out, in his own mind, the truth of the asserted fact,—and in a way, too, so

Reproof by Artemas of Cartaphilus.

refistless as to need, in no degree whatever, the direct testimony of those, who assure us that *their* eyes, ears, and feeling witnessed him alive, after he was entombed; and also witnessed his ascension, and final disappearance, in the heavens!

In this point of view, as I fear, thou hast not read the argument of Aquila; and, therefore, is it my purpose, at some other time, to deal with the Resurrection of Jesus, mainly in that way: for, that *circumstances* may be much stronger, and more convincing than naked human testimony, (assertive of facts as *seen* and *heard*,) I can in no wise doubt:—men may be deceived, or be deceivers—but admitted circumstances leave their inevitable impression, are above suspicion, remain for ever—and the world can judge of them throughout all time!

Wonderful blindness—strange infatuation! that so wise a man as Cartaphilus cannot perceive, that moral demonstration may be just as perfect as is mathematical; and that, whilst Euclid and Pythagoras daily lie upon his table, and hourly receive the homage of his faith; yet that the moral argument for the Resurrection should fall lifeless upon his mind! But, dear Cartaphilus, *abandon* thee I will not; though well-nigh hast thou abandoned thyself. Hope as to thee is not quite gone; the more so, as I cannot forget a certain *little* word used towards thee by Jesus, when first thine eye met his in the Temple! Hast *thou* lost sight of that little word, O Cartaphilus?—If so, I must now remind thee: for, though few in *letters*, it is large in *meaning*! Dost not thou remember, upon an occasion in the Temple, thy harshness towards one of the Nazarene's disciples? He had told thee of a miracle, by the means of which Jesus had paid his tributes unto Cæsar, and the Temple: but thou, in severity, bade him begone—that the idle tale might suit those of Capernaum, but not the wiser ones of Jerusalem,—whereupon Jesus mildly said to his disciple, "Follow me—that man is *yet* in the gall of bitterness." Greatly offended wert thou at these words,—but, O Cartaphilus! fail not to rejoice at them; and ponder well that emphatic, nay *prophetic* word "YET," for prophetic surely it must be, as the Great Nazarene knew all things; and hath never uttered an *unmeaning* word,—so that this small word, as it seems to me, imports that, though thou wert *then* in the "gall of bitterness," the day *will* come when this, thy gall of unbelief, will be changed into the sweetness of faith, and into the delight of mental purity!

Doubtless, the wonderful change in thy friend, Saul of Tarsus, has in some form reached thine ears. No longer is he thy friend and associate in the persecution of the afflicted Nazarenes! If, in thy retirement, the marvels lately wrought upon him have not been heard of thee,—

*Conversion  
of Saul of  
Tarsus.*



## Conversion of Saul of Tarsus—Death of Stephen.

know, then, that as he journeyed towards Damascus, with the fiercest vengeance against the Innovators, as then he called them, and with ample credentials from the High Priest, to bring them bound in chains unto Jerusalem; he was suddenly arrested in his way, by this very crucified Jesus, but then glorified and surrounded by an exceedingly dazzling light from Heaven! In the hearing of all Saul's attendants, the Holy Voice bade him proceed forthwith on to Damascus; where he should be instructed as to his future course! Thither Saul went; but wholly deprived of sight, by the intenseness of the heavenly brightness,—and thus remained some days; during which time he neither ate nor drank. Another vision, about that time, came to one Ananias, a disciple, then at Damascus, commanding him to instantly see Saul—restore him to sight—impart to him the influences of the Holy Spirit—baptize him—and then to send him forth as an Apostle to the Gentiles, to the kings and nations of the whole earth; and, O Cartaphilus, even to the ungrateful and rebellious sons and daughters of Israel.

**T**his high and merciful mission, Saul is now most zealous in executing; and he, who spared neither age nor sex among the faithful—yes, he who, with thee and others, had slayed the holiest of the seven deacons, the youthful STEPHEN; and that, too, in the very moment he was instructing those around him in heavenly things, and invoking his Master *mercifully* to regard the enemies and murderers who then sought his life—and not to lay the sin of his death to their charge—yet was this lovely herald of grace slain by those around him—and thou, Cartaphilus, (as with grief we hear,) and Saul *consenting*—not, indeed, by the casting of any stones, but by thy presence, *and otherwise!* This, in Saul, wondered us not; but, in thee, and after thy great troubles in Hinnom, seems to have been another sudden madness that hath caused us great additional pain—but, I am now to speak of Saul, and not of thee.

**O**h, Cartaphilus! bear it ever in thy mind, that this Saul of Tarsus, whose wonderful mind, and learning, and energy, had so much won thee, as to seduce thee even from Hinnom, and for a moment to seek Jerusalem, and there again forget thy better feelings—yea, this very Saul is now a fast convert to that faith, against which he and thou were then so active!—*he* now a messenger specially charged with the spread of the glad tidings of the Messiah's kingdom—and *thou*, a gloomy looker-on, and possibly, even yet, a brooding hater of tidings, in which, as I fear, no part or lot wilt thou ever have, until thy stubborn soul be purged with the fires of many afflictions!

**B**ut still, my earliest and once most valued friend, I would ask, what is to shut out all hope that Cartaphilus shall follow Saul? That little word “*yet*,” is again recalled to my mind: and

## Conversion of Priscilla—Artemas and Rebecca.

though I may not live to see it effective in thee, and though delayed even for ages, yet do I charge thee never to forget it : and were Artemas and Cartaphilus to meet again at His *final coming*, equal faith would Artemas then have in *that word*, as now ! \* \* \*

\* \* \* Thy friends at Sychar think of thee constantly, and with grief and dread ; but still are they deeply memorative of thy devotion to them, when at Ramoth. The excellent Priscilla is now among the most faithful and zealous of those who have received the name of Nazarenes ; (and whether in honour, or in dishonour, from the world, disturbs her not)—but the innocent, sensible, and lovely Rebecca, I mourn to say, remains in her father's faith—and, O Cartaphilus ! I must in candour say, chiefly in regard for thee, and thy opinions,—though she hath freely vowed to her parents never to wed thee ! This is to me a source of great pain ; my hope and prayers having still been to see thee, and all of that dear family, united by earthly ties, as well as by one faith : yes, Cartaphilus, to see thee and Rebecca one, was the constant theme of my soul's hope.

It is only of late I heard of thy endeavour, nay firm resolve, no more to think of Rebecca ; and to wean thyself as much from the world, as from her ! Finding thee in Jerusa- *Artemas' love for Rebecca.* lem, for a time, we hoped that, for ever, thou hadst not only abandoned the detested Hinnom, but all other such gloomy abodes : and yet we now hear thou dost still bury thyself in some unknown and solitary place, in Jehoshaphat's valley ; and, indeed, even among its tombs ! Why this ? and how different this, from thy generous letter to the lovely maiden, and to her parents, communicated to me this day,—in which thou hast urged her and them as to *my union* with the damsel ! Oh, Cartaphilus ! this must not be—cannot be : for, though I have ever loved that priceless jewel—she, who needs not, and would not, cover her flowing hair with gold dust—I, who ever loved that fairest of Judah's daughters, and well know she hath a mind and heart of visible strength, and of transparent purity, yea, a soul enshrined in a form of matchless excellence—in whose face the roses of Sharon, and the white bloomed jessamines of Engeddi mingle their hues in sweetest harmony,—whose lips, like rubies, or roseate wines, sparkling in sun-beams, give forth a breath fragrant as the dews of Hermon ;—whose voice (passing through teeth as of pearls, or snow-drops) is soft as the whispers of her kithera ; whose downy bosom gently swells as two pomegranates,—whose languishing, and yet fiery eyes, are like those of the Zabi, when beaming through the palms of Carmel,—and whose stature, straight as the javelin, shadows forth the directness and the power of her elevated soul ! all, all of these, my Cartaphilus, are well known unto thy friend Artemas : and yet, he now declares

The *hope* for Cartaphilus—Names of the Evil One.

to thee, that, should Rebecca freely proffer all, and that, too, with thy, and with her parents' earnest wishes, it cannot—must not be; for she was thine, by thy *first love*—thine, by *mutual love*—and thine, by thine own *eminent worth*, until Beel-zebul entered into thee, and spoiled all! Oh, dearest and most beloved of friends! though I greatly loved the maiden, even before I knew thy mind towards her; yet thou well knowest how closely guarded, ever since, hath been my heart and lips, and how deeply have I mourned over thy misfortunes, and striven to ward them off; so that thou, Cartaphilus, might have made her thine own for life. And yet Rebecca may still be thine—never mine! Her vow can no longer bind, than the *cause* exists, that gave it birth: and all that in thee is foul may yet be washed out, and thou be made as pure as violets, dripping with the morning dews, if thou *wilt* but invoke, with deep contrition, the Name of Jesus! \*

If Saul has been purified, why may not Cartaphilus? Saul was full of vengeance, and committed great havoc: who, then, shall limit, who *can* limit, the grace of Him who cleansed the lepers, and changed the soul of Saul, from a prowling lion, into a humble lamb? This is the very *nature*, this the high *excellence*, of that religion alone, that now is revealed to us: and all that hath been said and done by our forefathers,—yea, even by our Master, Moses, (who, from his birth, is said to have been "*fair to God*," ) and all that shone forth in Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and also in the prophets of our holy and long venerated religion, are but feeble shadows, compared with those divine truths, and saving graces that with SHILOH came, in this our day!

Come then, O Cartaphilus! cast off the whole  
*The EVIL* body of sin and of death; be traitor to none but that  
*ONE, his* MOLOCH, whose mischiefs are, as his names, so diverse:  
*many names.* for this Moloch is also called *Abaddon, Beel-zebul, Ab-ri-*  
*man, Satan, Typhon, Belial, Samael, Lucifer, Azraël, Pluto, As-*  
*modai, Hecate, Baalath-Aub*,—and his foul deeds are still under  
 other names and forms! Retrace thy steps, O Cartaphilus; com-  
 mune no longer with those foul spirits—one, or many: but, under

\* This oriental and ornate language of Artemas, so full of the freshness of his own youth, and of the images and tropes derived to him from the lovely scenery by which he was surrounded, also from the genial climate of Judea, and from the objects so familiar there to all the senses, is, when so considered, quite natural. And though, to the less Asiatic taste of our own age, it may seem somewhat novel, the Editor is bound to render it faithfully, according to the original chronicles,—especially, as such language is often as characteristic of the times, as would be the thoughts, and even actions, and visible things around him. The *Zabi*, whose eyes beaming through the pines of Carmel, are likened to Rebecca's eyes, is the same animal known to us as the Gazâl of the Arabians, and the Aptî of the Turks. The *kithera* is the guitar.

## Hinnom's hideous Valley—Stellar Influences.

the broad white banner of the crucified Emanuel, win back to thy now tortured mind, earthly as well as heavenly bliss. Forake the secret places of Jehoshaphat's valley, as well as the more loathsome ones of Hinnom; brood no more, in thy morbid way, over thy many just causes of anguish; and yet, attempt not to smother remorse: for though the *outward* and visible world thou mayest no longer heed, yet will the *mind* (that ever active and eternal entity) come forth, and in thy deepest retirement from man, arise within its own clayey tenement, and torture thee with might, under a thousand hideous and refistful forms! Oh, come, then, Cartaphilus, again I say, shake off this Moloch, and exclaim with the sublime Prophet, "Would that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears!"—for *WEeping* maketh the heart light: and, as the soft and cooling showers, when shed on the parched earth, so would those tears cause freshness, and green hope and resolution to spring up in thy withered soul! *FARE-THREE-WELL.*

ARTEMAS.

SECTION XVI.—*Sivan*, 28. *Seleucide*, 348. [June 6, A. D. 36.]

**T**HE foregoing letter from the noble-hearted Artemas, I have read till my eyes are sore with weeping—my ears heed all things alike, *Hinnom's Valley. Stellar Influences.* and until my sluggish soul can no longer be roused or moved by the bitter present, nor by all that friends can say as to the eventful future. For some relief, I roam through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves: but Hinnom's smoky vale—the mingled bones of slaughtered victims there—the birds of death and blood that hover therein, blending their shrieking dirges with the crackling noises of many fires—the pale vapours that ascend from that foul valley into the heavens, mantling there, in the darkness of the night—and the remembrance of the thrilling horrors which there prevailed in former ages, when Moloch was fed with the blood of our children! all, all of these, so loathing to others, and once deeply so to me, are now most genial to the temper of my diseased soul! Oh, it is most true, misery doth make for us strange acquaintances!—things foreign to our mind, and hateful to our nature, become, in sorrow, our cherished and most abiding companions!

**NAIL MAZZAROTH!** come quickly on, thou raging Star, that dost preside for forty days and nights o'er the scorching heats of Summer, I love thy fury—I love thy sultry influences,—they suit the distempered habit of my soul! From thee *Chimab* shrinks back, and *Chefil* slowly advances to benumb thy potent rays—

Apostrophe to Mazzaroth, Orion, Chimah, &c.

whilst *Aish*, still later, lags on with his Wintry blasts, to cover the earth and waters with his *too chastening* colds! I love thy ardour, O Mazzaroth! for thou dost come from the recesses of the far South, with pestilence and death upon thy wings—resolving all things—mixing all things; and, ever regardful of thy appointed time, at ORION's bidding! Thy sultry days and putrifying heats are more in harmony with my burning heart, and troubled mind, than are the genial and soft winds of Spring, when scarce they whisper through the waving palms—or, than the frosty Hyperborean, when the winter's snows clothe all nature with an emblem of purity, so foreign to my belaboured soul. Hail again, O Mazzaroth!—thy influences I love.\*

\* \* \* \* \* And yet I would *not die*, though death be indeed the perfectest of all corruptions, yea, a putrefaction more thorough than even Mazzaroth doth generate. \*  
*Musings upon* \* \* \* \* \* But hold, Cartaphilus! Hath Sin  
*Death and* and Love, indeed *crazed* thee; and have these, com-  
*Immortality.* bined, driven from its proud throne that haughty *reason*,  
of which thou hast so long vaunted, and made of thee a poor and helpless wanderer from humanity? Much do I fear it is so: for

\* MAZZAROTH (called also Sirius, or the Dog-Star) is the star of August, and of pestilential heats. *Chimah*, known as Taurus, or the Bull, is the star of Spring; *Chefil*, or Scorpio, presides over Autumn; and *Aish*, also known as Urfa Major, or the Great Bear, has Winter for her charge.

ORION was supposed to influence Sirius,—drawing him forth from his Antarctic recesses, to resist Urfa Major, and restrict her and her whelps, to their Arctic den! How beautifully do the Hebrew names of these constellations express their several stations, and supposed offices! *Mazzaroth* signifies “raging;” and is equivalent to the “*Rabiem Canis*”—the “*Jam Procyon furit*,” and the “*Infana Canicula*” of the Romans,—and is well applied to the Dog-Star.

*Aish*, the opposing constellation of Winter, signifies an “*assemblage*,” and is appropriately so named in Hebrew, as the stars of Urfa Major are more strikingly grouped, than any others in all the heavens.

*Chimah*, likewise, which imports “*charming*,” presides over lovely Spring; and, under the name of Taurus, or the Bull, in our language, is hailed as the star of the *opening* month of April, when he has cast behind him the Northern Bear, but still shrinks from the onward march of the furious Mazzaroth—that star of heat and corruption, which we denominate the Dog-Star.

*Chefil* comes lastly on; and, by his name, the “*benumbed*,” forcibly expresses the withering influences of Autumn, when cold begins, as the sun enters into that constellation. How greatly the mind of Cartaphilus was imbued with these images so familiar to the Hebrews, the Syrians, the Arabians, Egyptians, and, indeed, to all other Oriental nations, is at once seen in this his welcoming apostrophe to Mazzaroth, as the star of his then genius—the star most in union with the feverish condition of his soul—with the (so to speak) sultry and *corrupting* influences of the *thoughts* that so constantly assailed him!

## Musings upon Death and Immortality.

now doth my soul burn with volcanic fires—my heart loathe all nature—and my soul rebel against all that hath life! Why, then, wouldst thou *not die*?

OH, DEATH! why art thou so much feared, when, in truth, *Life* is forced, and *Thou* alone art natural? Whence, then, that inward dread, that strong recoil, that shrinking from the inevitable with all? Nothing that *breathes* doth escape thy summons; for thou, O death! soon, or late, must strike us all—and no medicament can ward thee off—few, if any, mitigate thy pangs! It were wisdom, then, to fear thee nothing; and, to tremble at thy approach, were naked cowardice. Medicines, though most artfully compounded, delay not Death: for, when his grim and grisly Messenger doth *truly* summon, the bidden one incontinently must yield,—since human skill is then quite powerless to avert the mandate. Hence, O Death! when the herbs, so salutary and well contrived, *seem* to have driven from our door thine Angel, 'tis but when he hath *not* truly knocked, and only when he hath at a distance stood, fearfully looking on us, and hath but trifled with our terrors,—or, that he thus vouchsafed to note his power; then taking wing, leaves us, for a season, in repose and forgetfulness, but to return with fatal certainty at last!

Tell me, oh my soul! what is this great mystery—this thing called Death—so natural, so common, and yet so hated? Who shall trace its source, and whither it tends—who shall say whether it triumphs over soul, as well as body,—or only separates them, that the latter may *perish* quite, the former *live* eternally? And, if both be mortal, why should man have ever lived, seeing that he so often lives but a brief span, and almost ever to such poor and ignoble purposes?

If then, MAN, who breathes, be hence immortal, why are not the numerous beasts, and birds, and reptiles—and yon gaily plumed insects, equally immortal,—for they too *breathe*, and likewise obey laws, and violate them! Doth soul truly differ from life, and from breath? What is this *soul*—this *life*—this *breath*? And if they differ not, then all things that breathe must also be immortal, if man be so! But, if soul and breath *do* differ, how, and to what extent? for the beasts, the birds, the reptiles—yea, the almost invisible living entities, often have more prudence, gratitude and love, than man! And some there be of brutes, whose consciousness of right and wrong—and whose patient study of duty, might well teach their haughty masters many rules of right, and ways of wisdom! Dread mystery!—dark riddle!—Life—Death—Eternity! all unfathomable alike!—who shall relieve my doubting, dreaming soul—who, from this great body of perplexing wonders, shall lift up the filmy veil that shuts out the light, that must be bright behind it,

## Musings upon Death and Immortality.

and thus give rest to the tortured mind of Cartaphilus—and the multitude like him?

How sickening are these contemplations to my soul! but avoid them I cannot—which, in itself is a racking mystery! all life is loathed by me—and yet I pursue it!—thought is odious to me, and still *I live on thought*! Oh, that THOUGHT were for ever and for ever blotted out—or, that some messenger, who passing from this world of care and doubt, had gazed upon the glory—or the gloom, of that which lies beyond the grave, were now permitted again to tread these shores, and here to reveal fully to our longing ears, the history of what Death truly is!

O, 'tis not death—nor yet annihilation—nor immortal life—nor the silence and corruption of the grave, that thus disturbs me, and chills my heart into icy coldness: no! no! but 'tis the tossing doubt—the exciting mystery—the dread uncertainty, be it of weal, or of woe, that so load my heart, and cast my troubled soul about, knowing not how or whither to seek a harbour or a shore! If, in the tomb, soul and body be quite extinct—if both lay down in an eternal sleep, the *loss* is nought—the *gain* is certain: for, to shrink from mere *nonexistence* is meagre folly, and unmeaning cowardice.

But if, (as our Pharisees, and yet more these Nazarenes, maintain) all death is but the body's ruin, and the soul's second birth; if to *die* is to be *born* again—and then to live eternally, Death is gain indeed! for then would death be nought but parting with *breath*; which, (in life, doth come and go mechanically) would, when disembodied, yield to the soul no *forced* existence, but an unaided and immortal one.

Avaunt then! Avaunt! all dread of death and the grave—is not the pang of dissolution momentary?—let Cartaphilus leap into the abyss—let him court the grim phantom! And though myriads do shun that monarch, as a consuming, hateful monster, let me hail Him as altogether bright and lovely! O, would not then the soul be free—will it not then revel in immortal being—luxuriate in endless, intoxicate glory—and fly unseen, unheard, intact, through all illimitable space? Would it not then be freed of all corruptions that time and matter generate—from the pains of mortal body—and from all the agonizing thoughts of a clay-bound soul? Truly, so must it be: for cares and pangs of soul and body spring alone from their close alliance!

Or if, (even as the Sadducees maintain) the untabernacled soul also dies,—well, be it so: in dreamless sleep eternal, there's no pain, as no *thought* can then exist! Welcome, then, thrice welcome Death, in either view; and hence must it be the surest refuge from the ills of time—the ending of all our toils—the portal of repose, be it of Life unending, or of Annihilation! Death, then, is Liberty—

## Mufings upon Death and Immortality.

but Life is Slavery ; yea, from the first tears we shed at birth, to the last sigh we breathe ! \* \* \* \* \*  
 But, hold, Cartaphilus ! hold ! If an after life there be, what then ?—must it *needs be happy* ? Hast thou justly conned *that* question ? Is there no broken link in the chain of thy reasoning—hast thou been in this a sound logician, or, somewhat, a self-deceiver ? If the *Baptist*, whom Herod murdered, and the *Nazarene*, who perished, (I dare not utter how,) if they both, I say, have truly prophesied, Man is indeed heir to *immortality*—but likewise is he heir to weal, or to woe—yea, to a dread *responsibility*, that may *not* end in *happiness* ! If, then, when the soul is disembodied, and becomes immortal, there *may* be bliss immeasurable, so may there *also* be woes unmitigable—and if so, Death is *not* sure liberty, is *not* the reaping a sure harvest of never-ending bliss !—but greatly otherwise,—since man is as prone to sin, as is the smoke to rise, or the stone to fall !

Hence was it, that John preached *Repentance*, as well as *Baptism* : and to this is now added *Faith in the Atonement* of the Nazarene !—and these three means, even Saul, once so fierce a persecutor, now holds essential ! How wonderful to Cartaphilus are all these things !—an infinitely wise—just—and merciful God—Man, a finite—erring being—punished, *not finitely*, but infinitely—and for deeds done, but *as of the moment*, and prompted, moreover, not *sponte sua*, but by the artifices of a most powerful Being—alike the foe of Man and God ! Oh, these are, indeed, fathomless mysteries !—and yet *His disciples* do manifest a faith, as clear and immovable, as if thoroughly skilled in all of Heaven's arcana ! Well do I remember how my good Artemas would argue that no mortal can of *death* be fearless, till repentance, baptism, and faith are all united, as the only shield against Belial. How often would he say, “Wisdom and Virtue avail not—Repentance and Baptism avail not : but to all these must be added Faith in Joseph and Mary's son—as *the son of God*—as the *Incarnate God* ! ! And so said they all that loved me. Wonderful mystery !—and how strangely revealed ! \* \* \* \* \*  
 How full of sad misgivings is thy soul, O Cartaphilus !—how much oppressed thy mind with fitful and contradictory notions ! A believer *now*—an infidel *then* ! At morn, repentant and fearful in the dust—at eve, as Lucifer, proud, as Moloch, wicked ! Oh ! for a ray—one little ray, of Light Divine—free from Belial's whispers !

What *fatality* (if fate it were) caused thee to league with Judas, whom thou didst despise,—and in a foul treason against supernal innocence, so bright that, be he of earth, or of heaven, Angels must delight to do him reverence ! Oh Night, supreme in horrors, when Judas and Cartaphilus in alliance met, to plot

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## Mufings upon Death and Immortality.

unholy mischief against worth more pure than Eden's garden ever saw, when Adam first wandered there in bliss ineffable! O day of darkness, such as Earth shrank from, and to its centre shook, when the meek Bethlehemite, through me, died the cruelest and most ignominious of deaths! O day and night most foul, be ye in my remembrance as black for ever, as they then were!—be ye present to my soul, and rack it with all thy terrors; so that no beam of light may enter there; but let my mind, cheerless and in deepest gloom continue, for *that*, the most detested and inexpiable of sins! Yea, more fearful and black, than those stormy clouds, that on the fatal night hung over soft Gethsemane's lovely garden, must be the soul of Cartaphilus! for that *nameless* deed, let it be visited with sights as fearful as Jerusalem saw, when the crucified Nazarene, in agony cried aloud, ELI, ELI, LAMAH AZABTANI—and then expired! Oh! how the earth then quaked—how the rocks were burst asunder—the Temple's veil, from top to bottom, rent in twain—the Orb of day obscured and chilled!—yea, the graves of some forced open, and in some days thereafter, they yielded up their dead for a time!\* Tell me, oh my soul! was he king—prophet, Immanuel, Shiloh; oh! tell me, was he GOD?

If the least of these—yea, if a mere deluded man, still was the act most vile, most wicked; and so condemned of Heaven, that all created things loathed, and sickened at the sight!

**W**ould that I had *seen* this much talked-of RESURRECTION! for others' eyes and ears bring not conviction, as do our own. Had I but seen the tomb disgorge its lifeless and embalmed tenant!—and He uprising with glory through the clouds, till lost in distance! *That* were sufficient—conviction must then have come; and sorrow, deep as the sea's abyss, and enduring as the rocky hills. But how believe solely through the faith of others?—for, as lately I have heard, one Thomas-dydimus (though a disciple of the Nazarene) believed not in this resurrection, till, as others still say, he obtained his faith, by seeing and feeling!—but how doth Cartaphilus *know* that this Thomas ever did so *see* and *feel*? Were he known of me—and could I as firmly rely on him, as upon mine own senses—*his* conviction must then be *mine*—and yet thousands do say, and wholly believe, that Thomas gained his faith only by sight and feeling: and why shall they believe through this Thomas, and I *cannot*? Oh, the mystery of unbelief! for, sometimes, my

\* Cartaphilus here seems manifestly to sustain the opinions, *first*, that the saints did not arise until after the resurrection of Jesus, although the rocks and graves were rent when the Saviour expired—and *second*, that these saints returned to their tombs, to await that future rising to immortality secured to them by their faith. This is the sounder opinion, in after ages, of Origen, Chrysostom, Jerom and others.

own *unbelief* doth wonder me—and then, anon, my *belief* seems to level me with the common herd—the reason of Cartaphilus rebels—pride doth chide me—and some inner Spirit (of good, or of evil, I wot not which) then doth whisper in my ear some discourse like this:—“And art *thou*, O wife Cartaphilus, confounded with the “rest?—’tis folly—Shiloh comes not to *die*, but to *conquer*—not to “be crucified, but to crucify sin, and sinners! Jesus, *if* all-power- “ful, would surely not have suffered, and died—and, *if* arisen, why “not with power—openly to all—and in majesty, that myriads “might thus gain faith without alloy? If he the Messiah be, how “saved he Israel—how redeemed he his people—and why is the “nation thus trodden down by Gentiles?”

Such, or the like doubts assail me ever: and who shall resolve them for me? O, that I could, *as if with hand*, take up the whole mass of belief, and place it solidly within my heart and mind! \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Judas and Cartaphilus, doubtless, did betray *innocent* blood: but oh, not the Lord of Life—not the veritable Emanuel!

\* \* \* \* \* And, though willingly I gave consent—and also united in the pious STEPHEN’s death, and the first stone did prompt—and whilst the lovely youth was pouring blessings on those around,—yet was this soul of mine so filled with zeal for Israel’s Law and Privileges, that the wrong I urged escaped me quite:—blind I may have been; but I was craving no revenge, nor sought I the shedding of innocent blood causelessly, or in contempt of life. And, in like manner was Saul consenting. Saul hath mercy found, and quick forgiveness—not so can it be with the wretched Cartaphilus! DESTINY, then, DESTINY it surely was!—be quiet, therefore, oh my soul! be quiet: if crimes like *scarlet* may become as *wool*, even Destiny shuts not out repentance; for, as Artemas declared, no destiny is irrevocable—none is stronger than the law that gives it, which doth ever yield to the law of repentance, baptism, and faith! But, doth repentance come at our bidding? and doth faith ever come at our summons?—whence doth either spring? Outward baptism brings them not—nor do they come by *wishing*; nor hath man always even the power to wish! for, if Cartaphilus doth wish, oh how clogged is it ever by torturing doubts, by the soul’s suggestions; which, as troublous waves and winds, cast him far from the haven he would be in—yea, upon fearful rocks, where darkness reigns, where lightnings flash around him, and where the terrors of recollection cease not by day or night!

SAUL is blessed—but CARTAPHILUS is cursed!

Whence this, if free-agents we be?—mercy for one, unending woes for another! Why differ the Pharisees and Sadducees herein, and why do the faithful now so earnestly bid me beware of Election?

## Musings upon Death and Immortality.

Oh, vexing conflicts, endless surmises, tormenting questions! why thus poison my soul, leaving it no moment of repose?

The words, which at the Valley-Gate I uttered, were these;

*"Go faster Jesus—go faster, why dost thou linger?"*

His mild but firm reply was;

*"I, indeed am going, but Thou shalt tarry till I come."*

Mysterious words!—no blessing can they to me import—but rather *Curse*, if pregnant meaning they truly have. Many do still firmly believe he surely hath *risen from the tomb*! And some declare that *thrice* hath He ascended from earth to Heaven, since that Resurrection from the sealed tomb! and, if so, and should he come soon again, Cartaphilus may then no longer tarry, but would *die*, as Jesu's words would seem to say! And yet, if risen, was it not in three days thereafter—and, if thrice he ascended, thrice must he have "*come*" since the day he perished on Calvary! but now, more than six-and-twenty moons have passed since then, and still Cartaphilus lives! Hence, "*till I come*" doth import some other *mighty coming*—one that shall be with power, and glory, and vengeance—for the *Temple* standeth as ever—and that was sorely threatened, as also was Jerusalem! \* \* \* \* Truly is my mind weary unto disease and loathing: no more will I ponder on these killing doubts—no light into my outcast soul do such thoughts bring; no balm to its raging action!—unto Ramoth will I incontinently go; the excellent matron Priscilla, and her gentle confiding daughter will pour into my belaboured and maddened soul some oil of consolation—some beam of hope!

Oh WOMAN! ever man's best, and often his only solace in time of deep affliction, thou, of all God's creatures, art alone a comforter, an angel—ministering good to all, with gentleness and without reproof! No words of bitter censure come from thee—but all is sweet forgiveness! And, though sin and death were brought into the world by thee,—*thou*, since that time, hath been man's devoted; unforaking friend; and yet, far more true to Heaven hast thou been, than man! Yes, lovely Woman! and thou, Rebecca, the loveliest of thy kind, Cartaphilus will not be scorned of thee; but thy smiles will play around him still, and shed their brightest, holiest influences, to mitigate his sorrows! As those who would wed, we are indeed for ever separate: but oh, never wilt thou deny me thy dear presence—that would more than kill. Freely unto Artemas would I resign thee; *his* love would bring no *curse*.

But, on Death and Immortality, and on Sin and Love, no longer can I muse: these thoughts are more than I now have mind that can endure them: much do I strive to shut them out—they *will* come; and, as the gushing fountain, they know no let! More

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The three Ascensions—Letters on the Resurrection, why omitted.

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bitter are they than wormwood—more exhausting to the soul, than would be to the body all the fabled toils of Sisyphus! Come genial SLEEP, if come thou canst, and with thy pitchy mantle cover me: oh, hide me, if but for an hour, from my hated sorrows; and let their odious hues be lost in imagination's bright creations—left this dreariment of my waking hours quite upturn the mind, and leave it the triumphant prey of madness and of the demons! \*

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### LETTER XII.†

ARTEMAS TO CARTAPHILUS.

[CÆSAREA, (*late Straton's Tower*). Creation, 3796. *Sivan*, 20th.  
[May 10, A.D. 36.]

### LETTER XIII.†

ARTEMAS TO CARTAPHILUS.

CÆSAREA (*late Straton's Tower*). Creation, 3796. *Sivan*, 29th.  
[June 19, A.D. 36.]

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\* Some apology may be due to Cartaphilus and his readers, for the prosaic manner in which his curious, deep, and metaphysical Apostrophe to Death, and the other musings that accompany it, have been rendered by his Editor. Blank-verse, doubtless, would have been more rhythmical, and better suited to reveal the anomalous state of the Jew's thoughts at that time. But as the vein of meditation on Death and Immortality would have been impaired, in many of its shades, by a less poetic genius than Cartaphilus possessed, his Editor was compelled to render it in the prose garb in which it now appears,—and in which he still hopes that the spirit of the original may have been in the main preserved.

It will be perceived that Cartaphilus has no doubt that the Faithful of his then day believed in *three distinct Ascensions*—viz., invisibly early on the morning of the Resurrection, and before Jesus was touched by human hands!—again, in the evening of the same day, but visibly, from Bethany, and in the presence of his disciples only; and lastly, from the Mount of Olives, on the fortieth day after his resurrection—it being on Thursday, May 6, of that year. As, doubtless, there were three Ascensions (and not *one* only, according to the popular idea) this fact will be found to satisfactorily explain various texts, otherwise of no small difficulty, if not wholly inexplicable. Vide the eloquent Sermons of the Rev. E. Miller, of Bognor: Sec. xv.

† Letters XII and XIII are those upon the Evidences of the *Resurrection*, to which such frequent allusions have been made. The force and earnestness with which Artemas sustains his argument upon this intensely interesting matter, (though with little effect, at the time, upon Cartaphilus, but with great power upon him in some after years) might give them a special claim to insertion in our Selections: yet, *for the present*, they are omitted, not only on account of their great length, but chiefly as the Resurrection has never been questioned by any sort of Christians,—and as the *entire* infidel should commence his researches elsewhere.

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The Eben-Ezra family—Aquila—Apollon.

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## LETTER XIV.

REBECCA (OF EBEN-EZRA) TO CARTAPHILUS.

PELLA. Creation 3804. Month of *Sivan*, 18th.  
[May 28, A.D. 44.]



HERE this letter may reach thee, friend of my earliest youth, and happier days ! I know not ; but *Ananias*, the tabellarius, gives me hope of finding thee in thy solitude, somewhere in the valley of *Jehoshaphat*, or of *Hinnom*—or possibly in some almost unknown spot in the now unhappy *Jerusalem* !

*The Eben-Ezra family remove to Pella.*

From *Sychar* we removed with regret ; and now we are scarce a furlong from the lovely *Pella*, as being the most retired and secure abode we could find, to screen us from the dreadful persecutions, which continue even yet against the afflicted and innocent *Nazarenes*, by *Romans* as well as by *Jews* !

Nearly ten years, *Cartaphilus*, have elapsed since we last met ; though we have sometimes corresponded. The God of *Abraham* alone can tell whether we shall ever meet again. The open conversion of *Artemas* to the New Faith, immediately after the extraordinary events of that *Pentecost* which succeeded the *Crucifixion*—and the like avowal of my fainted mother, nearly at the same time,—together with the fact of my venerated father's stern refusal, after his release from exile, to countenance in any way the great persecution that arose upon *Stephen's* death, and upon *Saul's* dereliction of those in power—(in which not less than two thousand of the believers, with *Nicanor*, one of the Seven Deacons, were cruelly slaughtered) so jeopardized the lives of us all, as to cause us to seek an early refuge in this beautiful and secluded spot—for such *PELLA* truly is.

*Artemas, Aquila, Apollon, &c.*

Our excellent friend *ARTEMAS* writes sometimes, and keeps us instructed in most of the interesting events of these perilous times ; but he is too zealous in this new and agitating faith to visit us. He has been long absent, and is now with *Thaddeus* in his journeys through *Arabia* and *Perfia*.

*AQUILA* of *Pontus*, afterwards of *Cæsarea*, (whom you know as an early friend of *Artemas*) together with *Prisca* his wife, are now residing at *Rome*, inculcating their faith, under the protection of the recent edict of *Claudius* in favour of the *Jews* ; of which

## Rebecca's kind admonitions to Cartaphilus.

edict, though it *names* not the religion of the Nazarenes, the Christian Jews of that city may well avail themselves. Aquila and his wife, as I believe, joined the Faith on the pentecostal day; and being anxious to win over the Roman Jews, they went thither soon after, and have resided in the Imperial City some years,—often sustaining themselves by the making of leathern tents for the provincial troops.

**A**POLLOS is now at Corinth: him you may not know—nor do I; but I learn from Artemas' letters, that he is an Alexandrine Jew of extraordinary eloquence—deeply versed in the Scriptures, and of singularly winning manners. He is now ardent in the cause, and will visit divers lands, and ultimately Ephesus and Achaia, sustaining the infant churches, whatever may be the peril. He was first with the Baptist alone, and seemed to have some doubts as to Jesus being the real Shiloh.

**T**he few letters I have written to thee, Cartaphilus, have been cheerful, and upon all matters, save our own deep sorrows, and thy special griefs: and even these would not be shunned of me, but that I find thou art still in gloomy solitude, and hence in a mind not to be reasoned with. Much have I to say to thee; but dread lest it should further waste and poison thy mind: upon such matters, therefore, will I remain silent, until I have hope from thy abandonment of those tombs, and other loathsome places, which, as they tell me, are still thy daily and nightly resorts! Oh no, Cartaphilus—prayer, and the garish light of day, and the whole mass of human transactions, are surer medicaments to the wounded soul, than solitude: for brooding in retirement over our cares is far more perilous; it often shuts out all but Satan, and his chosen ally despair: bad as men often are as companions, the Tempter is far worse; for, believe me, dear Cartaphilus, it is only in the actual collisions of life, and in the comparison of the sentiments and opinions of a busy world, that we can either chasten the heart, or correct the judgment. Great is the error of him who thinks he cannot pray every where—yea, in the open field—in the street—in the midst of a tumultuous crowd; and greater yet the error of him who fears the seductions of society, more than those of an indolent and morbid seclusion. I call upon thee, therefore, oh Cartaphilus, forthwith to come out from thy odious hatred and shunning of thy species—from thy caves, and the lonely dwellings of the dead; and pray God and man and thy own heart to look upon thy terrific deed—nothing concealing—nothing extenuating—but in all its naked and fearful wickedness; then, Cartaphilus, and then only, will thy burthen be made gradually lighter, and until it wholly vanisheth! And, though that desperate action, and thy long-continued indiscretions,

*Rebecca's kind  
admonitions to  
Cartaphilus.*

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Rebecca's kind admonitions to Cartaphilus.

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and the fearful mystery that clung to thee even from thy earliest hour, must render it impossible that Cartaphilus and Rebecca shall ever be *one, as promised*, yet doth my soul adhere to thee, as do light and heat to the Orb of day—as doth moisture even to the verdure of Hermon, or of the valleys, after the stars become visible—yea, O Cartaphilus, as do perfumes to the vines of Engeddi, or to the roses of Sharon. If, then, it comfort thee to be assured Rebecca can never cease to love thee—*thou hast it*: her fate goes with thine in all things, save what flow from thy peculiar opinions, and thy reckless actions—these she never can approve, but must ever mournfully chide thee for; yet never, oh never can Rebecca hate thee—ah, love *thee*, the *perpetrator* she must, though thy *offences* be for ever loathed.

In regard to the Faith now so much noised around us, my father's mind, like mine own, yet remains in afflicting doubt. The prodigies which in quick succession have crowded the larger part of my still green years, and brought with them such numerous sorrows; also my father's exile for several years, followed by diminished rank, influence, and fortune—the many artful machinations of cruel, wicked, and ambitious persons, ever jealous of power, and with whom he could in no way consort—the miseries likewise, of thine own unhappy lot—the deep love, moreover, that Artemas, at one time, cherished towards me; he, whom of all mortals, next to thee, I most value—his prompt and delicate withdrawal, on hearing of our own early and mutual love—my mother's wretchedness, daily growing stronger, at the feebleness of her husband's faith, and her daughter's want of faith, these and many other sad, or greatly exciting things, have so long oppressed me, that I have been far—very far from happy, even for an hour since we parted: but Cartaphilus, they shall never cause *despair*—never shall they seduce thy Rebecca into moody seclusion—there to hate her species, the world, or any little good that may be found therein. Oh no! such withdrawals from the paths of life are strong proof of an ill-arranged and sickly mind. Better far is it to stem the torrent, than compliantly to be borne off by its bitter waters, into the deep and angry ocean of mad dependence. All this, again, O Cartaphilus, I design mainly for thee. And though our causes for grief are indeed very great, and should be keenly felt by both, I desire, more for thee than myself, that thou couldst see with what horror my heart doth banish every feeling that would prompt one to seek, even for a moment such an odious solitude as that of Hinnom, or of the caves and tombs of those lonely valleys and rocky heights, to which, as I hear, thou dost so much resort. But I must forbear; and now would to other matters, less personal to thee and myself—and hence less painful to us both.

## Death of Salomè—Retributive Justice.

You have probably not heard of the luckless fate of the beautiful Salomè—the of dancing memory, who so wickedly danced off the head of the pious Baptist! The rumour *Salomè's wonderful death.* now is, and I doubt it not, (as the details are too circumstantial to be unfounded) that Salomè, having accompanied her wicked father Antipas, and her still more odious mother Herodias, into the exile of Lugdunum, provided for them a few years ago by Caligula, she lately met a fate so truly retributive, and marvellously correspondent to her crime, as shows the hand of Providence, not *accident*, to have caused it! In truth, Cartaphilus, I cannot help remarking how numerous are the instances of a like nature, as to all that have fiercely opposed this new faith: for I have observed that those concerned in the death, or persecution of the humble Nazarene, or any of his followers, have come to some untimely or shocking end; or that, in a few instances, they have been snatched, as it were, from impending ruin, to be made signal objects of providential mercy! This wonderful fact has sometimes more seriously impressed me, than all others; and hence that the Pharisees and Sadducees do greatly err, in attributing to Beel-zebul the acts and marvels that have attended the course of these Nazarenes; and truly so, even from the first hour we ever heard of them! Now, I put it to thee, Cartaphilus, to say whether, if satanic agency be out of the question, there be any other power than that of Abraham's God to which they can be ascribed? The inquiry I now make of thee, doth, I confess disturb me. And moreover, the letters written to thee by Artemas in proof of the alleged *Resurrection* of this Jesus, (a copy of which I have) greatly roused me then; and doth more so now: the same I may say of my excellent father: eight years have now gone by since these letters were written: and, dear Cartaphilus, yet another matter adds trouble to my mind; which is, that never have I yet seen the Jew or Gentile that could controvert those letters—never one who could give a good reason for their disbelief of that averred resurrection—nay, never one in whom I could find a hearty and clear denial of the fact so powerfully urged by Artemas! But, I must not wholly forget the hapless SALOME—I have yet to say *how* she perished.

During the last extremely cold winter, especially in that inhospitable region that surrounds Lugdunum,\* Salomè, in some excursion of pleasure, was passing over a frozen lake. The vehicle that bore her and her attendants, suddenly broke through the ice, and she was hurled, up to the neck, into the deep and chilling waters; where,

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\* Now called Lyons, a city on the Saône, in France. That region of Gaul was, at that time, a far more inclement one, than at present.



## The Herodian Family.

struggling to avoid sinking, *her head was incontinently parted from her body* by the violence of the icy fragments, that rushed in on all sides against her ! Thus ended the life of that much flattered princess—surely one of Galilee's most beauteous daughters—the cherished pride of an accomplished, but most wicked mother—the glory of a doating uncle's once splendid palace—the most winning, sprightly, and embellished among all the lovely women of Sepphoris,—and yet a true *Herodian*: for, with all the genius, taste, and worldly elegance of that remarkable family, Salomè had her share also of their vaulting ambition, of their supreme wickedness, and of their reckless disregard of Abraham's God. She has consequently shared the usual fate of her race—which has been that of marvellous prosperity, followed by equally signal adversity !

And here, Cartaphilus, I would recall thy mind to the eventful history of all the Herodian family—so visibly marked by God's severe reproof of prosperity ungratefully and impiously dealt with ; most of which must be well known of thee,—but some portions not, as being of late, and only since thy miseries came upon thee : but the remembrance of all may now be useful to thee ; for, as that wonderful Nazarene said, no sparrow falls to the ground, but that the Father knoweth it ; and that the very hairs of our head are numbered !—and Salomè's death, how retributive !

*Some account of the Herodian family.*

Thou knowest that Salomè's grandfather Herod, the first of that Idumean family, exceeded in regal magnificence, and in the splendour of his public works, all that Israel hath known since the golden days of Solomon : and equally would I have thee remember that his life was marked by every disgusting crime, that even Moloch and his hosts might have envied !—witness his slaughter of the *Innocents*, with the hope of slaying the infant Jesus !—witness his murder of Aristobulus and Alexander, his *sons* by Mariamne an Asmonean princess—likewise the murder of his wife, another Mariamne, daughter of Simon the High Priest—also the murder of Antipater, his son by Doris, his first wife ! This was the last act, save one, of his truly Satanic life ; and it was done, too, when his breath only lingered in him, amidst his unutterable tortures ; and remained only sufficiently long for him to pronounce the fatal mandate ! And witness, lastly, his atrocious *will* (happily never executed) to force upon his oppressed people a general mourning after his death—not indeed for *himself*, for that were impossible, but for *themselves*, by commanding many of our chiefest families to be forthwith imprisoned in the Hippodrome ; and then secretly instructing his trusty and infamous sister, another Salomè, to have them all slain, so soon as he should expire !

These, and a hideous roll of others, from which the soul

## The Herodian Family.

recoils, were not permitted by Providence to escape without signal punishment, even in this world: for, as this Herod's crimes hath perhaps exceeded all that is known in humanity, so the complicated horrors of his dying hours were terrific, and eminently unnatural!\*

With that incarnate fiend began the now loudly threatened ruin of Israel's hopes: for though his numerous lineage (the offspring of no less than ten wives) are now, happily, almost extinct; yet the past superlative wickedness of this Herodian family hath contributed, more than any other cause, to corrupt and degrade our people—to rivet on them more firmly the Roman chains—and to prepare the way for that total overthrow of our nation,—which, whatever thou, O Cartaphilus, may think of it, seems to have been one of the most remarkable among the *denunciations* of that wonderful Being who died on Calvary!

I have said that the posterity of this Herod, highly gifted as he and they certainly were, has now dwindled down to a single point,—and he, as I believe, by no means a brilliant one—I mean HEROD AGRIPPA II. his father Agrippa having died only a few days ago; and in a very remarkable way, as will be presently stated.

I will now, my Cartaphilus, as promised, trace briefly the history of these three Herods, who, since the first of that name, (so famed for his greatness and wickedness) have, in our own unhappy times, figured so largely, and with so little advantage to themselves, or to Israel. And this, as I have said, I the more willingly do, as two of them have died since the world to thee hath been so hateful; and also as their exemplary fates have scarce reached thy solitudes; and I would that these may awaken in thee deep attention, they being of no ordinary character, and seem largely to partake of that retributive justice, that so clearly marked the end of Herod the Idumean, and equally that of Salomé, the dancer.

OF HEROD-ANTIPAS, son of the Great Idumean, thou knowest all; and I need only remind thee how causelessly he divorced the lovely daughter of Aretas, King of the Stony Araby; also of his seduction of, or rather being seduced by, and his incestuous marriage with Herodias, but after her husband's death,—Antipas being brother of Herod Philip (not the Tetrarch); likewise of his dealing towards the Baptist, whom he imprisoned, and then slew, utterly without cause, or even accusation. And further would I remind thee of his cruel mockery, and unkind treatment of the Great Nazarene,—whose life he could have saved by a single word—and which word was not given; not because Herod judged him guilty of death,

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\* This first of the family has always been called, by way of distinction, HEROD THE GREAT.

## The Herodian Family—Death of Herodias.

but mainly as the Nazarene would not *flatter* him, by working some miracle to satisfy an idle curiosity!—and finally I may here note his base conspiracy against his emperor Tiberius, and his friend, Caius Caligula,—both being, indeed, his earliest and kindest patrons! These are some of the many outrages committed by this bad man. They are all well known of thee, save the last, which caused Caligula, scarce two years ago, to banish him to Lugdunum, and to confer upon his brother, Herod-Agrippa, the whole of his large possessions.\*

Herodias voluntarily participated in her husband's exile—that being, probably, the only virtuous act of her whole infamous life; and therein, her reply to Caligula (upon his tendering to her money and liberty, through the respect he bore towards her brother Agrippa, whom he greatly liked) was a truly noble one, and worthy a far better woman than Herodias; “*Most noble Emperor,*” said Herodias, “*thou dealest with me indeed after a magnificent fashion; and as truly becomes thyself: but the kindness I bear my husband forbids me to partake thy gift of money, or thy exemption from banishment—for it is not just that I, who have been made a partner in his prosperity, should now forsake him in his adversity.*”

The career of the third Herod, named AGRIPPA, son of Aristobulus, and grandson of Herod the first, has been a still more varied and brilliant one, though far less wicked; but its fatal termination, only a few days since, was so evidently punitive, and therefore miraculous, as to assure us that, if the God of Abraham doth sometimes arrest nations in their mad career, so will he likewise sometimes say to individuals—“*Fool! know that thy soul is now required of thee.*” You, Cartaphilus, must have heard much of this Herod-Agrippa in the times we first knew each other—he being only four years thy senior: but during the past ten years, his life has been that of an elegant and truly accomplished worldling—a man of high fashion—a most fascinating and bewildering star in all brilliant assemblages—the favourite alike of princes and princesses—the cherished friend of the most powerful and despotic of emperors—a boundless spendthrift,—to whom, when his own coffers were often exhausted, the purses of distinguished women, as well as of men, were freely thrown open—a man of some occasional humanity, but oftener of cruel and murderous tyranny: such, in a few words, was Herod-Agrippa! When a very young man, though wedded, he visited Rome; where he much needed, and freely received the judicious counsels of Antonia, who had ever been greatly devoted

\* This took place about nine years after the crucifixion, A. D. 43. Herod-Antipas, and his wife Herodias, died in wretched exile, shortly after Salomé's miserable fate.

## The Herodian Family.

to his mother Berenice. Drusus the husband of Antonia, and son of the emperor Tiberius, as also the monarch himself, greatly befriended Agrippa; who, during this visit, conciliated all hearts by his youth, by the amenity of his manners, the singular elegance of his person, and by the utmost liberality, free of ostentatious extravagance. But his mother Berenice died, as also his friend Drusus; the Emperor likewise had become inaccessible from grief at the loss of his son: so that Agrippa being now much left to himself, became so thoughtless and dissolute, that his property was soon expended, and his health greatly impaired. In the midst of millions of human beings there in Rome, all of whom knew something of Agrippa; and surrounded by thousands who, in his prosperity had greatly admired and courted him, he was astonished to find himself in absolute want, and none to aid him!

**I**n this condition, Agrippa hastened into Idumea, where he resolved to terminate his existence: but his wife Cypros prevailed upon him to live; and his sister, the infamous Herodias, during her prosperity conferred upon him the government of Tiberias, with some insignificant pensions!

Such a state of restricted dependence, however, ill suited so ambitious a spirit as Agrippa's; and, though it was the result of severe necessity, he could no longer brook the ridicule of his uncle; who sometimes jeered him as to his *tiny* dominions, and his *stipendiary* obligations to his sister! In sore disgust he forsook them all, reckless as to what might follow: but he was kindly sustained by the proconsul Flaccus, of Syria, whom he had known at Rome when in prosperity. With Flaccus he was soon at variance, occasioned, however, by the machinations of his half-brother Aristobulus; who whispered in the ear of the Proconsul some idle tale respecting Agrippa's perfidy in favouring the Damascenes for money, when contending with the Sidonians in the matter of their boundaries—little, if any, of which was true.

**A**grippa, now again destitute, had recourse to a freedman of his mother Berenice; and from him obtained a loan of some seventeen thousand drachmas; for which he freely gave him his *bond*! Hastening with this new supply towards Rome, he was arrested by the Procurator of Jamnia for a much larger sum, which that officer had formerly loaned him, under plausible promises of its certain and speedy return. Agrippa, upon this arrest, promptly assured his creditor, in one of his most winning and gracious ways, that payment should *forthwith* be made: but, gaining an hour thereby, and taking instant advantage of the darkness of the night, he escaped in an Alexandrine vessel; and, on his arrival there, he obtained a further loan from the Alabarch of the Egyptian Jews!

**W**ith this fresh supply, so needful and unexpected, this Herodian

## The Herodian Family.

lost no time in making his way to the Imperial City ; where Tiberius received him with kindness and distinction : but, unhappily for this patrician furcifer, a letter from the Procurator of Jamnia reached Tiberius only a few hours after !—and the Emperor, to his honour, instantly withdrew all further intercourse, until he should wholly discharge the debt due to that creditor, and thus remove the stain his sudden flight from Jamnia had cast upon his name.

Here, once more, his kind friend Antonia assisted him ; and the procurator's claim was paid. Agrippa then attached himself to Antonia's grandson, *Caius Caligula* : and his pleasing ways having gained him many new friends, he obtained a loan from some one else, to the amount of a million of denarii ; wherewith he discharged without delay his obligation to *Antonia* ; and liberally used the residue in continued dissipations with the young Caligula, and in various loans to him, that came at convenient times for the reckless youth. It so occurred however, not long after, that in one of his many rambles with his new friend, Agrippa unguardedly expressed a hope to Caius, that TIBERIUS would soon leave the Empire to him, instead of that Emperor's grandson ! This base and injudicious remark being overheard by their attendant, was early communicated to Tiberius ! Agrippa was then living in almost royal splendour : but his magnificent purple clothes were promptly covered with heavy iron chains ; and he was thus conveyed to a prison ; where he remained until that emperor's death. Antonia and others had often and earnestly petitioned Tiberius for his release ; but all in vain. And here, my Cartaphilus, wonderful as the tale surely is, it is not more so than what befell others of this remarkable family—nor is it less proved, or less credited ; I pray thee, therefore, listen to it ; and, whilst astonished, be admonished !

When Agrippa had been in custody about half a year, a German soothsayer strangely obtained entrance into his prison : and looking about him in all directions, he beheld an owl perched upon an adjoining tree. He bade Agrippa look at it, and then said, “Thou, O Agrippa ! wilt soon be as *free* as that bird—and also raised to the highest honours,—but, in *five* days after thou hast gazed upon *that owl again*, thou shalt surely die !”

Not long after this remarkable prediction, the emperor Tiberius was gathered to his fathers ; and CAIUS CALIGULA came to the throne.\*

Agrippa was instantly released ; and received from his friend Caius a diadem ; being likewise made king of Gaulanites, Batania,

\* Tiberius died March 16, A.D. 37, V.E. 43 true era ; and in the 78th year of his age. Caius Caligula reigned 37. 10m. 8d.

## The Herodian Family.

and Traconitis,—and also Tetrarch of Lyfania. Caius then presented to him a magnificent *golden chain*, of equal weight with the *iron* one that so long had bound him!

But the wicked rule of Caligula lasted scarcely four years; he was assassinated, and CLAUDIUS, son of Drusus, and grandson of Tiberius, succeeded him.

New honours and possessions were lavished upon Herod-Agrippa. He was raised by Claudius to the rank of Consul: and Samaria, JUDEA, Abila, and a part of Libanus were added to his other ample dominions,—so that, in extent they had become equal to those enjoyed by the first Herod, his renowned, but odiously wicked grandfather.

Caligula had sorely oppressed our country; but Claudius greatly mitigated our condition; and only lately confirmed to the Alexandrian Jews the freedom of that city—and now permits them every where the free use of their religion—forbidding them, however, to hold assemblies in the Imperial City.\*

Agrippa, king of Judea, visited Jerusalem about eighteen months ago; and after many thank-offerings in the Temple, suspended there, in gratitude to Caligula, the golden chain he had received, when released from prison! This was among the first of those sacrilegious acts that brought on his ruin: truly, Cartaphilus, these formed a chain far more galling to him, than the iron one with which Tiberius had bound him,—for the God of our forefathers sees through all of one's life; and, if not early, yet at last, brings the whole together; and that golden chain, *idolatrously* suspended in the holy Temple, was, doubtless, not forgotten. Now, dear Cartaphilus, thus far, the German soothsayer is, no doubt, winning thy confidence! From Jerusalem Agrippa went, for a time, to *Berytus*; where he built a theatre, a portico, and extensive baths; and ended not until he raised also a splendid amphitheatre, in which were practised all the Roman and other Heathen customs—so little known of Jews, and to our holy religion so abhorrent. In that amphitheatre, the gladiatorial games were on so extensive a scale, that, as 'tis said, no less than seven hundred criminals were thus engaged,—all of whom were slain, or grievously wounded, by other gladiators, after the fashion of these cruel and wicked gentiles! And here again, dear Cartaphilus, thou wilt remember the soothsayer!

It is not to be wondered at that he, who had so utterly forsaken the religion of our country, gave on public and formal occa-

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\* About five years after, that is in A.D. 49—and in the early part of the ninth year of his reign, Claudius banished the *Jews* wholly from Rome; and, this no little prejudiced the condition of the *Christians*.

## The Herodian Family.

sions, and who, to amuse an idle and unfeeling mass, exhibited to them the gladiatorial scenes at Berytus I have named, would not hesitate to persecute the unhappy Nazarenes, whenever his popularity in any way demanded it. And so was the fact, for, only a few weeks ago, he beheaded a most beloved disciple of the great Nazarene—one JAMES, of Bethsaida: and soon, thereafter, he caused the much-famed PETER to be imprisoned,—and set over him a guard of sixteen soldiers,—intending that he should share the fate of James, if demanded by the Jews at the then approaching Passover! But oh, my Cartaphilus, doubt it not, this Peter was miraculously rescued by an Angel; and on the very night before the intended execution! Peter was then in a profound sleep; when suddenly the prison was effulgent with a dazzling light—the chains fell from his limbs—the doors and massive iron gate opened of their own accord; and the Heavenly Messenger left him in safety in the open street! Such, at least, is the uncontradicted account we have of this wonderful matter.\*

Agrippa then went to Cæsarea; and there he celebrated games in honour of his beloved Emperor Claudius: and, if Peter's astonishing rescue awakened him not, it seems that Jehovah saw that his cup of iniquity would contain no more!—for it happened that, on the occasion of those games, when entering the theatre in the early morning, the rays of the then rising sun shone brightly and directly upon Agrippa's magnificently spangled robes, reflecting myriads of dazzling beams into the eyes of a vast and admiring audience. His flatterers instantly cried out, "*A present God! Be thou merciful to us; for although we have hitherto revered thee only as a man, we henceforth shall own thee as beyond mortals!*"

The infatuated Agrippa repelled not this idolatrous salutation, but seemed pleased with their impious flattery. At that instant he lifted up his eyes, and saw an owl perched on a rope above his head! He at once remembered the German fool's words!

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\* The James, here mentioned, was the elder of that name, who, with John, were sons of Zebedee,—John being usually called the Saviour's "beloved disciple," and is supposed to have been the bridegroom at the marriage of Cana, where Jesus wrought his first miracle. The death of James the elder is recorded in Acts xii.—and also the imprisonment and miraculous escape of Peter. This James is the patron Saint of Spain. James, the younger, was son of Cleophas, by Mary, the sister of that Mary, who was mother of Jesus, since called the Blessed Virgin. James, the younger, also called the "*Lesser*," and likewise the "*Just*," was murdered by his countrymen about eighteen years after the death of James the elder; and, in the earliest copies of Josephus, the destruction of Jerusalem is ascribed to God's anger against that murder: this, from one who denied Christ to be the Messiah, is a marvellous proof not only of James' exalted reputation for piety, but also that Christ was the true Messiah, as James perished for refusing to deny that fact!

## The Herodian Family.

—and knew that his release from chains, and his subsequent prosperity were all as that soothsayer had predicted—why then, should the rest of the prophecy prove untrue? A severe pain instantly seized him; and he exclaimed, “Ye Tyrians, Sidonians, Jews, and others, behold! I, whom ye have just called a God, am summoned by the true God to leave this world! Providence thus reproves *thy lying words*: for, he who was your *immortal* is now hurried to almost instant *death*! I have lived with splendour, and in a prosperous manner,—but now must yield to God’s will.”

During five days, his agonies were unimaginable: the people sat in sackcloth, and with their wives and children, praying for their king’s recovery!—but on the fifth day thereafter, he died; being then in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and in the seventh of his entire reign,—three whereof were over the dominions of Philip, the late Tetrarch—one over those of Antipas also; and these four were during the reign of Caius Caligula,—the remaining three years were under Claudius; during which period his revenues were great, amounting to no less than twelve millions of drachmæ.\*

Agrippa left three daughters; and a son of his own name, on whom the hopes of this expiring family now alone repose. He is about seventeen, and was educated at Rome, under the care of Claudius: but still, he gives us no bright promise either of ability or of inclination to better our condition. Claudius deems him too young to take his father’s throne: Judea, therefore, is united, for the present, to Syria, under the Prefect Longinus.

The Jews, strange to say, have very generally mourned over the death of Herod-Agrippa; the Greeks, and others, especially of Samaria are much rejoiced, and even celebrated the occasion with feasts, and other unbecoming expressions of satisfaction: indeed they went so far as to tear down the statues of his daughters—Berenice, Mariamne, and Drusilla—which stood in the royal palace, and placed them on the roof of a notorious courtesan!

Now matters shall proceed with this Herod Agrippa II. when his more mature years shall prompt Claudius, if ever, to place him where his father was, thou, Cartaphilus, as I trust, will closely observe, if Rebecca can but prevail on thee at once to abandon thy solitudes.

I have not reminded thee of that *Philip*, who was tetrarch of Ituræa, and son of the same Herod the Great, by Cleopatra of Jerusalem, his seventh wife! He died about a year after the Crucifixion—in the 37th year of his tetrarchate, and about the 20th year of the reign of Tiberius. I end what I have to say of the

\* About £425,000 sterling—or more than two millions of dollars—a large sum in those countries, at that time.



## The second marriage of Herodias—Death of Pontius Pilate.

Herodian Family with him—the only one, of that numerous progeny, who seems to have had the least regard for mercy, truth, and justice: his death being a natural one, (so uncommon in this family) and without issue, his possessions were added to the province of Syria.\* †

Before ending my long epistle, you must forgive me, if I add to your pain and wonder, another proof of God's indignation against those who persecuted the mighty Nazarene and his disciples. The news, O Cartaphilus, hath just reached us, that *Pontius Pilate* laid violent hands upon himself, and terminated his existence at Vienna, upon the Rhone, in the province of Narbonnensis in Gaul! This Pilate (after being our procurator about ten years,—that is, about four years before, and six years after the great event that so poisoned his peace) was banished by Caius Caligula, early in his reign; and, after an exile of poverty and misery of scarce more than two years, he thus ended his wretched career. The fact however is, that nearly two years before the death of Tiberius, the Samaritans made complaint against Pilate, to the proconsul of Syria, Vitellius—who sent Marcellus into Judea to take Pilate's office, and order him to Rome; which

\* It may here be proper to remind the reader of a somewhat popular error respecting the brothers, *Philip* and *Herod-Philip*, both sons of Herod the Great—the former by Cleopatra of Jerusalem—the latter by Mariamne—Philip being tetrarch of Ituræa—and Herod-Philip being tetrarch of Galilee. Herod-Philip had married HERODIAS, by whom he had *Salomé*; after which Herodias divorced him, and married his brother Herod-Antipas—but not until after the death of her divorced husband Herod-Philip. When, therefore, the Baptist reproved Herodias and Antipas for that marriage, it was not for *adultery* in either, but in maintenance of the Mosaic Law, which prohibited a brother from marrying the wife of a deceased brother, or the sister of a deceased sister. The error alluded to arose from the fact that the two Philips, (sons of the same father) are often not sufficiently distinguished, either by the *patronymic* name of *Herod*, or by the particular *tetrarchy*; also by not adverting to the fact that Herod-Philip was certainly *dead*, when Herodias wedded Herod-Antipas. Now, as she then had *Salomé* by Herod-Philip, she did not come within the *exception* to the law, which legalized a marriage with a deceased brother's wife, where there are *no* children—and *that* was the sole cause of the Baptist's censure of Herodias and Antipas. It was incestuous, according to that law, but not adulterous; although Cartaphilus, in one case, calls it *adulterous* also, possibly as he thought her *intentions* always so, she having divorced herself perhaps causelessly. And, as to the universality of that Levitical prohibition, and its obligatory force at this time; or, as to the *policy* of denouncing such marriages in the present state of society, the Editor prefers to express no decided opinion. The *laws* and *decisions* of different countries have entertained different views on the subject; but even, if not obligatory on us, under the Levitical law, it may not be too much to *feel* that a refined sentiment, and also a holy tenderness of respect for that which was once law, not only in Judea, but in other countries, ought to entitle (in the present day) the opponents to such marriages to a most respectful consideration.

† See *Appendix*, Genealogy of this Family.

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The lovely solitudes of Pella—Caiphas removed.

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was done. At the passover of the next year, Vitellius visited Jerusalem; and there found Pilate still lingering. The complaint against Pilate was his excessive cruelty towards some miserably deluded Samaritans; who had assembled under a false Messiah; armed themselves, and proceeded to Mount Gerizim under the silly notion of finding some sacred vessels, said to have been there deposited by our Master Moses! Pilate intercepted their march thither, and slew the greater part of them. Pilate could not venture to continue longer in Jerusalem. Vitellius was all-powerful; the Jews had received him with unusual kindness; he granted them exemption from an odious tax—also some privileges, and especially the removal of CAIAPHAS from the high-priesthood!—thus, as thou wilt see, O Cartaphilus, Pilate and Caiaphas fall from power together—and through that very Imperial authority they had so wickedly invoked, six years before, for the cruel death of, surely, a wise and good man—of, surely, a prophet—of, surely, a worker of miracles—let the Jews and others say what they may, as to his being the long-expected Messiah!

Only one word more, ever beloved Cartaphilus, as to thine own sad condition—and mine—for if thou art wretched, can Rebecca be otherwise!—My *mother's* faith *should* be mine; my *father's* will soon be the same as hers; *mine* hath been too much that of *thine*, save in all unkindness to the Nazarenes—that I must ever abhor. But, Cartaphilus, I know not how to gainsay one word uttered, either by my mother, or by Artemas,—the brightness of proof, indeed, doth but grow the brighter every day! And, O Cartaphilus, I charge thee to remember that *little word of hope*, which the Great Nazarene uttered to thee in the Temple—“Thou art *yet* in the gall of bitterness!”—doth not that word “*yet*” prophetically import that thou mayest hereafter believe, and be saved? What that salvation is—what the extent of the faith—and how obtained, I know not; but Artemas and my Mother assure me there is virtue in the death and resurrection of the Nazarene! that *salvation* comes thereby—that *faith* may become in the mind an *assured certainty*!—and that it is *obtained* by prayer,—often coming into the heart and subduing it, like some wind that bloweth from causes and directions unlooked for and unknown,—but with effects never to be forgotten!

And now, Cartaphilus, here am I at PELLA, in perfect security; and surrounded by every beauty that nature, morals, religion, and domestic love can lavish upon me. *Pella's lovely solitudes.* The Nazarenes, and very many stubborn, perhaps fierce, Jews in the new faith, but of exalted virtue and intelligence, are now eagerly seeking these mountains, and the repose of their lovely shades and valleys. These good Nazarenes spread over

An Hebraic expression explained.

their abodes an air of delightful tranquillity, such as we have nowhere enjoyed for some years past. Nature, in apparent sympathy with our feelings, is here most lovely—nearly in perpetual verdure; the trees, also, are vocal with many birds, whose songs are as varied as their plumage—the fresh-blown violets, and roses, and lilies drink the shining dews of the early morn,—and, at the evening-dawn, give out their most delicious fragrance; the spicy breezes of the valley embalm the very skies; and the curious insects of every form and colour, revel in the sun, and hum their gratitude for the Creator's bounty, in a language I often earnestly desire to know.\*

We make frequent and delightful excursions over the mountains, to Jabelh-Gilead; and sometimes down the placid surface of the little stream that glides by Pella, until we almost reach the Jordan! †

But what are all these, and much more, to a soul that hath lost its first and only love?—they delight me not, save for the moment; and that aching void soon recalls our mutual sorrows. FARE-THEE-WELL.  
REBECCA.

\* "*The evening-dawn*" is an Hebraic expression that may need some explanation. The word *dawn*, with us, is confined to the first approach of light in the morning; and is strictly equivalent to *diluculum-aurora*, and not to *crepusculum*, or twilight. But, among the Jews, whose day commenced at the evening twilight, when the stars first become visible, the phrase "*Evening-dawn*," and other expressions used by the Evangelists, as where they say "it began to dawn towards the first day of the week"—and "the Sabbath was going to dawn"—and especially, where Luke says "*the dawn of night*," are all fully justified,—not only from the fact that their day began at twilight, but because the moon, and, in her absence, the stars, and the milky-way, in that country, shine with remarkable brightness,—the lustre of Venus being sometimes in the evening so great, as to cast a shadow from surrounding objects! The Jews, therefore, having had two dawns, were compelled to seek for language that should obviate ambiguity; and this was effected by the expressions "*evening dawn*"—the "*dawn of morning*"—and often by the context, or attendant facts. Luke's expression "While the dawn was deep," is beautifully significant of the "*very early morning*," (as it is otherwise rendered)—that is, whilst the approaching sun was yet deep beneath the horizon. And it may be further noted, that Rebecca's allusion to the fragrance of all nature being more delicious in the *evening-dawn*, is philosophically correct,—as the sun's warmth has by that time elaborated the juices and odours, which are instantly absorbed by the evening moisture, and thereby more powerfully affect the smell, than is ever the case in the morning.

† The Nazarenes were very early, and prophetically, admonished to abandon Jerusalem, and flee to the mountains. It is well known that, when the predicted calamities approached, they sought in Pella, and other mountainous situations beyond the Jordan, an asylum; and there they remained, for a time, in perfect safety. But, as the contest between the Holy Spirit and the Powers of Darkness was then very great, no permanent security was promised to the Faithful any where: so that, eventually, even Pella was destroyed, and the Nazarenes were so hunted after, that it became a proverb—that the "blood of the Martyrs was the seed of the Church!"

## LETTER XV.

RABBI-EBEN-EZRA TO CARTAPHILUS.

PELLA, Month of *Cisleu*, 16; A. M. 3805.  
[November 22, A. D. 45.]



AM rejoiced to find, O Cartaphilus, from thy letter to Rebecca, just received, that thou hast so far cast off thy gloom, as to have abandoned the pernicious solitudes in which, during eleven years, the world

*Conversion of  
Eben-Ezra and  
of Rebecca.*

to thee has been wholly dead. And I have cause further to greet thee that now thou art in Jerusalem; and in quiet possession, not only of thy own long withheld patrimony, but likewise of the ample estates that have come to thee by the death of thy maiden aunt.

Health is indeed a  *blessing*  when rightly gained, and rightly used—when, in large part regarded as a sacred trust, freely to be dispensed in judicious charities—but the greatest of  *curses* , if wasted in riotous living,—or, if hoarded from an abstract love of mammon. Thou art now in the prime of life, when youth hath wholly passed, and age is no way upon thee; and, withal, having health and worldly knowledge and wealth—and yet,  *one thing*  is greatly wanting in thee; without which all outward things are but as tinkling cymbals,—yea, as light and air and food are to him who is in a sealed tomb! I know, Cartaphilus, thou art sick with sin: of what avail, then, is the light of heaven to thine outward eyes, when the inner ones are in darkness—how will the air refresh thee, when the next current is poisoned—and how will food nourish thee, when thy soul hath no digestion for it? all is turned to bitterness at last, when the inner man is unsound: the world, for a time, may serve thee; but thy days, nay hours, will be but a ceaseless conflict between light and darkness—health and disease—hope and despair! As God is one, so is the human soul—no divided loyalty—no two services can it endure. I call upon thee, then, if happiness be thy aim, to cast from thee  *all* , save the strife for, and hope of, Heaven. I rejoice, then, to tell thee that Rebecca and I have joined our dear Priscilla in open adoration, unto death if need be, of Him who died on Calvary for the whole world—truly, no less for the Gentiles, than for Abraham's seed! We have great need of  *thee* , my Cartaphilus, to make us wholly happy—for thou hast ever been one of us in all things, save in that ugly, hideous act, that so long hath separated us: suffer not  *despair*  to be thy ruin; there is no sin so black, that may not be washed out—until the soul is as bright and

Artemas and Princess Drufila.

white as snow! O that thou couldst rejoice with us in our spiritual riches, a thousand times more than we truly do with thee, in thy temporal wealth—if thou dost but wisely use it. FARE-THEE-WELL.  
EBEN-EZRA.

## LETTER XVI.

PRISCILLA TO CARTAPHILUS.

PELLA, Month of *Tebeth*, 5th day; A.M. 3805.  
[December 20, A.D. 45.]



HY generous letter to my daughter Rebecca hath filled us all with great joy—but only, my Cartaphilus, as it gives us the brightest hopes that thy heart is changing, and that soon thou wilt be one of us in the household of faith.

*Artemas weds the Princess Drufila.*  
**A**rtemas (as doubtless will surprise thee to hear) is instantly to wed the pious and lovely princess *Drufila*, daughter of AGBARUS, prince of Edeffa. Who this prince of Edeffa is, and how Artemas first came so worthily to bestow his affections on this fairest and most excellent of maidens, I will presently relate.

Thy own resolution never to wed, after Rebecca's oft-repeated declarations to thee, by letter, that she never could be thine, but would ever continue faithfully to love thee, added to Artemas' like assurances in respect to Rebecca, many years ago, that aught of love he should never whisper unto Rebecca, *ought* to have settled thy mind as fully in regard to them, as in respect to thyself and her. We were, therefore, surprised at thy late entreaties that Rebecca should accept the hand of Artemas—repeated also in thy last letter; and with urgent solicitation that she would yield to thy bounteous offer to bestow upon her in dowry, two-thirds of thy now ample possessions! This, I say, hath also much rejoiced us all, as it shows not only thy perfect love, but that thy heart is expanding to the most generous influences; and that the assiduous love of money in thy early life, which betrayed thee into misery and crime, hath now passed from thee, as the glowing morn dissolves the dews of night:—but thy generous endowment is most gratefully declined; and Rebecca hath bid me take her place in this, and all things in reply to thy welcomed letter. Her heart is full of love and gratitude for thy proffered kindness—and likewise in regard to Artemas, knowing well the cause that made it fit for him to keep from thee, until now, all knowledge of his love towards Drufila. Thus, O Cartaphilus, have all matters respecting the happiness of all, at

Prince Agbarus of Edeffa—Thaddeus.

length eventuated as, under all the circumstances, we all should wish : and our bliss would know of no alloy wert thou, as Artemas long hath been, and Drußilla and Rebecca and Eben-Ezra now are, zealous in that new and enlivening faith, which seems destined to be noised throughout the world ; and to awaken all mankind to the new lights shed upon the only religion God ever revealed to man !

And now, as promised, I will detail how Agbarus and Artemas first met—and how “*Drußilla*,” who, as her name imports “*watered by the dews*,” first became watered *Agbarus, prince of Edeffa.* by those of the new salvation, and then bestowed freely on Artemas her heart,—he having been, under grace, her spiritual guide to that wondrous change in her, and her princely father !

Now, then, that in the life time of the mighty Nazarene, the fame of his miracles, and of his infallible cure of the worst diseases, reached into far distant countries, causing many from even the remotest parts of Palestine to visit the Holy City, with the hope of there meeting Jesus, and of being cured of some grievous malady. But Prince Agbarus, who lived somewhat too remote, and reigned in glory over nations near the Euphrates, was too much wasted by a foul disease, incurable by any known human means, to visit Jerusalem. He, therefore, despatched a trusty messenger to Jesus, with a suppliant letter, imploring deliverance from the dreadful malady ! A copy of this Letter, and of the Reply vouchsafed by Jesus, I now enclose—they being handed to me by Artemas, who received them from Agbarus, as you will presently find.

The Great Nazarene declined to cure the disease at that time ; but promised to send a *disciple*, at some future day, to heal his affliction, and to bestow *Salvation* on him and his family !

A few years after the Resurrection, Thomas Didymus, one of the Apostles, was divinely actuated to send into Edeffa *Thaddeus*, also an Apostle, and one of the Seventy, as a herald of Christ's doctrines,—and to that city Artemas journeyed with him. Immediately on his arrival in the dominions of Agbarus, Thaddeus proclaimed the name of Jesus ; and confirmed his authority by some notable miracles. Agbarus suspected at once, that this Thaddeus might be the promised disciple, who was to heal his foul disease, and bring happiness also to all his family, by a salvation that reached far beyond the body ! He, therefore, promptly sent for the pious messenger, whom he received in royal state, his family and nobles being around him.

“*Art thou truly the promised one*,” said Agbarus, “*sent of Jesus the Son of God, to heal my sickness, and give life to all my family ?*”

And Thaddeus answered, “*Seeing that thou hast faith in*

Him who sent me, I declare unto thee *I am that Messenger*—and, if thou believest with renewed faith, the petitions of thy heart shall be granted unto thee.” Agbarus replied, “My confidence in Him would have prompted me, forthwith, to have despatched forces to destroy those Jews who crucified him, had not the Roman power been too strong for me.” Whereupon Thaddeus said, “I place my hand upon thee, O Prince Agbarus!—be thou, in the Name of the Lord Jesus, healed of thine infirmity!”

On that and the day following, many others were cured in like manner, and the Gospel was powerfully expounded to the assembled multitude,—many of whom, with the whole family of Agbarus, embraced the new faith.

The Apostle and his attendants were most hospitably entertained by Agbarus in his princely palace; who likewise commanded gold and silver to be given to them; but they would none of it,—saying, “What hath through us been given, hath been *freely given*.”

Artemas, ever zealous in the discharge of all he undertakes, and deeply versed, moreover, in the Scriptures, as well as in much other learning, soon established himself in the deepest affections of the Prince, in whose family he continued for a time. The excellent Drusilla listened to his holy counsels,—they wandered together on the shaded and flowery banks of the small clear stream that borders upon Edessa, and empties itself into the wide Euphrates: there he would often converse much upon the glories of the new spiritual kingdom: but, as it is natural with hearts destined for each other, they likewise spoke much of love. Drusilla was then scarce eighteen; Artemas, as you know, exceeded her by fully nine years,—yet are their ages *now* well assorted; for Artemas is highly gifted with extraordinary health and manly beauty, and he now thirty-seven—she twenty-eight. Edessa’s Prince, with the liveliest approval, sanctioned their mutual love—and Artemas, after an espousal of ten years, now writes that they are soon to wed, and that, although their nuptials are to be celebrated with a becoming splendour, yet all ostentatious extravagance will be avoided, as being unsuited to the changed views of Agbarus, and of all that princely family.

The vast wealth of Artemas, moreover, enables him to indulge his liberalities in a different way; and his charitable propensities will be manifested by numerous small *dowries* for all such poor and meritorious persons of Edessa, and the neighbourhood, as may honour his nuptial day with the celebration of their own.

Artemas, as I learn, has seldom written to thee since his Letters on the Resurrection—thy seeming neglect of which so much grieved him: but he will now instantly write—and fully satisfy thee

## JESUS and Agbarus.

respecting Drusilla, and the causes of his silence thereon: and I must also state that Rebecca was likewise ignorant, for many years, of his devotion to the maiden—but oh, how great is her joy at hearing that he is now actually soon to wed!

The following are the copies of those deeply interesting epistles, sent to me by Artemas: the originals of which are deposited in the archives of Edessa; and from them he obtained, with princely permission, what I now send thee.

## LETTER XVII.

FROM KING AGBARUS, OF EDESSA, TO JESUS, OF JERUSALEM.



GBARUS, Prince of Edessa, to JESUS, the excellent "SAVIOUR, who has appeared in the borders of Jerusalem, sends greeting.

"The reports respecting thee, and thy cures, as "performed by thee without medicines, and without "the use of herbs, I have heard.

"For, as it is said, the blind are made to see, the lame to "walk, by thee; and thou dost cleanse the lepers, cast out impure "Spirits and Demons; and thou healest those tormented by long "disease—and thou raisest the *dead*!

"Hearing all these things of thee, I have concluded in my "own mind, one of two things—either that thou art God, and "dost these things as having descended from Heaven, or that, "doing them, thou art the SON OF GOD! Therefore, have I now "written, and beseech thee to visit me, and to heal the disease "with which I am afflicted.

"I have also heard that the Jews murmur against thee, and "are plotting to injure thee: I have, however, a *small* but noble "State, which is sufficient for *Thee* and *me*."

## ANSWER OF JESUS TO THE LETTER OF KING AGBARUS.

"Blessed art thou, O Agbarus! who, without seeing, hast "believed in me. For it is written concerning me, that they "who *have* seen me will *not* believe, that they who have not "seen may believe and live.

"But, in regard to what thou hast written, that I should "come unto thee, it is necessary that I should fulfil all things *here*, "for which I have been sent. And after this fulfilment, thus to "be received again by Him that sent me. And after I have been



Artemas and Saul of Tarsus.

“received up, I will send to thee a certain one of my disciples, that he may heal thy affliction, and give life to thee, and to those who are with thee.”

I am curious to know the dates of these letters; and shall request of Artemas to ascertain them for me: but, as they were both delivered by our well-known tabellarius, Ananias, who, though old, is still living in Jerufalem, near the Water-gate, you may probably obtain the information from him, sooner than I can from Artemas—to whom I do not desire to write, seeing that he is now so much engrossed with his approaching nuptials. FARE-THREE-WELL.  
PRISCILLA.

## LETTER XVIII.

ARTEMAS TO SAUL OF TARSUS.

EDESSA. *Nisan*, 8th day; A. M. 3808.  
[Friday, 19th March, A. D. 48.]



WELVE years have elapsed, my brother Saul, since, with Thaddeus, I first came to Edeffa; and how ten of those years were spent with that holy man, thou art, doubtless, fully informed by him; and also that, on my return two years ago, my long-delayed nuptials were celebrated with the prince's Drusilla, the only daughter of thine admiring friend Agbarus.\*

I now am blessed with a lovely son, whom I have named *Thaddeus*, in respect for him, who, in our long journeyings, proved to me the kindest adviser,—sustaining me in all things by his heavenly wisdom, when my own much feeble nature was so often nigh exhausted; for, I confess to thee, I sometimes sighed for Edeffa, our absence being very long, and our toils exceedingly great and incessant, whilst passing through Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and most of Persia,—where I left that zealous Apostle, who will remain there, probably a year or two longer.

With *his* approval, and I trust with *thine*, I hastened to my beloved Drusilla; and am now a husband and a father! These, my PAUL, for so I must now call thee,† are to me new, and deeply

\* It is probable that Saul, shortly after his conversion, visited Mesopotamia, and there became acquainted with Prince Agbarus.

† This alludes to the then recent change of Saul's name to *Paul*, which took place about four years before the date of this letter, when Artemas was in the Eastern countries, and about twelve years after Saul's conversion. It is said, that whilst Saul was at Paphos, in the island of Cyprus, the Roman proconsul,

## The Apostle Thaddeus, or Jude.

responsible relations; which, I devoutly pray, and firmly trust, may never conflict with those that are yet much higher: but, as I find in my Druffila, and in her princely and pious father, all that can be looked for in mortals, and infinitely more than I merit, I feel as if I shall be made a better Christian, from my being a husband and father; as I am likewise sure that we are all better husbands and fathers, from being made Christians.\*

I have just been informed, my Paul, and with grief, by a letter from Aquila, that thou hast been lately visited by another calamity, in being stoned at *Lystra*, nearly unto death! and that, too, by the very people who, only a little before, had witnessed thy restoring one born a cripple, and had thereupon desired to worship thee, as Mercurius, and one Barnabas, as Jupiter! Oh, who shall fathom the infatuation and wonderful blindness of the natural man! for, as I also hear, this sudden turn against thee was produced by the coming unto *Lystra* of a few straggling, wicked Jews from Antioch and Iconium; who, proving themselves more eloquent than even Mercurius, and more powerful than Jupiter, instantly drew over the *Lystrans* to murder their Gods—thee and Barnabas! But thou, O Paul, hast experienced enough of man's fickle and base nature, and hast also endured too many severe labours, with perils of life and limb, to have much surprise at the conduct of the *Lystrans*.

I hope soon to hear from my good father Thaddeus; who, no doubt, will give us great cause to rejoice; for, among the Gentiles he hath shown himself a good husbandman; one who plants deeply, and waters freely—one who knows the various soils, and adopts accordingly his modes of cultivation.†

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Sergius Paulus, and many others, became converts to the new faith, not only through the great eloquence of Saul, but from their witnessing his infliction of instant blindness upon the magician Barjesus, for his wicked attempt to resist Saul's preaching, by exerting over Sergius Paulus the influence he had gained by pretended magical powers. The change, however, of the name of the great apostle, is probable to have arisen, either from Paul being the equivalent Roman name for *Saul*, or, from Sergius Paulus and his family calling him Paul, through great deference and love for the apostle, as their spiritual parent,—or, possibly, from Saul's adopting the Proconsul's latter name, in respect for one who had proved himself so firm and useful a patron of the then infant church.

\* These remarks of Artemas respecting marriage, seem to have been drawn from him, as knowing Paul's somewhat peculiar views on the subject,—and more especially as it regarded the earliest propagators of the new religion.

† Thaddeus seems to have been known by several other names—as Libbëus, Judas, and Jude. He was son of Cleophas—brother of James the Less—and cousin (according to humanity) of the SAVIOUR. He is the author of the Epistle under the name of Jude; and was probably a *husbandman*; to which occupation Artemas has evident allusion. Jude lived to a very advanced age;

Aquila—Prisca—Artemas.

I have been pained to learn from Aquila, that he and Prisca have been recently compelled to leave Rome in consequence of the Edict of Claudius, which banishes all Jews from the Imperial City. It seems that the late troubles in Palestine have greatly displeased Claudius; and that he, who hath so generally favoured our countrymen, is now less disposed to be kind to them. Aquila, it seems, is now at Corinth, labouring in the great work of our Master, and sustaining himself and family by his early occupation, that of making leathern tents for the supply of Roman troops.

As I further learn from Aquila, that thou wilt shortly be at Antioch, after passing through Pisidia and Pamphilia, I shall not fail, *Deo juvante*, to meet thee there anon. Until then, my Paul,  
FARE-THREE-WELL.

ARTEMAS.

## LETTER XIX.

AQUILA TO ARTEMAS [*now at Cæsarea, late Straton's Tower*].\*

DERBE. Creation, 3814. *Adar*, 19th.  
[Saturday, Feb. 18, A. D. 54.]



SINCE thy departure from Antioch, where we united with Paul, about three years ago, I have heard little of thee, my excellent Artemas; but I know thee to be, as thy name imports, "*whole and sound*," and doubt not that our little communion, of late, hath been only occasioned by our being both so much tossed about; and especially thou, in thy zealous exertions to advance the mighty cause of the *Christians*, as we are now generally called at Antioch and other places.

It must be a great delight to thee, Artemas, to be once more at Cæsareā, thy native city,—there, to revisit the spots of thy youthful pastimes—to recall to thy faithful remembrance so many places, now sacred by their associations—to roam over others, where thy mind first began to expand, and afterwards to drink in so largely the elements of thy present usefulness.

How often have we wandered together, my Artemas, amidst

and is supposed by most writers to have died a natural death in Lybia: but others say he suffered martyrdom in Persia. Two of his grandsons, more probably, were among the early martyrs. The short Epistle under his name, as to the genuineness of which there can be no doubt, was probably written about A. D. 66, or somewhat later.

\* They probably continued so to direct, or to date from, in order to distinguish this Cæsarea from Cæsarea-Philippi.

the wilds of the Chrysōras, chafing with boyish temerity the *Akkos* from rock to rock, until, in despair, they plunged into the river, and were soon lost to us! Dost thou still bear in mind our dangerous adventure with one of them, which, with her young, was defending herself and them, with savage fury against the eagles? We, as you remember, espoused *her* cause, and truly desired to show our regard for her maternal love: but she, witless of our fair intentions, became frantic with rage, in supposing the eagles were re-enforced by us,—and seeing that we had no wings, darted upon us with murderous fury! Thou, being my senior, and ever my generous friend, observed my more immediate peril; and with the lightning's rapidity, levelled with unerring aim thy club, and slayed the beast! The young were then ours by conquest, no less than by the humanity of our intentions—and we shared the tender Akkolets, with the resolve, however, to make them our dearest pets,—and to this we faithfully abided, as thou wilt remember. These, and very many of the like, are to me, and doubtless to thee also, delightful recollections; and now the more so, as quite thirty years have mingled their varied hours in Eternity's deep sea, since last I parted from Cæsarëa. I sigh for those scenes of my childhood, though not of my birth; and largely, also, that I may there embrace thee, dear Artemas, and likewise behold for the first time, thy beloved Dru-silla, of whom I have heard so much—thy sweet boy Thaddeus, and thine infant daughter CORNELIA, so named, as they tell me, from thy just respect for the memory of Cornelius, the faithful centurion, who, with his family, were the first fruits, at Cæsarëa, of the faith in Christ. I will, therefore, be with thee shortly; and we will together visit the rocky banks of the Chrysōras—and, possibly, may find the very cavern, from whose mouth the enraged Akko darted upon us.\*

I long also to wander with thee over our goodly city; which the infamous Idumean Herod, more than seventy years ago, raised from the small village of Straton's Tower, <sup>Some account of Cæsarëa.</sup> to be the chiefest among the cities of Phenicia—nay even of all Palestine, save Jerusalem; and this, too, in scarce more than twelve years! Well do I remember how unfeigned was my youthful astonishment at beholding the magnificent white palaces, then so new to my eyes; and also the great Temple, dedicated to the Roman Emperor—and the massive and graceful statue of Rome and of Cæsar, which stands in its Court,—likewise the vast Theatre, and the still more extensive Amphitheatre, after the Grecian fashion!

\* The Akko is a species of wild-goat, with extremely furrowed horns, more than a foot long, and which incline much towards the back. It is likewise known by the name of Lerwee.

## Cæsarëa—Primitive Organization of The Church.

To my then youthful mind, these all were truly wonderful—for they were so unlike every thing *Jewish*. But, among all the great works of the splendid and wicked Herod, none filled me with such unmingled surprise as the extensive Haven, constructed to shut out the furious South winds, and the waves of sand that rolled impetuously in from the sea! Since then, I have visited Athens, and find that Herod's vast Haven may well compare with the much-famed Piræus. My young fancy was particularly struck with the daring enterprise of Herod, whom I then considered almost superhuman, in his first sinking deep into the waters, stones more than thirty-three cubits in length, twelve in breadth, and six in depth; and then, upon this solid foundation, erecting a pier fully one hundred and thirty-three cubits wide, and defended on the inner-side by a suitable wall, and by lofty towers—the outer-side, moreover, being so constructed as to dash back the first wave, and hence called the *procymatia*, or first-wave-breaker! All of this mighty work, so beautiful, and of such great cost (as well under ground—and under the sea, too, as above them both) often occasioned me to think, even boy as I was, that the great Herod was permitted to achieve it by a much higher power,—so that, by his miserable and inglorious death, we might be instructed in the *actual littleness* of man, and the ever-enduring greatness of the *real architect*, God; and that He often saith to us, in the very height and pride of our power, "Thus far shalt thou go in thy *ministry*, and here shall thine *arrogance* be stayed!"

But, my good Artemas, what I have now written performs not the main object of my letter: so far, have I dwelt upon only worldly matters—surely of some interest, and from which we may extract useful teachings. Now will I to matters of more abiding interest to us both; for greatly do I value thy keen desire to have supplied to thee much, that during thy long absence in the East with Thaddeus, must have escaped thee, in all that respects the Church in the West. Our justly beloved Priscilla hath told thee very many things,—Paul and *Manaen*\* have likewise by their letters instructed thee since thy return unto Edeffa,—leaving thereby to me a small task, especially as I hope to see thy face so soon.

During thy short stay with us at Antioch, we conversed, as I remember, somewhat respecting the organization of the Church, especially as to its government and rulers; and, at our parting, you

\* Manaen was a person of rank and influence, who had been educated with Herod Antipas, (some say as foster-brother) in the Court of the first Herod. He early became a convert to the new faith; and, from his station in society, it is probable he was useful to the infant church in an eminent degree. Acts xiii. 1. Whether Manaen was one of the Seventy is not certain.

## Organization of The Church.

desired to hear from me as to my poor opinion in regard to the distinct duties and powers of those who preside over it ; and whether they be solely of divine ordinance, and of perpetual duration ; or, in what respect they may be under mere human control and expediency ? These, my Artemas, are questions of great moment, which I should rather ask of thee ; but, as the comparison of opinion, guided by a sincere desire for truth, tendeth to sound knowledge, I cannot hesitate to state cautiously, I hope, and as briefly as well may be, my views as to the constitution of the Church, *as it now stands*—thou receiving them as from one of far less experience and knowledge than thyself, and as from one not yet specially instructed by Paul.

By THE CHURCH, I mean the entire body throughout the world, of true believers in Christ : and, by A CHURCH, I mean some particular assemblage or congregation of such believers, united in some city or place by some organization or church government—necessarily, in the larger part, divine.

The Church itself, and a form of government, were doubtless solely of divine origin ; and are designed to be of perpetual duration—but the establishment of churches in various places, and the particular form of church government, are not necessarily, and in all respects of divine appointment and formation. So likewise, some matters clearly of divine appointment, are not necessarily of *perpetual* duration,—for the day must shortly come when we shall have no *Apostles* ; and the day may be, in after ages, when Evangelists shall be equally unknown in the Church. We now have Apostles, Evangelists, Bishops, Presbyters, Deacons, &c.—nearly all being of divine, some, perhaps, of merely human appointment—some endued with peculiar powers, and bound to special duties—others having no *powers*, properly so called, but discharging duties not essentially personal to themselves. From all of these ministers of the Church, certain duties are *now* exacted ; but some of these may not be needed in after times ; and, indeed, *cannot* be possessed : the Apostolic power, for example, cannot be one of succession, in the *strictness* of that word ; for, what is an *apostle* ? He is one who hath received his commission immediately from Christ—one who hath seen Christ after his resurrection, that he may speak as an eye-witness—one who is endued with the power, by imposition of hands, of conferring the gift of the Holy Spirit—one whose full knowledge of the doctrines of the Saviour comes from inspiration, as well as from personal teaching—and finally, one whose duty is to propagate the Gospel to Jews and Gentiles throughout the world ; and not merely to be charged with the care of some particular church or churches.

In proof of these infallible marks of apostleship, I would remind

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thee, my Artemas, *first*, of the fact that none of the apostles were truly such, until their Master had redeemed his promise through the wonders of the Pentecostal day,—they being then baptized by the Holy Ghost, and thereby became fully possessed of his doctrines by inspiration; *secondly*, of the fact that Paul's apostleship is carefully made out by him, in his showing that he has so seen Christ, and was so baptized, that his commission must be regarded as coming *directly* from the Saviour; and that Paul hath miraculous powers, we all have witnessed: *thirdly*, I would remind thee of the fact that, when Matthias was chosen to supply the place of Judas, the lot fell, by Christ's appointment, upon him, as one that had been an eye-witness; and this, moreover, was done through the ministry of the Eleven; who, fully knowing their Master's intention in this respect, even before the day of pentecost, completed the original design of having *twelve*, from among those who had actually witnessed Christ's ministry; and who also had had ocular proof of his triumph over the grave,—and such an one was Matthias. Barnabas and Paul were specially and miraculously called by the Holy Spirit to the apostleship—and neither of them can be regarded as *successors to any one*, nor as coming in by any human appointment or agency whatever: *fourthly*, let me further remind thee of the well known fact that, after Herod Agrippa slayed our beloved James, his apostleship remained vacant; and that no one ever thought of any means to fill that vacancy—and doubtless, that so it will continue for ever. In the like manner (as to me it seemeth) may I speak in regard to the *Evangelists*; for, my Artemas, they are also temporary—their charge not being local, but like that of the Apostles, universal. The Apostles are, *ex officio* Evangelists—but these are by no means the former. The evangelists attend the apostles in their journeyings, and more particularly among people who are wholly in darkness: they aid the apostles in the establishment of churches—in bearing messages into distant lands; they also assist in the ordination of presbyters to the various churches,—the respective congregations consenting—and finally, in the reforming of all abuses, and in the transaction of all things, which the extent of apostolic engagements may prevent the possibility of being done by them in person. Evangelists, therefore, do not establish themselves in any fixed place—their occupations being essentially ambulatory; and, as they receive their commission from the Apostles, they are in all things under their supervision; and may wholly cease to exist, when the strict *Apostolic* mission ceases. In every Church or Congregation we have an Elder, and Deacons, and sometimes Deaconesses. These elders are likewise called presbyters, sometimes bishops—for Elder, Presbyter, Bishop are all one. In each church we have few, or many presbyters and deacons—according to the extent of the con-

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gregation—and, when the presbyters of several congregations assemble, to commune respecting some matter of general interest, the body so assembled has the name of Presbytery, or Senate. Now, as in these assemblies, *order* doth require that some one should preside, then, for convenience' sake, he who does so preside takes a distinctive name, and then is called The Bishop—*Episcopos*—or overseer; not that the word bishop was then first introduced—for all presbyters were equally called bishops, or overseers of their respective flocks—but that, in the Presbytery, the one who specially presides, is by way of eminence *the* Bishop, or overseer, of that presbytery.

**A** *presiding* presbyter, or bishop, is so in respect to *that* Presbytery: but all presbyters are otherwise coequal: the *bishop* is still only presbyter,—he hath, indeed, official distinction and duties in the presbytery: but out of it, and as to spiritual matters, that *presiding* presbyter varies not from others, in being thus more specially called *bishop*: they all preach, baptize, administer the Eucharistia, and, with the sanction of the Congregation, they also reprove and admonish all who are within their church. But the name and duty of the head-presbyter betoken no *spiritual superiority* over his associate presbyters—all of them, with their bishop, being entirely co-ordinate, save in the bishop's directing-powers in the assembled presbytery:—for so, at least, do I now regard this matter: and a bishop (so called in respect of a presbytery) hath charge of only one presbytery; and, however numerous that may be, it varies his spiritual powers, duties, and dignity, in no degree.

**T**he DEACONS were introduced into the Church, as you well remember, soon after the pentecostal day—which was the beginning of the true Apostleship; for, consequent upon the great increase of believers on, and soon after that illustrious day, the duties of the XII became so arduous and various, that there arose some murmuring of the Greek against the Hebrew converts, touching the poor of each—the Greeks believing that theirs had somewhat been neglected. This induced the Apostles, to require their disciples to select for themselves seven persons; whose duty it should be to protect the indigent, and to distribute all charitable collections: so that their office, as you perceive, was wholly *secular*. At the head of those seven deacons, was the youthful and pious *Stephen*,—and yet he was not merely a deacon; for, as such, he would have had no lot in the ministry: nor could he have wrought the wonders and miracles which he did. The deacon, then, is merely an assistant in secular matters; and now each church has its deacon, and sometimes deaconess: but, of late, the deacon has been permitted to participate in a small degree in sacred matters—so that the deaconship may serve as a kind of noviciate to the ministry: and

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though chosen, at first, by the congregation, they are now more generally selected by the Presbytery, to be approved by the congregation.

Hence, my Artemas, you see that the organization of our churches is very simple—the Church at large having, for *spiritual* matters, its Apostles and Evangelists—the particular churches only their presbyters, (or Elders, Pastors, Bishops) all of which words import the same thing,—save that the presiding one, by way of designation, is now somewhat more exclusively called Bishop: and to these are added the deacons, chiefly for secular purposes, regarding the poor, and the comfort of each congregation.

Such, then, being now the simple organization of our church government, well adapted to our present wants, and surely of divine origin mainly, and likewise of perpetual duration *in essence*; yet, can I see no reason why it may not, in after times, undergo such changes, as the then existing state of spiritual and secular things may demand—but preserving, for ever, what God hath ordained, and designed to be perpetual. The Church, hereafter, may be without Apostles—without Evangelists; and presbyters, more than one in particular churches, may also cease: but presbyters, or *bishops*, in the primitive meaning of that word, the Church must, of course, for ever have; and yet these, or some of them, may preside over more than one church or congregation—or, there may be more than one presbyter or bishop in each church; and others, again, may possibly preside over all the congregations that may be within some prescribed district or province.

In the like manner, at some future time, the now very limited sacred functions of the deacons, may possibly be somewhat enlarged, and their secular duties be curtailed, or wholly transferred to others. All such matters, as to me it seemeth, are wholly within the control of the Church; and possibly, of a congregation, or congregations. But, my worthy Artemas, whatever the changes may be, that after-times may require, no church can ever be left destitute of the power of perpetuating its own existence, and even of giving shape to its *formal* being: for new churches may arise, derived in no way from any existing church—but solely from that great fountain of spiritual power, whence all originally sprang—nor will any bishop or other spiritual minister, on the ceasing of the Apostles and of the Evangelists, be necessarily and truly *their successors*,—or be fully endued with their powers; but will be for ever *presbyters*: for, whether they preside over one, or many churches—whether many preside in only one city, or even church,—or, if possible, whether one, or many, preside over all churches, yet would each and all still be but *presbyters*, and not Apostles, or Evangelists, whatever *name*, or *dignity*, or *rule* may be conferred on such, by usage, consent, convenience, or otherwise.

## Organization of The Church.

In fine, my excellent Artemas, the necessity of a church government, and also the organic form thereof, are surely of *divine* origin and institution,—and as unalterable in *substance*, as is any matter of *doctrinal* faith whatever: for there must be a regular and duly authorised appointment and succession of ministers—whenever possible—but, whether there must be for ever *four orders*, or three, or two, we, at this moment, have no sure means of pronouncing definitively. If at this time, there be Apostles, Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons, and if these four be regarded as *distinct orders* of divine institution,—we also know, of a surety, that immediately after Christ's departure, there was but one order, viz., the Apostles—soon after two, and then three—viz., Apostle, Presbyter, Deacon. Now, if Titus, under Paul's recent letter, be of a new order,—or with power to create one, that shall take the exclusive name of Bishop, and with any powers *unknown* to the presbyter, then must there be, at this time, *four orders*, as I have said, viz., three spiritual, one secular: and, if the Apostolic order shall hereafter cease; and if, to the now presbyter, there be added other powers, exercised at this time by the Apostles, then would the organic constitution assume still another form: whereas, good Artemas, my humble opinion was, (and so must remain, until more specially and clearly advised of Paul) that Christ ordained his APOSTLES as a temporary body, and merely for the full organization of his Church—also to diffuse the Glad Tidings *authoritatively* to the whole world, then so utterly benighted, and finally, to appoint teachers, or presbyters, to aid them, and for ever to continue in all the ages so to teach. Now, the question that at this time disturbs me, is, whether after the Apostles shall cease to exist, there shall remain only Presbyters and Deacons? Who shall appoint the presbyters? Not the Deacons, surely,—for they are chiefly secular: not the Congregation, surely,—for they are wholly lay, and without any spiritual vocation: who, then, but the presbyters *themselves*, perhaps, with the advisement of their flock? And yet, my Artemas, if Paul now really doth mean to constitute a *new order*, under the sole name of Bishops, with power to ordain all future presbyters, and having rule over that order, it *well may be so*; and then such Bishops would also surely be of divine appointment—for Paul, questionless, hath *authority*—and the only questions now with me, are whether Paul *so hath done*—and if done, whether he hath made that appointment by Apostolic inspiration—or only as of Paul; for Paul hath sometimes said—*this* is of inspiration—*that* is of Paul: and, whether the one or the other, we should now have Bishops—Presbyters—Deacons, as the three orders of the Church. In this view of the matter, there are at this time, clearly *four orders* in the Church. But, that Bishops shall *hereafter* be *quasi* Successors, or

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 Organization of The Church.
 

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*in loco Apostolorum*, is yet to me doubtful, though free am I to confess its beautiful *harmony*, its *utility*, and also the seeming idea of Paul that so it should be : and yet, were this his fixed *Apostolic* design, marvellous doth it seem to me, that such intention is not more expressly revealed.\*

Nor, my Artemas, can I regard any of the persons, on whom spiritual powers were conferred by Christ, or by the apostles, as **PRIESTS**, or as belonging to any *Priesthood*; as all of that must have wholly ceased with the last and great *sacrifice* made upon Calvary, by him who will remain for ever, not only the Supreme Head over all—but the only sacrifice that shall ever be made, or needed : and, therefore, all Apostles, Bishops and Presbyters are but teachers—and not *priests*, strictly so called.

Well do I know the tendency of our people, as also of the Gentiles, to cleave to the idea of the continuance of a Priesthood ; and to assimilate the government of our new Church, in substance as well as in form, to that of the Jewish hierarchy ; which, as I believe, has utterly passed away.

We now have Apostles and Evangelists—we also have Presbyters, or bishops, they being surely different from the two first—and we have also deacons which greatly differ from all : but none of these classes are strictly *priests* ; nor do any or all constitute a *priesthood*. All that existed of the priestly nature under the *Law*, centred wholly, and at once, in the crucified Victim of the Cross ; for we hear, or read, of no one that is now authorised to offer any *sacrifice*, or other offering to *take away sin*—and hence all *priestly* office hath entirely ceased—Christ's one sacrifice of Himself being in no way *imperfect*, and therefore needing neither High-Priest, Priest, nor Levite—but only teachers, and ministers of the ordinances. Doubtless, now, and in all after-ages, Church Government will be essential ; and its *essence* is truly immutable ; but its *form* and *substance* no longer need Sacrifices, or a Priesthood of any kind.

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\* The reader will bear in mind, that these views of Aquila were written about the time that episcopal power was in its infancy, and simplest form—if, indeed, it then existed. Paul's Letter to Titus was probably in A.D. 53—so think Dr. Hales and Michaëlis, though others place it much later ; and the one to Timothy was probably written in A.D. 58. The letter of Aquila to Artemas, therefore, bears date only a few months after Paul's Epistle to Titus, and several years prior to the Epistle to Timothy. The sagacity of Aquila, at that early period, his difficulties and doubts, though, perhaps, surprising, show us clearly the reason why such doubts and difficulties still continue, to the present hour, in the minds of some, notwithstanding the volumes that have been written on Episcopacy, Apostolic Succession, Prelacy, &c., since the letters to Titus and to Timothy.

## Organization of The Church.

Formerly, none had immediate access to God but the priesthood; and all others were to make known their wants, only through the sacrificial ministrations of that class. But now, neither priest, nor sacrifice is needed: and those called to evangelize and to minister, be they apostles, elders, evangelists, deacons, are all teachers only, and no priesthood. No *sin-offering*, nor *thank-offering* being now required, because the *final Sin-Offering* was made, once for all, free and perfect, by the Christus—he being the only possible MAN-GOD—and hence the only possible full Atonement! By that sole sacrifice, every individual who is of the Faith, is now enabled freely to make his own *thank-offering* unto God immediately—or rather, through the Messiah, and not through any earthly priest—so that, thus far, all may be regarded as raised to the dignity of priest, under the only One in Heaven!

Nor can there, any more for ever, be the least need of further sacrifice, either actually, or typically, or memoratively: and, when those of the Faith, partake of the Eucharistia, this is neither sin-offering, nor thank-offering: nor is it even memorative of Christ's sacrifice alone—but of all that he hath done for man, and also as a means of strengthening our faith, and for obtaining further grace thereby. And, though the holy feast be in the presence of, or be ministered by some one of the appointed teachers, that presence, even if an apostle, is proper or necessary only as a witness of the worthiness of those to whom he thus administers the sacrament—and not as making thereby for them any offering, or sacrifice through a priest unto God. And hence is it that all of the True Faith throughout the world, and to whatever communion belonging, do of themselves make the Church Militant Universal, and those who more specially and locally are united in faith, constitute A Church, or Congregation—differing, possibly, only as men do in form, complexion, or in stature,—but still the one class are true Christians—the other class are equally men, whatever be their form or complexion.

Nor, as to me it seemeth, is there any power ordained of God, in any class of men, to do more than evangelize, ordain, baptize, administer the bread and wine, preserve the faith,—and in doing all of which, they act not as *priests*, but only as appointed ministers and teachers: nor, in this, as infallible expounders and judges—nor as *media* between God and Man, but leaving unto Jehovah all judgment, all *controul* of belief and conscience, since those alone will, and ought to commune and harmoniously assemble, who think alike: and since those who differ must not dare do more than strenuously admonish, they should leave unto God's future and gradual action, the bringing of all into one fold of perfect faith. Doubtless, from out of all of the congregations, omniscient justice

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Univerfity and Diverfity of Faith—The Miniftrations.

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will felect thofe who are his, and who conftitute the entire Church : and though, in the vifible, or church militant, there be myriads of every degree of godlinefs—and in the Church Triumphant many manfions in “ His Father’s Houfe,” yet is it through God’s mercy alone that falvation comes to any : and therefore, my Artemas, it feemeth to me very daring that men fhould quarrel fo fiercely concerning points of faith ; or hope that the mind of godlinefs fhould be of the fame impreff in all. On the very fame tree nearly every leaf may fomewhat differ—and, even the fame faith manifefts not itfelf exactly alike in all : therefore, to preach the Faith in all fim- plicity, purity, and perfuafion is the teacher’s chief duty—allowing unto all the freedom of judgment we claim for ourfelves ; and only withholding from them our own communion, when any effential of faith is wanting. In this way alone can the great human family be brought to underftand and value the exhauftlefs riches of the proffered kingdom : for I am well perfuaded there may be a *ſaving faith* in Chrift, though we fhould find the taint of fome furprifing folly in the pureft human creed.

Now even in refpect to *Faith*, how mournful is it to behold what we fee at this time—yea, in the tendereft infancy of our Church ? and how dreadful to contemplate what hereafter may come ! Already do we find that unity of faith is much impaired by man’s vain conjectures, fanciful interpretations, and by the cleaving to his gentile recollections : but, dear Artemas, what is there that man will not pervert, however fimple and manifefst it be ?—ſurely, the underftanding and heart ought to perceive that the *doctrines* of our Mafter are fimple, practical, and beautiful ; and that our Church government, the vifible temples that fhall arife, and all the obſervances therein, ought for ever to be regarded as defigned to be fo pure and fimple, that they may symbolize the New Dispensation— itfelf fo brightly clear, when compared with the ſhadowy one that hath paſſed away. The Church, *lato ſenſu*, (by which I mean the whole body of Chriftians in all the lands,) ought to be as nearly one, in *form*, as one, in *faith* ; and all ſhould ſtrive for the prefervation of that *lovely ſimplicity*, that marked the life and character of Him who gave it. But, O Artemas ! the Powers of Darknefs are leagued againſt thoſe of Light—and, doubt it not, the conflict will be long and mighty !

But I have conſolation in the firm belief that, however defective the Paſtor of any church may be, either as to the ſource, or nature of his appointment, or as to the motives that perſonally actuate him, —that is, be it from *love*, or from *contention*, that he labours in his office, ſtill the *miniſtration* thereof is not neceſſarily ineffectual ; for,

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What, when Jurisdiction ceases in fact ?

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even Satanas might make converts to our faith ! And this example I put thus strongly, only to show you, in a word, my own decided conviction, that grace *may* flow through a corrupt channel, though to preserve it pure is the highest duty of the christian. Herein am I fully sustained, as I think, by Paul ; who declares that “notwithstanding every way, whether in *pretence*, or in *truth*, if Christ be preached, I therein do rejoice—and will rejoice.”—This he could not have uttered, if I be wrong in the case now put by me.

**W**e have as yet no temples, or churches for our worship : but, very generally, all worship is in private houses ; sometimes in the open fields, and occasionally, in caves and caverns. Also, as I have stated, our church government, in officers, powers, and duties, is defined ; and adherence to it is a solemn duty : but still, I can see no reason why a mere *private christian* may not, under very special circumstances, exercise them all,—and with as much efficacy, too, as by any bishop—yea, even any apostle ! Suppose, my Artemas, some Christians should be cast upon some desert Island, or be lost among the almost inaccessible wilds of Parthia, or in the icy and snowy regions of the remote Hyperborean : may not these men form a christian church, perfect in all respects ? With humility, am I obliged so to think, though there should be among them no apostle, evangelist, bishop, or even presbyter, or deacon. And, as it seems to me, I may yet go further, and say, that whenever and wherever spiritual aid *ceases in fact*, spiritual powers would *arise of right*, in any christian whatever. Such a person, then, might baptize, preach, ordain, administer the eucharist—and do all other things needed by a perfect christian church : but, whenever the *power* to be ordained shall come, then the *duty* must as surely arise.

**T**he Saviour seems to have baptized none—Peter seldom did ; and, even when specially commissioned to visit Cornelius and his family at Cæsaræa, he still did not baptize them, but left it to the brethren who were with him. So, also, Paul was baptized by Ananias, probably one of the Seventy ; and Paul regarded preaching as his more special calling : and yet the commission to the apostles is to *teach, convert and baptize* : but every christian, presuming to do either, must surely seek (if happily it may be found) an ordination ; for the rule is *non dat, qui non habet* : but, where that is not possible to be had, a church may still arise in beauty and perfection, though the earthly link that unites it with the apostles, be wholly severed.\*

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\* Dr. Campbell, however, has probably erred, in citing Philip's Baptism of the Ethiopian Eunuch, as an instance of that holy sacrament being administered, under an exigency, by a *private person*. He states that Philip was no apostle, no presbyter, and probably, at that time, only a (*secular*) deacon ; and yet that he preached to, converted, and baptized the Eunuch ! That this learned writer

## Community of Property—The Baptism by Philip.

Now, dear Artemas, all these things are written to thee, with a fearfully tender, and unshaken regard for *order and discipline* in the Church: but, may we not lose much of the *substance*, through a frivolous and pertinacious adherence to *forms and notions*, which are sometimes but as shadows? The SAVIOUR was the brightest exemplar the world hath ever known, as well of simplicity, as of unmixed truth: the inner substance and practical utility of every thing were always fought by him,—and so should his followers ever strive to do: and that simplicity and truth should always be reflected from our actions, ceremonials, temples, and throughout all of the visible Church, in all the lands.\*

I shall end this long epistle, with an equally candid statement of my views, as to the Community of Property among christians; as to which, I grieve to find that some weak-minded, but pious individuals, do so greatly and perniciously err.†

should so entirely have mistaken the true character of that holy man, is surprising. Philip, like Stephen, though a deacon, was evidently much more: and, if not an Evangelist, was specially endowed with the Holy Ghost, for preaching the gospel. He had not only wrought miracles and preached, before his interview with the Ethiopian,—but that very *meeting* of him was by no means accidental, but obviously commanded from on high: for Philip was not only sent by an angel into the very road where he would encounter the Eunuch, but after he saw him, he was divinely urged to join him; and, doubtless, to teach, convert, and baptize him. The example of Philip, then, falls wholly to the ground; and is far short of the views taken by Aquila, in the above letter to Artemas. I doubt much whether Dr. Campbell could have produced a single instance in the primitive church, of mere private baptism, under any exigency whatever: though I cannot but concur fully in the opinion expressed by Aquila, that cases may arise, in which this, and other Christian offices, would be lawfully and effectually administered by a mere private Christian—nay, even by one who himself is a mere infidel! Such extreme cases *can* be put; but they become requisite only to test the validity of an ultra opposite opinion; and, to this extent only is it, that Aquila seems to advance this doctrine; for, whilst he evidently desires to adhere to the soundest faith as to church government, he is equally studious to avoid all impracticable, unmeaning, and superstitious excesses.

\* The account here given by Aquila of the condition of the Church, during its earliest period, forms a wonderful contrast with that which might be stated of its progress through the many centuries that since have passed! He seems to have anticipated, and to have liberally admitted, that great *formal* changes might properly arise in after times; and that in matters of *essence*, there probably would also arise great and improper changes: but all of his perspicuity, unless truly prophetic, could scarce have presented to him the least idea of the extremely wide departures, no less in substance than in forms, which the actual history of the Church so lamentably furnishes. But as to all this, it must be left mainly to Cartaphilus, or those with whom he communed, to speak hereafter.

† The detailed examination of the question concerning *community of property*, as given by Aquila, the Editor wholly omits,—since the true doctrine on

**I**n return for what I have written thee, so much in detail, give me, I pray thee, some further account respecting that most singular and interesting man, CARTAPHILUS, who hath so long abandoned Jerusalem for Rome. Much have I heard concerning him, but all vaguely; and I feel the more for his sad condition, knowing how greatly thy heart is entwined with his; and also how much the now pious family of Eben Ezra still love him. FARE-THEE-WELL.

AQUILA.

## LETTER XX.

PAUL OF TARSUS TO ARTEMAS—[*now in Edessa*].

CORINTH. Month of *Tisri*, 8th; Creation, 3816.  
[September 13, A. D. 56.]



**H**AVE heard of thee, Artemas, and of thy deeds at Cæsaræa, where I rejoiced to hear thou didst tarry so long, as being the place of thy nativity; and where, with thy parents, thou wert ever by them and the people so justly

*Paul's account  
of his life.*

beloved,—giving now to me strong hope, in which thus far I in no wise am disappointed, that thou wouldst there accomplish a good work.

Thy friend, and truly mine, our dear Aquila, was with thee, as I learn, for a time; which likewise gave joy to all the brethren here, seeing that his pious zeal is so shining; and as thy greater knowledge of worldly matters, and of human learning would prove unto him useful: for such possessions are by no means to be concealed by him who preacheth—but only the vanities and fancies thereof: for there is true learning, and there is false learning likewise; but to be puffed up, and boastful of knowledge, even truly so called, is itself a vanity, and offendeth much in a preacher,—whose

that subject is, at this time, so well understood. But it may be well to state, that the views of Aquila prove sufficiently that, whilst in the primitive church there were some, whose intemperate zeal would have brought all the property of converts into communion, and thereby destroyed, rather than mitigated the motives for any acquisitions; yet that the much larger portion of Christians, even then entertained far juster ideas upon this subject; and merely desired to provide amply for the poor converts, a fund, voluntarily contributed out of their superabundance: and this probably is all that is inculcated in Acts ii. 44; Acts iv. 32, 34, 35; 2 Corin. viii. 13, 15—although, in the fourth, and in some later centuries, the monks and their supporters evinced a strong desire to extract from these Scriptures, some countenance for an unbounded liberality to the Church, and for a communion of goods, at least among a part of the clergy.



learning should be useful, for example—stimulating, for encouragement—and threatening, for reproof; and these all (growing out of the very soil he hath then in hand, and not forced out by pride, and in untimely ways) not that he may exalt himself by the idle applauses, of those itching for worldly, rather than for heavenly wisdom. For we know that heavenly wisdom spurns not earthly wisdom, rightly used; and in this, my beloved Artemas, I have great confidence in thee; and, by my now words, mean no reproof of thee.

**P**leased am I, moreover, that once more thou art communing with thy valued friends at Edeffa; where, as thou hast for some time resided, and wilt yet tarry longer, the detail I now give thee of my journeyings during thy long absence from us, may prove useful to thee and those of the Faith; as it will embrace the time since, at Antioch, I left thee, now six years, and unto the present hour;—it being now my desire forthwith to depart from Corinth (where I have been nigh unto eighteen months) for Ephesus—thence to Cæsareā, afterwards to Jerusalem; and then, once more, to Antioch; which I hope to reach a year hence.

**W**hilst at Antioch thou wert with us, a short time; and there I abode with many disciples, a long time: thou wilt remember how, on the eve of thy departure, a great debate arose between certain of the converted Jews and us, touching the necessity of circumcision; and likewise of other matters under the Law; and especially that the *Gentiles* could not be saved without full observance of the things taught of Moses! This debate grew so strong, after thy departure, that I, with Barnabas and others, were sent to Jerusalem,—there to hold council with the Apostles and Elders, concerning the matter. [A. D. 52.]

**A**nd, as we journeyed through Phœnicia and Samaria, onward towards Jerusalem, we were joyously received on this matter; as they much desired that it speedily should be determined. At Jerusalem, we lost no time in holding the council; when certain of the christian Pharisees arose; and, heartily approving the conversion of the Gentiles, still insisted that they should be held to strict observance of the Mosaic Law. Peter, who, though early sent to the Gentiles, but more specially to those of the Circumcision, warmly opposed this doctrine; and urged the case of *Cornelius*, as proof of there being no distinction, in this respect, between Jew and Gentile—and that for neither was circumcision required. These views were also held by Barnabas and myself; and truly we relied on our own experience, happily bringing over by teachings and miracles many Gentiles, and with but small reference to the past dispensation, especially those matters therein that are ceremonial and typical of things now ended. The apostle James then spoke, and with

power,—urging the words of the prophet Amos ; which conclude with the declaration that all the Gentiles that call upon the name of the Lord, should be saved,—and further, that the gentile proselytes, as do the Jews of our faith, still venerate, as ever, the Books of Moses, but using them only as far as they be now a law unto us—and reading them on every sabbath day, and teaching the people therefrom.

This matter being at length soundly determined, and with harmony, we were sent back to Antioch, accompanied by Judas and Silas, as additional witnesses of the Council's decision thereon ; and also with letters of credence as to our proceedings.

After some stay at Antioch, Barnabas united with me in the desire to visit those cities in which formerly we had been ; that we might truly learn of their progress in spiritual things. But he would have Mark to join us ; and, as we differed in this, he, with Mark, went to Cyprus—and I, with Silas, departed for Syria and Cilicia.

At *Derbé*, we encountered Timothy,—whose mother only was a Hebrew ; and he being pious and useful in the ministry, I yielded to the wishes of the Jewish converts, and had him circumcised, notwithstanding the late decision of the Council at Jerusalem,—for the aversion of these Jews to the proselytes of the gate, even after they become christians, is often so great as to render circumcision advisable : and yet, when Timothy accompanied me, in travelling from place to place, we failed not to exhibit the decree,—so that this aversion might be gradually overcome—and thus, my Artemas, is it that sometimes, *we may be all things unto all men.* [A. D. 54.]

Passing by *Myfia*, we came to *Troas*, through *Samothracia*, and *Neapolis*, unto *Philippi* of Macedonia, where, Luke, who had been with us, departed from us, for I had there a special call.\* This Philippi was formerly called *Datos* ; and is distant from Thessalonica somewhat more than two days' journey.†

In our wanderings on a certain sabbath day, from city to city,

\* That *St. Luke* accompanied *St. Paul* in this first voyage to Macedonia, and left him at Philippi, is no where else expressly recorded : but it may be remarked that in his narrative of this voyage in the Acts of the Apostles, of which he is the author, *St. Luke* says, "*We came to Samothracia, &c.*" but, in continuing the narrative, after leaving Philippi, the language is, "*Now when they had passed,*" &c.—and so, in various other places, the like words indicate *Luke's* presence with, or absence from *St. Paul*. Acts xiii. 2 ; xvii. 1 ; also, 2 Tim. iv. 2 ; Col. iv. 14 ; Phil. xxiv.

† The Hebrews made but little use, if any, of miles, furlongs, feet, &c. ; but usually ascertained long and itinerary distances by a day's journey—20 miles ; or by a Sabbath-day's journey—730 paces, or by the parasang, equal to about four of our miles : and their short distances were measured by stadia, reeds, cubits, &c.

## The Adventures of Paul of Tarsus.

we strayed on the banks of a river that empties into the *Ægean* sea; and there entered into an Oratory, whose many women had then assembled for worship: and we spake to them of the Faith. Among these was *LYDIA*, formerly of *Thyatira*, a Jewish profelyte of the gate; and she, with her family, being converted by our preaching, they were baptized. Now, as she very gratefully importuned that we should tarry a while at her house, we consented.

**W**hilst at *Philippi*, a certain damsel (a slave, who brought to her master much gains by sooth-saying, acting under, what the Greeks call, a *pythonic* spirit, as supposed to be from their god *Apollo*) often and vehemently cried out after us, that we were the "Servants of the Most High God, having the way of salvation." This damsel being cured by me of her infirmity, her master was greatly angered thereat, as his gains would cease thereby! He united therefore with some others, violently seized upon us, and carried us into the forum, accusing us before their rulers of being most troublesome Jews, that teach customs and a religion contrary to their gods, and to Roman laws! The multitude speedily increased against us; and the magistrates, regardless of even the forms of justice, gave us up to be scourged. Our hands were then tied to a pillar; and the lictor, after violently tearing from us our garments, beat us with many stripes—and then committed us to prison.

**T**he jailor, who had been specially cautioned to guard us well, thrust us into an inner prison; and placed our feet firmly in the stocks. But God was with us—We were so cheerful, and prayed and sang with so loud a voice, that the other prisoners and the jailors could not but hear us: and then we sought for rest in sleep.

**S**uddenly, at midnight, the foundations of our prison were violently shaken—the doors were all forced open, and every one's hands were loosed! The jailor hastened to us, fearing for his life, should any of the prisoners escape: and, in great despair, moved as if he would madly slay himself! But I arrested his rash hand; and assured him we were all in the house, and that none should escape.

**A**s soon as lights were brought, the jailor fell at our feet, in great consternation, and was silent: then raising himself, he conducted us with respect out of that inner room, and instantly cried out, "Oh, Sirs! what must I do to be saved?" Soon was he relieved by that Spirit, which alone can save: he then gratefully washed our stripes—brought us into his own apartments, and kindly entreated us with food: after which, he and his family were baptized, to the great joy of us all.

**O**n the following day, the magistrates of *Philippi* having confi-

dered better of the matter, and that they could not justify themselves to the governor for their cruel treatment of us, (we being Romans by privilege) sent an order to the jailor for our immediate discharge. This the jailor supposed would be joyously received by us; but, as we had been openly and disgracefully cast into the prison, we refused to be thus released; and sent them word by their sergeant, that the magistrates must come themselves, and bring us openly out: whereupon they came, and earnestly besought us to depart: so we left the prison, and returned to the house of Lydia; and shortly after departed for Thessalonica, where there is a synagogue. In this we openly preached our faith upon three successive sabbaths.

But the Jews, at length, could not withhold their anger; and procured certain inferior officers of the courts of judicature\* to search for us in the house of one Jason,—but finding us not, they then rudely seized upon Jason himself, and likewise upon some of our friends, and hurried them all before the city magistrates,—complaining that this Jason had protected men who brought confusion into the world; and who preached doctrines subversive of Cæsar's authority—in stating that one Jesus was their king! Jason was thereupon ordered to give security for himself and his companions; and our brethren, alarmed for me, insisted that we should all instantly depart, by night, for Berea. Arrived at Berea, we found much encouragement, and a kindness greatly different from the rudeness we had experienced at Thessalonica; for all listened unto us, and many of note, both men and women, believed and were baptized. But the Jews of Thessalonica, hearing with rage of our success at Berea, early pursued us thither,—so that our friends sent me from thence to the sea side, that the people might suppose some vessel had there received me: but I still journeyed on by land, with a few of the brethren, and reached Athens,—whilst Silas and Timothy remained at Berea, with directions soon to be with us in that famed Grecian city. [Early in A. D. 55.]

Whilst we surveyed the goodly and renowned Athens, much was I struck by the number and variety of their idols; there being more in this one city than in all others of Greece! Here the Jews have synagogues,—in which I preached, as also in other places of that city, where the people were most used to assemble.

They listened with curiosity and respect, rather than with a disturbed heart and willing ear,—giving me little hope of their forsaking vain superstitions, and their idle philosophy, with much show

\* The customary version is, "*certain lewd fellows of the baser sort*"—see Acts xvii. 5, but the Editor gives it as Cartaphilus states it; which probably may be a more correct rendering of the meaning of that verse.

of false learning. But some of their Epicúrean sages, who deny all providential interest by the gods in the concerns of men ; and say that, as the world came by chance, so is it ruled thereby,—and also some of their Stoics, who hold that the world was only *fashioned*—not *created*, by God, whom they admit to be eternal, but a *substance*, though of a very ethereal nature,—and that he is bound by an unchangeable fate ; and that, in order to be virtuous, we must study Nature in all things—these so called philosophers of both classes, perceiving how ready I was to engage in the support of my doctrines, to them so novel, undertook to dispute with me ; and that I should go with them to the Areopagus, there fully to explain who this Jesus was, and the other strange matters, of which vague rumours had gone abroad.

Now this Areopagus, situate near the citadel on Mars-Hill, is the Athenian Senate, or high Court of Judicature ; and is holden by men of great renown in morals,—men who have been Archons, and who, being once appointed, retain their seats during life. Their care is over religion, morals, the criminal laws, orphans, and over all disputes among the various Grecian States. Their sentences are submitted to, as those of unquestionable truth ; and their meetings are holden at night, and in the open air !

To argue the cause of JESUS before this, perhaps the most august of all earthly tribunals, was an occasion to be willingly accepted—not indeed, for *him* who was called to speak, but for the value and power of the *cause*. And, moreover, as by their laws and custom, new Gods are received among them, their bidding of me to speak before the multitude, as the promulgator of an unknown deity, failed not to inspire me with a strong desire, and some hope, though with anxiety, to plead before them. I likewise was the more willing to appear on Mars-Hill, as I had just seen an altar, having thereon so remarkable an inscription !

“ *To the Gods of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa ;—and  
TO THE UNKNOWN GOD !* ”

The liberality of the Athenians towards the gods of other nations is as great as is their hospitality towards all strangers—so that no cause of fear had need disturb me.

Standing therefore by their appointment in the midst of that Hill, and of all its earthly grandeur, I spoke to them concerning the God who, not only created but fashioned the world, and all things therein—who is the Lord of the Universe, as well as of Heaven, and who dwelleth therein—a Temple, not made with hands—the God, not worshipped and appeased, even through men's best offerings upon altars, but with the *heart* ;—as He needeth nothing, but giveth life and support to all—the God who hath made

## The Adventures of Paul of Tarsus.

of one blood all the nations of men that dwell upon earth, and who hath determined their times, and the boundaries of their habitations—the God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being—yea, “THE UNKNOWN GOD,” whom they ignorantly worship,—HIM did I declare unto them—strenuously exhorting them to seek that very Lord alone: who, if sincerely called upon, would be found close around, and nigh unto each of them!—admonishing them, moreover, that, as we are surely His offspring, it were folly to look on the Godhead as, in any way like unto man’s most skilful devices,—be the same in graven stone—in silver—or in gold: that this UNKNOWN GOD, in times past, winked at these things, for their ignorance: but now, he commandeth all men, every where, to repent,—and, having appointed a day in which, with righteousness, he will judge the whole earth; it surely will be by that Man, Jesus, whom he ordained, and hath *raised from the dead!*

Having, in substance, thus spoken, I there ended. Now, when they heard of the Resurrection, some mocked—others said with kindness, “We will hear thee again concerning this matter.” And yet, my Artemas, some believed; alas! but very few; among whom were DIONYSIUS, the Areopagite and his wife, named Damaris.\*

I departed from thence for Corinth, pleased with the gentleness of the Athenians, but grieved at their vain learning, their worldly-mindedness, and refined superstitions; which had so obscured their understanding, and enclosed their heart, as to cause them thus to reject the assured resurrection of the only Emanuel!

Arrived at Corinth, we early found how great the need was there for the chastening influences of our faith. It is a city abounding in vast worldly riches, in the elegancies and superfluities of life; but is far more abundant in all lewdness, and in every manner of vice, so as to become even a proverb!

Corinth has two harbours—that of *Schœnos*, with its extensive quay on the North—and of *Cenchrea*, on the East,—so that its situation between the two bays formed by the isthmus, makes it a place of great *commerce*, and therefore of equal luxury and wickedness.

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\* Dionysius is said to have been highly educated in all the learning of his day; and that, soon after his conversion by Paul, he departed for the East, and acquired in Egypt a knowledge of astronomy; which he applied with great earnestness to explain, by way of eclipse, the wonderful darkness that overshadowed the land at the Saviour’s crucifixion. In this, however, he necessarily failed; for that not being the effect of an eclipse, or any other derangement of the kind, could not be solved by any astronomical researches whatever. It is nevertheless said that the astronomer *Phlegon*, of Hadrian’s time, speaks of that miraculous obscuration, as being the “greatest eclipse of the sun that ever happened—the day being so turned into night, that the stars in the heaven were seen!”

**V**ENUS is the goddess of this city ; and upon the summit of the Acrocorynthus, she hath her temple, where her priestesses are implored in times of public danger ; and, though no one hath ever seen this VENUS, yet hath she as many *names*, as hath the Evil One ! \*

**S**uch a place as Corinth, my Artemas, demands our special care ; and though the Powers of Darkness have proved very obstinate, we are not without fruits, and must rely upon the inevitable future.

**E**arly after my arrival here, much was I pleased to see our Aquila, and his wife Prisca : who, since their expulsion from Rome under the Claudian decree, have mostly resided in these parts. And, as I found them occupied with the trade of tent-making, (in the which, when young, I likewise was instructed) I sojourned with them for a while, assisting them therein. †

**A**t this time, Silas and Timothy, whom we had left at Berea in Macedonia, arrived at Corinth, and to our great joy ; for we much needed them, as the Jews there sorely vexed our spirits,—not by contumelious treatment only, but even by open blasphemy of the Saviour's name !—whereupon, I shook my raiment and the dust from off my sandals, in their reproach ; and declared unto them that I was *free* of their blood, having warned them fully ; and that now must I go over unto the Gentiles.

**I** then took up my abode with one Justus—by birth a Gentile, but then a proselyte of the gate : and being there admonished in a vision, “ *to fear not, for that the Lord was with me—that I should receive no injury, for, in Corinth are much people, with whom the Word shall be effectual,* ” I willingly continued, and was earnest both there and in all Achaia.

**A**nd now, before I resolved to quit Corinth, the Jew *Crispus*, chief of their synagogue, was ours ; as also were a few of the Corinthians, and these were baptized.

**N**ow, having remained in Corinth eighteen months, ready am I to depart for Ephesus, taking with us Aquila and Priscilla, who salute thee and thine. FARE-THEE-WELL.

\* How extensive Paul's learning was, and his modesty in but only incidentally showing it, appear on various occasions. He might also even here have stated, that Venus is known by the names of *Hera—Astarte—Astartoth—Beltis—Myllitta—Alitta—Aphrodite—Anaitis*, &c. ; for the very many names of Venus would not have been thus alluded to, if not well known by him.

† Among the Jews, some trade or other was universal. The wisest and most learned of their Rabbins failed not to be so instructed,—in order that if, from any cause, they should fall into poverty, they might be enabled to maintain them selves honestly. Hence it was a Hebrew saying, “ *He who teacheth not his son a trade, teacheth him to steal !* ”

**CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,**  
**THE**  
**Wandering Jew.**

**I.**

**N**





BOOK THE THIRD



# CHRONICLES OF

## Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

### BOOK III.

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#### A Glance at Roman Life.

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SECTION XVII.—ROME. xv. Kal. Mar. u. c. 817.  
[February 15, A. D. 64.]



HERE have I resided somewhat more than eighteen years, and ever since the time my face was turned from Judea for Rome—molested by no one, since they all here found me resolved to live with them, not only harmo-

*Cartaphilus resumes his Chronicles: a glance at Roman Life.*

niously, but as joyously and expensively as they listed:—and the more able so to do, as I had wholly cast off the ways of my too superstitious countrymen, so offensive to these Gentiles—and likewise, as my *crumena* was now most abundantly filled. Hence the decree of Claudius, which several years after my arrival here, had banished the Jews from the Imperial City, troubled me not, knowing moreover, as I did, full well, how it was that the first Agrippa made himself so agreeable and useful to the emperor Tiberius, and afterwards to Claudius,—who, only from some special causes had banished the Jews from Rome; and from no particular hatred against them, as his previous general decrees in their favour clearly show,—which is also confirmed by his many subsequent kindnesses to both of the Agrippas.

These matters I had pondered well, using them all with skill as they arose,—and thus found great favour in the eyes of Claudius, during all the nine years I lived under his protection; for, being no Nazarene, and also no longer a shekelless Jew, but possessed of the accumulated wealth of three of my deceased relatives, added to mine own gatherings, I could well play the part even of an Agrippa!—and so have I done to all around me; which Claudius

noting, and after him Nero, during now nearly ten years more, my days here in Rome have been so very unlike all that went before (especially those so foolishly and madly spent by me in Hinnom and in Jehoshaphat) that scarce can I now hold myself the same Cartaphilus, of Meriamne and Seraiah born !

**Wonderful** are the blessings of having, and of using MONEY !

*He commences his  
NERONIANA.*

It hath stirred up the vis insita that truly was in me, though so long and deeply buried before Imperial Rome received me: for, had it not been thus roused, my NERO would have found no *worth* in Cartaphilus ; but, doubtless, would have made him far more worthless—save to the *worms* ! But *money* preserveth one for ever even from the worms, if embalmed ; and if not, Cartaphilus must surely have been in his grave long ere this, had not mammon gained unto him numerous friends, that screened him from the accusations, always so rife against the Jews, and specially so now, as having made the great Conflagration—yet scarce extinguished !

**Now**, my Nero availed himself, in this, of the people's folly in supposing that *Jews* were necessarily Christians—and Christians necessarily incendiaries ! Ah, Nero ! thou hast in this, more than in all thy other deeds, immortalized thyself ; for *thou* alone hast the merit of that vast conception—unimaginable otherwise,—neither Christian, nor Jew having any lot or part therein, as Cartaphilus doth well know.

\* \* \* \* \* “ **Now**, Cartaphilus ! though life to

*A Musing of  
Cartaphilus.*

thee be sweet, and all good cheer thou lovest ; and though thou hast, indeed, enjoyed in Rome a glorious life,—and during quite eighteen years hast to a far better purpose lived (as being pleasure's votary) than in all thy forty and three years spent in Judea—yet, such an incarnate Beel-zebul, as thy friend NERO truly is, doth still shock thee much ; and is as abhorrent to thy inner soul, as is impurity to a vestal's—he being no less beast and madman, than a devil ! Shame upon thee, then, Cartaphilus, that thou hast so often ministered to the volcanic lusts of such an insatiate monster !—but this last act of his, in burning *Rome*, and then burning *Christians* for it, hath torn away the veil that so much obscured thy vision: for *all* conscience hath not yet quite forsaken thee, oh, thou son of the excellent Mariamne ! Abraham's faith is still, if feebly, at thy heart's core ! Do the precepts and influences of early religion (those of the mere child) ever *wholly* forsake the soul ? Doth the fountain, as well as all the streams, become utterly corrupt, so that no vestige of purity remains ?—this is a question hard to be resolved. Beel-zebul, as I know, labours cunningly and constantly—and, as if his empire depends upon that one soul, whosoever it may be !—but Jehovah's

Conscience—Nero's green Life—The Matricide.

image (impressed upon the youthful mind) is difficult to be quite erased: mountains of sin may gradually cover it—but the image is still there, and its sickly voice will sometimes be heard! Much have I enjoyed life here; Roman fashions were new to me—money had often been a rare commodity to me in Judea, when under the yoke of my mother's sister—my whole existence had been poisoned by what went before: but genius and learning were mine; and money likewise ere Rome was sought of me: and when here, Claudius, and the young Nero, and the splendid Agrippa lavished honours and kindnesses in abundance on me,—all being as fresh to the soul of Cartaphilus, as are the morning dews upon the parched earth—yea, as the showery of Sivan upon a bed of drooping violets! I lived with the joyous, and with them was joyous:—but oh! Conscience *would* sometimes come,—that indwelling voice *would* whisper; and sometimes, as if gaining strength by suppression, it would, for a moment, burst forth in terrific thunders! \* \* \* \*

Finding me so well instructed in all *Jewish* matters, the young Nero had me often near his person, as Claudius before him had: but yet they both seemed to court me far more for my wit, and charms of conversation, than for things of State.

Nero had come to his power like a *lamb*! and well do I remember that, shortly after the imperial robe was upon him, on being required to sign his name for the execution of some foul malefactor, he exclaimed, "*O, would to heaven I had not been taught to write!*" I did not *then* like this show of deep humanity in Nero; to me it was but the preface of an end that would be as a *roaring lion*—and so hath it fallen out—the youth in tenderness soon became the veteran in cruelty!

And, moreover, the *green* Nero hated flattery! for, when the Senate would bestow upon him liberal commendation for his earliest acts, he mildly urged them to reserve their praises until he deserved them *better*!—and hence, as Cartaphilus opines, Ad Græcas Kalendas.

Now, as nature doth sometimes congregate within her dark and hidden recesses, the direst mischiefs, that without admonishment burst forth with sudden and resistless fury, spreading misery and desolation around,—so with my Nero!—and finally, to give assurance to all persons that imperial anger would endure no restraint, he ordered the assassination of his mother Agrippina!—which done, he gazed on her lifeless body with high admiration, and with a smile exclaiming, "O truly, never did I believe my mother was so *beautiful* a woman!" [A. D. 59.]

*Murder of  
his mother,  
Agrippina.*

All who actually, or in the emperor's diseased imagination, in any way mar his pleasures, are promptly and cruelly sacrificed. All

## Neronian revels—The Senator Montanus.

of the debauchery that Rome contains is now familiar to him, young as he is ; and to me alas ! his cherished companion, almost equally so, aged as I am ! Often, at night, would Nero say, " My pleasant Jew, *thee* must I have with me, when the clepsydra is at ten—and mark that thou keep close in thy bosom all thou shalt see or hear : " and then would we fall forth, both in most impenetrable guise—and visit places that courtly eyes have seldom seen before !

In those nocturnal rambles, his excesses and cruelties might shame the very demons : but, I remember me, that, in one of them, he had well-nigh been made a corpse, when attempting a great rudeness towards the wife of Montanus, a Roman senator. This dignitary had used the Emperor so severely for it, that he was confined to his chamber some weeks—the marks of which upon his head and face can never forsake him ! Nero made no inquiry after the author of this mischief to him, dealing with the matter as belonging to his own madness, and hence no fit subject for voluntary revenge. Montanus was equally ignorant at the time, that it was the emperor whom he thus had belaboured : but afterwards, though, learning it was the powerful Nero who had offered the insult to his wife, and whom he had so severely handled, he suppliantly craved pardon by a formal epistle—thereby revealing the fatal secret !—to which Montanus received only the following laconic, but truly alarming reply—" How ! is the man who beat Nero still alive ? " And the unfortunate husband was instantly thereafter compelled to fall upon his sword, and expired !

Such was the ardent temper of this light-haired youth, that he sacrificed to all the Muses with nearly an equal fervour : and fancying himself deeply skilled in the histrionic art, he appeared as actor and musician at a private theatre, personating even the vilest and most loathsome characters : and shortly after, this Emperor appeared publicly upon the stage at Neapolis !

The contagion of his example was so great, that even those of consular dignity sang with him lewd and amorous airs : and Catulla, a lady of noble family, and four-score years of age, united in these public exhibitions, by appearing among the dancers !

A burning passion for music so possessed my Nero, that, to refine his voice, he so moderated his daily nouriture, as scarce a pharisee would have done—yea, a pharisee even in the holy Jerusalem, in the months of Ab, and of Thammuz ! Next came the Olympic Games, which would have instantly carried him to Greece, a zealous competitor for the highest honours ! but this, for the present, the Senators prevailed on him to abandon—or, at least to postpone.

He next assumed the female dress and character ; and even

## The Great Conflagration.

went through the forms of celebrating his nuptials with some of the most abandoned!

All this, however, was snowy innocence, compared with his recklessly jeoparding at once, the lives and property of several millions of his subjects! for, out of a silly fancy gleaned from his poetical readings, he caused fire to be set to Rome in numerous places,—that he might thus realize his imaginings of a TROY in flames! [July 10, A. D. 64.]

*Conflagration  
of Rome.*

During one of those nights of matchless horror (greater than was that a year ago, near Neapolis—\*) when the flames of Rome were raging with terrific force, as if Ætna and Vesuvius combined, had suddenly broken over the City of Ages, my Nero turned hastily round to me and said, “Cartaphilus! quick to my museum—bring me hither my lyre,—we will instantly to the Mæcenas Tower, and there, with appropriate and sweet music, celebrate this scene!”—“Apollo and all the Muses!” exclaimed I, involuntarily, “can the lyre discourse sweet music to thee now?—will it drown the lamentations of those mothers, whose children are perishing in the flames—the groans of hundreds, now dying around us—the crash of falling palaces, and the roar of the fiery billows that envelope the humble dwellings of those thousands?”—Nero surveyed me with an undisturbed and placid countenance, in no way angered by me, but rather pleased at the striking *contrast* between us, and said, “Thou art *nervous* to-night, my Carta:—but go! fetch me the lyre.” I obeyed in silence; and placing the instrument in his hands, we soon were seated on the summit of the lofty tower, surveying the wide-spread devastation before us! Occupied in this but a few minutes, Nero reposed upon his couch; and to his lyre he sang of Troy’s destruction,—ever, and anon, saying to me, “surely, my Cartaphilus, Troy was not so goodly a city as this!” “My Emperor!” at last replied I, “this must, indeed, have been a vast city; for, as I think, this is now the *seventh* day and night the fires have been thus raging!—truly, it is a dismal scene.” “Yes, my Cartaphilus,” said the Emperor, “fire and air, and earth and water are well commingled here—and, even the son of

\* Cartaphilus evidently here alludes to the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, in A. D. 63. Diodorus Siculus, B. C. 25, merely states that this mountain, like Ætna, had in former times thrown out fire: Strabo, B. C. 17, speaks of Vesuvius as being very barren at its summit with earth-like ashes, abounding also in holes and caverns, and with stones, as if burnt with fire:—and he regards the whole as a then extinct volcano! and finally, Vitruvius, two years after, says, “Long ago, fire greatly increased under Vesuvius, from whence it issued in flames over the country around.” No further allusion is made to this mountain, than in A. D. 63, and A. D. 79—when Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed.

## The Introduction to his Retrospect of Twenty Years.

Saturn and Ops could do no more—yea, this would, even in Hades, be called an uproar: but come, good Carta:—it doth disturb thy gentle frame—we will to supper!”\*

When the conflagration had nearly ceased, after many days, Nero endeavoured to avert the public odium, by feigning great pity for the miseries of his subjects; but still more, by casting all blame from himself, upon the poor and humble Christians—a tale of no difficult belief among the ruder sort!

Unfortunate for me, however, these people could ill discriminate between Jew and Christian; so that I should have been in constant peril of life or limb, had it not been for my still good friend Nero! who, though black as Pluto himself, was to me inestimable then, if safety or repose I valued.

## SECTION XVIII.—ROME, Idus Junia, v. c. 819.

[June 13th, A. D. 66.]



ELL do these Romans say, “*Dum vivimus vivamus*,”—and being myself an apt scholar in the *ars vivendi*, my motto hath been the same, and with its fellow—“*dum bibimus bibamus*”—for the Italian wines are surely as pure and beautiful, as are their skies!

*Introduction  
to a Retrospect  
of twenty years.*

Jerusalem, doubtless, is a great city: but, to Abraham’s children, the boundless riches and luxuries of Rome are wonderful—and, when partaken of with no gall of Hebrew conscience, the fascinations of the Imperial City are those of the Immortal Gods, as revealed to them by their poets!

Well do I remember the impressions made on me by the first magnificent *prandium*—or rather *cæna*, to which I had been bidden: there Cartaphilus was seated with eight others, fanned by many slaves: we reposed on soft couches, more gorgeous in various hues than the bow of heaven; and, as we lifted golden goblets filled with the wines of Falernus, of Chios, or of Calenus, each some centuries old, and each draught burying at least a mina, I thought not of Palestine: then were we crowned with garlands, and our souls calmed by the enrapturing music of many flutes and lyres and hautboys in sweetest harmony!—beneath, and over the whole tessellated pavements, were strewn fresh and odorous blossoms; the surrounding apartments were each named after some god, or hero! Language is poor, and Cartaphilus, then, and now

\* The fire having been suppressed, broke out again; and raged with equal fury during several days more.

## Reminiscences of his early Life.

knows not where to gain words that may describe the variety of dishes—from the *gustatio* to the *bellaria*—they came in succession, and with a designed order were set before us, that showed science as well as art, and moreover, perfect experience in the Apician, by whom all had been concocted and garnished! Never before had my mind conceived the thought of such a union of science with art in such a matter! and, when I gazed upon the nine ponderous pieces of silver that rested upon the massive ivory mensa, (encompassed on three sides by couches, on each of which three guests reclined) my surprise was boundless, at the information given to my inexperience by that guest, who was *summus in lecto summo*, that the centre piece weighed quite five hundred pounds of silver—and that the eight others weighed each fifty pounds! But, even this wonder soon passed off, when my simplicity was further instructed, by a whisper from the same guest, as to the probable cost of several dishes! All such things, however, are now more familiar to me, than are the Penates to any Roman! and, at length became, either indifferent, or loathing, according as I had surfeited, at times, more or less. And yet, greatly did I enjoy life: but still, in the midst of all my Claudian and Neronian dissipations, the impressions of my Jewish youthful days never wholly forsook me: the habit of my mind had ever been thoughtful—my hours had never been wasted in idleness,—so that now, in Rome's midst, I neglected not learning—books were my constant companions—my imaginary *lares* much engaged me—but the *bibliotheca* became my most cherished *lararium*.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam*, as their justly admired Horace saith,—so that, (when Claudius at first, and then Nero permitted) no little time was spent by me among the Greek and Roman historians, poets, and moralists. These Romans, therefore, have become far more dear to my mind, than the *sacrificing* Jews, whether of the Holy City, or elsewhere. Now I live in every moment of the day—years have been as a century of delight, so various and continued are my thoughts,—and hence those years, since my departure from Palestine, have been nearly oblivious of all that went before!

\* \* \* \* \* But, Cartaphilus, thy idleness hath been without alloy in one thing—thy *CHRONICLES* have been wholly unthought of! Nearly twenty years *Reminiscences of my early life.* have now been passed at Rome, and but few pages of thy diary blotted! Canst thou not chronicle thy chief doings, sayings, and musings during all of those fleeting and now irrevocable years?—or, dost thou shrink from *retrospection*? Canst thou turn back thine eye of remembrance, and wander over those years, since Rebecca and Priscilla and Artemas were wholly thine



## The long neglect of his Chronicles—A Resolution.

—and, with thy *Roman* heart, canst thou *think* of them, and of thy own doings justly? Ah, no! these would require, at least, a Jewish, if not a Christian mind (so full of tenderness) that I might, even whilst writing, cherish their dear and greatly honoured memory: for, though they still live, and are happy, they are *dead* to me! I now fear to open that roll of my Chronicles, which records their brilliant virtues, and their devoted love towards me. Causelessly was I angered at the letters received by me from the excellent Priscilla, also from the worthy Rabbi, and even from the beloved Rebecca: their well intended counsels gave me offence; their rejection of my proposed dowry for my betrothed enraged me, and the long concealed love of Artemas for the Princess Drusilla, so natural and proper, likewise vexed my morbid spirit: and finally, their full adoption of the New Faith, seemed to estrange me from them wholly! Hence was it that I hastened here to Rome—became an alien to my country, its laws, and its institutions; and, since the death of Claudius, now quite eleven years, I have been consoled with a man-demon, and scarce able to look at the only letter since that time received by me, from my only *real* friends, those of Pella and of Ramoth! But, as the poet truly saith, “We choose our fellows”—and this is according to nature; hence must I not complain; myself have I made unlike them, and they have fashioned themselves unlike to me; therefore, Cartaphilus lives in Rome—they in Jewry—he thinks of the pleasures of *this*—they of the life *to come*;—and herein are we both consistent,—they, moreover, are full believers—I am not. \* \* \* \* \* And yet, were Ophir mine, it would be given for the blotting out of all memory of my life, since first I saw the Nazarene! Oh, *that* was a hideous act—it *will* come forth in spite of Imperial pleasures, and of all ingenious dialectics in my solitary musings: no Protean forms are as varied and vexatious, as those forced on me by conscience, when in strife with argument. Oh that, in one solid mass, the full belief of Artemas were *mechanically* poured into my mind, there to have perpetual lodgment, and without the contest that our philosophy doth bring! for, unless *that* Faith be so placed by some resistless Power wholly foreign to myself, where the hope that the perfect belief of Artemas shall ever be mine? Doubtless, faith, of some kind is mine—but not *like* their’s. My eyes and ears have seen and heard too much for unbelief—but not enough for the belief that secures us peace! To them, their faith is indeed priceless—welling from within them, as from exhaustless fountains.

**M**uch do I deplore that league with Judas—and, though life in Rome hath been unto me as a summer’s day, it hath not been wholly freed from the mind’s storms: that inner entity *will* revert to former days and deeds; nor can all of Rome’s luxurious living,

Love of our native land never dies.

her gorgeous palaces, her bewitching theatres, circuses, and baths,—her dramatists and poets and philosophers—her triumphs and games,—and the other thousand amusements of her daily existence, ever banish Jerusalem utterly from my mind. Horace, then, rightly asks, *Patriâ quis exul se quoque fugit?* Oh! it is indeed true, that no *exile* from his country *can* escape himself! feebly, perhaps, may his remembrance rest upon his native soil, and on his once dear friends; but the crimes and even follies there committed are not washed out in foreign lands, and by other scenes;—the causes of his exile will force his thoughts back to his *natale solum*—to his friends forsaken, and his country dishonoured.

When thus musing upon my younger days, and early miseries, I sometimes almost *hate* Jerusalem: but yet, at other times, Heaven seems to shine into the very depths of my benighted soul; and then Rome, in return, is almost loathed; and then I feel the whole force of the remark, *patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior*—for, even the *smoke* of our own country seems brighter than the *fire* of any foreign land!

In the following Retrospect, then, of the twenty years I have passed in a stranger-land, I feel as if I *must* avoid thinking much of my own greatly beloved Judea; and that the reminiscences of my Jewish life should in no way be blended with those of my Roman. To-morrow will I begin my task: but alas! on the following day, it must be interrupted by the cruel order of Nero for PAUL's death! This doth greatly move me: and why doth the emperor so firmly insist upon *my* presence? This Saul of Tarsus, now called Paul, he will have *beheaded*—as privileged—and that I, of all in Rome, must witness it! Oh, how like a band of iron is the will of tyrants! Entreaty by me were vain, as 'tis his humour—and refusal might be certain death.\*

\* St. Paul was executed at Rome, perhaps, in the thirteenth year of Nero's reign, and in the summer of A. D. 66—but the exact time has been considered doubtful. The Roman Martyrology gives the 29th June as the true date in A. D. 66. Paul was imprisoned by Felix in A. D. 61, during two years; and in A. D. 63 was sent to Rome by that Procurator, where he lived several years in his own "hired house." Probably, late in A. D. 65, he visited Timothy at Ephesus,—and returning to Rome, not long after, was cast into prison by Nero, that tyrant having taken offence at the conversion of his favourite concubine. Paul then addressed his 2nd Epistle to Timothy, evidently making allusion to his approaching death; vide chap. iv. 6, 7. It is also probable that St. Peter, and Linus, the bishop of Rome, were prisoners at the same time; but the times of their martyrdom are not definitely known. See the Editor's further Note on the death of Paul, post.

## THE RETROSPECT.\*

SECTION XIX.—ROME, Anno Mundi, 3826. *Elul*, 18.

[August 20th, A. M. 4066, A. D. 66.]



OW will I faithfully recount what hath befallen me, from the hour of my departure from Jerusalem, on the twelfth of the month *Irar*, until the present day, (save what hath been already hastily, and out of time stated, in the two preceding sections)—the period now being somewhat less than twenty years.

*Roman Life  
continued.*

I arrived within sight of the Imperial City, on the twentieth day after a vessel at Joppa had received me. The sun's declining rays gave to the verdure of the fields an unusual brilliancy, reflected from a thousand objects of surprising beauty, and to me of entire novelty: these so ravished my then excited mind, that all my past days seemed as mispent—or, if deeper and sounder thoughts obtruded, I strived to forget them.

We entered the Walls by the double gate, called *Capena*; at which was placed a brazen statue, representing some tutelar god. I was much surprised and greatly shocked to find, that all who journeyed with me descended from the vehicle, and kissed the right hand of this statue: which was done, as they said to me, *boni omnis causâ!* From this ceremony, I, of course, was exempt.† My

\* The reader will perceive that the two preceding Sections contain various matters out of chronological order, having some details respecting the emperor Nero, before any special mention is made of his predecessor Claudius. It is therefore probable that Cartaphilus, in those sections, contemplated nothing more than a hasty glance at his then courtly life, being then two months engaged in his Neronian dissipation in the *twelfth* of that emperor's reign: but in two years after, A. D. 66, he resolved, with a better spirit, to give a faithful *retrospective* chronicle, from the time of his departure from Judea: and this is done, with but brief allusion to the matters contained in the preceding sections. The narrative, as it stands in those sections, and in the Retrospect, is given with no material variation from the original Polychronicon, as the Editor preferred this, to a more orderly and historical detail from the materials furnished by the chronicles.

† In this custom we doubtless find the origin of the practice of kissing the foot, and rubbing the forehead of the statues of Christ, of the Virgin, and of St. Peter! The bronze statue of that Apostle, in St. Peter's church at Rome, as also the marble one of the Saviour, in the church of *Santa Maria sopra Minerva*, in the same city, the work of M. Angelo, have their feet so much worn by this act of the devotees, as to occasionally demand new ones! The *Porta Capena*, at which Cartaphilus first entered Rome, was the ancient one of



## The Emperor Claudius.

course soon brought me near the base of the Palatine, close by the magnificent Circus,—and passing through the *Forum Boarium*, I found a home in the *Vicus Tuscus*.

As I had obtained letters of safe-conduct from Cuspius Fadus, the procurator, and a more special one from the young Agrippa, to the emperor Claudius (which letter I much valued, as Agrippa had been educated under Claudius, and then was upon a visit to Judea, but intending soon to return to Rome) I lost no time in presenting myself at the feet of the Emperor; who received me with marked kindness. After some questions as to my country and family, greatly was I astonished and disturbed, for a time, at a remark of Claudius, accompanied, as I thought, with a searching eye. “Thou, my Cartaphilus, art a *Jew*—but, as I am specially informed, not of the Sect of the Nazarenes, but contrariwise, being, in thy younger days, a hot enemy of that man *Christus*, as also called *Jesus*—who would be both a king and a God!” and then regarding me more intently, the Emperor proceeded, “but, as such kingly and celestial pretence was not to thy mind, thou didst largely aid in furthering his crucifixion.” This, so unexpected a speech seemed instantly to congeal my soul—no word of utterance had I:—to confess myself a *hot enemy* now, to one so innocent as Jesus surely was, I felt most unwilling,—and yet the truth was much as Claudius had stated the matter; I had been active in that bloody deed! How, then, to reply was the question that demanded some promptness: to admit my former, and deny my present hostility, might rank me among the Nazarenes—an admission to Claudius by no means then to be made: time and ability seemed both now to fail me,—so that policy triumphed over conscience; and bowing lowly, my trembling answer was, “O, Emperor! thou hast truly said.” My cheeks were as burning coals, and my heart beat violently,—so that, Claudius perceiving my confusion, permitted me, after some trivial remarks of courtesy, to retire from his presence.

On my way homeward, I was ill at ease with myself; for conscience whispered that my implied confession of hostility was against one, who, if not the Shiloh, was yet surely guiltless of death—and who, if *risen*, was the greatest among all the prophets!

My agitation increased, as thus I mused on my way, when I remembered that the words of Claudius showed how greatly my

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that name. The walls having been extended by Aurelian, about two hundred years after; the new and corresponding gate retained the same name during several centuries; but now bears that of *San Sebastiano*. It enters the City along the Via Appia, on the south—which proceeds through the twelfth region, and along the valley between the Aventine and Cælian Hills.

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Conscience—His first visit to a Theatre.

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agency in that dread act had been noted by the people,—and probably also the marvellous words that so cut me down at the Valley gate! Agrippa, and also Fadus, must have known all,—and hence the Emperor's knowledge of me!

These thoughts vexed my spirit grievously; my path homeward was forsaken—all was bewilderment; and soon my feelings must have overcome me, had not a vast crowd encountered me in their eagerness to press through the gate leading into the Campus Martius, in pursuit of pleasure. There my attention was at once drawn to the splendid appearance of the Flaminian Circus, into which the people were pouring, as fast as every avenue of that vast structure would admit them.

The Circus is situate at a short distance beyond the walls,—in order that the Roman Generals may assist at its games,—because those with *actual* military command, are not permitted to appear within the city walls!

At that moment, I was ill-disposed for enjoyment of any kind; and thought not of following the multitude into the circus. But some change had come over my thoughts, by what had been forced upon my sight,—and wandering over the Campus, I found myself close by Pompey's magnificent Theatre; which is not far south of the Flaminian Circus.\*

This massive stone theatre was erected by Pompey at a vast expense, on his return from the Mithridatic war, it being after the model of one seen by him at Mitylene; but which it greatly exceeds in splendour, as well as in extent, accommodating about 40,000 spectators! †

Having never been at any theatre or amphitheatre, though there are both at Cæsareæ, at which splendid city of the first Herod I had sometimes been, when in communion with Artemas,—my curiosity, when surveying Pompey's great structure, obtained the mastery over education, and even over my then gloomy spirits; and I entered it, as if by a resistless impulse, and hesitated not a moment in selecting my seat! My attention early was attracted towards the crowd of Senators—of distinguished

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\* The Campus Martius contained some of the most magnificent public and private buildings of Rome,—all of which were without the walls; and so continued until Aurelian embraced the Campus within his mural extension; that he might secure from hostile incursions a portion of the city, then so much increasing.

† There are now but poor remains of this theatre, in that part of modern Rome, known as the Campo di Fioré. Cassiodorus mentions that it much needed repair in his time; and its surprising strength caused it, in the mediæval ages, to be used as a fortification; and in a few centuries more, it almost wholly disappeared.

## The Building described.

magistrates — and of eminent citizens; who had seats specially appropriated to them, in the orchestra, which adjoins the pulpitum or stage. Here I saw assembled before me, on the fourth day after my arrival, Rome's proudest citizens,—many of whose names I collected, as well as I could, from those around me.

The proscenium is a richly decorated Hall, encompassed by numerous splendid columns, in the depth of which are two semicircular recesses with statues. The actors soon appeared, each attired to represent their respective characters,—but all in masks, varied to suit the several personages. The mouth of the mask is so formed as to cast the voice (by some cunning contrivance) to an extraordinary distance, which is distinctly audible in every part of the extensive building: and this is the more necessary, as the theatre is roofless—though with an awning sufficient to resist the sun, and also in a degree the rain.

*Pompey's Theatre described.*

The splendour and novelty of all things there, were too exciting to permit me to attend much to what was transpiring on the stage: but the little I heard, even then, impressed me with no favourable opinion of the intelligence of a Roman assemblage, in their being so greatly pleased with what I could not but regard as a very meagre dialogue.

The building is semicircular in the part occupied by the audience, and square in that embraced by the *proscenium* and the *postscenium*,—the latter being a covered portico in the rear; to which the actors retire when they change their habiliments, or, when the furniture and decorations of the proscenium are to be varied. In case of a heavy rain, the audience likewise have permission to take shelter in the *postscenium*,—as also in the *vomitarii*, or those entrances which gave admission into the theatre; all of which are covered ways, or corridors, and which terminate in small staircases leading to the seats in the *aria*.

In the front of the orchestra, and projecting a short distance into the semicircle, where the audience are mainly seated, I observed a small Temple, dedicated to *Venus Victrix*; which those around me laughingly informed my provincial ignorance, had been placed there by Pompey—to make his *theatre a temple*! As this fact somewhat shocked, and no little astonished me, I sought some further explanation; and was told that this splendid and solid structure was the first *permanent* theatre ever erected in Rome! and that previously, all the theatres were by law merely temporary, forming no part of the permanent scheme of improvement in this vast city; but still, that some of them had been and now were extremely magnificent and costly; and that Pompey had been obliged to resort to this poor device, in order to satisfy the compliant Censor; whose duty would otherwise have required its removal! But, at that

## Monotony of a Sensuous Life.

time, Pompey was very powerful, and a great favourite with the people; so that the Censor was blind to the harmless subterfuge,—and thus the matter has rested ever since! \* It was further related to me that, when the theatre was dedicated, the people were amused with bloody combats between lions; in which no less than five hundred were slain!—and that to this succeeded one of more grandeur, though less in number, the like furious wars between numerous elephants.

I had previously read, somewhat, concerning these matters: but *seeing* is far more impressive than even much reading.

I am the more particular in my account of Pompey's theatre, as the exhibition I then witnessed, though so accidental, forms the first link in that long chain of dissipation which ensued,—by its giving to my mind the first sweet taste of splendid pleasure; and on a scale of grandeur, and of fascinating variety, such as my previous thoughts had never in any degree realized. But age waits for no man—and now is fast creeping upon me. I have gone through every variation of sensual delights; and, after twenty years of almost daily experience therein, begin to think with Solomon, that exhaustion must come at last; and that heart, mind, and body will soon confess that nothing is enduring under the sun; but that all must end in vanity and in fore vexation of spirit! \* \* \* \* \*

But, I must not now speak of the *present*; for, whatever my age and infirmity may now be, and however growing my desire to behold Jerusalem at present is—things were far different from the time I visited Pompey's theatre, and for very many years after. I have promised myself, moreover, in this Retrospect, to detail my career, since home and friends were abandoned, with exact truth; and to do this, I must now strive to feel as I felt during all those intervening years.

Thus ended the first few days of my Roman life: and I may here remark that, even in this Imperial City, the *whole circle of life* would be sufficiently portrayed, by a careful description of a much shorter period than that of my residence here—yea, even of the one tenth thereof:—for, even the world of amusements, of sensuous

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\* The temporary theatres of *Caius Curio*, and of *Marcus Scaurus* were very extensive; and must have been inconceivably splendid. The former was of wood; and, as it turned upon an axis, with the spectators in their seats, the performance was readily changed from the drama, to that of an amphitheatre! Scaurus' theatre would contain 80,000 spectators: its *scena* was three stories high, and embellished with three hundred and sixty columns, the foundations of the scene being of marble! Its first division was of glass; and the third one was formed of golden pictures! But the whole was rendered yet more luxurious, by no less than 3000 brazen statues, which intervened between the columns!

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Interviews with Claudius—His opinion of the Jews.

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diffipation, of daring sin, and of innocent occupation, has its boundaries, and its tedious repetitions !

My earliest care was to make myself familiar with the City—the institutions and habits of the people, and, in some degree, even with its laws, written and customary. The language of Rome, as also that of Greece, had been somewhat familiar to me before I left Judea ; and, indeed, formed there my chief study ; both of which proved almost equally useful to me here,—since the Romans now have even a passion for the language of the Athenians.\*

My intercourse with the powerful and distinguished was becoming daily more general ; and Claudius often complimented me with questions respecting the policy he should observe towards my own wayward countrymen,—frequently complaining of them as the most tumultuous and rebellious of all his subjects. Still, the emperor spoke highly of their bravery, and even desperation when pressed : which encomium greatly pleased me,—but, he then added, with some vexation, “ these descendants of Abraham seem to be now as regardless of their Divine, as they evidently are of the Roman laws,—for neither the ordinances, nor customs of their own land, nor the regulations of Rome, can bind them.”

All this, alas ! was but too true ; and I had not wherewith to make any defence for Israel : my silence, therefore, seemed to win the Emperor’s confidence ; for he proceeded with many inquiries respecting the numerous bands of robbers that infest our country ; also, as to the dissensions among ourselves, and as to the peculiarities of our religion ; which he frankly admitted were, at least, *ancient and self-denying*.

In one of those interviews with Claudius, he thus addressed me. “ I have sent for thee, good Cartaphilus, in consequence of sad news from Judea. Thy people are hard to govern—they are against Earth and Heaven,—and, therefore, no marvel would it be if the Gods, and the ministers of man’s laws, were to crush them.”

*The Emperor  
Claudius’  
Opinion of the  
Jews.*

“ Mighty Emperor ! have patience with them,” said I, “ they are unlike other people, as knowing little at any time of Man’s law : and, as Israel hath much forsaken her heavenly Lawgiver, she is the more restive under human control.” “ Thy words, Cartaphilus, are no riddle to me,” replied the emperor, “ I have long heard

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\* This acquaintance with Greek, in Cartaphilus, was, no doubt, unusual among the Palestinian Jews : for even Josephus, who valued himself on extensive learning, confesses his limited knowledge of Greek ; and says that his countrymen do not much esteem the acquisition of languages ; which, as he thinks, may be easily cultivated by slaves, as well as by freemen,—but adds, that a thorough acquaintance with divine and human laws and institutions, is a far stronger testimonial of a wise man.



## The Procurators in Judea.

of thy nation's strange superstitions—but, that matter of a sole heavenly legislator, I will not argue with thee,—for thou hast now in thy nation *six* galling evils to contend with; and these *six* would show that, not only Heaven hath forsaken thy people, but that even Roman power is too weak to do aught but to *ruin*—for destruction is sometimes easier than *regulation*!”

“**W**hy speech, O mighty Claudius! alarms me much; and I pray thee, tell me what are these *six* galling evils, that I may the better know thy mind, if possibly, I can render thee some useful counsel respecting any of them?” Claudius promptly replied,—“Thou art a divided people, and racked with more civil dissensions than fall to the lot of any other nation—thou art overrun with robbers—a sore famine rages in thy land—thou art mad with thy peculiar superstitions—thou art often oppressed by petty Roman tyrants—and lastly, Samaria, in the very heart of thy soil, hath hated thee during full *six* centuries!—these are the gangrenes that eat up the vitals of thy people; which, if not speedily remedied, must surely end in thy nation's total ruin. Thou dost remember that only lately, the procurator Fadus subdued that wild magician *Theudas*, and his crazy followers, with loss of many lives, and of his own head: for that silly man would be prophet, and a worker of miracles, promising his deluded proselytes an easy passage over thy Jordan, on dry land, too,—and yet could not save his own head from separation!”\*

“**H**is successor to Fadus,” continued Claudius, “I appointed *Tiberius Alexander*, [A. D. 46,] who had great difficulty with two of the sons, James and Simon, of that rebel Judas of Galilee; who is dead some time. These two sons, my procurator hath lately crucified. And now *Ventidius Cumanus* is appointed procurator, instead of Alexander [A. D. 47]; and I am this day informed through a special messenger, that under the maladministration, as I fear, of this Cumanus, a violent tumult hath happened in your Holy City, as ye call it, at the Passover; in which no less than 30,000 Jews have perished!† The daily increasing animosity of thy people against our Roman soldiery, compelled the procurator as matter of precaution, to station a regiment during the Passover, in one of the cloisters of the Temple. Unfortunately, one of those beastly soldiers, sometimes found among the best disciplined troops, indecently exposed his person in the presence of assembled thousands, to show thereby his contempt for thy religion and people. The Jews, ever

\* This Theudas seems to be a different person from him of the same name, who, under Cyrenius, created a like disturbance.

† Eusebius gives the same number; but Josephus says twenty thousand.

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Cumanus—The Antonia.

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too alert to make serious difficulties out of trifles, became furious with rage ; and not content with regarding it as the coarse and intemperate act of a base individual, whom they instantly slew, they charged the whole matter as of the contrivance of Cumanus,—and refused to be appeased by his utmost endeavours to assure them of their mistake, and of his own deep indignation at the act. Seeing that a tumult was inevitable, Cumanus immediately summoned his entire forces into the Antonia, and equipped them in full armour.\* The alarmed multitude, assembled for the great festival, fled in all directions ; they crushed one another in the narrow streets, and the panic became so general and uncontrollable, as to occasion the great destruction of life mentioned,—which, no doubt, was an hundred-fold greater than were likely to have fallen by the sword of Cumanus ! Thus, my Cartaphilus, by the low obscenity of one Roman soldier, and the mad superstition of thy reckless people, all Jerusalem is now in tears and deep lamentation !”

“But, Cartaphilus,” continued the Emperor, “thy countrymen, as well as mine own, seem incapable of profiting by the lessons of experience : for, immediately thereafter, another outrage was committed. Near Beth-horon, a few miles north of Jerusalem, some rebel-robbers attacked and plundered a favourite slave of mine, and when engaged upon my special message,—whereupon Cumanus despatched his troops in search of the offenders : and one of his soldiers having furtively gained possession of a copy of the Law of thy famed legislator Moses, he tore it into pieces,—and, with much abusive language, cast them upon the ground. The people, again, looking on this as the act of our people, instead of the rash deed of one man, became so furious, that Cumanus, fearing another sanguinary outbreak, promptly beheaded the perpetrator,—but with little effect, as further violences followed. The Galileans, as you may know, were ever used to come to the Temple, on thy festival days, through the country of the Samaritans. When attending upon the last passover, the Samaritans opposed this passage ; and encountering them near a small Samaritan village, many of the Galileans were slaughtered by them. Cumanus was appealed to, that he should avenge this murder—which he declined to do ;

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\* The *Antonia* was a castle that overlooked the cloisters of the Temple. It was built by Hircanus I. about a century before Christ ; and then was called *Castle Baris* ; and became the palace of the Asmonean princes, during their residence in Jerusalem. It was highly adorned and enlarged by Herod the Great, who made it a strong fortress ; and, in compliment to Mark Antony, called it the *ANTONIA*. It was a quadrangular building, of 1200 feet in circumference, situate upon a rock,—which on the East was nearly on a level with the Temple’s foundation, but, on the other side the rock was more than seventy feet above the level of the street.

Cumanus and Celer sent to Rome.

whereupon the incensed Galileans accused him of receiving a bribe from the Samaritans, or others,—and instantly resorted to arms, gaining to their side the notorious robber Eliazar—whose habitation, with his lawless band, is somewhere in the mountain fastnesses. Cumanus then armed the Samaritans, slayed many of the Galileans and their allies, and made numerous prisoners.”

“Jerusalem soon became seized with the contagion, and all gave promise of a general insurrection! This, however, was happily prevented,—but only by the urgent entreaties of the more considerate citizens; who, clad in sackcloth, and heaping ashes upon their heads, (as is the strange custom, I learn, of thy people) at length prevailed on the insurgents to lay aside their arms, and the robbers to retire to their mountains.”

“The whole matter,” continued the Emperor,” was then referred, on the complaint of the Samaritans, to my Præfect of Syria. The Jews urged on *Quadratus* that the Samaritans were surely the aggressors; and that Cumanus had, without doubt, been bribed by them. The Præfect decided that the Samaritans were in the wrong—that Cumanus and Celer should be sent to Rome for trial. The procurator Cumanus, and his military tribune, Celer, are now here; and, good Cartaphilus, what I have stated to thee of the proceedings of thy countrymen, as well as of my procurator, and tribune, have been thus detailed, that I may incontinently have thy aid in doing full justice: for, since thy stay here in Rome, we have had many proofs of thy wisdom and candour: thou well knowest the faults of thy countrymen—Samaritans, Galileans, and those of Jerusalem—no enthusiast art thou in thy religion—and wonderfully free art thou of the wild superstitions and rabid prejudices that abound in thy native land—and yet, I find thee no traitor to Judea’s interests.”

The sober sense and beautiful frankness, with which Claudius had expressed himself, greatly charmed me,—and the more so, as I had considered him rather a weak and timorous prince, more given to excessive eating and drinking, than to close thought and accurate observation. And this impression of his character had been strengthened by the fact, that he who utterly fails to govern his own household, can scarce govern well a nation. The continual and abominable disorders in his family, and especially of his wives, *Messalina* and *Agrippina*, had often surprised and disgusted me. The wisdom, therefore, now manifested by the Emperor’s expressed views, and strong desire to seek counsel in his present difficulties with the Jews, greatly won my confidence and respect.

After expressing to Claudius my utmost gratification at the confidence he would repose in me, and my perfect willingness to impart my frankest counsel, he further said, “I have appointed two

Exile of Cumanus—Death of Celer—Felix.

days hence to hear Cumanus and Celer, as also those who prefer complaints against them: and be thou, Cartaphilus, present to note carefully all that shall be testified on either side. I will then commune with thee again, and hear thine opinion of the matters.

The trial came on: and, at first, I much feared the result; for Celer's freedmen, and the numerous friends of Cumanus, hotly espoused his cause, and that of the base Samaritans. But, happily for justice, and for my countrymen, I was powerfully sustained by the young Agrippa, then king of Calcis, who recently had arrived. He, well knowing the fairness of the Jewish cause, had earnestly entreated the Empress Agrippina to lend her aid against Cumanus—so that, what with princely and womanly influences, added to mine own, I soon found reason to suspect the cause had already been decided as I wished: and so, in truth, it was; for Claudius laughingly said, I perceive, my Cartaphilus, the drift of *thy* mind is as mine own—Cumanus is banished—Celer shall be returned to Jerusalem, there to be drawn through the city, in sight of all thy people, and then slain:—and, as for those headmen among the Samaritans, order shall instantly be given to make them each a head shorter!”—and thus ended this matter the first one of actual business during my long intimacy with the emperor Claudius.

FELIX was then sent by Claudius, as procurator over Judea.\* But change is not necessarily improvement; for Cumanus, though banished, ever had more worth than Felix, soon so high in power, and eminent in wickedness. On his arrival, that procurator found Judea overrun with the robbers called Sicarii, (from their constant use of the *sica*, or Roman sickle) and also with many prophets, and even with some false Messiahs!

Here must I leave Jewish affairs, for the present, with merely noting that Herod-Agrippa II. after being made king of Calcis by Claudius, and also receiving from him the superintendency of our Holy Temple, and the nomination of our High Priests! resided mostly at Jerusalem. And as his subsequent history seemed so likely to become intimately connected with that of my countrymen, I noted its progress; and it may hereafter cause me to chronicle no less of him, than of Felix—whose procuratorship of seven years, ending about the sixth year of Nero, is likewise too full of stirring events to be passed.

\* Felix was probably appointed early in A.D. 52, V. *ÆRA*—eighteen or twenty months before that emperor's death. It was before this procurator that St. Paul made his memorable defence at Cæsarea, which caused Felix to tremble—as is recorded in Acts xxiv. 25.

## Death of Claudius—Agrippina.

**I** must now recur to Roman matters. Claudius, my valued master, and kind friend, died in the ninth year of my coming here,—having reigned less than fourteen years, by three months and ten days.\*

**I** grieve to record that, during the last eighteen months of his life, he had become very imbecile, and almost childish; probably from excessive indulgence of his palate.

**A**s to the rumours, also, which are yet afloat, that Claudius met his death from poison administered by Agrippina, I can record nothing positive, save that she was *wicked* enough to do the act,—and that, as her son Domitius (by her former husband Ænobarbus, whom Claudius had adopted, and then named him NERO) might have been deprived of the throne by Claudius' own son *Britannicus*; and likewise that, as the Empress Agrippina had often shown no little jealousy of that youth, her guilt is strongly believed, at least by some. And yet, I am free to admit that these are not *proofs*—but only the elements of an *ugly suspicion*. I cannot help remembering, also, that Agrippina was extremely prompt in summoning her son Nero from the camp, and proclaiming him emperor, on the death of Claudius: and finally, that Britannicus, soon after, was made away with, also by poison!—but many say that this was Nero's own doing, (young as he was,) and not his mother's: and this is even the more probable, as Agrippina herself was, at that time, greatly displeased with her ungrateful son. Such black deeds are ever done in their congenial darkness; and are scarce likely to be revealed in "*Agrippina's Memoirs!*"

**T**he new emperor was prompt in admitting me to his presence, and even confidence; for he often had remarked the affection and respect which Claudius bore me. Nero early sent to inform me he had much enlarged the power of my friend Herod-Agrippa, by conferring upon him a part of Galilee, also Tiberias, and fourteen villages in Perea;† and at the same time bidding me to be often with him; which I well knew he desired, no less from my social qualities, than my well known familiarity with all Jewish affairs. But, in truth, this flattering message occasioned me some mixed feelings; for my mind had become no little chafed in Claudius' time, by the continual

\* Claudius died on the 13th of October, A. D. 54, having reigned 13y. 8m. 20 days.

† All these possessions of Agrippa, with those conferred by Claudius, remained with the favourite, until seized upon by the Jews, early in the war that ensued, which ended in Jerusalem's destruction, about sixteen years after.

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The NERONIANA continued.

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accounts of savage wars, of rebellions, and of the many despotic cruelties practised on both sides, and likewise by the robberies, murders, superstitions, and factions throughout Judea. And now yet more annoyed by the budding enormities of Nero, which began to show themselves soon after he came to power, (though then with much deceit and careful artifice,) and which in a year or two more, became so truly terrific. I therefore, at first, sought to amuse myself with books—with the festivities of the Imperial City—with her magnificent and various institutions—with the progress of her unexampled luxury, and with the splendour of her suburban palaces and villas. Hence, when Nero, as emperor, first beset me with his civil biddings, I attended on him with reluctance, and even apprehension: but these soon vanished; as I gradually found that his follies, more than his vices—his private, rather than his public interest, were so often the subjects of our interviews; and that eventually my presence was demanded more to stimulate his dissipations, than to consult me, either as to his cruelties, or his state policy. Hence, before a year had passed, I learned to regard my association with the Emperor as perfectly safe; and to welcome it the more, as it harmonised so well with my own supreme love of pleasure, and of all that might drown the ugly inward thoughts, that would sometimes bring me into the midst of my most hated Jewish recollections.

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\* \* \* \* \* “We must go to the *Milvian* to-night, Cartaphilus,” said the jovial monarch,—“rare sport shall we there find: and do, my good Carta, see that our masks and other disguises be perfect.” The *Milvian Bridge* is a place of great resort, a few miles from the city, for the gay and most dissolute youths of Rome. They often assemble there in crowds, spending the whole night in revelry, debaucheries, and excessive gambols. We went, and the night passed on there as usual in that resort,—and yet in a way quite unknown to all my ten years of previous dissipations! But, on our return, at the earliest dawn, Nero said, “Come, we must leave the road, and visit the *Sallustian Gardens*.” Most of the emperor’s attendants, however, pursuing their usual route to the City, were encountered by some of the licentious youths then upon their return from the *Milvian*; and were somewhat maltreated,—but more through a frolicsome desire to excite the fears of the emperor’s friends, than any wish to do them harm.\*

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\* The *Pons Milvius* (erected by M. Emilius Scaurus, only a few years before Nero’s visits there) now bears the name of *Ponte Molle*, and stretches over the Tiber, at about two miles from the *Porta del Popolo*. It was at this bridge that the *Catiline conspiracy* was detected, by the seizure of the papers, and the arrest

Shortly, however, after this trivial event, the infamous *Graptus*, whom I always abhorred, whispered in the ear of my Nero, that this dealing with the emperor's attendants was, in truth, a concerted ambuscade, to seek the Imperial life! and that his turning off, with a few friends, for the gardens of Sallust, was indeed a special protection of him, vouchsafed by the gods! The emperor, moreover, was assured by this Graptus that the treason was contrived by Sylla, son-in-law of Claudius: and, as this idle tale harmonized with Nero's previous dislike, and with his actual, or pretended suspicion of Sylla's hatred towards him, no time or ceremony was lost in banishing him, for life, to Massilia!

A short time after this, and towards the close of his fifth year, Nero first encountered that supremely beautiful, but equally wicked woman, POPPŒA. She had been wife to Crispinus; who, though a Roman knight, was deprived of her by Otho, one of the Imperial favourites. Her charms soon became too highly extolled for Nero's peace—he saw, and loved her!—and Otho, in a short time, was kindly commissioned to one of the Provinces; when the monarch openly received Poppœa as his mistress; and cruelly abused his wife, the young and lovely Octavia! But the foul matter ended not here: two brilliant stars may shine in the same firmament, and with undiminished lustre—not two women; for, at the instigation of the beautiful and vicious Poppœa, the virtuous and lovely Octavia was first exiled, and then murdered with unexampled cruelty! \* The head of this young creature, then only in her twentieth year, was brought to Poppœa; who feasted her eyes with the horrid sight,—for the diadem had sparkled too brightly before her, and she saw it in her imagination too firmly within her grasp, to permit Octavia to live! To this alliance with Poppœa, we must refer most of the Emperor's crimes; which followed in fearful succession.

But even the beautiful Poppœa, could be endured by Nero, only about five years; and, though she preserved her personal charms with extraordinary care, (she having at her command no less than five hundred asses, in whose milk she daily bathed) and though she invented a pomatum for her complexion, with which all Rome was and now is mad, (the male, as well as female beauties of Rome being ever on the alert to procure this famed *Poppœanum*!) yet its renowned inventress received from the foot of her ungrateful

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of the Allobrogean ambassadors. Annually there was cast from it into the Tiber a living man, as a sacrifice to Saturn! Tacitus confirms Cartaphilus respecting Nero's frequent resort to the houses and gardens adjoining that bridge; which were receptacles for the vilest nocturnal revels. The *Ponte Mollè*, raised on the ancient foundations of the *Milvius*, was erected by Pope Nicholas V. about A. D. 1450.

\* A. D. 62, nearly three years after he first beheld Poppœa.

Character of Agrippina—Seneca—Thraſeus.

paramour her death wound ; and that, too, when likely soon to be a mother. Thus terminated *retributatively*, the life of the empress Poppœa ; who, during the first year of her brief sway, had instigated Nero to attempt the drowning of his mother Agrippina, by an artfully contrived *shipwreck*—which failing, he shortly after, by a deeper laid plot, had her murdered in her bed ! But this matricide hath previously been somewhat chronicled. [A. D. 59.]

Agrippina was as superlatively wicked, as is her son ; but her genius greatly exceeded his—and her acquirements were worthy of Rome's best days. These would have graced the annals of the most distinguished matrons of the empire ; but her crimes must be remembered, when her genius shall be forgotten. The "Memoirs" of her Life, of which she is the sole author, are at this time much read ; and, I confess, they yield me no little amusement as well as information,—often, indeed, seasoned with revolting regrets that a woman, so highly gifted, was herself a Hecate, and the mother of a second Moloch ! \*

*The Ex-Em-  
press Julia  
Agrippina.*

As for Annæus Seneca, the great moralist and philosopher, I know not *what* to think or to record of him !—my desire is great to cherish his apparently truthful fame ; but I like not his apologetic letter, (if his it be,) in respect to the factitious shipwreck, that was to drown his emperor's mother—and the matricide that soon followed ! Nero affixed his own signature to that letter, and addressed it to the Senate ; but none regard it as his : and if *Seneca* be indeed its author, as is the more general opinion, it surely contradicts the tenor of his usually correct life, and yet more the doctrines of his moral writings and exemplary conversation. It is to be somewhat remembered, however, that Seneca had been Nero's preceptor, and yet retains some lingerings of that paternal affection : he is, moreover, by no means insensible to the dread that Nero's great vices involuntarily inspire in all ; and, as far as prudence for life and property demands, would carefully avoid a rupture with him. Still, all this is a poor apology, perhaps none, for the inditing of such a letter ! But the venal and base and timorous *Senate* that received the apology, and had no word of reproof as to the foul act, (save alone the noble exception of *Thraſeus* !) how can language compass the full measure of that deep indignation I feel towards them all ! Thraſeus bravely rated

*Seneca and  
Thraſeus.*

\* Julia Agrippina was daughter of Germanicus ; and after the death of her husband, Domitius Ænobarbus, by whom she had Nero, she married her uncle, the emperor Claudius ! When, by Nero's order, the assassin approached her bed, she exclaimed, "Come, strike the body that could give birth to such a monster !" It is said that her "Memoirs" greatly assisted Tacitus in the execution of his immortal Annals !



## A Monologue, Self-reproof—The Praises of Wit.

those vile senatorial sycophants—entered his intrepid protest, and openly declared “*Nero may slay, but he cannot hurt me.*”

\* \* \* \* “**B**ut hold, oh thou severe moralizer on the faults of others! Touching thy friend Seneca, and the rest, thou canst feel a virtuous indignation; even their lurking peccant humours of venial immorality are also seen of thee! and thy soundly judging eyes can scan the conduct and motives of each vile senator, and give due praise to the noble Thrásæus! Why, then, art thou, O Cartaphilus, yet here in Rome, instead of Jerusalem, and almost hourly in conflict with this base Emperor, thy country’s oppressor?

\* \* \* \* “**T** rue, most true, O CONSCIENCE! and no other response can I make thee, than that Jerusalem hath been most hateful to me—that *destiny*, perhaps, first brought me hither, rather than elsewhere—that love of pleasure, more than of vice, hath long associated me with this Nero, and that *habis* hath raised a new man in Cartaphilus. But still, thanks to that lovely monitor, Conscience!—an inward whisperer which hath seldom wholly left thee—I may justly say that in all my intercourse with the Tyrant, never hath the *Jew*, in one instance *flattered* the *Roman*, or smiled upon any of his savage cruelties!

“**T**hy life, O Cartaphilus! hath been indeed deeply stained with one foul and damning act,—of which remembrance can never lose assurance of its terrific guilt: and though thy more than follies here in Rome have often won thee from its vivid recollection—Judæa would sometimes thunder in thy soul all the terrors of the Abrahamic law!—and here my *monologue* must end.”

**N**ow, though the horror inspired in me by Nero’s cruelties, would sometimes be manifested even unto him, not long would it vex the gay Emperor,—for all was soon lost in the magic of my witty speeches! O, how infinitely potent is the GOD OF WIT!—what is there in all life that, before *his* indomitable might, may hope to stand competitor?—things most sober, yea divine, are made submissive to the sway of that potential God: for who dare raise around that sparkling throne, even for a moment, the murky atmosphere of dulness? The drooping soul—the angered brow—the firm resolve, do all vanish before the flash of Wit’s dissolving influences!—As breaks the Sun suddenly through the fleecy clouds, so doth Wit instantly dispel all gloom from the mind—all vexation from the heart,—yea, all obstinacy, even in the unjustest of man’s purposes—shedding o’er his entire soul, and of those around him, its mystic mantle—converting the ugliest goblins of a distempered brain into the sprightliest and most beauteous of angelic forms!

*The Praises  
of Wit.*

## The Praises of Wit.

“O who, from the dazzling throne of Wit (when encompassed by the sons of Humour) hath ever been known to descend willingly therefrom?—and who, below the throne, (in that barren valley of the mere human herd) is content to live upon the dry thistles of every-day thought—or, possibly, even upon the fruits of some few trees of ages, that therein may occasionally be found? Not Cartaphilus, truly—nor my Nero, though both have sometimes dealt in *morals* and in *proverbs*!

“Philosophy is for the closet—Virtue, and the sombre Judgments of age, (the natural allies of that philosophy) may reposefully dwell therein: but Wit and Humour are for the few who, in garish and in outward life, still do segregate themselves a peculiar people;—and though the follies and vices of the mass be often their sole companions, the jewels of sprightly thought are radiant around these sons of Wit—breaking forth in awakening brilliancy! Graver thoughts may sometimes, indeed, be smuggled in by others; but, doth not Wit soon extinguish them all?—surely so it is,—else, even Humour would degenerate, and become but a hypocritical imitator. And hence is it that Cartaphilus can be truly wise, only in the closet—or, in his own unuttered thoughts, elsewhere: for, in the presence of Rome’s facetious livers, and ever in my Nero’s, the Jew must be seated on Wit’s loftiest pinnacle—there to form into amusing and fantastic shapes the solidest metals—yea, the very diamonds of curiously fashioned thought, often distilled from subtlest and most disguised dialectics!—blending all, moreover, with that froth and scum of Folly’s ocean, in which men do mostly swim! There, as Wit’s monarch, doth Cartaphilus sit supreme, to diffuse into life’s bitter acids embodied sweets—to cull the flowers, and to secrete the odours, of the boundless garden of the mind!

“But what is Wit?—’tis a happy and darting series of thoughts from some very foreign region—taking instant and exulting growth in a soil, wholly unlike their own!—’tis the quick perceiving by one, and the instant application by others, of deeply hidden resemblances,—causing pleasure from the great and sudden brightness, where no light before was seen!—’tis a piercing and luminous victory of mind, over comparative dulness,—which, Parthian-like, surprises and fully accomplishes, whilst others are scarce thinking of a conflict! Wit is indeed an instant *creation*, establishing fellowship and consanguinity among unlooked-for, and even hostile bloods—and the more effectual, from its own warmth and pervading sharpness,—which, quickly recognised, cause the sons of Humour, as well as of Wit, joyously to welcome the alliance, shaking the vela and janua, yea, the very empyrean, with their loud and long and exulting applauses! Wit (more multiform than the sea-god of famous memory) is, at one time, lurking invisibly, in some ambiguous

## The Praises of Wit.

*word*—but suddenly to start upon us in no doubtful shape—and then, anon, is it hastily and brightly revealed from some remote cognation of mere *sounds*—and again is it seen in philosophy's most cunning distillations—but, possibly, soon to vanish, in some sparkling elixir of nonsense! O, how boundless are the realms of Wit!—who shall define them—who, even imagine them?—all mind and matter being so tributary to it!

“**WIT** doth seize upon, and render palpable, even the feeblest *resemblances*:—essentially ambulatory, it flits about in search of these hidden cognations: but JUDGMENT, more quiescent, doth soberly weigh, and well compare, all *differences*: it sparkles not, nor refreshes, as doth Wit,—but yet gives to the mind abiding assurances of its own solid worth, and invites its disciples to fashion thereon their most cherished actions.

**WIT** is the vagabond herald of Genius—JUDGMENT the staid executor of Wisdom:—the one hath a multitude to shout its pæans—the other but few to heed its behests.

“**WIT** often, but not always, provokes to laughter—judgment uniformly seeks repose. Wit is a sophist—judgment a logician. Wit hath a spice of truth—judgment is Truth itself! Myriads would attend the Courts of Wit, as admiring listeners, if not as successful doers: but Judgment, though so proudly born, hath *no* Court—is individual, and antisocial—dealing only with the actualities of life,—and using language only as the exactest symbol of thought!

“**WIT**, moreover, doth often attract to her court the Humorists—but only as attendants submissive to her sway. Wit, more grave than Humour, receives them all upon tolerance only, lest her point and brilliancy should be borne off by the laughter of the Humorists! Wits are not always humorists, nor are the latter always wits: Humour seldom offends, Wit often doth: both are children of the Imagination: but the elder brother is less fantastic, and seemingly is never as anxious, nor as conscious of his doings, as is the younger.”\*

\* Our philosophic Jew, in his foregoing “Praises of Wit,” has more thoughtfully dealt with his subject, than, perhaps, elsewhere may be found—so far as the Editor remembers,—and yet, under leave of Cartaphilus, we pray to say that had Cartaphilus explored the actual *fountain* of wit, and likewise, why it, and also Humour, are sometimes, not nature's gift to merely a few individuals and families, but may be said to be sometimes National characteristics, he would have further gratified us. And, if we may still extend our note, we pray to advert to a couplet from a Poet of our own age, who, next to Shakespeare, we are compelled to regard as the most natural, philosophic, accurate, terse, and yet graphic, of all the poets, of any of the ages.—

“True wit is nature to advantage dressed;  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

The People's *facetia* on Nero.

And now, Cartaphilus, thou shouldst not forget the *theme* of thy former discourse, which surely was not *Wis's praises*, but the *Senate's baseness*, in that fore matter of Agrippina:—proceed we then with that.\*

Now, what the Senate dared not do in that matter of the murdered Empress-Mother, the people did privately, and with a galling potency; for, on all other subjects, *The People's dealings towards the Emperor.* than the slaying of his mother, Nero hath proved invulnerable—but on *that*, he is ever deeply sensitive, but more from the dread of ridicule, than from its intrinsic horror: for my Nero's shrinking from the people's gibes was scarce in the way of remorse; and often have I thought that *superstition*, far more than conscience, hath caused his emotion at Agrippina's name. The soothsayers, as 'tis foolishly said, *knew* he would slay Agrippina; and that the eclipse, which shortly after happened, and other prodigies, are to be referred to that matricide: and so the ruder people firmly hold; and of that notion seems my Nero, quite as much as the hated soothsayers! Added to these, the people's satires thereon, annoy him almost daily—many of them being so very clever in thought, and humorous in allusion—nay so full of wit, that even friends as well as foes seek eagerly for them. \* \* \* \* I remember me, that on one morning early, when passing by Pompey's statue, I beheld a crowd of people making very merry; and with many gibes, at their discovery of an infant, exposed in a wicker basket suspended from the statue; and with this inscription, in letters nearly as large as the forsaken child.

“I DO NOT BRING THEE UP LEST THOU MAYEST KILL THY  
MOTHER !”

A few nights after this, there was the like vociferous merriment over a *sack*, suspended from the neck of Nero's statue—in allusion to the customary mode of destroying a *parricide*, by tying him up in a sack, with many venomous snakes, and other animals,—and then casting him into the sea!

And again, a few nights after followed the famous epigram;

Quis neget Æneæ magna de stirpe Neronem?  
Sustulit hic matrem: sustulit ille patrem.

*Who denies to Nero descent from the stock of Æneas?  
The one bears off his father—the other his Mother!*

\* The eventful life of Cartaphilus, as we have several times before remarked, occasioned him frequently thus to muse, and to record his thoughts, often in the *third* person; as if speaking to, or of another: and, when powerfully excited, he passes unconsciously into the consecutive use, even of the three persons! The Editor has not seen fit to omit this peculiarity, or to fashion it in another way; as it is not an unnatural mental idiosyncrasy, though possibly, it may sometimes diminish its clearness to the general reader.

## Death of Burrhus—The fearless Thræceus.

The equivoque, then, consists in the word *sustulit*; which imports to *kill*, as well as to *bear off*. These irrepressible *facetiæ* disturbed the Emperor greatly,—for they came from invisible hands, and penetrated as lightning through a population of several millions—a multitude quite too numerous to be cut off, even by a Nero; and hence, perhaps, his great attempt, a few years after, to lay all Rome in ashes; and how nearly executed we all do know!

Two years after these numerous manifestations of a people's horror of the Great Parricide, Nero fought the life of the prætor *Socianus*; and merely for a similar piece of wit; but this was defeated by the still fearless Thræceus: and the matter ended only in the banishment of the offender. [A. D. 62.] In the same year, the excellent Burrhus became a victim, as 'tis said, by poison administered to him when unwell; and this by Nero's contrivance! The loss of Burrhus hastened the extinction of the waning regard of Nero towards Seneca—and now these two greatly troubled me, compelling me to think far more closely and constantly of my relations with Nero, than ever before had been my wont.

Being one morning at the Palace, I perceived Seneca enter. He asked of the secretary, Epaphroditus, a private audience with the Emperor: which being ended, and Seneca retired, Nero found me still on my couch, greatly amused with Horace. "My laughing Cartaphilus," said he, "would that I could always be of thy sprightly temper—thus to drown all care with Horace, or the like!—but SENECA now troubles me no little—he is resolved to retire utterly from Court, and into some secluded spot, far from the world's annoyance, as he terms it!—and also he prates much of his care of my early youth—of the riches and honours I have lavished upon him—also of my great progenitor Augustus; who he saith permitted Agrippa to retire to Mitylene; and Mæcenas into a snug retreat in the bosom of the City: and he craves now of me the like permission—desiring to seek a humble home, but *extra muros*, and among the groves and streams! And, stranger still, he prays that I may receive back all that I have given him, and more—yea, nearly all his great possessions! To this evidently studied speech of my Seneca, I hesitated for suitable reply: but, finding he looked for some more instant answer, I admitted that, if to *his prepared* discourse I could at once respond, I owed to him, as well my power of every *prompt*, as of every *studied* reply; for that he had early taught me both. I admitted fully, moreover, what he said of Augustus' dealing towards Agrippa and Mæcenas, —but prayed him to remember that neither of them had been stripped by Augustus of their *merited rewards*—that my Seneca had been to me as faithful, as they to *their* master—that Seneca's gifts to me were by nature *immortal*,—whereas mine to him were

Interview between Seneca and Nero.

## Interview between Seneca and Nero.

"essentially *perishable*; and I added that yet he was of good age to enjoy life, and to manage riches—that his honours were not yet equal to what Claudius had lavished upon his friend Vitellius—that I would yet *add* to his; and prayed him to continue with me, instructing me by his wise counsels,—advising him, moreover, to keep his possessions, and not to seek applause for moderation, at the expense of his pupil's reputation. Then kissing Seneca, I permitted him to leave me."

Nero having ended this strange account of his interview with that philosopher, eyed me with a searching gaze, to discover whether I had fathomed his secret thoughts,—but every muscle of my face was faithful to my resolve—which was to *disappoint* him!

Though the Emperor's deep hypocrisy had often much surprised me, I had now listened to his detail with an astonishment nearly overwhelming—and yet without the least visible emotion: nor could his most penetrating look arouse me. I knew he hated Seneca, and only sought fitting occasion to deal with him, as with Burrhus!

The Emperor still waited for some flattering comment by me; but I continued hermetically silent. "Thy tongue, good Carta, is not usually so chained," said Nero mildly, "did I not deal with Seneca nobly, and to thy mind—was I not most *kind* to him?" "Thy *kiss*, mighty Emperor," replied I, "is warrant sufficient that Seneca is not *yet* among the doomed!"—"Thou art a subtle devil;" said Nero, with a Satanic smile, "but, my funny, though mysterious Jew, I know thou *lovest* me; and a thousand Senecas will not make me *doubt* thee."

Seneca, I question not, *fathomed* our Nero as truly as I had done; and consequently dreaded him: and though he went not into the retirement of the country, he withdrew himself from the court—changed the whole course of his former expensive life—closed his doors against the crowd that yet would have paid him their customary homage; and addicted himself to all the charms of the most varied studies. Though his wealth was boundless, (some of which had been gained by usury, which he never deemed immoral, and much also by gifts from Nero, under circumstances, too, questionable, at least,) yet Seneca seemed proud in the consciousness of never having gained any thing by wrong, or manifest indirection: for he boasted that "*he could throw open all his coffers, and bid every man to come and take whatever belonged to him, and be none the poorer!*" But such speeches are easier made than vouched: people, moreover, have different consciences—different opinions of *indirection*—and different notions as to the legitimate modes of gaining wealth: and yet, on the whole, I somewhat love Seneca, and think well of him *as the world goes*. I doubt not the sincerity of his proffer to Nero;

*Seneca retires.  
Tigellinus succeeds.*

Tigellinus succeeds Seneca.

he must have known the risk, at least, he ran with Nero in making it ; for it truly was a great one : and the offer, perhaps at any other moment, would have been courteously accepted ! But what the sad end of Seneca was, will presently be shown.

**TIGELLINUS** succeeded to the place of Seneca,—a more worthy minister he, for my Nero's purposes ; and Tigellinus was not slow in manifesting that fitness. He early stimulated the emperor's jealousy of Plautus' immense *wealth*, and of Sylla's abject *poverty* ; and therefore each possessed, in his opinion, an equally dangerous ambition ! Both were at that time in exile—the former in Asia, the latter at Maffia ; and both, no long time after, were privately murdered by Nero's orders !

Two years more went on with the Emperor in his customary way : refined in cruelties, excessive in debaucheries, striking in his follies, mad in his passion for music and the stage ; and the now public exhibition of the histrionic art failed not to incense many of the people, and to disgust the Senate. Nero, therefore, had daily cause to know that absence of princely dignity might offend more deeply, than the presence of crimes and cruelties, however enormous !

“Thou wilt be with *Tigellinus* to-morrow ?” said the Emperor to me, “his entertainment upon the Agrippa Lake (with which he doth favour his Emperor) will do honour to his own taste, whilst it equally manifests his zeal for him he serves.” “That truly is my intention, most potent Emperor,” I answered ; “and, though, like *Seneca's*, my age now doth begin to admonish me, I should soon retire from these daily indulgences, and the *nightly*, too, as thou knowest,—yet, in respect to *thee*, dread Emperor, I willingly yield to Tigellinus' bidding.”\*

On the following evening, Nero was more gorgeously attired and attended, than I had ever before seen him. We arrived at the Lake a few hours after the sun was buried in the dark blue waters of the remote Zephyrus. Luna was giving a clear but feeble light, being only in her first quarter : but the lake was magnificent beyond imagination, with the most varied illuminations. The palace, situate upon a little artificial island, was still more radiant in dazzling lights, shed through coloured lamps, and all reflected from walls of polished marble, often inlaid with burnished gold, and sometimes with shining jewels ! The air was redolent of the most delicate perfumes ; music, as of the spheres, stole gently upon our ravished ears—the tables were then groaning under the rarest lux-

\* This splendid entertainment probably occurred in the summer of A. D. 64, a short time previous to the great Conflagration.

## The Feast of Tigellinus in honour of Nero.

uries, that earth and sea, and the remotest regions of each could yield. The guests had mostly assembled, and were impatiently waiting Nero's coming.

At length (in a barge of superlative beauty, drawn by six boats adorned with gold and ivory, each rowed by twenty of Rome's handsomest youths, and each party richly and differently attired) appeared the EMPEROR!

When came thirty other barges, with ladies of the highest rank, associated with the most distinguished of the courtesans of the Imperial City! The softest music, upon the shore of the little island, awaited their approach; and, with the steps, as it were of a God, Rome's proud and wicked Sovereign descended from his barge—all eyes intent upon him, as would the Muses be, when Apollo met them! And yet, O, shame on poor humanity—of all the men and women there assembled, scarce one was *pure*! And, though all *without* them displayed to the eye more loveliness and beauty than, perhaps, had ever been brought together,—still, to an eye that could have searched the *interior*, (the hearts and thoughts of each) the sight must have proved one, that earth seldom, if ever, before had witnessed—so extraordinary was the unseemly union of physical elegance with moral deformity!

As to the many disgusting scenes that marked with illustrious infamy *that* night, and which infinitely surpassed even my experienced conception, or even my most unbridled imagination, I shall wholly forbear to detail them. Aurora dawned in murky clouds upon the loathsome scenes; and the morning freshness seemed ill in harmony with the wasted and haggard looks of all!

\* \* \* \* \* The events of the two years that followed Seneca's more than partial withdrawal from the Court, at length caused him to leave it wholly,—left even his occasional presence there should countenance in any degree Nero's then more reckless and mad proceedings. The emperor had reluctantly permitted Seneca to greatly seclude himself: but now, as he resolved to abandon the city, and seek deeper retirement, and no more to present himself at court, Nero was equally firm in resolving that he should not live; and therefore bribed one Cleonicus, a freedman of Seneca's, to poison him! How this was defeated, hath not yet transpired,—some suppose from Seneca's extreme caution; others believe the freedman, though accepting the bribe, proved faithful to his patron: time can alone, if ever, reveal to us the truth.

Early in this year, the eleventh of Nero's reign, [A. D. 65,] a great conspiracy was formed against the emperor's life, under PISO, whom his friends desired to raise to the throne,—but hatred of Nero was the controlling motive:

*Piso's conspiracy  
against Nero.*

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## The Piso Conspiracy.

Piso was a nobleman of talents, learning, eloquence—and of some virtue, yet, from his great mildness, and extreme love of pleasure, ill adapted for the contrivance, or for the execution of a conspiracy, especially such one as the crisis demanded.

The conspiracy, however, was well planned by others; and embraced many noble and determined spirits. Though ardently engaged in by many, it remained concealed for a long time; and was upon the eve of successful execution, when all was cast to the winds! The discovery was made on the eleventh of April,—the following day being the one appointed for its consummation. This revelation bathed Rome in the blood of many of her most distinguished citizens, and occasioned the exile of many others. The more celebrated among the conspirators were the præfect *Fænius Rufus*, the centurion *Sulpitius Asper*, the tribune *Subrius Flavius*, the consul *Lateranus*, the senators *Scævinius* and *Quintianus*, the poet *Lucan*—and that remarkable woman *Epicharis*. Some would implicate the philosopher *Seneca*,—but, as I think, with little or no truth; as, upon the whole, the evidence is not even feebly circumstantial.

For the accomplishment of the great design, three plans were suggested; viz., that Nero should be attacked whilst singing on the stage, or at the Milvian, where it was known he would be a few nights thereafter: others thought that he should be destroyed at *Piso's* villa, near *Baii*, where Nero so often bathes, and without state, or even guards,—but to this Piso would in no wise consent, as being grossly violative of hospitality. The third proposal was to beset the emperor at the approaching games of the Circus, to be celebrated in honor of *Ceres*, on the twelfth of April—and that plan was adopted.

*Lateranus* claimed the honour of the initial act, which was to cast himself at the Emperor's feet with a petition! *Scævinius* then prayed permission to inflict the first stab, and with a dagger specially and long dedicated to some great deed!—and finally, *Piso* and *Fænius*, with many others, were to await the consummated event, in the temple of *Ceres*, whither the dead body was to be conveyed.

But the whole of this industriously planned scheme was brought to light, by the overzealous fidelity of *Epicharis*, and the treachery of one *Melichus*, the freedman of *Scævinius*.

*Epicharis*, whose womanly impatience could not brook the delay of the other conspirators, believed she might fully rely on the tribune *Proculus*, who had been known to express no little discontent at the poorness of his reward for the share he had in the murder of *Agrippina*! She therefore communicated to him such knowledge of the conspiracy as she possessed, save as to names, of which she professed total ignorance,—not doubting, however, but that

*The Piso Conspiracy.*

Proculus would bring with him all the officers of the Misenum fleet, who could easily have despatched Nero, during any of his frequent excursions of pleasure round the promontory of Misenum, or during any of his like expeditions to Puteoli.

Shrewd as Epicharis certainly is, Proculus left her under the conviction that he was zealous in the cause: but mammon was stronger than hate,—so that he hastened to Nero, and revealed all that he knew, or conjectured. The Tribune and Epicharis were soon confronted in the Emperor's presence; but the woman proved the stronger—her bold denial being such as to seemingly confound all three! and Proculus, moreover, when closely questioned, could really say so little that was satisfactory or probable, that Epicharis was likely to go quite free! But the Emperor's second thoughts were more prudent, and she was ordered to prison, to abide the events of accident and time.

It so chanced, a few days thereafter, that the freedman Melichus had heard a suspicious whispering conversation between Scævinius and Natalis, an intimate friend of Piso—whereupon this freedman appeared before the emperor; and with the consecrated dagger of Scævinius in his hand (which had been given him to sharpen) he offered to divulge much respecting the now rumoured conspiracy,—and demanded to be examined thereon in the presence of his patron! Melichus had also seen his patron Scævinius make his Will, and give freedom to some of his slaves, and money to others—all of which assured him that these were preparatory, in some way, to an attempt upon the emperor's life: and so the matter was soon proved to be. Epicharis was then put to the torture; but would confess nothing; but being to suffer again on the following day, she suspended herself by her handkerchief, and thus deprived the tyrant of any further revelation from herself.

Such of the conspirators as had been named, or suspected, were then put upon their trial. Nero presided in person as chief judge,—next to him was his counterpart, Tigellinus—on the other side sat the conspirator Fænius Rufus! who having escaped all suspicion, necessarily found himself in the fearful attitude of their judge. The conspirators doubtless thought themselves most fortunate in having Rufus there; who acted his difficult part so well that, whilst he seemed to assure the other judges of his deep zeal for Nero, he likewise indicated to his co-conspirators his ardent desire to save them, were that possible.

Piso was urged at this moment by his friends, to excite the soldiers and people to open rebellion; but courage is of various kinds, and Piso was not equal to the emergency: he hopelessly hastened to his own roof, and calmly awaited his inevitable doom. The Emperor being duly informed of all, suffered Piso, with some

*Trial of the  
Conspirators.*

## Trial of the Conspirators.

show of mercy, to select the manner of his death ; who, after executing his will, in which he lavished upon Nero the most fulsome adulation, (hoping, as 'tis said, to thereby screen *Arria*, his beautiful though wicked wife) laid open his veins, and soon expired !

**L**ateranus was not so much favoured ; but had his head instantly struck off by one of the unsuspected conspirators ! Flavius and Subrius and Asper died valiantly : and, upon the Emperor's asking Flavius, " Why he had violated his military oath ? "—he replied, "*Thou, O Emperor, hast forced one, who, at first, loved thee, soon to abhor thee—for, from the hour thou didst murder thy Mother, and thy wife—and then turned player and incendiary, I detested thee.*" Nero struggled to conceal his galling emotion, and deep rage : for all that had taken place stung and vexed him not half so much as this intrepid speech—pronounced with unflinching tongue, and pointed by a keen and steady eye direct to the tyrant's heart ! Nero sat nearly motionless for a while ; and then turning to Sulpitius Asper, he said, " And why didst thou conspire against thy emperor's life ? " The centurion answered, "*Because the progress of my Emperor's crimes could in no other way be stayed.*"

**A**t length, came on the trial of Scævinius ; but thereupon the præfect Rufus became much excited ; and unhappily overacted his judicial part—for, by his too pressing questions, he so angered Scævinius, that he cast out many words of accusation against the judge himself ! Rufus became deadly pale—his tongue cleaved to his mouth—no single word of utterance had he—guilt was so stamped upon his face, as to leave no ray of doubt in those around him ; and, in this state, he was incontinently seized from off his judicial chair, and cast into prison, with heavy irons on him ! Rufus shortly after died, and with much cowardly and even howling lamentations—which, for a Roman, is among the rarest of events, and gave to this matter, otherwise so full of valorous devotion, a feature of ridicule that greatly vexed the nobler spirits.

**N**ext came the consul Vestinus—which, with him, was a speedy work, though he as guiltless of any lot therein, as is a child of any deep philosophy ! But Nero hated Vestinus ; and this was a fitting occasion to settle that account. Then came the poet Lucan,—who had never forgiven Nero for having slighted, more than once, his music,—and particularly on the occasion, when Lucan was publicly reciting his verses, the Emperor was seen to leave the house, in the midst of the poet's performance ! The offended vanity of authorship, far more than wounded patriotism, had stimulated the mortified poet to enter into this perilous league : and, it is said, that whilst life was slowly departing from him, and the blood from his opened veins was gradually trickling down,

## Trial of the Conspirators.

Lucan failed not to remember his own verses in the "*Pharsalia*," descriptive of a death similar to what he was then enduring—where the extremities were lifeless, whilst head and heart were quite warm—he roused himself, and repeated with animation,

— Pars ultima trunci  
Tradidit in letum vacuos vitalibus artus, &c.

and then, without a moan, expired !\*

The evidence, if so it may be called, against *SENECA*, was scarcely more than what sufficed as to *Vestinus*; and for the like reason it came to the same speedy result. That great philosopher also died by the opening of his veins, assisted by a hot bath, and by a small dose of poison: and his wife *Paulina*, having refused to survive him, likewise opened her veins—but was rescued from death by *Nero's* orders. In that endeavour of *Paulina*, *Seneca* concurred; he having ever maintained the moral right of self-immolation!

As for *Rufius Crispinus*, the former husband of the Empress *Poppæa*, he, together with *Flaccus* and *Rufus*, men of great learning, were banished: as also very many others, of much less note, women as well as men, and some children, were consigned to the same fate—a few were also poisoned, and some were starved in prisons:—and thus ended that famous conspiracy, and those distinguished conspirators; for they were mostly persons of great note, and some of much worth: and surely two quite innocent of that matter—poor *Vestinus*—and the renowned sage, *Lucius Annæus Seneca*.

*MELICHUS*, the freedman, however, was not forgotten in the midst of all that scene of blood: but, as the discoverer of the plot, *Nero* conferred on him great riches, and the honour of the Greek name of *Soter*—or Saviour! The month of April had also its glory; it being decreed to be henceforth called *Nero's Month*. A Temple of "Safety" was also decreed to be forthwith erected on the spot where *Scævius* had first consecrated the dagger; and the instrument itself was dedicated to the Emperor in the Capitol, with the inscription—"To Mars The Avenger!"—and, in addition to all these testimonials, the Consul *Cerialis* proposed that a commemorative Temple should be erected, and inscribed,

TO THE GOD *NERO*.

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\* *Pharf.* III. 638.

## Death of Poppœa.

Early in the following year, it being the twelfth of his reign, the maddened monarch committed other enormous cruelties; and among these, as previously alluded to, the murder of his second wife POPPŒA—also of *Antif-teus Vetus*—of *Sextia*, his mother-in-law, and of *Antif-tia* her daughter—thus, at one stroke, sweeping away a whole family!

About the same time, were sacrificed *Silanus* and *Ostorius*, and *Mella*, brother to Seneca: also the intrepid and virtuous senator THRASSEUS; and indeed so many others of like renown, that the bloody catalogue, and that of the almost equally cruel banishments, would swell this narrative of Nero alone into a hideous volume! [A. D. 65—66.]

## ARRIVAL OF KING TIRIDATES.

IN this state of things, it was fortunate that tyranny should find some other sources of excitement, to divert it, if but for a time, from private bloodshed to *pleasure*!—and next to some preparations for a war—as to which of the twain our Apollo or Thespis, was ever most inclined, and the more probable to now select, was at once decided in favour of the former, though the latter might follow of necessity. The two circumstances, however, that caused this diversion to our Emperor, were the arrival of TIRIDATES, Prince of Parthia—causing much gorgeous festivity; and next, the renewed revolt of my ever rebellious countrymen—a war, which, if persisted in, seemed likely to involve all Palestine. On those two events, my Nero failed not to consult me, and with more than customary solicitude—the one of *pleasure*, now at hand, and because in that he knew I was skilled—the other of *war*, because that happened to be with my own country and people, alike well known of me: but the Emperor soon hastened from the matter of Palestine, to the festivities due to Tiridates,—as to which his soul was alive—for our Nero, as I have intimated, is but a sorry warrior!

“Thou wert with me, Cartaphilus, at Neapolis,” said the emperor, “when Tiridates the Parthian, made me such deep obeisance—kneeling, as thou dost remember, with crossed arms, and hailing me as his Lord and Master—and yet the wily Oriental kept his sword welded to his side, and would by no means part with it, though instructed that it was customary so to do! I liked the *cautious* barbarian the better for it. What honours I then lavished on him at Puteoli, and on my way hither towards Rome, thou well knowest: but now, that Tiridates hath reached the World’s great City, and is soon to receive at *my* hands Armenia’s Crown, I desire

## Reception of Tiridates the Parthian.

thee to consult with my good Epaphroditus, as also with Helius, concerning all that can gladden the stay of Tiridates; and all that likewise may impress him deeply with the power and riches of my Empire." With this, Nero courteously waved his hand towards the door, and I took my respectful leave.

On the night of the following day, the whole city was in a blaze of light; the illuminations being inconceivably various, and far more brilliant than those witnessed by me at the Agrippina Lake, when Tigellinus so feasted the Emperor. Many festivities then succeeded in unbroken continuance—each vying for the palm of novelty, no less than of splendour.

The day appointed for conferring Armenia's Crown upon Tiridates, had now arrived. The ceremony was performed in the Great Forum; in the centre of which were seated, during the whole previous night, a vast assemblage of Rome's most distinguished people of both sexes, clad in white robes, each crowned with laurel, and all arranged according to their respective tribes. Encircling these, were the Pretorian Cohorts; whose highly burnished arms, and with many colours waving in the gentle breeze, added largely to the brilliancy of the scene. Myriads of spectators were seated upon the house-tops, among whom were most of the illustrious females of Rome, in tasteful and in gorgeous habiliments. And all of this untold multitude awaited, during full ten hours, the rising Sun—at whose gradual presence, Nero was slowly to approach!

The propitious moment came!—the Emperor was seen in the far distance, attended by the Senate, and by his Imperial Guards. As he gradually approached, the Sun's rays were becoming brighter and brighter, until the Procession stopped, for an instant, opposite the noble Portico of the Curia Hostilia, then sustaining a living and dazzling mass of Rome's most renowned Courtezans—and, at that moment, Apollo's beams shot forth with intense splendour upon Nero's flowing robes, which, in a constellation of sparkling lights, were reflected from the myriad golden spangles that enriched his vestments!

The Temple of Augustus, and that of Castor and Pollux, were also thus honoured by the Emperor's momentary delay, that he might also receive the adulation of the thousands seated there.

The *Rostrum*, that had been enlarged for the occasion, was at length attained. Nero, seated there in his curule chair, awaited the coming of Tiridates, and of his almost equally splendid train. Passing through a double row of soldiers, near the *Rostrum*, the Parthian king left his magnificent car; and approaching the Emperor, kneeled before him on the first step of the enthroned *rostrum*. At that instant, the multitude gave so loud a shout, that Tiridates,

## The Crowning of Tiridates.

not prepared for it, became so terrified as to remain for a moment almost speechless! Nero graciously raised him, and affectionately kissed him. Silence being restored, the King, in the language of his own country, thus addressed our monarch.

*"Though I am descended from the renowned ARSACES, and am brother to VOLOGES and to PACORUS, both great kings; I own myself, O Nero, thy slave! Thou art my God; and I am come to adore thee, as I adore the Sun! My destiny is to be determined by thy supreme and omnipotent will; for, upon thee do I depend, as upon Fate, and upon Fortune."*

The Emperor's reply was strictly Neronian, and as follows!

*"Thou hast done well, Tiridates, to come hither to receive in person my favours. What thy father could not leave thee, and thy brothers, after giving it thee, could not preserve, THAT I now grant of my liberality. I make thee King of Armenia,—that the whole UNIVERSE may know that it appertains to NERO to give, or to take away crowns."* Tiridates was then seated at the Emperor's feet; who thereupon placed a splendid diadem on the King's head, amidst acclamations that shook the Forum and its solid structures, as if by a sudden remote earthquake and thunder!

Then ensued the Games, and with greater magnificence than Rome perhaps ever witnessed. The interior of the sumptuous building in which they were celebrated, and the stage in particular, glittered in every direction with golden ornaments—and hence this was called the Golden Day! The stage was covered by an awning of the richest Tyrian purple,—on which was embroidered in gold a representation of Nero driving a car, encompassed with glittering stars, as if he were speeding through the firmament! On the stage appeared the Emperor himself, who displayed his skill in music; and afterwards, at the Circus, he drove his car, attired in an humble cassac!—for Nero's *divinity* and *humanity* were often in conflict for the ascendancy!

The enjoyments of succeeding days need no detail; they never failed in magnificence and in variety. At length the day of the Armenian Prince's departure being announced, and he then receiving large donatives, with permission also to rebuild ARTAXATA as his kingly residence, the withdrawal from Rome of Tiridates was well-nigh as gorgeous and expensive, as had been his reception—but this likewise need not be chronicled by me.

Soon after the return of Armenia's Sovereign, the city of Artaxata was rebuilt, and received the name of *Neronia*:—but how long to retain it, is with Cartaphilus no question,—since flattery's offerings in this way, have so often ceased to exist with the death of the power that caused them.

## Vologeses' Reply to Nero—Palestine.

In a few months after that Prince's return, the Emperor desired to win a like homage from the brother, *Vologeses*—and, with that intent, invited him to Rome : but this far more wary Parthian replied, "*Thou, O Nero, canst cross the sea with much more ease than can Vologeses. Do thou come over to Asia, and then we will settle all such matters!*"

Greatly incensed indeed was Nero at this unexpected answer ; and little else did he speak of, for a time, than war against all the Eastern nations !—but our Nero loved music and the stage—and could forget marvellously, whenever power ceased.

The serious revolt of the Jews, however, demanded instantly quite as much of war, as the Emperor could even think of, though all action, and nearly all of thought were left by him to able and renowned captains. *Affairs at Palestine.* Now, as to how and when the valiant VESPASIAN was sent to conduct that war against my countrymen, I must, for the present, pass by : but my faithful Polychronicon must record that, during my many colloquies with Nero, so much had occurred to assure me of Jerusalem's now great peril, heightened also by my knowledge of Vespasian's just renown, that I sighed for a speedy return to the land of my forefathers,—and I should certainly have secretly departed could I have conceived it possible for me to be any where safe in Judæa, even were it possible to escape from the Imperial City.

The persecutions, moreover, of the Christians at Rome, and somewhat in the Provinces, in which so many even of the Jews had perished in the past two years, augmented still more my disgust of courtly life, and my longing after Jerusalem in its lowering difficulties. Those persecutions had commenced shortly after the great fire, foolishly imputed by many to the so called Nazarenes—but *that* I knew to be far from true ; and it pained me much to see their greater persecution, as the consequence of the existing rebellion in Judea.

My eyes had already witnessed, and were again to behold scenes of savage ferocity against those helpless and innocent people—be they Jewish or Gentile converts to that mysterious and wonderful faith : and these so deeply poisoned my happiness, as sometimes to excite in me a transient resolution to avail myself of my daily opportunity to rid the world of this matchless monster ! But I could not fail to remember how kind Nero ever had been to me : and truly may I say, *Nullum odiosius mihi crimen ingrati animi culpa.*

My pleasures, also, had now become almost invincible habits ; and Nero, when not cruel, was to me the most agreeable of



## Death of the Apostle Paul.

mortals: for, not being myself a Roman, his follies offended no pride or dignity of country in me;—and, as to his crimes, they were in no part mine; but personally and wholly his own.

Thus did I often muse with myself, striving to soothe the alarms of a purer conscience—also the awakening calls of my country, and my natural aversion to all tyranny. But my mind would still recur to those pious, though possibly deluded Jews and Gentiles of the new faith, whom Nero had lately ordered to be clothed in garments stiffened with wax, and then set on fire, to brighten therewith the illuminations of his gardens! I remember with equal horror, how others were sewed up in the skins of wild beasts, and then worried by dogs, until they expired! I could not banish from my mind the many strange devices, first to torture, and then to kill—some being cast to ferocious wild beasts—others beheaded, and some crucified by modes of newly invented agony!

Nero had never troubled me with such matters—I being uppermost in his thoughts chiefly as associated with his amusements—or, sometimes, as Claudius before him had done, when the special condition of Palestine needed my counsel: but now, as I have previously intimated, Nero had strangely departed from his dealing towards me, in his insisting upon my witnessing the appointed execution of *Saul of Tarsus*!—now always known as PAUL.

Now this Paul, in his then trouble, had, by an epistle from his prison, lately reminded my Nero that, if death must come, it should be by decapitation, and not by crucifixion—he being a Roman citizen, possessed of the *jus civitatis* by succession; and moreover, as being of Tarsus in Cilicia, free-born and well-born. He made that appeal for his privilege with strong right, and with confidence that it would be allowed; and hence, also, he had forthwith written to Troas for his mantle—his parchments—and his books, that he might appear in judicature, not in a less seemly attire, and with his proofs of citizenship, than of right he could, and thus to die the death of a Roman. Paul ever had great and just repute for learning, and for an ardent and most winning eloquence—both well suited for those who were to witness his mock trial, and cruel exit—and yet, as all knew, of no avail whatever with Nero, or his judges—but, possibly, of great avail with the multitude—and, if not now, yet in future ages; for Paul's death seemed to him but the *antepast* of Heaven.† \* \* \* But the sad

† This portion of the Chronicles affords an interesting explanation of a verse, towards the conclusion of St. Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy, chap. iv. 13, in which, after he knew his fate was soon to die, he still manifests solicitude in regard to matters seemingly of so little moment as obtaining his *cloak, parchments, and books*! After a solemn exhortation to Timothy, as to his care and

## Death of the Apostle Paul.

event is now past : and, in compliance with Nero's order, (for who dare set it at naught,) I attended the melancholy scene. Now, whatever may be thought of Saul's ardent temper, which caused him, in so short a time, to be equally zealous *against* and *for* the Nazarenes, that wonderful martyr was doubtless, in both cases, alike sincere : and so his dealing towards all around, at his closing hour, and especially to those commissioned by the tyrant to execute the cruel deed, abundantly proved.

The proceedings of that painful day were entrusted by Nero to two officers of his Guard, named *Parthemius* and *Feréga* : and Saul being permitted to speak a parting word to the people, declared in brief words his belief, as follows,—that the doctrines that had brought him to death were nothing more than what Jesus, the Christus, when on earth, had taught his disciples and others : also that the same Jesus, after his crucifixion, had spoken to him Saul—when journeying to Damascus that he might persecute those of the new Faith—and audibly from the heavens, bidding him to preach the Gospel, that would assure everlasting life through Jesus, to all who believe and shall practise his teachings—and, that the whole scope of that doctrine, sealed by his approaching death, teaches

diligence in the Faith ; and after some touching allusions to his own approaching death and preparedness—his then loneliness—the perfidy of Demas, and that no one was with him, save Luke, he says, “ The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring with thee, and the books ; but especially the parchments.” Now this anxiety respecting the three things asked for, has been somewhat carped at by the sciolous, and especially the infidels, as being unsuited to the decorum of his then condition—or, by the pious, probably wholly misapprehended as to the true motive.

That St. Paul pleaded his privilege as a Roman citizen, and was successful in that plea, in that he was *beheaded*, whilst St. Peter (at another time, *when and where*, we know not of a certainty) was *crucified*, can in nowise be questioned ; and that Paul should be solicitous to appear on his trial, not only in his national dress, but with his proofs of citizenship, and, if need were, also with his books, to establish his exemption from *crucifixion*, are matters extremely probable and natural—and hence he requests the cloak, parchments, and books to be sent. The mantle, or cloak, at this time had superseded the Roman *toga* ; which perhaps had been little if at all worn since the reign of Augustus. It may be here remarked that none of the Biblical commentators have given this explanation to Paul's request of Timothy : but the desire to have the named articles is considered by them as being merely for his comfort during his remaining imprisonment,—and that the *parchments*, he so specially needed, were only his common-place-books ! We presume that this verse has nowhere received the illustration which the above passage of Cartaphilus sustains, *except* in the two instances, first of the enlightened Author of the “ *Pursuits of Literature*,” who, though so emphatically a *layman*, has the merit of originating this view of the matter ; which, secondly, has been entirely approved by the eloquent and learned Edward Miller, of Bognor, Suffex. See his Sermons 1848, p. 107.

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The Last Hours of Paul—Cartaphilus.

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men to cultivate peace and charity among all men—to love one another—to put no trust in riches—nor to be made vain by their possession: that one God, alone, is to be relied on, and with perfect faith in his only son Jesus, and in the Holy Spirit—that the poor must be content with their lot—that fathers should teach their children to love their Creator, and to obey their parents—that husbands should be tender to their wives—and they obey and reverence their husbands—that governments should be sustained by the people, and due obedience be rendered to them by all—that masters should be kind to servants, and they faithful to their masters.

After declaring these to be the substance of his creed, this great champion of the New Religion mildly submitted, and said he was prepared to yield his life in testimony of the words he had uttered. Parthemius and Ferega were much affected by what they had just heard and seen; and besought Paul to give them some further instruction in those wonderful things announced by Jesus and his followers. The holy man assured them that they both, ere long, should be baptized at his sepulchre!—and, after a fervent prayer for them, and those around him, Paul yielded his neck to the fatal stroke.\*

I retired from this scene of blood with feelings of unmingled horror. My eyes had never rested upon Saul, since the stoning of Stephen—in which we both had too much shared. And, let my pages now confess that, though present at the beheading of Saul, so much against my will, I still had not courage to reveal myself to him at so awful a moment: nor did I feel myself at all worthy, even to look steadily on him—so sublimely great was he in faith, and so stoically indifferent to the pains of death, and to all he left behind!—for it matters not how erroneous men's opinions may be as to the *heavenly origin* of their doctrines, if such doctrines be zealously and honestly cherished,—and especially when they so sublimate heart and mind as to raise us far above mortality, (as those of Jesus surely do) then are they and their possessors commended to my reverence, though assent as to their direct celestial source be withheld by me.†

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\* The foregoing account by Cartaphilus of Paul's last moments, is substantially the same with that handed down by ABDIUS. We meet, however, with nothing of the kind in the works of any other historian, or in the writings of any of the Fathers of the Church. Abdius, moreover, is an ancient and extremely rare book; and we are pleased to have it in our power to give the like statement a more extensive circulation through the Chronicles of Cartaphilus. See also, ante *Section XVIII.*

† These remarks of Cartaphilus seem an involuntary eulogium on the excellence and beauty of the Christian code. Its *divine* source he then appears to have questioned, at least, in part; but, experience teaches that he who unaffectedly admits the excellence of Christianity, is often not remote from embracing

## The Colloquy between Cartaphilus and Nero.

On the following day, Nero desired to see me. I thought him, for a time, hideous, black, and disgusting! And though it seemed as if he had read my inward soul, he eyed me amiably! Nero truly, had nothing to fear in me—no motive to be angered with me—none to regard me in any other light than as one, both willing and able to augment his pleasures. Nero, therefore, sweetly and jocosely said, “THE CHRISTIAN of Tarsus died *valourously* at the Salvia Waters, I learn: but, my agreeable Cartaphilus, I am sorry that thou wert so much *pained* yesterday, at what met thine eye and ear there—brighten up, good Carta:” (for so he would sometimes call me) “for, dost remember how, scarce two years ago, thou wert equally in horror, and played the child, when Rome was burning, and wert much vexed with me, that I so preluded on my lyre, whilst the fiery surges shot up from all directions, and rolled their red waves through the skies so angrily? And yet, Cartaphilus, look all around thee now—the Streets! are they not nearly whole again? Nor was I wanting in all liberal expenditures to adorn the City, and to raise it far beyond its former state! Behold likewise my Golden House!—dost think thy famed Solomon ever saw the like? And yet Rome had not such palace *before* the fire, good Carta! Thy soul, at that time, seemed to retire from its wonted vast expansion, and into the least possible compass too, my Cartaphilus, to show unto me, doubtless, how great is its versatility! And so *now*:—churlish art thou, and moping, because a silly Christian dies *valiantly*! wouldst thou have had him die *otherwise*?”

“No, mighty Nero,” timidly replied I, “but I would not have had him die at all.” “Well, that’s freely spoken,” rejoined the Emperor, “but why lament over *one*, when so *many* are likely soon to follow?”—musing then for an instant, the Emperor further said, “cast off these vapours from thy mind, and be thyself again: thou hast been much to my fancy; and I would not lightly part from thee.”—and then placing on my neck a rich and costly chain, and upon my finger a brilliant ring, he continued, “be with me at my Golden House, at this hour to-morrow: and come with smiles—with smiles, I say; for I have something to propose unto thee, which then, and for many months thereafter, will need thy most *sunny* countenance.” And thus we parted—he to his bath, and I to my meditations on the long past, and early future.

also the doctrine of its heavenly origin,—and eventually, too, without any heretical limitations. How it will be with Cartaphilus, must not be now anticipated,—as the reader will be more interested, as well as improved, by noting the progressive development of his more orthodox faith. He has a long career before him; and one in which the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, are destined to be strongly against him.

## His Visit to the Golden-House.

**M**y curiosity, I confess, was intense to know what new freak had beset Nero's mind; and therefore very early on the following day, even some hours before the appointed time, I set out to view the Golden House, and its extensive grounds. The palace stood before me in all its wonderful richness, vastness, and glory; for truly the world now hath not its equal. I found it still, in many of its parts unfinished; but that many hundred of the first artists of the age, were then engaged in its minute decorations. Meeting with the secretary Epaphroditus, I was informed by him that the Emperor would not be in the Audience Chamber, until three hours hence—and this somewhat suiting the appointed time, and equally my strong desire to examine this eighth wonder of the world, more carefully than ever before I had occasion, I thus employed the interval.

Nero's former palace having shared the common fate, that levelled to the earth ten out of the fourteen districts, into which Rome is divided, the Golden-House was raised upon its ruins—but with a sublime enlargement of all its former ample boundaries; and with a multiplication of its variety and magnificence, as daring as the mind that conceived and executed that awful conflagration.

In extent, the now palace and its grounds seem nearly boundless—and this, too, in a city, so needful of cautious spreadings for others, as well as for my Nero!—showing herein, the bold and illimitable spirit that is found so strangely blended with littleness and folly, in none else known than in Nero! I stood in the vestibule, contemplating the gorgeous and soul-expanding scene. Near me arose the colossal statue of that emperor, the work of Zenodorus, which pierces the air to the height of an hundred and twenty feet. Before me were numerous fish-ponds, animated with every variety of the rarest and most beautiful of the finny tribe—then were seen boundless meadows, luxuriant in verdure and wild flowers—then vineyards, with their luscious grapes—next, groves of fig-trees, struggling to sustain their myriads of green, ripe, and almost falling fruits,—then again, extensive forests alive with beasts and birds of every known region—and finally, as far as the eye could reach, a soft and mellow prospect, mixing with the light blue skies! Had I not known the master of all this varied loveliness, I should have hailed it as the abode of a God!

And well did Nero call this habitation his *Golden House*; for it is adorned with much fine gold most cunningly wrought—also with mother of pearl, and with very many precious marbles and brilliant stones!

From the vestibule, I went around the building, into its numerous porticoes of great length, supported by a triple row of columns: and after much observance of the exterior, I took to my currus,

and speeded off to the baths, filled with the salutary waters of Albula, or with those of the salt streams from beyond Ostia—and thence on a few more miles, until Nero's fancies ceased to appear.\*

Turning my currhus again towards Rome, I reached the palace in due time: and on entering it, again encountered the good natured secretary; who bade me go any where, save into the Emperor's Museum, for yet an half hour.

My attention was early attracted by the spacious *Dining Hall*, then just finished. It is wainscotted in a very novel manner, with the purest white ivory,—each square whereof is so contrived as to turn upon pivots; and, in their changes, they form a most pleasing variety of moving pictures! At proper distances down the walls of this magnificent hall, I found suspended numerous wreaths of artificial flowers, fashioned to the very life, and out of no perishable materials,—through the stems of which dropped the richest and most costly perfumes into small vases, suitably placed for their reception! From thence I passed into the *Circular Room*; which being in perpetual, though slow motion, and adorned with a vivid representation of the Zodiac and surrounding Heavens, presents a sublime picture of the celestial spheres! The Chambers were quite too numerous and varied, to be more than glanced at—save the Emperor's, which detained me: for truly it is such as Venus herself might anxiously covet! I reached the Audience Room just as Nero was seated there; who, as I at once observed, was habited with a most chaste simplicity, amidst all the splendour that encompassed him.

The Emperor had thrown himself, with apparent languor, upon a soft and dazzling couch: and as I entered, *A further Col-* bade me do the same. “Thou seemest fatigued, my *loquy between* funny Jew,” said Nero. “Truly so,” replied I, “for *Nero and Car-* the wonders of thy creative fancy and boundless libe- *taphilus.* rality, in this stately palace, and in these extensive grounds of thine, have occupied me quite four hours; and during the larger part of that time, my horses, I assure thee, Emperor, have done their duty.” “What thou hast seen, good Carta, will *somewhat* do—I begin to be lodged now, more like a man: but *much* yet must be done.” This was said by Nero in a tone of such unaffected indifference, as to what had so nearly overwhelmed me with astonish-

\* The baths of Albula were supplied from the sulphurous streams at Tibur—the modern *Tivoli*, to which the grounds of the Golden House extended, probably a somewhat narrow strip of land reaching from Rome to beyond Tibur, a distance of about sixteen miles. The salt waters alluded to, were conveyed from near Ostia, either by canal, or by subterranean pipes to the Baths, situate about the same distance from the City.

## Neronian Conceptions of the Future.

ment and admiration, that, I confess, I knew not what to say or think!—"Devil, or God!" thought I, musingly to myself—"for *mortal* thou canst not be! If these things content thee not, and fully, how will the little piece of earth, and narrow sarcophagus, though ever so gorgeously adorned, be relished by thee—if *thou ever diest*?—for a God, they now call thee!"—and then, arousing from my momentary outward silence, "This Golden House, and all around it, my Emperor," said I, "are to *my* poor mind, quite celestial; and so far exceed my utmost imaginings, and all that the fire hath lately devoured, that it seems a supernal creation—or, as Fancy's most delicate sketchings, suddenly realized!"

"Well, Cartaphilus, and thy content, if just, may go yet further, and more than redeem all done in *conflagrated* Rome: for, are not all the streets now much wider—more like *javelins*, also, than like *borns*, as was their late condition?—the houses, likewise, are they not now of due elevation, and all of defined height, with porticoes throughout the whole line of nearly every new street?—and yet, the silly scribblers complain of these as unhealthy innovations,—urging that narrow and crooked streets give more shelter from the sun—as if that beautiful, and genial and fructifying orb of day, were pestiferous! But, my Cartaphilus, *they* may scribble on; their verses do but amuse me, though their witty authors only mean to vex their Emperor." Nero was silent for a moment, and with an eye intent upon me, that gave assurance of less repose in him, than his words implied. "These unknown growlers," continued he, "are, or affect to be, alarmed at the vastness of this palace, and fear, as they presumptuously have it, that *one house and its grounds* will swallow up all Rome—and that, ere long, they must all depart to Veii; and, even there, have special care lest the Emperor doth encroach upon them!—for doubtless, thou hast seen the Epigram, to which I would allude?"

*Roma domus fiet. Veios migrate Querites!  
Si non, et Veios occupat ista domus.*

"But let *them* laugh, whilst NERO works—for Rome shall extend every way, and in proportions, too, well suited to his palace: yes, Cartaphilus, her walls shall not stop until they reach Ostia—whence I will bring the sea by canal, even into the very heart of our city!—and why not, good Jew? Shall Nero be controlled by mere drivellers; or, shall he direct the artizans of the world to execute *his* and *their* boldest conceptions? My architects, *Celer* and *Severus*, are much to my mind, in these my designs,—our project being to extend a navigable canal from the Avernum Lake, to the mouth of Tiber, though more than a hundred and fifty miles; and that, too, through arid soils, and divers very rocky hills!"

## Proposed Expedition of Nero into Greece.

"But, my Cartaphilus," continued the now loquacious emperor, "I have not summoned thee here to discourse of Rome—but of GREECE—yes, good Carta, of Greece; for I will instantly there, and desire to have *thee* with me—thou wilt cheer the arduous journey,—for *thou* canst talk; but the fools around me cannot.

"The Games at Olympia, and elsewhere, have long rested upon my mind; and I would now contend at them, and pluck bright laurels in those fields of honourable rivalry. I know the squeamish Senate have heretofore frowned upon this fond enterprise of mine—and as they also did upon my theatrical campaign at Neapolis, and likewise upon my musical displays here in Rome! But now my resolution will brook no further let. Prepare thyself, therefore, my Cartaphilus, and at my sole charge, with all things fitting the splendour of the occasion."

The Emperor arose from his couch, and approaching the *Clepsydra*, eyed it for a moment, and then courteously said, "Depart now, Cartaphilus; I would court Somnus awhile, before my bath and prandium." With low obeisance, I took my leave of this moral and intellectual *lufus naturæ*—a strange being, in whom mightiness and littleness are more artfully combined, than in any other mortal!\*

The proposed expedition with Nero into Greece was, of all other things, the most in consonance with my wishes; and though I well knew the Emperor's silly objection to embrace *Athens* within his plan, I yet hoped to obtain permission for myself to visit it,—for what is Greece without the City of Minerva? Is it not Delphos without the Oracle—or Parnassus with no faith in the Muses?

I was pleased soon to learn that messengers had already been secretly despatched to Olympia and elsewhere, announcing with due pomp the emperor's intention, and his will that the usual time of celebrating the Games should be deferred, until he and his retinue

\* The ancients were ignorant of wheel-clocks, and ascertained time either by the *Dial*—the *Horologium ex aqua*, a species of rude water-clock—or by the more perfect one called *Clepsydra*, of these three the dial was the simplest, and earliest invention, being introduced from Sicily during the first Punic war. As it was adapted for day, and clear weather, it was of little domestic use, and consequently was nearly superseded by the others. The water-clock was first introduced by Scipio Nalica, about 125 years later. This and the *Clepsydra* measured time by the dropping of portions of water in a given time; but the *Horologium* being rude, though complex, gave way to the almost universal use of the *clepsydra*. Both were called winter, or night clocks, (*horologium hibernum, aut nocturnum*) as distinguished from the dial, of so little value in winter, and of none at night.



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End of the Retrospect of Twenty Years.

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should arrive in Greece, the month of June, of the present year of Rome 819, being otherwise the appointed time.\*

**A**nd here must end my promised Retrospect; which has embraced somewhat more than twenty years—since, in the time of Claudius, I abandoned Jerusalem for Rome: What next shall be chronicled by me, is as the Fates shall direct.

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\* June, A. D. 66—whereas Nero could not depart for Greece earlier than in October of that year.

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,  
THE  
*Wandering Jew.*

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BOOK THE FOURTH



## CHRONICLES OF Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

### BOOK IV.

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Neronian Equipments for the Expedition.

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#### SECTION XX.

##### NERO'S TRAVEL INTO GREECE.



HE month of October was nearly spent, before the Expedition was in readiness: for an enterprise in every way so remarkable required no little thought, and consequently time, for its just accomplishment.

A faithful description of what I have seen and heard during our absence, would demand a volume, rather than a section of my Chronicle; and even were the larger chosen, words could but feebly unfold the varied realities: for surely, none but a Nero could have imagined such curious and minute details as signalized those journeyings from their *commencement* to the *end*—and these Chronicles were set in order only upon my return—the daily events being too stirring to be recorded invariably at the time. \* \* \* Suffice it for the commencement to say, we departed from Rome with *Soldiers*, armed indeed, but in a fashion so dainty or *damsel-like*, that they and their equipments were manifestly not for use, if even needed: also, with very many costly *instruments of Music*—so brightly polished, as to serve all for mirrors!—also with numerous *Masks*, in every shape of beauty, or of deformity—likewise with dresses and every equipment for *Stage* and *Circus*, and of all fantastic kinds—a private *Wardrobe* so numerous in garments and other attire as could not be catalogued, and were put in charge of no less than a thousand trusty slaves! *Horses* also of the rarest beauty, some from Mesopotamia, others

## Arrival of Nero in Greece—His marvellous deeds.

from Persia and Arabia—with *Chariots* and *Cars* of wonderful splendour, and of heretofore unimagined forms—also all the devices that appertain to *Hunting* and *Fowling*, each wrought with matchless skill, and with *Fishing-nets* of twisted gold and silver, the rods of rarest wood inlaid with ivory and precious stones,—and, in fine, with all that the most refined and stimulated ingenuity, ministering to Imperial sensuousness and to *Neronian* fancies, could contrive!

Arriving at Cæsiopæa, in Epirus, the Emperor commenced his career by singing at the altar of Jupiter Cassius! *Nero's victories and Crowns.* At Olympia, he insisted on having his darling music, though in that place no stage had ever been known, and though courteously informed by the Olympians that chariot-racing, and wrestling had alone been practised at their Games, during all the many ages! The Emperor then proclaimed to all Greece that, during his sojourn of a year, or more, the Games should every where be celebrated to suit his *own* convenience; and then passing in quick succession from city to city, he informed them all that their long customary observances, as to times, could not be regarded by him. Nero then disputed every where for the prizes—encountering the experts at the *Pythian*, the *Isthmean*, and at the *Nimæan*, with alike wonderful ardour,—and ever, of course, the *victor*, and with such acclamations, as made the mountains and valleys, and the very heavens to echo, as if the Universe were intensely interested to know of Nero's triumphs! Oh, how base and loathing and servile is man—and how slavishly given to the service of that vile serpent *Flattery*! Oh, shame upon all that's sincere and honest, thus to charm the ear of such a tyrant, and to award, as was ever done, to haughty pretensions the meed due alone to exalted worth! But, in this venal age, 'tis not given to Princes ever to hear unmixed Truth—that is an abstraction known but to closet philosophers, and not always practised even by them. Nero entered Greece, a competitor against the world: but the mantle even of *Grecian hospitality* ought not thus to have screened his many faults and failures. Nero, doubtless was sometimes very skilful, and ever daring; but often was really vanquished, and yet was always the conceded victor! Nothing unattempted was too much for his ambitious soul, as defeat brought no expressed scorn,—and partial success shook the heavens! Nero therefore undertook to drive six horses round the Stadium, and accomplished it, too, in the larger part; but with a reckless rapidity that caused the wheels to be invisible, and, *mirabile dictu*, though dashed from his car, but not destroyed, the race ended amidst fearful shouts and apprehensions for his fate! The emperor was in great pain, not injured, and regained his seat before the car had reached the meta! It was indeed a noble feat of madness, and yet not of complete success—still, the myriad parasitical voices pro-

## Proposed Canal through the Isthmus of Corinth.

claimed him the triumphant conqueror,—and on this, as on all other occasions, Nero set aside the established heralds; and taking up the customary proclamation, shouted forth his own victory!

These proclamations usually were in the following fashion. “*Nero is Victor in the race, and hath gained the Crown for the Roman People, and for the Universe—of which he alone is Master!*”

Eighteen hundred crowns, of various kinds, were awarded to this “Master of the Universe,” during the year he was thus occupied in Greece! And for those honours showered upon him, the Emperor proclaimed that country to be free! He also conferred upon some individuals there, large donatives; and upon others, many civil speeches, and specious promises: but to detail the particulars of a hundredth part of the strange things done by Nero, and the singular events that happened during our absence from Italy, would swell my narrative beyond its designed limits.

The Emperor’s bold conception, however, in regard to the Isthmus of Corinth, deserves some special notice.

During one of our visits to Corinth, Nero was much struck with the extreme narrowness of that Isthmus which separates the Saronic and Corinthian gulfs. “Why, Cartaphilus,” said Nero, “should navigators be debarred by this little neck of land, only five miles across, from passing direct from the Ionian into the Egean sea? They are now compelled to sail round the Peloponnesus!—an extreme absurdity this: I will pierce that Isthmus, and teach Greece and the world, that whilst Nero pursues his many pleasures, he has time to conceive and to execute mighty projects, unthought of in all preceding times!”\*

“Thy scheme, O Emperor, is a bold and noble one,” replied I, “and would add largely to thy laurels; and being for ever *useful*, the laurels thus gained would never perish.” “It shall be done; Cartaphilus, it shall be done, and quickly too, on the word of Nero—but, we must to supper!”

On the following day, no time was lost in preparations for the mighty work. Thousands of workmen were soon assembled from all the surrounding provinces. The jails were emptied of their prisoners; and the Jewish captives, more than six thousand, were added not long after.

The undertaking was begun at Lechæum, one of the ports of Corinth; and Nero’s tent was pitched on the shore,—where he

\* In this assertion, either Nero’s vanity made him forgetful, or he may have been ignorant of the fact, that the same wish was expressed long before by others—as by Demetrius Poliochretes—by Periander—by Julius Cæsar, and by Caligula, and finally by Herodes Atticus. Some remains of Nero’s excavations are yet visible.

## Jewish captives—Ascent of the Acrocorinthus.

sung a hymn to Neptune, and to Amphitríte. The Governor of Achaia then presented to the Emperor a golden pick-axe; who, with great solemnity arose, and thrice struck the earth, in the presence of a vast multitude, who rent the air with their acclamations. The Emperor then received a small basket filled with soil; and placing it upon his shoulders, deposited its contents at a convenient distance,—thus stimulating the workmen by his own example—but to a far more arduous and persevering toil on their part! The enterprise was carried on with great spirit during about two months; and yet the only result of their labour was a suitable excavation of not more than four stadia, or about the tenth of the required distance.

**A**mong the labourers I early recognized, and with grief, some of my earliest friends of Jerusalem; and not a few from other parts of Palestine. These had been made captives, during the late and existing conflicts between the Jews and Romans, especially under the procurators Festus, Albinus, and Florus,\* and also more recently, by Vespasian; who, after the destruction of *Taricléa*, sent to Nero no less than 6000 captives.†

My attention was likewise drawn, and with deep sympathy, to the melancholy sight of the philosopher *Rufus*, a knight of high distinction, and several other Romans; who, being banished by Nero to one of the Islands, on account of the Piso conspiracy, were now brought by his command to the Isthmus, and most severely tasked.

**D**uring the progress of that work, the Emperor made an excursion to the summit of the Acrocorinthus, a mountain bordering closely upon Corinth. *They ascend the Acrocorinthus.* Ascending its lofty heights with some toil, Nero and his attendants were graciously welcomed by the priestesses of the beautiful little Temple of Venus, situate upon its extreme summit. From the temple's dome, our view of the extensive prospect before us was truly enchanting. Almost immediately beneath us, the magnificent city (whose patron goddess is Venus) was reposing alongside the limpid waters of the Corinthian gulf—a city then, as always, enlivened with the entrance and departure of a thousand vessels, bearing to and from distant lands the countless commodities of an extensive commerce. Near to this were the myriad of busy labourers toiling in Nero's service, to further enlarge the means of that commerce, which mass of men, from the height we viewed them, seemed but as so many industrious ants, confusedly engaged in some work of comparative insignificance—so *silent* were their labours then to us, and so apparently *small* the field

\* Between the years A. D. 63 and 66.

† In the Autumn of A. D. 67.

## Cartaphilus in Peril.

of their action! In the distance, towards the West, and North, were descried the mountains of Phocis—among which were the snowy tops of Parnassus, towering greatly above their fellows:—then came those of Bœotia,—and on the East were seen in the horizon, those of Attica, encompassed by the lovely blue waters of the Ægean, speckled with their host of islands and islets! Further on, our eyes rested on the summits of the *Hymettus*, and *Pentelicus*, and even on the walls of the *Propylæum*, the *Erechtheum*, the *Parthenon*, the *Pandroseum* and the *Acropolis*—those glories of Athens, all blended into one indistinct mass of shining whiteness! A more ravishing and varied prospect surely never greeted the eager gaze of those loving the sublime and beautiful in nature and in art!

“Hast thou, good Cartaphilus,” said the merry Emperor, “ever seen so goodly a prospect as this, even in all fair Italia—saving always, my Carta, the *near*, not *dis-* *Cartaphilus*  
*offends the*  
*Emperor.*  
*tant*, prospect of the many courses of delicious viands and of sparkling wines that grace our Roman tables?”

A hundred voices promptly snatched, as it were from me, the reply; and responded in flattering admiration the Emperor’s humorous allusion to my, perhaps, too great love of good cheer; and this being continued a short time, seemed to relieve *me*, and as I *wished*, from any further notice of the Emperor’s question.—“Again, Cartaphilus,” continued Nero, “dost perceive the *Biceps*, far to your left, piercing into the very clouds?—We must not shrink from their arduous heights,—poetry and music unite in bidding me thither; and though the ascent of this Acrocorinthus hath, I confess, somewhat jaded me, the *Hyampæa* and the *Tithoria* of Parnassus would receive me, treading their sacred paths with an elastic step!”

Now, though Nero’s boundless vanity had often met my ear and in a thousand forms annoyed me during my long residence at Rome,—yet the love of flattery, in man or woman, I could never endure. I was therefore still less prompt to reply than before; and my very pliant friends again relieved me by their instant and vociferous adulation! The Emperor, at this renewed dulness, or slowness of mine, seemed somewhat disconcerted; and said, (still with apparent good humour, *when he commenced*) “thou seemest not yet to have forgotten *Paul*, or the *Conflagration*, and art too deep in thine own cogitations, to heed thy Emperor!—Thou hast asked permission, most *Bœotian* Cartaphilus, to gratify thy curiosity by visiting for a short time Athens, and other Grecian cities not remote from Corinth.—Go!—but see that, on thy return, thy *good humour* and *thy wits* have returned with thee—or, by Apollo and the Nine, *I’ll put all wit out of thee!*”

These words were as thunder in my ears; for Nero was too



Restoration to favour—Permitted to visit Athens.

well known of me, for a moment to doubt the sincerity of his threat: and though this was the only unkind language I had ever experienced from him, during the more than twelve years of my close association with him, (before and since he came to the throne,) it was quite too sternly uttered, not to disturb me greatly. I saw, at once, that my *dislikes* were in no degree to be indulged towards one so supreme in wickedness, as well as in power; and was therefore quick as lightning, on *this* occasion, with my response—making no allusion, however, to his alarming *threat*—but, with many civil speeches of measured praise, and with much good humour withal, yet with clear avoidance of flattery: for *nolo esse laudator, ne videar adulator*—and no one shall ever say of Cartaphilus *Ut phaleratis dictis ducis me*.

The Emperor, to my great relief, and that of all in company, cheerfully arose, and said, “Well, we must now descend—the bright waters of the Corinthian and Saronic are darkened by the evening shades; and the sun of this glorious day will soon dip his beams behind the lofty Cithæron and the other heights. Come, Cartaphilus, thou shalt go upon thy excursion, and without conditions.” I kissed the Tyrant’s hand—and all was well!

#### SECTION XXI.

##### CHRONICLE OF MY VISIT TO ATHENS.



ON the succeeding day, with the Emperor’s renewed permission, I commenced my short journey,—taking with me my *Strabo*, being myself no great geographer in *Grecian* matters.

Passing through *Tenea*, and thence on the verdant banks of the *Ornea*, I descended through the narrow valley which opens to *Nemæa*. In the vicinity of that ancient city, the hills and rocks and caverns reminded me of the exploit of Hercules; who, according to the legend of very early days, and as the *first* of his Labours, destroyed the fierce lion that infested these wilds—clothed himself in its skin, and was honoured in all after times by the celebration of the famed *Nemæan Games*, in commemoration of that event. In these woods was also shown me a cavern, traditionally held to be the lair of the very beast slain by that hero! After visiting the temple of the *Nemæan Jupiter*, and the noble *Stadium*, I passed from that city to the foot of mount *Apefantus*; then crossed the river *Inachus*, and reached *Argos*, a city built by the *Cyclopeans*, more than nine hundred years before the Trojan War! “Head of Methuselah!” exclaimed I, “but they *have antiquity* in Greece, as well as in Egypt and Palestine! Ever since my residence at

## Argos—Cyclopean Walls—Ruins of Mycenæ.

Rome, I have fighed for something *ancient*—things being there so very *modern* and *fresh*,—and so *changing*, withal, that one scarce can think of his great grand-fire! One third of that vast City hath been newly built, or fashioned since the time of Augustus—and our *Nero* hath lately made such havoc with both, as to leave Rome little to remind one even of its *Commonwealth*, much less of its Kings.” These words were uttered by me to a civil *Argolicus*, whilst he was showing me the buildings of his city, and pointing out, with evident pride, those of its earliest days.

The Cyclopean walls that abound hereabouts, are truly wonderful, and much roused my curiosity, they being still uninjured,—and indeed, as solidly on their foundations, as if newly raised, and yet more aged than Rome are they, by at least seven hundred years!\*

These giant-like people, the Cyclops, were doubtless too good architects to be “*one-eyed*,” as they are fabled to have been! but how much of fable do we find in most that is called history! and therefore do I count them, not one-eyed—but round-eyed, or rather, *bull-eyed*; which, as some tell us, is ever a token of mental, as well as of bodily strength; and both of these seem to have been needed, to accomplish such masterly and massive works as these.†

From the plain of Argos, I crossed the river *Asterion*, and in a few hours reached the ruins, I may say, of *Mycenæ*, just as the sun was withdrawing his beams behind the lofty mountains, to quench them in the deep blue sea.

*Ruins of  
Mycenæ.*

This ancient city, built by Perseus, was much to my mind, as being crowded with the mementoes of almost *Abrahamic* days! It never, however, survived the destruction brought upon it by the *Argives*, nearly six hundred years ago; but there yet remain sufficient proofs of its former power and magnificence—the origin of which is more than as many centuries before the Argives thus dealt with them.‡ I passed into Mycenæ through the “*Gate of*

\* These walls are still in perfect preservation in many places, though nearly 1800 years have elapsed since Cartaphilus visited them—they now being 3,200 years old.

† Various intimations are given in the progress of these Chronicles, from which we learn that Cartaphilus was not ignorant of what we now call Physiognomy and Phrenology; and that our Galls and Spurrheims may have been more indebted to Cartaphilus, *indirectly* at least, than the pride of modern discovery is often ready to admit. But this remark is equally applicable to various other sciences, and especially to the arts—showing to the philosophers of our day that there are really few things entirely “new under the sun!” And yet the moderns, even Cartaphilus would admit, greatly excel all antiquity in the sublime use of ancient principles of philosophy and of art; and wholly excel them, in what may be denominated the “*Georgics*” of the mind, and especially of the heart.

‡ Many remains of Mycenæ are still visible, and nearly in the same condition, as when visited by Cartaphilus.

*the Lions*”—a truly sublime opening, which pierces those Cyclopean walls, as if designed by giants, and for their special use! The lions, of rather primitive workmanship, that grace the pillars of this vast portal, are still in tolerable preservation. Not far from this gate I entered the Mausoleum of king *Atreus*, son of *Pelops*—who being unjustly suspected of the murder of his illegitimate brother *Chrysippus*, the favourite of his father, sought refuge in Argos,—of which he afterwards became king. It is further stated of this *Atreus* that, having invited his legitimate brother *Thyestes* to a splendid feast, he served up to him the flesh of his wife's children, incestuously the offspring of *Thyestes*: and, to assure him of the revolting fact, and thus heighten his own revenge, *Atreus* exhibited to his brother the heads of the murdered children: at which refined cruelty, it is said, the sun receded some degrees in his course through the zodiac! *Atreus* was assassinated, shortly after, by the son of *Thyestes*. This tale (related to me by my loquacious guide, and which, indeed, is traditional) shocked me so much (surrounded as I was at the time by a feeble torchlight, and the sepulchral dampness) that I thought this splendid tomb had been permitted to escape the ordinary ravages of time, only that we might thus learn that He, who caused the great luminary to stand still, sees and knows all our actions; and that, when man becomes so supremely wicked as *Atreus*, the same Almighty Being will also sometimes stop the course even of natural decay, that we may have, as in this tomb, a perpetual memorial of God's signal vengeance against such monstrous deeds! I therefore ascended from these dark chambers, deeply conscience-struck, and glad again to behold the sun's bright rays, left in those gloomy abodes, I should find the tomb of *Atreus* my own,—and the record of his fate fixed upon myself! Remembrance there had brought the bloody scene on Calvary vividly to my view,—and placed me in such agony, as I have never experienced since first I sought *Hinnom's* hideous valley!

On the succeeding day I regained my spirits, sufficiently to visit some other places at *Mycenæ*; and among these, the circular tomb of *Agamemnon*, king of that city, and grand-son of *Atreus*.

As I entered its lofty portal, and surveyed its spacious chamber, nigh thirty and five cubits in diameter, and from thence passed into another of smaller dimension, I eagerly sought for the sarcophagus, that should contain the remains of this illustrious hero of the Trojan war: but neither the receptacle, nor the ashes were to be seen. *Agamemnon*, as I remembered from *Homer*, had murdered his daughter, and stolen the mistress of *Achilles*, and then fell by the hands of his wife, *Clytemnestra*! If then, the Greeks thought him still

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Tomb of Agamemnon—Conscience! Ægina.

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worthy of so great a mausoleum, their Gods seem to have thought otherwise; and have probably changed the sarcophagus into *lime*, and scattered his *ashes* to the twelve winds! And thus is it that, even in this world, men can scarce value on His being *indifferent* to their actions, as all things were created in purity and under law, and hence punishment, in some form or other, seems to follow upon our vices, as do the shadows their substances! What may also come *hereafter* we know not. As I came from this tomb, my mind again reverted to my life at Jerusalem—to my numerous mispent years at Rome, and strongly to Nero's significant threat when on the Acrocorinthus. "Will not the fate of Nero," said I mentally, "be that of Atreus, or of Agamemnon—and will Cartaphilus escape?"

I left Mycenæ soon after: and, as my time might prove very short for all I wished to see, I hastened on through several small towns, until I reached Epidaurus,—there to obtain a passage over the Saronic to ATHENS—that being the great object of my now ardent pursuit.

I delayed not an hour at Epidaurus, believing that, after my panting curiosity as to Athens should be allayed, I should not fail to retrace my steps, and then see in Epidaurus the many things that Fame hath given it, and its vicinity.

Our little vessel destined for the *Piræus*, soon brought us to Ægina; where, as usual, we were happily detained a few hours,—as that Island is not only beautiful, but is adorned with some very magnificent temples, and other buildings. It is about an hundred and eighty furlongs in circumference, and contains several good ports. The town, of the same name, is strongly walled, and embellished with many notable structures of the purest Doric; and the same may be said of its *language*, and of the *manners* of the people—both so extremely chaste.

*Island of  
Ægina.*

In the time of the splendid Pericles, Athens waged a most ruinous war against this naval and flourishing little Island—seized on and destroyed seventy of their Vessels, and put the worthy people to flight. These fugitives from Ægina settled in Peloponnēsus: and though they returned to their lovely Island, shortly after the Spartan, Lyfander, had ruined Athens, they never regained their former standing. In this fertile and beautiful Island, made so by man, not by nature, nearly the first object that ravished my attention was the wonderful Temple of *Jupiter Penhellénus*, said to have been erected to that god by his son Æacus, of the nymph Ægina! It is, however, quite certain that its chaste and natural beauty differs from, and is yet even more truthful than the Attic architecture. The temple is highly decorated on its eastern and western fronts,—the

## Eginétan Remains—Arrival at Athens.

graceful sculptures of which portray the battles of the *Æacidae*, under the protection of *Minerva*.\* And though this splendid temple is constructed of the finest Parian marble, the figures, and all of the rich and deep sculptures, the foliage, vines, and fruits are rendered additionally effective and true, by the *painter's* exquisite skill—in which are found many colours blended according to Nature's most happy combinations.†

Our good vessel, meeting with a favourable breeze, raised her anchor, and, with all sails set towards Athens, bore us proudly into the bosom of her port, the *Piræus*, before the sun had dipped behind the mountains that border upon the western limits of *Epidauria*.

This great City of *Minerva* lies at a small distance, perhaps a hundred and twenty furlongs, from the sea, upon a promontory formed by the junction of the *Cephisus* and the *Ilissus*. Its three harbours—the *Piræus*, *Munichia*, and the *Phalerum*, are situate respectively to each other, as the points of an equilateral triangle—the two former on the sea, the latter so much the more within land. Very massive walls connect the City with its harbours,—of which the *Piræus* is far the greater, and may be regarded, indeed, as one of the wonders of the world.

It is now more than a century and a half since *Sylla* added this long-famed city to the Roman Empire—robbing Athens, at the same time, of the greater part of its extensive libraries, of the splendid columns destined for the Temple of *Jupiter Olympus*, also of many valuable paintings of note, and of much inestimable statuary—transferring them all to the City of Universal Empire!—and yet how little hath Rome profited by them, and how greatly Athens suffered by their loss! But war and plunder have always been close associates; and, if the war be just, such spoils are far more equitable than those gained from private property,—and being selected, moreover, by the victor, because of their rarity in his own country, they ought to, and often do exercise a meliorating influence in the

\* These best of all the remains of the ancient Doric architecture, are still extant in tolerable preservation: and have recently excited much attention. In the year 1812, the King of Bavaria purchased the beautiful sculptures that adorned the fronts of that temple; and employed the great sculptor *Thorwaldsen*, to restore the deficient parts. The work being accomplished, each member of the English and German Association (established in 1811) was presented with a cast of those precious *Æginétan* remains, as repaired by *Thorwaldsen*.

† The painting and gilding of marbles, so abhorrent to our modern notions, were not uncommon, even in the most refined ages of the sculptor's art. The Greeks derived the practice from the Egyptians. The modern conception of all sculptures is so entirely an *abstraction*, as probably will for ever forbid the adoption of these ancient additions—and we hope so.

\* *Circiter*, B. C. 410.

A Meditation—Acropolis—He makes a new Acquaintance.

land whither they are sent. And yet a nation whose vocation is War, is far more apt to become oppressive, and indiscriminately greedy of plunder, than to improve its science and arts and taste by such acquisitions—and that hath ever been too much the case with Rome.

The massive and yet beautiful structures of Athens greatly charmed me—so different from those of Egypt, and of the yet more oriental lands! Had the “UNKNOWN GOD,” to whom the Athenians have raised an altar, been solely worshipped there, instead of the host of deities of their own vain imaginings, it is quite probable that their laws and institutions would have been as eternal, as are their structures; for these seem as if destined to be coeval with time—if, happily, *they shall be left to time alone!* But that Great Being, who rules the destinies of nations, may provide a *destroyer*; and, indeed, often selects wicked instruments for the punishment of the wicked; who, in turn, are immolated by others. And so may it be with Greece, and certainly with victorious Rome!—other nations, now unknown—unthought of, may ere long wrest from the Imperial Empire the sceptre of the Universe it now wields, and level into dust its now proud head! Athens, in turn, if chastened by long adversity, may again triumph,—and Jerusalem, at present so very low, may yet regain a Solomon; yea, a far greater than he, when the true MESSIAS shall appear—and yet the NAZARENE, though now invisible, *seems* to be effecting wonders! Oh, who shall resolve *that* mystery?

Of all places my eye hath ever rested on, none seems as full of the elements of every earthly enjoyment as Athens.

The morning after my arrival there, I sallied forth at an early hour, to see the wonders of the ACROPOLIS.

*A new-made Acquaintance.*

When near the hill's summit, my attention was arrested by an immense multitude, as it pressed into the avenue of the Temple dedicated to Minerva Parthénos. I did not then follow the crowd, though curious to learn the cause of their so early oblations,—for the splendour by which I was surrounded was too absorbing to permit distraction, even from a most gorgeous procession. At that moment I stood before the ivory statue of the Goddess, from the matchless chisel of Phidias; and it had so fixed my gaze of wonder and delight, that an Athenian youth (so sure to venerate age, and to observe hospitality) thus graciously accosted me. “Thou art, possibly, a *stranger* in Athens; and, as I serve in the Temple, freely will I answer thee of any matter thou art curious to know of it, and of other things around us.” So kind an offer was most kindly accepted; and from him I learned the impressive truth that, even from a *youth* at his home, *age* may learn much when abroad. There soon passed by us many who wore upon their head, or garments, a golden *grasshopper*!—and though this Athenian *vanity* was not un-

## The Parthenon.

known to me, it was the more striking when *seen*, and its exact cause explained, when the youth remarked, "this traditional badge of honour all Athenians *claim* to wear, as their undoubted birth-right: and though not constantly worn, all hold it as indicating that *they*, of all Attica, are the most ancient people—*men, who, like grasshoppers, are originally sprung from the very earth they now inhabit!*"\*

The Youth, as a retainer of the Parthenon, was naturally ambitious to show me its glories,—and truly *Minerva's* Temple shames her not; for, saving the Temple of Jerusalem, with its Courts, none other that earth contains doth equal it. In length, it is one hundred, forty and five cubits—in breadth, sixty and seven, and in height, forty and six cubits,—so that, in *dimensions*, it finds not its source of grandeur—its real worth being in its wonderful beauty of design, and of workmanship, as likewise in its vast riches. The chryselephantine statue of the Goddess is splendid beyond the power of words to unfold, not only in finely wrought gold, but in exquisitely chiselled ivory: the weight alone of its precious metal equals forty and four talents of gold; and its ivory dwindles not in like estimation, from its great purity, and its matchless workmanship. The height of the statue is thirty and two cubits; and in elegance, majesty, and grace, it fails not to symbolize all the virtues of that famed deity!†

During the Persian war this great temple was destroyed; but was rebuilt in all its present excellence, by the princely and accomplished Pericles—its illustrious designer being Phidias; and his architects the renowned Ictinus and Callicrates.

"Dost thou perceive that this garment hath been formed with such admirable skill by the great Phidias," said the intelligent youth, "that it may be hastily taken off, either for safe custody, or to pre-

\* The ethnological resources of modern times, as a most important branch of the historical, have taught us that it was not so much vanity, as ignorance in the Greeks, to claim for themselves the appellation of *Autochthones* (that is, sprung from, or indigenous to the soil). The fact was that the *Pelasgi*, or ancient inhabitants of Greece, were themselves emigrants from a very remote land—no doubt India—and that their language was doubtless, the *Sanscrit*; and, further, that the comparatively more recent emigrants into Attica (the Greeks) remained for ever ignorant of their actual Indian or Ethiopian genesis. That the *Nineteenth Century* is far better acquainted with the Hebraic, Abrahamic, Pelasgic, Etruscan, Oscan, Roman, Hyperborean, and other national lineages, than were those people respectively, can scarce be questioned—and this fact will gradually, but abundantly, be shown in the progress of these chronicles.

† The supposed cost of this statue was probably £176,000, or 880,000 dollars in the materials alone; the exquisite workmanship must have very largely added to it; possibly as much more.

## The lesser Panathenais Procession.

serve it from the ravages of war? for, 'tis said that, about three hundred and seventy years ago, that is, about one hundred and fifty years after it came from the hands of its author, it was carried off for a time, by that destroyer of cities, *Demetrius Poliorcetes*. I would also inform thee, Stranger," continued the youth, "that those two figures upon Minerva's shield, (pointing them out to me,) are faithful likenesses of Phidias, and of his distinguished patron, Pericles. The concave side of the shield, as you perceive, represents the battle of the Amazons—and the beautiful sculpture on its convex, that of the Titans. The eyes are of marble, carefully inserted in the ivory, and are so exquisitely painted, with imperishable materials, as perfectly to represent the living eye!—the colours, moreover, have been so made to combine with the stone, as to be equally durable with it!"

My attention was next directed to the little goddess of Victory, about four cubits high, which Minerva holds in her right hand. The materials are likewise ivory and gold, even more elaborately wrought than in the supporting statue. The patron goddess holds a spear in her left hand; her breast is covered with the ægis; and the graceful dragon by her side is said to be connected with the remarkable history of King *Eriethonius*, whose feet are fabled to have been like those of a dragon,—which compelled him to invent a wagon for his conveyance, and to conceal his deformity! After his death, Jupiter, as some say, kindly placed him among the stars, under the name of *Arctophylax*.\*

The Procession then passing into the Parthenon, through the magnificent white marble Propylæum, that forms the entrance to the temple, is called the *Panathenais* procession. It is of high antiquity, in honour of the goddess who presides over the city; and far exceeds all others in variety and splendour. In that procession I beheld hundreds bearing olive branches, (that tree being sacred to Minerva)—these were followed by a long train of virgins and of matrons, of the highest distinction—all in white robes; then came numerous youths in armour, after the same fashion as the Goddess, who presides over War, no less than over Wisdom and Learning; next succeeded a train of gladiators, followed by the Bearer of Minerva's Sacred Garments, composed of white and gold threads, woven with matchless skill by virgins selected for that sole purpose! Next in order were the Flower Bearers, with light baskets upon their heads, filled with the freshest and most beautiful of Flora's

\* This constellation is now more usually known as *Boötes*, or "Charles' Wain," it being one of the twenty-one Northern constellations, of which *Arcturus* is the chief star. Being situate near the *Ursa Major*, and the smaller one, it seems their keeper; and hence Ovid calls *Arctophylax* the *Custos Urse*.



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The Propylæa—Acropolis—Hall of Polygnotus.

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gatherings. Aged men followed, sustaining shields and spears,—after whom came the Peregrini, or Foreigners, also called the Boat-Bearers, with their wives and daughters—the former carrying tiny boats, of beautiful materials, as symbolizing their transmarine or alien origin—and the latter gracefully waving their water-pots, and shading themselves with little umbrellas.

The foregoing are scarce one half, of even the *classes* that formed the ranks of that great procession then entering the Parthenon, with flow and measured step. The ceremonies that ensued lasted during several days; and I deemed myself fortunate in arriving at Athens so near the 20th of their month *Thargéliôn*, as it enabled me to witness so much splendour, even in this their *lesser* Panathenæa! But, to describe the proceedings of these few Panathenæic days would much exceed the designed scope of my hasty travel; as Nero, doubtless, will soon be beckoning me *Corinth-ward*.\*

The PROPYLÆA, so called from the propylæum, or central building, is the first that meets you,—and forms the grand entrance into the peribobus, or area, of all the buildings of the Acropolis. Its approach is first by a gradual ascent, suited for chariots or other wheeled vehicles,—which road, after branching, is continued on each side up to the portico; whilst, from the point of division, where all vehicles stop, the more narrow approaches are formed of several stages of marble steps, until you reach the vestibule the Propylæum.†

On each side of this magnificent structure, and connected with it as wings, are the temple of Wingless Victory, upon the right, and the Hall of Polygnotus, a repository of paintings, upon the left. These are nearly of equal extent; so that the entire front of the three structures, is in beautiful harmony. The whole, indeed, is the pride of Greece, and it may well have cost more than 2000 golden talents, no less from its intrinsic riches, than from the surprising skill and beauty of its colourings, gildings and varied sculp-

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\* Nero left Rome at the end of October; and Cartaphilus seems to have departed for Athens in the month of April following. The 20th of *Thargéliôn* corresponds to about the same time of our month, April,—as the year began with the summer solstice, in the month of *Hecatombæon*, or 21st of our June. Nero, therefore, had been in Greece, at that time, about six months.

† The account here given by Cartaphilus of the approach to the area of the Acropolis, differs from all others we have seen; and would seem to explain the doubt which many entertain, as to whether *carriages* ever passed up to the Propylæum, and into the Acropolis. But, that chariots *did* pass into the peribobus, and in the mode stated above, seems highly probable, especially in connexion with the *greater* Panathenæic, not only from the width of the central intercolumniation, but also from the *reliefs* upon the frieze and pediment of that temple, both of which entirely sanction the statement of Cartaphilus.

## The Erechtheum—The Pandroseum—The Minerva Polias.

tures that dazzle the eye, and rival even Flora's choicest fruits and flowers.\*

The PARTHENON, of white Pentelic marble, shines as the star of Venus, and occupies the loftiest ground of the Acropolis,—for I perceived that the base of its peristyle is on a level with the frieze of the Propylæa! Time will not permit me to dwell upon this glory of all Athens; which, let it suffice to say, is worthy of Minerva, were all the praises that have been bestowed on her by Greeks and Romans strictly true.

Leaving the Parthenon and Propylæa, and walking a little towards the north, scarce more than a hundred cubits, I entered the ERECTHEUM, so named from the temple of Neptune, built by Erechtheus, but which now embraces the *three* temples known as the *Erechtheum*—the *Pandroseum*—and the *Minerva-Polias*, all under the general name of the first, or *The Erechtheum*,—each temple being of the purest white marble, and the first named one of great antiquity, if Erechtheus be its actual founder. According to the popular history of these temples, the *Pandroseum* was raised in honour of *Pandrosos*, daughter of Cecrops, king of Athens, more than sixteen centuries ago! and, as the story goes, Minerva having entrusted a valuable casket to this Pandrosos, and her sisters, Hirsé and Aglauros, the first alone proved worthy of the trust, and resisted the prohibited and fatal curiosity of inspecting its contents!—to commemorate which fact, Minerva erected the Pandroseum close to her own temple—such rare fidelity in woman being regarded even by Minerva as meritorious of the highest honour!

These three temples, that compose the present Erechtheum, though each is of small dimensions, are executed in the most exquisite Ionic taste. Their porticoes, of the chastest caryatides, support friezes and cornices of singular beauty.

Parting from that rich group of buildings, I wandered among the more rocky heights of the Acropolis, and found the *Citadel* a rich depository of treasures, also of the public records, and of those trophies, so dear to every nation, whether essentially peaceful, or warlike. At this spot, moreover, the eye rests at once upon much of the visible glories of the whole city; and not far below me, were seen the many proofs of wealth, of taste, and of luxury, as also the ever varied dwellings and occupations, and means of amusement, of her intelligent people—great even in adversity, and perpetually reminding one of the lustrous days of her renowned Statesmen—philosophers—historians, poets, sculptors, warriors, matrons, and virgins—a *galaxy*, such as no spot on earth, of such small territorial

\* The probable cost of this splendid building would amount to about 22,000,000 dollars—or nearly £4,400,000 sterling!

## The Bronze Statue by Phidias—Mars Hill.

extent, ever yielded a similitude!—and whether equal, or greater things, are ever likely to be again accomplished, *quid dicam hisce incertus sum*, as Terence saith; and with Cicero would I say, they are *res cognitione dignæ*. All human greatness, moreover, seems at this time destined to be cast into *new moulds*,—and as to which those Nazarenes also appear destined to have no small share in fashioning! Strange, and past all divining is this! for, though few, comparatively in number, their work is constant and rapid; and they fear not to contend with the highest powers, and to argue against all known philosophy!—but of this matter, I must no longer think.

Upon the right and left, and near each other, are two beautiful little theatres—the one of Bacchus, and the other, called the Odeon, for music, as the former is for the drama. But my eye was not permitted to rest long upon those distant views and prospects; for the famed *Bronze Statue*, also the labour of Phidias, drew me as mysteriously to it, and as certainly, as doth the loadstone win to its embrace the iron! This little statue was presented to the Acropolis, by the people of Lemnos. Its proportions are so exquisite, that, by way of eminence, it is only known as the “*beautiful statue*.” The kind youth, who still adhered to me, found me at the moment in such deep contemplation of that statue that, at length, he was obliged to awaken me: and from thence we proceeded to the place where the Areopagitæ hold their severe deliberations. My eye was delighted to rest upon those marble seats of the Judges—upon the stations, respectively, of the accusing and of the accused party; where, during so many ages, Athenian justice had been administered. I felt as if upon some holy ground, when descending the noble flight of steps, which leads down from the Hill of Mars—all as solid and eternal as the Hill itself,—the steps being hewn into the massive rock, symbolizing, as it were, that all things in any way connected with the enforcement of justice, should be as enduring as are its immutable Principles!

Taking leave of all this assembled magnificence of the Acropolis, and of all the buildings that encompass the hill, which together form the larger part of the Upper City; I next visited the CATOPOLIS, or Lower City,—in which the objects of most note are *The Temple of the Winds*—*The Poikile*—and *The Street of Monuments*.

The first is an octagonal and narrow tower, of moderate height, erected by *Andromachus Cyrrhestes*, somewhat more than two centuries ago. Each of the four principal sides is opposite to one of the four principal winds; and the others respectively face the four intermediate winds—all of which are distinctly marked by the most expensive sculptures on the frieze of the eight sides, all of which represents the *Seasons* and the *Winds*.

“Dost thou observe Boreas,” said the interesting youth, “he, I mean, who holds a tortuous horn, and seems to blow his Hyperborean winds from the loftiest tops of the remote mountains?—and behold likewise how his airy and fluttering garments appear ready to leave him! And, good Stranger, perceivest thou how *Auster* hath her feet naked, and holds an inverted water-pot, pouring on the parched earth her genial showers? Here is also another, with her lap full of delicious fruits; and further on, you see *Eurus* blowing a vessel along, directly in the course she would be!—and all these, methinks, portray whence come the winds in the heavens, and the seasons as they divide the year.”

The kindness and cleverness of the youth much pleased me: and thanking him warmly, I as cheerfully complied with his wish, and followed his steps into the town; which, as he assured me was remarkable for its interior beauty, and also for a wonderful cleftsydra for the public use. And truly so I found all within,—the roof being formed of marble wrought into massive panels: and the cleftsydra, moreover, was indeed superb, and so contrived as doubtless to make it an accurate measure of time.

We passed from thence, and next visited the POIKILE or Pœcile—an extensive range of marble buildings crowded with paintings, almost wholly of the historical class. *The Poikile.*

As we traced the extensive gallery, the Youth said, “here the followers of ZENO hold their appointed meetings: they, I assure thee, still greatly venerate, and justly, their master’s name, though more than three centuries have elapsed since he lived. In the *Ceramicus* we shall see his monument; which, though firm enough yet, cannot outlive his great fame: for, oh venerable stranger, youth as I am, I find that marble may dissolve, but such a lustrous name as Zeno’s must be eternal. Forty and eight years did the great Zeno publicly teach in this *Poikile Stoá*,—and such was his temperance in all things, that he never knew disease, until the gods—or rather *God* removed him quietly, in the ninety-eighth year of his age?”

The manner of my young friend, and especially his last remark, won him greatly to me; and awakened in my heart some sensations that had slumbered there many years. “And why wouldst thou rather say ‘God,’ than ‘the gods?’” asked I—but, as the youth seemed alarmed at my question, and evidently preferred silence on that matter, I urged it no further, though my curiosity was indeed great. “But these *paintings* of Meicon, of Polygnotus, of Parnophilus, and others, delight me much,” continued the Youth, “and surely will *thee*, as all the great and learned frequent this Portico, to view them: but I must show thee the great battle at Marathon, as also that between the renowned Theseus and the Amazons—nor must we pass by the famous Shields of the Lacedæmonians, and of

## The Pnyx—Rostrum—Street of Tripods.

the Thracians." I again earnestly thanked my kind friend, though in truth my heart was sufficiently set upon them all, before I had entered the Poikile, as they have had a wide and enduring fame: but still, the Youth's unintentional allusion to a God, instead of many, and his desire to conceal the reason, made me very thoughtful: the paintings moreover, were quite too numerous for present examination—they were but glanced over, and hours were now as days with me, as Nero's commands would brook no delay beyond the assigned time. We therefore hastened to other objects elsewhere.

**W**e soon arrived at the PNYX, an extensive and massive structure, a short distance from the Areopagus; to which *The Pnyx.* it is in some degree akin, as to the uses to which it is almost daily appropriated. The foundations of the Pnyx are also upon the natural rock, and seemly is it so; for the place in which the Athenian people deliberate respecting all their means of happiness—where they so cautiously argue, approve, or reject the counsels of wisdom, or of folly, should indeed be founded upon a rock, alike to symbolize that their principles shall never prove faithless.

**I**n this kind of musing upon the Pnyx and its great uses, I was detained a while in silent meditation; when, losing *The Rostrum.* sight of my youthful guide, I feared I had pained him by my question as to his evident doubt touching a plurality of gods: but, after a little quiet search, I found him at a small distance from the Pnyx, reposing in the ROSTRUM—a marble structure, from which the orators of every kind are accustomed to address the people; and near to which are the Scribes, and the places for those officers, whose province it is to preserve silence, and to proclaim the decision of the assembled multitude. I was likewise struck with the *niches*, in which those having requests to make of the people, are accustomed to deposit their petitions.

**A**s I approached the Rostrum, the Youth (with all that Athenian deference to age, that so awakens respect even in the Barbarians) promptly arose, and courteously invited me to occupy the seat. I did so; but only sufficiently long to muse on that hallowed spot, where the renowned men of Athens, during so many ages have been wont to *reason* with the people—or to *charm*, and sometimes to *terrify* them to deeds of valour, or of honour,—but so seldom to the reverse of either.

**L**eaving this, we next examined some of those numerous monuments raised to the memory of their celebrated men, *The Street of the Tripods.* which together form an entire avenue of mausoleums, of cenotaphs, and of tombs, of surpassing beauty, and all of great interest. How true is it that "all flesh is grass!" and that virtue alone is immortal—that riches take wings—the happy die, as well as the wretched—all, all may perish and be forgotten: but

## Monuments to Pericles and to Lyficates—The Choragi.

virtuous fame lives for ever ; and scarce can ever need the proud mausoleum : for marbles may waste away, or be destroyed ; but a good name perisheth not ! Who, that hath a heart, can survey this long street of tombs, and not sigh for that visible token of a grateful country, which these monuments proclaim—and yet more for that *traditional* renown of virtue, that some possess, and which is far more enduring than any sculptured mementoes, however solid and gorgeous they may be ? These tombs and cenotaphs are as many in form and size, and in decoration, as the various taste and skill, or fancy of the numerous sculptors of different ages, necessarily would make them. Here, was the massive and splendid mausoleum—there, the chaste tomb, or the more modest cenotaph ; and here again, the unobtrusive tablet. The monument to *Pericles*, and also that to *Theseus*, are, as they should be, truly magnificent : and, of the smaller class, that of *Lyficates* is chaste and extremely graceful. This, as well as others, and also many small temples, are all called *Choragic*, owing to the fact that the Choragi of their theatres, especially that of Bacchus, dedicated to that deity all the tripods awarded to them at various times—which tripods, when collected, were placed upon the *finials* of these monuments and temples. This circumstance has occasioned the avenue of tombs, &c. to be also called the Street of Tripods.

The monument of Lyficates was erected about four hundred years ago ; and is of the richest Corinthian order, in which every appropriate embellishment is found. The whole is of Pentelic marble—is *solid* throughout, and consists of a quadrangular and lofty base, with a circular shaft of the temple-form, the intercolumniations of the six columns being closed, but so as to leave the columns in high relief, to the extent of quite one half their diameter. These support a gorgeous entablature, upon which reposes a solid cupola,—the highly ornamented and imbricated roof of which is terminated by a *florid* ornament of exceeding richness ; and in the centre of which stands a magnificent tripod.

We both gazed upon this beautiful object, until admonished that the shades of night were coming on,—for the deeply carved capitals, and the frieze, so absorbed the remaining feeble light, as scarcely permitted them to be longer visible.\*

With the exception of a very slight repast of fruits and wines in the early morning, we both had fasted till night, so, bestowing

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\* This monument of Lyficates, strangely called by some the “Lantern of Demosthenes,” still remains to delight the traveller, though greatly shorn of its beauties by time and accident, and also by some barbaric mutilations. It never could have been the museum or study of that great orator, nor of any one,—being solid, or wholly destitute of a cavity.

## The Youth ALCÆUS—The Theseion.

upon my young friend a kind *sic te Superis commendo*, we parted; and, as I thought, never to meet again—he to his home, near the Acropolis, and I to my taberna, near the gate leading to the Piræus.

On the following day, and for three more, I wandered much at random, observing the places and things of most note beyond the city walls. Much did I regret being without the aid of my amiable and sensible guide, who had so greatly assisted me at first; and finding myself, at length, so much an alien here, (having failed to bring with me a single letter to connect me with the powerful name of Nero) I resolved to search for my only acquaintance, hoping to meet the kind boy somewhere near the Propylæa,—and in this I was not mistaken:—he was delighted to see me, was much regretful at my not naming my abode, and gave me as his name ALCÆUS. He readily accompanied me at once to the Temple of Theseus; which, though small, is the chastest of all the Athenian temples, being of the purest Doric. It much resembles, however, the Parthenon in its outlines, of which it is about half the size.

The high respect in which THESEUS is still held by the Athenians, though more than ten centuries have passed since he was king of Athens, is shown by the festivities and games yet celebrated in honour of that hero. The Theseion is of white marble. Its two fronts are graced with a portico, each of six fluted Doric columns; and its sides have each *eleven* columns—an uneven number ever being characteristic of Grecian temples. These repose upon the pavement, without any pedestal or base. The triangular pediment in front, and the frieze all around, are decorated with the most exquisite reliefs; whilst upon the ten metopes of the eastern front, are represented the labours of Hercules, also upon some of the metopes of the two sides are delineated with equal beauty, the labours of Theseus; and the figures upon the frieze depict the wonderful achievements of that heroic son of Ægeus, in his famous combat with the Centaurs!

This beautiful memorial to his fame was erected about 530 years ago, by Cimon, son of Miltiades, himself an illustrious hero—a princely liver, and munificent patron of the arts. Strange! that centuries should have mingled their years with eternity, and no atonement made for a nation's ingratitude to Theseus. At length (as 'twas said) the ever patriotic *Spirit* of that long deceased hero, was seen fully armed upon the plains of Marathon, scattering to all the winds his country's enemies!—and only then was it, that the Doric Oracle decreed that his ashes should be sought after, and receive the highest funereal honours,—which service was performed

## The Prytaneum—The Gymnasium—Palæstra.

by Cimon; who happily found at Scyros the remains, and the armour of the long neglected Theseus, and brought them to Athens; whereupon all Greece united in doing them every honour.\*

Alcæus now urged that we should proceed forthwith to the Temple of the Olympian Jove; it being his pride to show it to me, as the most superb of all the Athenian buildings; but, as we were then in the northern part of the city, and the famed temple was more in the way of my return home, he yielded to my intimations; and the morning was spent in examining many other objects of interest, but of far less note.

A few minutes brought us to the Prytaneum, an extensive Hall of the Senate-House, in which are convened the Prytanic Magistrates, who are of the most exalted *The Prytaneum.* dignity. They assemble the Senate—preside over its deliberations—give audiences to distinguished persons—offer sacrifices in their splendid Hall—and direct the order of such public feasts, as are given in honour of such as have faithfully served the country. It has ever been considered at Athens as a mark of signal honour, to possess the privilege of eating in the Prytaneum; for its officers being chosen wholly from senators, in the order of the twelve Tribes of Athens, each presiding one month, they live freely at the public charge during that period.

Under the guidance of my good Alcæus, I entered the Great Gymnasium,—for, there are many that have assumed the name. This is a very extensive building—or *The Gymnasium.* rather series of buildings and of grounds, associated for distinct purposes, and fitted to accommodate many thousand persons. That part in which the philosophers, rhetoricians, and the poets are accustomed to recite their compositions is, perhaps at this time, more peculiarly called the Gymnasium; the other, in which the physical education of the Athenians forms the main object, has taken the name of *Palæstra*—the exact reverse of what their names should now be; for it is certain that, originally there was no other name than the former,—as indicating a place for physical exercises alone; and this also appears from the root of the word—*gymnos*, *nudus*—which sufficiently imports that the Gymnasium was for physical, and not for mental instruction, as now is the case. But, after the philosophers began to *lecture* there, the Hall in which

\* The *Theseion* is yet in tolerable preservation, in all of its solid parts, though some are said to be comparatively modern repairs. The designs of the sculptured decorations, are still perfectly known, though greatly injured. Those of the interior frieze, however, have been much more fortunate. The temple measures but 104 feet by 45 feet; and was erected B.C. 465, about 25 years earlier than the Parthenon.



they taught retained its name ; but the place, then assigned for the wrestlers, the dancers, leapers, riders, &c. gradually assumed the distinctive name of the Palæstra,—so that the present suitability of the original name to the teachings of the philosophers, can be, as I suppose, only in a metaphorical sense—the Gymnasium being a place where *naked truth* alone is taught !

**I**n the Gymnasium I found many beautiful statues, paintings, sculptures, altars, &c. representative of various matters in war, religion, history, philosophy, and in fine, illustrative of all that may highly embellish the Athenian youth, as well as the general people.

**W**hilst walking in the many spacious apartments of the Gymnasium, I soon perceived that Alcæus was far more *The Academy.* interested in the instructions there given, than in the wonderful exercises of the Palæstra, or than in any thing he had yet pointed out to me. I therefore readily yielded to his desire that we should visit the similar institutions named by him—as the Academy—the Lyceum—and the Cynosarges,—all of which are specially dedicated to mental instructions ; though the exercises of the palæstra are occasionally found in each.

**T**he ACADEMY lies without the walls, a few stadia north of where we last were ; and is connected with the *Ceramicus*. After wandering a while in the shady groves of the Academy, observing its beautiful limpid streams, its many couches placed beneath the trees of closest foliage, and in which the plebeian and student, no less than the philosopher and idler, were seen reposing in undisturbed quietude,—I sighed deeply and involuntarily at the recollection of the many years wasted by me at Rome ; and especially at the remembrance of my Neronian dissipations. Oh, who can gather up the minute fragments of spilled time !—are they not devoured instantly by the insatiate son of Cœlus, who, after once granting the blessed boon, thus regains it, never more to be returned to man, however much he laments its abused use, and resolves thenceforth to nourish it ? Oh yes ! the pure waters of heaven may be spurned, and dashed upon the foul earth—they may pass through caverns and into streams and rivers, and even into the fathomless ocean ; but they reach the skies again, and seek ungrateful man every where, yea, a thousand times, in plenteous and fructifying showers—but not so, even once, of Time,—*that*, cast off, returns to man no more, and is for ever lost ! ETERNITY hath no ages, nor years, nor days, nor even moments—but TIME is formed of moments only,—which, passing from us into the ocean of indivisible duration, no realms, nor diadems, nor deep sorrow can buy them back, nor even mitigate their loss ! Oh Man ! thou shouldst bind this truth upon thy forehead, and hem it as a phylactery upon thy garments, and cherish it within thy heart—for, all

## A Musing—Apostrophe to Plato.

other truths neglected, have their appropriate cures—this hath none ! \*

Seated with Alcæus under a lofty tree, the stream near me then gently whispering to its Nymphs some language denied to man to know, I mused upon the scene around us—upon that sacred spot where man's supremest intelligence has so long and brightly shone—upon that spot which holy prophets never saw, but which yet is illustrious by the best use of time ever made by fallible and unassisted man—upon that little spot, though not knowing Abraham's God even by name, hath often been more faithful to His Spirit, and to the "Unknown God," (either of their own imagination, or coming to them by some whispering *tradition*) than ungrateful Israel hath often been, though so highly favoured by Prophets, and teachings without number ! In these Academic shades, so nearly *holy*, I mused with intense thought, on all I saw and heard—upon Athens and her doings through a succession of ages—upon her historians, orators, poets, artists, and philosophers—upon her morals, her religion, her priesthood, and upon her general exemption from the extremes of wickedness among other people : and oh, how humbled as an *Israelite* was I (and for the first time in all my days) at the melancholy, but irresistible fact, that God's peculiar people—they alone who possessed the true Faith—they alone to whom the Shekinah, with Urim and Thummim were imparted, should have been in almost every age so grossly rebellious ; and that they at this very hour, are among the most degraded and wicked of all the nations !

Such were the meditations that rushed through my agitated mind, and caused the gentle Alcæus to gaze upon me with wonder, and then strive to amuse me with his intelligent and sprightly converse. "Ah, my Alcæus," said I, "thy kindness is indeed very soothing to me ; but *thought* must have its course—the soul *thinks* as necessarily, as the machine *moves* when set in motion : go, for a time, my gentle youth, and amuse thyself." He cheerfully complied ; and for an half hour, my soul was vexed by the same train of uncontrollable meditation,—until, happily, the law of mental association, and the scene so near me, brought the divine PLATO fully to my view. "Here," said I musingly to myself, "was it that the greatest of all the philosophers taught that

*Apostrophe  
to Plato.*

\* How slow to realize his actual destiny Cartaphilus was, or disposed to become oblivious of it, is seen in this meditation : for 'tis obvious this was the repining only of one conscious of age—looking towards the grave, and musing upon life, and upon time, as other men of years are wont to do, when roused by circumstances to lament the past, and to regard the future as uncertain and fleeting ! How he contemplated life and time in after ages, when his destiny had been more fully revealed to him, will not be anticipated.

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Apostrophe to Plato—The Lycæum.

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deep and mystic wisdom, uttered by no other mortal of the Gentile world! Whence came it, and why did it come! Was it the destined light—or rather the destined *dawn*, that shall prepare the way to the heathen world, for a far brighter light? Is it a silent revelation, through the mere enlargement of human powers, and without the dignity and authority of divine annunciation, though still intended to gradually win the mind to deeper and more potent truths, which the Gentile soul was then unable fully to endure? It may be so: and doubtless, the Philosophy of that great Master hath exercised upon the Athenian soul, and on the mind of all the people it hath reached in other lands, a salutary influence—harmonizing with Israel's thought, as it was in her purer days,—and likewise well suited to lead the heathen world to the more exalted faith of Abraham!"

"Here, close by me, is the *Ceramicus*; and there was this divine Plato buried: the Inscription, just read by me, proclaims the great merit, the wonderful mind, and the devoted love of virtue that marked his life, and the lasting affection of those who witnessed it all. It seems, moreover, that this delightful old man was gently wafted to the skies: for, when surrounded by his friends, even at the wedding feast of youthful lovers, he gave out his last soft breath! Yes, thou greatest of all the philosophers! thy broad forehead and ample chest truly proclaimed the expansive mind that dwelt within thee—and rightly did they change thy name from *Aristocles* to that of PLATO, more that they might thereby set forth thy vast *mental* powers, than those of thy admirable *body*, great as they also were. O, wonderful and excellent Plato! no marvel is it that Athens gloried in thee, and that my countryman, the great PHILO, late of Alexandria, loved thy memory so well, and did thee and thy philosophy such continued homage—for, next to Israel's Scriptures, Philo regarded Plato's philosophy as the closest approximation to heavenly wisdom."

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But such musings suited not the brief time allotted me here in Athens: and arousing myself, I summoned Alcæus to me: we met each other with more cheerful countenances:—and then taking another glance at all things in the Academy, we silently departed from its lovely groves—where 'tis offence in any one to do ought than look, or muse, or quietly to teach—all unnecessary speech, or laughter being utterly unknown therein.

We next visited the Lycæum; and almost with equal delight; for it was there that ARISTOTLE had taught. Situate *The Lycæum.* upon the banks of the Ilissus, it affords a most salubrious air, refreshing shades, and enchanting walks. Here was it that

## The Peripathon—Cynofarges—Cynic Philosophers.

the philosophic pupils of the Stagirite conversed on things divine and human,—taking no *seat*, but continually *walking*, that the body's action might yield renewed life and spring to the long exerted energies of mind!

As we coursed over the same Peripathon, in which that illustrious scholar of Plato had taught his master's, but more specially his own peculiar views,—and, upon recalling to my mind the admirable writings of Aristotle, I could not fail to remember, and with some surprise and contempt, the little estimation that Romans have yielded to them: for Tiberius and Caligula would scarce permit the philosopher's few admirers there to utter a word of his philosophy; or indeed, that of any foreign growth! And well do I remember that my master Claudius was of the same mind; and that even my Nero presumed to follow the like fashion! Strange, that the teacher of the great Alexander—he whose writings are as extensive and varied and deep as all nature, and whom Plato regarded as the crowning excellency of his school,—so that, when Aristotle was absent, he was used to say, "*Intellect is not here!*"—Strange! I say, is it that our emperors perceive not the value of such writings, and would banish those who strive to enlighten the people, by the soul-enlarging wisdom of such a man as Aristotle! But the secret truly is, that our Cicero and Seneca may be read and understood with ease; but Plato and Aristotle need more study, than suits their indolence—as the diamond, to yield its lustre, needs more toil than other precious stones: and what those Roman emperors fail themselves to master, they seem unwilling others should better know!

Retiring from that delightful spot, we soon reached the Cynofarges. It is situate in a small village of that name, close to the city. Here is a temple dedicated to Apollo—also a gymnasium, in which the Cynic philosophers of old held their school, founded more than four and a half centuries ago by Antisthènes. These *Cynics*, to my Sadducean education, seem the most absurd of all the numerous sects, who ever claimed philosophy as their own. As far as they are haters of vice and lovers of virtue, the Cynics truly are wise; but their mode of avoiding the one, and of obtaining the other, is no way to my mind of liking; for a torturing abstinence neither exorcises Beelzebul, nor wins grace from the skies. Doubtless, there are more vitality and strength in moderate abstinence, than in pampering of the body; but, to impoverish and waste the flesh, and torture the tabernacle, in hope of thereby invigorating its informing soul, is to violate nature, and set at nought the suggestions of Him, who created all things in matchless excellence for man's use. As for that Antisthènes, the founder of the sect, history and tradition have told us of his zeal in making profelytes, and how he obtained so many: but we also know

## The Jew sighs for Jerusalem—The Youth Alcæus.

that success is no sure proof of wisdom in master or in pupil; for few things are so monstrously absurd as not to be adopted by thousands, if eloquently taught, rigidly practised, and mysteriously set forth: and what will not man endure through vanity, and the flattering ambition of becoming popular and conspicuous! Well did the wise Plato say to this misguided disciple of the great Socrates—*"I see thy vanity through the holes of thy tattered garments!"* for this teacher of morals, in such close alliance with physical misery, was often seen at the Cynosarges, and at Athens, with a wallet upon his back, and with a staff in his hand, playing the part of a wretched mendicant!

These Cynics of the Gentiles are as loathing to me, as even those of my own country: for we, too, among the Pharisees, have many of this class,—men who would win Heaven's favour by a mere exterior holiness—by a tangible and visible religion, to be put on or off, as we change our habiliments—or, by the most disgusting expiations, ascetically tormenting the outward man, to cure the soul's diseases! And yet, little do I doubt that, if one should meet here in Athens, as well as at Jerusalem, an oppressor of the poor—a deceitful, hollow-hearted pretender to excessive holiness, *that* man is more apt to be of the Cynics in the one place, and of the Pharisees in the other, than of the Epicureans, or Sadducees of either. Doubtless, the two latter, of both cities, are too often given to sensual indulgence, alike ruinous to body and soul; but he alone is truly wise in this regard, who, looking upon all nature, sees it full of the richest gifts to man—all for use freely—none for abuse.

But the life I have so long led with my Nero, and the rest, doth frown upon all this sage philosophy! I know it well; for, *habeo conscientiam mille peccatorum moribus quasi stimulis vulneratam*—and therefore do I begin to sigh for Jerusalem once more—oh yes, for

*Cartaphilus  
sighs for Jeru-  
salem.*

that still beloved city of my innocent but wretched childhood, and of my guilty manhood. I now long for the sacred mountains and lovely valleys of Judea—for the green banks of the Kedron, the heights of Olivet and of Gihon,—ah, even for the smoking plains of Hinnom! Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! who can forget thee?—can the youth forget his first love, or the maiden her mother's tenderness?—surely no. Seas have separated me from thee—years have blanched my locks—new friends, and other habits and thoughts have occupied me,—but still I cling to thee, oh my country!—for no *other* can ever be truly mine—none in which my bones in repose would lie. \* \* \* \* \*

*The youth  
Alcæus.*

Such were the thoughts that flitted rapidly through my mind, when slowly wandering in the Cynosarges. Alcæus, who had keenly observed my silence, and that my

## The Youth Alcæus.

mufings had much agitated me, suddenly and to my great furprife, thus accofted me. "Haft thou, O venerable Cartaphilus, ever feen, or heard of thofe people called Nazarenes by fome, and Chriftians by others?"

The queftion, in my then ftate, greatly difturbed me; and the more fo, as the anxious looks of Alcæus feemed earneftly to feek a reply. "Yes, my young friend; in early life I knew much of thofe wonderful people,—concerning whom my opinions have been very fitful—but the older I grow, the more favourable are they becoming in my eyes." "Oh, I am glad of that," quickly added Alcæus, bowing himfelf to the earth, "thanks then, thanks to Jupiter, whofe name is but another for the Supreme God of Abraham, if I find in thee a Chriftian! for truly my heart is weary of the fervices in our Temple; and my foul hath panted after fome one to teach me the wonders of this new religion—and from thy looks, I thought thee a Jew, and from thy *kindnefs*, probably a Chriftian."

"Now comes it, my good Alcæus, mildly rejoined I, that *thou*, a youth of Athens, and daily occupied in the fervices of Minerva, thy tutelar goddefs, haft aught heard of that obfcure feft? Much have I feen and heard of them in Paleftine—likewife of their progrefs at Antioch, and other places: but, having left Jerufalem more than twenty years ago, my acquaintance with them fince hath been very fmall—fave that Nero hath much favoured their *perfe- cution*, of late, at Rome, and fomewhat even in the provinces. Here, in Athens, the moft refined of cities, I little thought to find thefe poor and unoffending Nazarenes—efpecially in the very courts of her greateft temple!"

"O that I knew much more of thofe humble people!" exclaimed Alcæus, with great animation, "a few are indeed to be found here,—but only as a pinch of faffron in an amphora of water!—but they are ftill diftinctly and beautifully vifible: yet of *perfe- cution* I have heard nothing. My parents, now both dead, were Chriftians:—no brother nor fifter have I; and my own means flow alone from my daily exertions in the Temple. My humble fituation, not inclination, forced me into Minerva's fervice: and though, when my parents adopted that new religion, I was fcarce eight years old: well do I remember the thrilling accounts my mother often gave of the preaching of one Saul, a noted Nazarene, whom Heaven, in a dazzling light, had fummoned as its meffenger to diftant nations—and alfo, how my father would often fpeak with tears, of the crucifixion of one whom they called Meffiah, and whom my parents regarded as the holieft man the world hath ever known—far greater in virtue than even Socrates, or any among the wifeft of our philofophers! My father alfo fpoke much of the

## The Youth Alcæus.

One Unknown God, who, in form of Messiah, had appeared among men, for a short time in Jerusalem,—where, for ages, there had been a great temple erected to his name—that this Holy Being, under man's likeness endured a most cruel death of his own will, and then triumphed over the grave and his enemies—and then ascended to the skies!—and finally, that all persons of whatever country, who believe in that Messiah, and observe his laws, will also sur vive the grave, and become for ever happy in the skies! These matters have I deeply pondered: and it hath constantly, since that time, appeared to me most strange, that men should fashion with their own hands images of gold or silver, of ivory or marble—yea, even of painted wood, and then fear or love *them*, and, as if to real gods, fall down and worship them!”

“**W**hat thou sayest, my gentle Alcæus,” replied I, “is indeed most true; and the folly of such is extreme, seeing that they who make such gods with great care, may, with still greater ease, unmake and utterly destroy them. Greatly do I love thy inquiring spirit; and, at a more convenient season will I speak of these matters, which my now disturbed mind forbids at present. Let us, then, hasten homeward.”

**A**lcæus thoughtfully accepted my arm, and accompanied me to my door,—promising to be with me early on the following day, that together we might examine the famed temple of Jupiter Olympius; which again had been passed over, though Alcæus by no means had forgotten it. At parting for the night, my feelings suddenly prompted me to delay the youth for a moment. “Alcæus! my heart is greatly warmed towards thee,” exclaimed I. “In a few days more I must leave Athens and thee, perhaps for ever. But, good youth, should inclination prompt thee to accompany me to Rome, and shortly after to Jerusalem, I will be to thee a father—for children I have none, and thou art parentless.” Alcæus pressed my hands, bathed them in tears, and with a voice that sank in feeling, whispered that he had but few ties to bind him to Athens—that my too generous offer would not be now accepted, but that, in a month hence, he would meet me in Rome, should my own mind continue in the same way,—and thus we parted till the morrow.

**T**he new light in which I now viewed Alcæus—the casual incident that brought me to his acquaintance—the fact that the only mortal I knew in all Athens, should be more than half a *christian*—the manner in which that was revealed to me, and finally that our hearts seemed to yearn towards each other, almost from the moment we met near the Propylæum, all appeared as links in destiny's chain, or as little else than miraculous,—and continued to occupy my thoughts till we met again.

**A**t the appointed hour of the next morning, Alcæus was with

## The Youth Alcæus.

me; and with a more beaming countenance than I yet had witnessed in him. Without thinking of the splendid temple, and other objects we were about to visit, he proceeded at once to inform me of the cause of his joy and hurried bearing. "Soon after I left thee, O venerated Cartaphilus!" said he, "I was rejoiced to learn of the safe return from Egypt of DIONYSIUS, late of the Areopagus; and of his wife DAMARIS, both converts, at the time Saul preached on Mars' Hill. During their long absence in distant lands, I had no one to consult: they had been the kindest patrons to my father; and before they left Athens, they were in like manner most kind to me, a poor orphan, scarce ten years old; and would have taken me with them, but that my tender years, and education not half complete, equally forbade it. They are now back again: and I must hasten to see them. Now, as the temple we seek is close at hand, and the other objects yet unseen of thee may easily be found, I have come to pray thy excuse, if, this day till sunset, I am with Dionysius—but after sunset, I will be surely with thee."

"My dear Alcæus," I hastened to say, "my delight is great that thy valued friends have come; especially as thou mayest now act advisedly, and counsel with them slowly, as to thine abandoning Athens. It may be that Judea is now in too disturbed a state for thee to accompany me there—also, it may be, that Nero will not listen to my early leaving Rome; but, dear Youth, there is still a much stronger reason that may weigh powerfully with Dionysius and thee—I am no Christian!"

Alcæus looked at me with the deepest emotion and surprise. "From thy being a Jew," said he, "and from thy seeming approval of what I uttered respecting the Nazarenes—but above all, from thy great *kindness*, I judged thee one: but, honoured Cartaphilus! whether now so, or not, I believe thou *wilt* be one; and, if Dionysius approve, and thy mind still be the same, I will follow thee to Rome, early after thine arrival there—after which, my life shall be dedicated to thee and thy happiness, any where,—so far as a faithful love towards thee can make me useful."

"Excellent Youth!" exclaimed I, taking Alcæus in my arms, "it now seems we are indeed destined long to be friends—my heart is thine—thou shalt be to me a son, and I to thee a father. I design for thee a peaceful residence at Pella, not remote from Jerusalem, until I am quit of Nero—there to be under charge of some valued friends: for, I am sure the pious Eben Ezra, and Priscilla his admirable wife, as likewise his daughter Rebecca—the glory of all Hebrew women, will receive thee, for my sake, most kindly—and for thy own *Faith's* sake, with rapture,—for they all are Christians. My wealth is ample: I am, as I told thee, childless—and so probably shall ever be."



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 Temple of The Olympian Jupiter.
 

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**A**lcæus kissed my hand, and we parted—he, to the most distinguished among the Athenian christians—I, to explore the wonders of the Temple of the supreme among the Gentile gods.

**A** few minutes' walk brought me to the long famed Temple of Jupiter Olympius, a building of surprising grandeur; which yet is in an unfinished state, though more has been expended upon it through many centuries, than upon any other in all Athens! As Jupiter is regarded as father and ruler of gods and men, and worshipped as such by Greeks and Romans, under no less than sixteen names, and in the rest of the world under, perhaps, three hundred more, his temples, and their ceremonials are magnificent beyond all others, and are peculiarly solemn.

**T**he fluted Corinthian columns that grace the exterior of this splendid structure, are forty cubits high, four in diameter, and one hundred and twenty four in number. Its great extent, at least for a Grecian temple, (for theirs compare not, in dimensions, with those of the Egyptians,) may be judged of from the interior circumference, which is just seven hundred cubits.\*

**O**n each side are forty, and on each front are twenty and two columns—the former *dipteral*, and the latter *tripteral* disposed,—the whole dipteral colonnade sustaining an architrave of massive blocks of the purest marble; and in vastness these blocks resemble those of our Holy Temple at Jerusalem.

**T**his beautiful edifice (erected to the same God, worshipped in Egypt under the name of *Osiris*; by the Babylonians as *Belus*; by the Africans as *Ammon*; by the Greeks as *Jupiter*—and by the Jews as **JAH**, or **JEHOVAH**) was probably commenced in the time of Pisistratus, nearly six centuries ago,—though even a much earlier origin is by some given to it, who fabulously attribute it to Deucalion! Certain it is, however, that Pisistratus employed upon it four renowned architects; whose names are given as *Antimachides*—*Porinus*—*Antistates*, and *Callæschrus*; and that it continued in a very unfinished condition fully three and a half centuries—when the Syrian king Epiphanes (so infamous as the oppressor of the Jews) added largely to it, under the direction of the Roman architect *Cosuntius*—the naos, or central chamber, and the dipteral colonnade, with the beautiful entablatures, being executed by him: and lastly, after an interval of nearly one hundred and seventy years, the Emperor Augustus, and his allies, greatly embellished it

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\* It is obvious that the wonders, magnificence, and great cost of this temple were mainly owing to the materials and exquisite workmanship; and in no great degree to its extent,—as 700 cubits amount to only 1050 feet—a very inconsiderable even interior circumference, compared with many modern structures.

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Temple of Triptolemus—Legend of Ceres.

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—but, about eighty years before this, Sylla (after his successful siege of Athens) removed many of its splendid columns to Rome, and added them to the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter.\*

Being without the walls, I failed not to visit the little Ionic temple, on the southern bank of the Ilissus, not far from the fountain of Callirrhoe. Though very small, <sup>Temple of Triptolemus.</sup> this amphiprostyle temple is wonderfully imposing and beautiful,—the reliefs in the frieze telling its story with great clearness, and their execution belonging evidently to the proudest days of the Grecian arts. To whom dedicated I could not learn: but Alcæus afterwards informed me that it is probably the temple of Triptolemus; and yet, who this Triptolemus was is now most doubtful—such being often the treachery of history, and the perishable nature of even traditional fame! As to the fable of his being the son of Celeus, king of Attica, who so hospitably entreated Ceres when in search of her daughter, and in gratitude for which she received the infant son of Triptolemus—fed him on her own milk, and by means of fire, utterly destroyed the *mortality* he had received from his parents, it is surely as little worthy of belief, as any of the thousand other tales that fully the early history of most nations; and whether he ever existed, or Ceres be its founder, let no one conjecture. But though a deep mist may hang upon its history, none clouds its own chaste beauty. The four Ionic fluted columns sustain a frieze enlivened with the chastest figures, and an equally ornamented pediment; whilst the interior even exceeds the fair promise given by its outward graces.†

\* Nearly fifty-six years after this visit of Cartaphilus to Athens, it is recorded by him that the temple of Jupiter Olympius was finished by the emperor Hadrian. At present, it is a total ruin; little of which remains beyond sixteen mutilated columns, out of the one hundred and twenty-four, together with portions of the entablatures.

† The doubt here expressed by Cartaphilus as to this temple being *founded* by Triptolemus, from his rejection of the idle tales of tradition respecting Ceres, and Triptolemus, seems a departure from our Wanderer's usual sound judgment: the fables may well be discarded, and yet the great antiquity of the temple—the long tradition as to some connexion between Ceres, the patroness of agriculture, and Triptolemus, (who is said to have done so much in that way for Attica), render the founding of such a temple by him, rather than the goddess, sufficiently probable, to forbid the cold rejection of that portion of the tradition that respects the human,—especially as it is also quite probable that the ornaments of the frieze sustained that tradition; and Cartaphilus admits that the frieze told its story with clearness. The whole tale of *Ceres*, so fancifully told by the mythologists, is, indeed, quite instinct with fable: but tradition has not only assigned that temple to Ceres herself, but states that she dwelt in it a year; during which she permitted not the earth to yield its produce, in revenge for the abduction, by Pluto, of her daughter Proserpina: and so the misery is said to have continued, until Jupiter and all the gods prevailed upon the ravisher to restore the maiden! Most of the story of Ceres and Triptolemus.

## Views from the Acropolis.

I then crossed the *Cephissus*; and found on its western banks many superb villas—several small gymnasia, and numerous gardens of surpassing beauty, crowded with statues and other sculptures by the best artists. And here I may remark that, in my rapid survey of Athens, my eye always rested with peculiar delight upon such monuments of taste and grandeur, as justly may be referred to the period before the famed Persian War. It is, indeed, true that Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles, not only were prompt to restore most that Xerxes in that war had destroyed; but they also gave Athens a beauty of far greater renown: but still, so great is the charm to me of unmixed antiquity, that almost any thing purely and certainly *ante*-Persian, won my attention more, than the perfectest of works far more recent.

My stay at Athens was now near its close: but I could not resist another visit to all the glories of the Acropolis, though at the expense of many others yet unseen and of great excellence: I therefore soon found myself once more upon the heights of that richly laden rock. During my first excursion there, the magnificence of the buildings, and the imposing ceremonials of the Panathenæa, at that time going on, were quite too absorbing to permit me to devote much attention to the many splendid views that burst upon the eye, either from the northern rear of the buildings, or from any of their summits. When seated on the highest point of the Erechtheum, lo! the crowd of the city's commingled beauties lay all beneath me, whilst upon my right looking towards the East for a time, I beheld extended in the distance the lovely valley of Athens, reaching from the foot of the Pentelicus, to the blue waters of the Saronic gulf on the west,—the whole embellished by countless objects of varied interest and loveliness, reaching to where they fade as it were into the clouds of the horizon, and then back to the environs and walls of Minerva's city!

In front of me, extending far to the North, lay the same rich valley, bounded there by the rocks and glens and woods of Mount Parnes,—whilst behind me, towards the South, arose the more modest Hymettus, and its fellow, the thirsty Anydros! The craggy Egina also, with its shining white temples and palaces, was in the distance upon my left; and the bright waters of the Great Sea, every where enlivened with the continually recurring and moving

tolemus, to whom she was so grateful, may be the sheereft legend; and yet, that Triptolemus was the founder, rather than Ceres herself, (or than Panops, another hero,) continues far the more probable. This little temple existed in a very mutilated state, so far down as to the middle of the last century! During some one of the early centuries, however, it was converted into a church, under the name of "*Our Lady of the Rock*:" but no remains of it are now to be found.

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Cartaphilus departs for Corinth.

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*white spots*, gave assurance of man's industrious traffic : and these, united with all the rest, yielded a supreme enchantment to the view. Never before had my eyes rested upon such an assemblage of harmonizing and yet varied beauties : but these were not all ; for *Marathon*, *Thermopylæ*, *Platea* and *Salamis* were all visible, at least to the mental eye, and nearly so without imagination's aid. Gazing towards those directions, the renowned deeds that eternise those localities, seemed to bring them all distinctly within my range ; and would have riveted me to the spot on which I stood, had not remembrance led me almost to fancy I could then hear Nero's emphatic whisper from Corinth, chiding me for delay, and bidding me thither forthwith, on pain of being headless ! I descended from the height and hastened home ; where I was delighted to find Alcæus near sunset, ready to unburthen his heart, and also most anxious to know how the day had passed with me. His eyes beamed with exultation, as he informed me how Dionysius and Damaris had received him with open arms, and the warmest hearts. But, when he further told me of their approval of his accompanying me, after a time, to Jerusalem, or elsewhere, his joy knew no bounds :—but, how great was my own joy, and awakening my surprise, when Alcæus proceeded to state that Dionysius knew of me from the Rabbi Eben Ezra,—who, with all his family, was then on his return to Judea—they having been absent some years ; and that, in the course of their journey homeward, they would visit *Artaxata* in Armenia, thence proceed to *Edeffa* in Mesopotamia, and lastly to their home at Pella.

That so quiet a family as my beloved friends of Pella, should have journeyed so far from Judea, gave me some solicitude ; and rendered me still more anxious to be with Nero at Corinth, looking to his speedy return to Rome, and my own to Jerusalem, so soon after as might be.

It was then arranged that Alcæus should meet me in the Imperial City, a few months thereafter ; and taking affectionate leave of my young friend, I hastened next day to the Piræus, where a vessel was then ready to receive me,—but alas ! not for Epidaurus, as I had desired—but for Megara.

I departed from the City of Pericles, of Socrates and of Plato, with feelings of great sadness ; for my curiosity was more awakened than satisfied. The change of my route for Corinth caused me some regret, having much wished to pass through the Æsculapian city, as Epidaurus is called—thence to Tyrens and Naupalia, and then again through Argos, by nearly the road journeyed by me, when coming to Athens. The travel, however, to Corinth by the way of Megara was not only easier but shorter, and far from void of interest ; for, next

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 Megara—Phocion—Euclid.
 

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to Athens, that city is, or rather was, among the most wonderful in Greece,—not from its extent at any time, but from its history. We entered the port of Megara, called *Nisæa*, in about eight hours after our departure from the Piræus, in a small vessel, and with a crowd too numerous to know any thing of them, in so few hours—but still sufficiently varied in their exterior, and languages to assure me that, even a little vessel may, for the time, be nearly a microcosm—for there were Areopagites and Centurions—Priests and Pirates—Greeks and Romans, Jews and Christians—a Sculptor and a Poet!—each of whom revealed his character by that great law of our nature that prompts associated man to vaunt in some way, that each may not be lost in the whole! These were amusing displays of individuality striving to rescue itself from a totality,—and again confirmed what I before have noted, that, if the sea be calm, man on ship-board experiences a sense of freedom, and finds himself more in a state of nature, than when on land,—unless in some remote desert beyond the influences of his fellows.

But *Nisæa* was reached; and passing between the massive walls that connect it with the City, distant about eight stadia, I found Megara at the base of two hills, with a strong acropolis upon each—the one hill being known as *Alcathous*, after a son of Pelops—the other as *Caria*, from Car, a son of Phoroneus; which names seem to indicate great antiquity.

It is said Megara was founded more than twelve centuries ago: but others, as usual, claim for it much greater remoteness. It was ruled, for a time, by *The Twelve*—then became a republic; and, being just midway between Athens and Corinth, it had little chance of assured independence. Commerce and occasional piracies greatly sustained it: but its people were so proverbially wicked and detestable, that greatly do I marvel how it so well maintained that famous School of Philosophy, over which the renowned *Euclid* presided: but often have I had occasion to remark that there is in life nothing so bad, as to have no mitigating good! Megara is also the burial place of PHOCION—the pure and noble in private life—but yet the ill-judging and unfortunate Phocion in public life!—whose bones the high-spirited, and sometimes rash Athenians would not suffer to continue within their boundaries! His remains were exiled to Megara, as those of a traitor—there secreted by a heroic matron, under the hearth of her own house—she hoping the day would come when the Athenians would gladly receive them as the remains of a patriot, in grateful remembrance of his actual worth, and in total oblivion of that honest despondency for his country, which had so angered them, as to banish from their soil even his bones! And in this, the good woman predicted wisely; for it was but a black cloud that had then come over the Athenians, and caused them to

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He arrives at Corinth.

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deal thus harshly with their hero. The ashes of Phocion were proudly brought back, and received the highest funereal honours. A bronze statue was raised to his great name—bright still, though justly tarnished by a sad infirmity for a patriot, in yielding so compliantly to the gloomy aspects around him, and to the supposed overwhelming power of his country's foes—but never through any intentional defection.

I tarried at Megara sufficiently long to glance at its noble aqueducts—its temples of Diana, Apollo, Minerva, Venus, and of Ceres,—as also at the little one dedicated to Nox. The statues also were every where noble, as if the vicinity to Athens had influenced for ages the Megareans,—and among these statues I observed that of Minerva, having the body richly gilt, and the hands, feet, and face of ivory. The twelve statues, also, of the greater gods, all dedicated to the Olympian Jupiter, are worthy of Praxiteles. Passing from these, I visited the tombs,—especially that of Hippolita, a queen of the Amazons; likewise that of Hillus, and the one raised to Alcmenes. The Megareans were ambitious in war: at the battle of Salamis they provided twenty ships—the like number also at Artemisium; and to that of Platæra they furnished three thousand soldiers; and they gained great honour in their achievement against the Persians under Mardonius.\*

During my little journey back to Corinth, my mind would again involuntarily dwell upon the life I had passed at Rome during so many years; and these meditations caused me no little pain. I still derived some comfort from the belief that, during my twelve years sojourn with Nero, none had ever served him, or any monarch, with less flattery. Now, however, that my mind was keenly set upon Judea, I resolved to please him by all assiduous attentions, and by an unclouded cheerfulness—hoping thereby to gain permission to leave his Court, and to deposit my remains in my native soil;—for I well knew if my departure were without leave, not even the mountains of a distant province could screen me from the offended Nero.

After an absence of only twenty days, I reached Corinth much improved in health and spirits,—the result doubtless of unceasing exercise—a subdued diet—and of a calm but fixed resolution to effect my return to Jerusalem,—none of which blessings had I much cultivated under the gilded slavery, so necessarily experienced in the service of an emperor, and especially of one whose attachment and tyranny were so artfully combined—for such was Nero's

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\* Such was the condition of Megara when Cartaphilus thus chronicled; but it has almost wholly vanished, and indeed may be said to have retained nothing but its name.

## Neroniana Continued.

ever,—though far less towards me than others. In all truth, however, I must record it, Nero had been most kind to me; but my time was always his, never my own, if he suggested: when a demand was made upon it, no thought could I ever cherish for a moment of excusing myself, though sometimes in great mental agony. Were clouds all around my soul, sunshine must dispel them all, and suddenly too; and yet, thanks for the remembrance, less was demanded of me, save in pleasures, than from his other favourites: he loved me, because I was ever cheerful—he sought me because he was ever compensated—he honoured me, because my superior mind absorbed his, without any mortification,—and he sometimes spared me, because of his consciousness that smaller souls would often suit him better!—and thus, between love, respect, and dignity on the one hand, and my own cherished gaiety and deep skill in pleasures, on the other, my time with Nero had been suffered to pass with less occasion for *adulation* (so violative of my nature) than perhaps with any other of his courtiers, could the truth be faithfully recorded of them.\*

## NERONIANA CONTINUED.

Arrived at Corinth, the monarch's reception of me was most gracious. I found him seated with *Helius*; each on a couch, in clove and obviously awakening converse. Helius, who had just arrived from Rome, greeted me warmly; and seemed disposed to suffer me at once to participate in the subject of his communication, and in the cause of his hasty appearance in Greece. But Nero's pride indicated to the incautious Helius the Emperor's preference that we should now speak of other matters,—so that I instantly inquired, and with apparent solicitude, as to the progress that had

\* The remarkable detestation of *flattery*, always manifested by Cartaphilus, seems to have been a collateral result from Jewish hatred of all *idolatry*. Thus do the impressions of early education sometimes cleave to us in the midst of mutations in character, of a far different and more pervading nature. To this cause must we frequently impute the apparent inconsistencies, if not contradictions, so often found in Cartaphilus. The seeds of virtue, planted by an early moral culture, often lie buried, as if wholly destroyed; but time and circumstances occasionally will revive them; and though feebly, they still exert a subdued influence, and give rise to feelings and conduct that greatly mitigate the otherwise deformed and odious general outline. Strong sense, a highly cultivated mind, and sound morals implanted in the youthful mind, though followed by much corruption in after life, are generally found to excite an influence upon character, which nothing through the whole stream of life can wholly obliterate: and this trait is remarkably shown in these chronicles of his eventful career,—and also in that of the apostate Julian; whose character bears no slight resemblance to that of Cartaphilus.

## Canal of the Isthmus—Arrival of Helius.

been made in the mighty scheme of uniting the two gulfs. But alas! this, if possible, was yet more unfortunate; and then, with an unconscious quickness, I spoke, not of Nero—nor of Rome, nor yet of any thing in Greece, but wholly of myself,—and in so sprightly and entertaining a manner withal, that the Emperor was greatly charmed, and seemed to have forgotten the troubles of which his Minister was evidently the bearer.

Now, as to the *canal*, the truth was that, during my short absence, the vulgar and superstitious people had taken much alarm; and reported that the gods frowned upon the undertaking from its commencement! They insisted that blood had been seen to gush from the earth, when the first axe had penetrated it—that dreadful moans had afterwards been heard to issue, as if from deep caverns—that phantoms had been seen by many; and finally, that Nero himself had been warned by Egyptian mathematicians, that Corinth and the Isthmus would be deluged, should the work be persisted in; for that the level of the two seas had been ascertained, and that the Ionian was considerably higher than the *Ægean*! In the seventy-fifth day, then, after the Emperor had struck his golden pick-axe into the Isthmus, I was not surprised to find an Order from him to forthwith desist from further work: and thus ended a noble enterprise defeated by ignorance; but which, in days of less folly and popular superstition may be effected.\*

As to the other matter, that soon caused our return to Rome, (and as to which the Emperor had been so silent, believing me quite uninformed of that) the truth also was that all had been suspected by me, if not fully known, even before my departure for Athens. The letters Helius then wrote to me, and those received from others, had sufficiently apprised me that this minister of Nero (who with the freedman Polycletus, was entrusted with the government during the emperor's absence) had many tumults to contend with, that would speedily end in open rebellion, if the Emperor long delayed his absence. Helius had repeatedly urged his return in vain; for Nero was daily greeted with victories he had never won, and with laurels, fresh and odorous only through flattery; so that this minister, wearied and disappointed at the Emperor's silence, and his strange proceedings in Greece, had secretly hastened to Corinth, and revealed to his master that deep conspiracies were

\* Cartaphilus still regards the forsaken enterprise as most worthy of the present time to execute, and as one of easy accomplishment, that would be followed by signal advantages, not only to all the six divisions of the Peloponnæsus, (an island, or rather peninsula, of not less than 500 miles in circuit, and of about 7,800 square miles) but to the whole of Greece: and should any of the great Powers of Christendom quietly possess it, a vast commerce would again revive, and Corinth once more become a magnificent city!



## Conspiracy at Rome—Corbulo.

then forming against his throne and life, which could brook no further delay of him in Greece. Then only was it that Nero's ear was opened; all previous entreaties had been but unimpressive air; but now the words of Helius were instinct with galling alarm. Helius, however, had not revealed the whole truth; as he failed to state that, during every hour of his sovereign's absence, he had proved to the Romans as cruel a scourge as Nero had ever been, and a less acceptable one, as 'tis man's nature to endure with less patience the wrongs of a deputy, than those of an acknowledged principal. Helius therefore soon became himself in great peril; and sought Nero in Greece, as much for protection, as for his master's interests!

Matters after such revelations were soon in readiness for our departure towards Rome: and here it may be well to remark that, if Nero's hours whilst in Greece were much absorbed in pleasures, and also in the exploit as to the Isthmus, he was by no means forgetful of that consistency of his wonted character, which could not be oblivious of cruelty; for he there committed many enormities, in harmony with the nature of a soul that twice sought, and then extinguished a mother's life—and *that* followed by a humorous contemplation of the marvellous beauty of her corpse! But his cruelties in Greece will not be recorded—save one, *ex uno dicere omnes*!

The excellent CORBULO, whom the Romans desired to elevate to the throne, had, however, proved himself most faithful to his emperor; and in proof had sent his beloved son as an hostage to Nero's best friend, king Tiridates of Armenia! Nero, on being apprised of this, invited Corbulo to Greece, called him father, and benefactor: but oh, when Corbulo reached Greece, and was fully within the monster's grasp, this same "son of Corbulo" hurled the confiding Roman to instant death! Many others were sacrificed, and under circumstances almost equally revolting: for during our hasty return to Italy, the whole heart of Nero seemed changed into nothing *but gall*; and he sighed for Rome, with threats of black vengeance against nearly all of the Roman Senate!

When we arrived at Beneventum, a short distance from Neapolis, the emperor's fury was raised to madness, upon hearing that Vinicius had headed a daring conspiracy, which only at that moment had become known. How much blood was instantly shed, and even before we reached Neapolis, I will pass over in loathing silence: but how poor is language to express my feelings, when we heard a few hours thereafter, that the venal Senate, even before it knew of our arrival at Beneventum, had issued the most fulsome decrees of welcoming Nero,—thanking the Gods for his expected return, and for all the glories won by him in Greece!

## Arrival of Nero at Neapolis—Alba.

The blood so lately lavished by Nero, followed by the flattering words of the Senate, had somewhat softened his feelings; and having reached the walls of Neapolis (next to Rome his favourite city) he there resolved to commence his triumphal progress towards the Imperial City—with a pomp commemorative of the God-Nero's Expedition into Greece, and of his safe and glorious return to his Beloved Italy!

*Arrival at  
Neapolis.*

But if Nero's mind was somewhat eased, mine had been greatly aggravated: but extreme caution was now the law of my life—if it had any value left. I mused upon Alcæus—revelled in the thought of again seeing Rebecca, of sitting with her in the peaceful shades of Pella, conversing upon their extensive travels, and upon my own varied life. In those sweet anticipations, I realized not, even for a moment, that sixty and five are the moons of Nisan that have departed since my melancholy birth—and that Rebecca could not now be the fresh and joyous maiden, who, upon Kedron's garnished banks, or on Gilead's verdant heights, would often cull the wild flowers, playfully cast them on me, or gracefully weave them into my then raven locks, and declare (in jesting words, but with a heart of feeling and belief she could ill conceal) how "beautiful" I looked! Oh, how sweet are such reminiscences, how delightful the illusion that brings such innocence to view, and makes one thus oblivious of the wretched changes life brings on!

But we were not yet within the walls of Neapolis—that was an Imperial ceremony now, for the first time to be witnessed by me. Under the Emperor's order, a portion of those walls was to be speedily demolished,—that through a more spacious aperture Rome's dread sovereign might proudly enter: and this entrance was in a gorgeous car, drawn by six richly caparisoned horses, shining in milk-like whiteness! The noisy greetings of myriads attended him; and these vociferations seemed the offering of joyous spirits—and welcomed that wicked monarch just as kindly, as if Nero had ever been their friend, and that of universal man!

A day in Neapolis made us quit of it: but, in what force and splendour we departed, need scarce be told, since it was *The Procession* an hourly increasing one. We advanced slowly to *Antium*—where Nero first saw light—thence to *Alba*, *Rome*, and through numerous other towns, until finally we reached the gates of Rome: and during our whole progress from Neapolis to the Imperial City, the line of the way exhibited an unbroken chain of triumphal receptions—each continually swelling the tide of those who now would do honour to Nero!

Whilst the august procession had been thus increasing in num-

## The Proceſſion towards Rome.

bers, it of courſe became proportionately more varied and glorious ; but to *my* eye it ſeemed to picture forth its *maſter*—bright and pompous and ſmiling outward—black and hollow and malignant inward ! Strange ſpectacle ! myriads of countenances, and of hearts, utterly divorced from each other ! alſo voices of gladneſs and feelings of deſpair, in hideous aſſociation ! Many faces in that proceſſion, well known to me, could not abide my ſearching eye—truth and nature being ſtronger than artifice and flattery,—and our eye ſilently and reciprocally divulged, what words dared not utter !—and ſuch, ſaid I to myſelf, is the myſterious influence of *one man over myriads* !—an ænigma truly wonderful : for, in that proceſſion were many brave and daring ſpirits,—and yet not *one* to hurl the tyrant from off the earth !—it doth baffle all philoſophy !

But the *materials* of that great proceſſion muſt not be forgotten, in the wonder cauſed by its anomalous *mind*. Firſt, were ſeen the Eighteen Hundred Crowns, awarded in Greece to Rome's mighty ſovereign,—each crown with an inſcription, denoting by whom—when—and why conferred ; as alſo the adverſaries whom the emperor had vanquiſhed !—and to this was added the flattering declaration that NERO was the firſt, throughout all time, who had received ſuch brilliant rewards ! Then came the ſame long extended retinue that had accompanied the Emperor into Greece, with all their gorgeous appendages :—next, and in the centre of the whole proceſſion, appeared the EMPEROR, followed by the muſicians, vocal and inſtrumental, in great force,—then, in majeſty and ſplendour came Rome's *Senators*, and all the Chief Authorities of the City, all in their appropriate habiliments,—to them ſucceeded the New Legion, compoſed of the tallſt men of all Italy, the whole of the ſame height : and theſe are called by Nero, "*The Great Alexander's Phalanx*." And laſtly came on, the Deputations from Neapolis, and other places—on horſe, or in vehicles of every faſhion.—Such was the proceſſion, by the time it reached Rome's gates—but, doubtleſs, it had often ſomewhat varied in its progreſs—thouſands gradually retiring, and others coming in !

The car which Nero occupied on this occaſion, was that which Auguſtus uſed in his triumph : and upon Nero's head was placed the Olympic Crown of olive. In his right hand was the great Pythian crown,—his robe was of the richeſt Tyrian purple, and his mantle ſpotted with myriads of golden ſtars, was more gorgeous and dazzling than Herod Agrippa, in all his vanity and extravagance had known how to conceive !

As we approached the City, the moſt brilliant garlands were every where ſeen ; and, on entering it, the very heavens were perfumed with incenſe, ſmoking in fantaſtic curls in a thouſand places !

The ſtreets were covered with ſaffron—flowers were ſhowered

## Arrival at Rome—The Forum.

towards the Emperor, from every direction—and the rarest *birds*, the most curious *confections* and even *pastries*, (delicious in odours and equal in tastes,) were in like manner bestowed in rapid succession and in wasteful profusion—designed to honour Majesty and to sustain the almost fainting Multitude! The whole presented a vast *Saturnalia*; for everything in nature, that was animate, had license freely to partake; and amply did they refresh themselves.

The procession passed through the *Forum* to the Temple of the *Palatine Apollo*\*—there it divided; a portion with their laurels went to the Capitol,—but Nero, with his Crowns and Inscriptions, proceeded to the Imperial Palace—where they deposited those appertaining to the Sacred Games, and from thence to the Hippodrome, where the Emperor saw the rest hung upon the Egyptian Obelisk.†

SECTION XXII.—ROME, U. C. 821. *Seleucida*, 380. *Thamuz*, 11th.  
[A. D. 68, June 20.]



ERO is no more!—like a splendid but foul vision from some nether world, he, and his tremendous power, and morbid love of mischief—his pomp and his glory, have all vanished! Those countless voices that, so short a time since, hypocritically sung his praises—declaring him another Hercules—a second Apollo, and that he alone since time began, deserved his glory, are now, as to his praises, hushed in death-like silence—but, as to his foul demerits, are suddenly awakened to the keenest execrations! Oh, how unlike is the present multitude to that, which, only a few moons since, had cracked their voices, and made the heavens reverberate with their flattering shouts! But Nero, now, is alike unconscious of praise and of blame!

Nero fell; and how he acted, when stern adversity had surely come, deserves much more than a passing notice in my Chronicles:—'tis a *lesson* of no ordinary occurrence—a *study* for all that would tyrannize—a *volume*, for all who know not that a wretched adversity as surely follows a reckless prosperity, as doth the intangible shadow its palpable substance!

\* The Temple of the Palatine Apollo was erected by Augustus; and stood not far from the present site of the Arch of Titus, on grounds lately occupied by the Convent of St. Bonaventura.

† This Obelisk is the same that now occupies the centre of the *Piazza di S. Pietro in Vaticano*. It was brought to Rome by Caligula, from Heliopolis of Egypt; where it had been raised by Nuncoréus, the son of Sesostris. It was dedicated by Caligula to Augustus; but Nero conveyed it to the Hippodrome; which then occupied a part of the present site of St. Peter's Basilica,—where it remained till Pope Sixtus V. transferred it to the spot it now graces.

## Conspiracy against Nero—His Last hours.

Nero finished his infamous career, at that primal period of man's existence, in which are usually developed his entire capacity of usefulness, or of equal mischief—he being then in the sixth month of the xxxi<sup>st</sup> year of his age—having reigned fourteen years, and nearly four months; during which brief time, he had causelessly shed more blood, and committed more outrages and fierce cruelties upon man and beast and property, than, perhaps any other mortal ever did, by his own direct and individual means!—And yet, to me it seemeth, that even *this Nero*, through the whole of his insensate career, is less to be blamed than the *Roman Senate and People*!—for Nero was but *one*, with myriads to flatter and mislead, and to pamper his every passion,—the Senate and People were *many*; and having, in truth, all the power—the enactment and guardianship of all laws—and being themselves, moreover, the legitimate source of all the wealth and honours that do or can arise, their heavy load of guilt becomes the weightier, when we know that a single day of firm and virtuous resolution, would have put to flight—and did—all of Nero's vanities and cruelties, and even his disposition to commit them!

And, that this may be seen the more clearly, witness the closing scene of Nero!

## NERO'S LAST HOURS.

Soon after the Emperor's return from Greece, he was again found at Neapolis, but at his wonted folly of acting plays!—Vindex was then in Gaul, contriving a revolt; and Galba, the governor of a province in Spain, was reaping more than golden honours in the people's affections, so fairly his due; for he, as well as Vindex are men of high birth, rank, and military experience. No marvel, then, if such congenial souls should come together and fabricate a holy treason, to rid the world of a monster, who poisoned the happiness of millions, and jeopardized the safety of a whole empire!

Vindex, who was not ambitious of imperial dignity, and who wielded a force of more than ten legions, applied secretly to Galba to aid him in casting off that shameful yoke—to revenge the miseries of the empire, to assume the imperial title and powers himself, and to restore liberty and happiness to an oppressed people. Galba, however, was now somewhat aged and infirm: and though patriotic and brave, possessed not the ambition and zeal that once would have actuated him. There were others, moreover, who, more sinister in their motives than Vindex, desired to sustain Galba only from the hope of early succeeding him! Among those selfish aspirants were *Otho*, long a participator in Nero's lustful excesses—and *Nymphidius*: the former then being governor, or imperial

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Nero's Last Hours.

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legate, in Lusitania and the latter at Rome, where he was distinguished, in the command of the Imperial Guards in conjunction with Tigellinus.

Nero, when last at Neapolis, as also on his return to Rome, seemed little concerned at the rumour of Vindex's rebellion: but, upon hearing of Galba's participation, he was in great dismay. It so chanced that at the very moment the official news arrived concerning Vindex, Nero was engaged in amusing some of the Senators with a curious water-organ; and had jocosely said, "If our good *Vindex* will permit, this organ shall be used by me upon the stage." But scarce had these contemptuous words as to Vindex been uttered, when the news was heralded of GALBA's actual revolt! This so excited the emperor, that he instantly cast down with violence two splendid crystal vases then near him, and shivered them into pieces! Poor Nero!—he at once fainted with excessive rage and fear combined: and, upon his revival, seemed without hope, and absorbed in morbid and moody thought. Shortly after, he again became furious, and set a price upon the head of Vindex, also proclaimed Galba a public enemy; and even had courage sufficient to summon his legions to go seek the rebels—but Nero went not himself!

All things now, however, went against him; the army and the people were roused in favour of the conspirators; and even the faithful Pretorians forsook him, so soon as the Imperial cowardice became fully revealed. Nero then saw that his star was blotted out!—he abandoned hastily his palace, and retired to the Servilian Gardens—taking with him a golden box of precious deadly poison!—but this he feared to take, since Hope was scarce to be found in that box, but *might* yet be lurking elsewhere, even in his then desperate condition! He next desired to fly into Egypt; but the few attendants now with him refused to accompany him thither; and one of them sneeringly interrogated him, in the words of Virgil, "*Usque adeone mori miserum est?*" "Is it then such a misery to die?" Another tauntingly said to the Emperor, "The *Arenarii* will not deny thee a subterranean refuge; the Sand-pits, so frequented by the Nazarenes and Jews, will be a place of perfect security!" Nero mournfully turned to Phaon and said, "Never shall I be found under ground, while living.\*"

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\* The *Arenarii* were, no doubt, the sand-diggers alluded to by Suetonius, Cicero, and others, as being engaged in the gradual formation of those extensive subterranean excavations, now known as the *Catacombs*, which lie beneath the City—penetrate the soil many miles in various directions, and which had become, even thus early, places of refuge and of burial for Christians, Jews, and refugees, and, indeed, for all who were oppressed in those dreadful times. In them were buried many thousand martyrs during the early centuries. These catacombs, in after times, became nearly forgotten, and perhaps unknown, from the fourth

## Nero's Last Hours.

The emperor then thought of his good friend Tiridates, to whom he had given Armenia's crown; but *how* to reach that land was now the testing hope. His further expedient was an appeal to the magnanimity of Galba, and to cast himself into his arms!—but Nero was forced to see that this could not be effected, as his own numerous foes were then between himself and Galba. And lastly, in the agony of his perilous condition, he prepared an *harangue*; and desired speedily to mount the Rostrum, and there humbly to implore the People's pardon of all the past!—but this, even to Nero, soon appeared ridiculous, as he well knew the mob would rend him to pieces, long before he could gain the rostrum.

At length, at midnight, upon hearing that Galba had been actually proclaimed emperor, he rushed from his bed; and finding that not a single guard remained, he prayed a domestic to destroy him, by giving that mortal blow, he had not sufficient nerve himself to inflict!—but even that poor service was denied him. Hope's last dregs were now exhausted. But shortly after, his freedman, named PHAON appeared, and offered to secrete the Emperor of the Universe, in his own humble tenement, four miles from Rome,—where the once mighty Nero—he whose statue was then towering to the skies, and whose Golden House, at one time would have pleased him better, had emerald and adamant been its sole materials, now promptly accepted Phaon's offer; and, with naked feet, and little covering, this “Master of the World” hastened on horse, with Phaon and three other wretched attendants, to seek that humble shelter.

In performing so short a journey, however, it was not without

down to the fifteenth century: but they have been since very carefully explored and described, as far as the policy of the Roman Church has seen fit to permit. The labours in this respect of *Bosio*, *Severano*, *Boldetti*, *Botari*, of *Rochette*, and others, have revealed much of the interesting wonders of those dark and sacred abodes of the early martyrs; and will relieve the Editor of these Chronicles from making Cartaphilus a further witness of the marvels that may be revealed to the anxious curiosity of the present age. Suffice it to say, that the remains of 170,000 martyrs and of fourteen Popes are said to lie there; and that the excavation extends as far as Ostia, or about sixteen miles in that direction! St. Jerom, and all who allude to that *City of the Dead*, are entirely confirmed by Cartaphilus, and now especially by the numerous copies made of the inscriptions and pictorial designs; and by the many removed portions of each, that are to be found in the Vatican and elsewhere, which of themselves abundantly prove all tradition; and now form a most interesting chronicle of the endurance, sufferings, and deaths of the primitive Christians. The principal entrance now into the Catacombs of Rome, is at the Basilica of S. Sebastian; and that portion near the *Via Latina*, called the cemetery of Priscilla, contains several avenues, and streets, and some *forums*, used in the early centuries for religious meetings. When Christianity became the established religion, many bodies of eminent martyrs were removed to the churches, and the catacombs were no longer used as cemeteries.

## Nero's Last Hours.

many trials and perils; for so close was the Pretorian camp to his only road, that he was compelled to distinctly hear the imprecations of the soldiers against Nero, and their fervent acclamations in favour of Galba. At that instant, also, some plebeians accosted the disquieted Emperor, and said, "What news of Nero in the city—dost thou hear those distant sounds of the scouts in search of him?—they say Nero hath fled from Rome!" At that moment were heard in the distance the *Viatores*, solemnly proclaiming on the roads, as they passed the villas of the country Senators, that an extraordinary meeting of the Senate would take place in the morning. These petty officers discharge that duty, only when the senate is convened at other times than on the Kalends and the Ides of each month: and now, as their solemn voices broke upon night's silence, they seemed as Pluto's warnings to Nero's desolated soul!

In the emperor's then condition, together with the darkness of the night, the vivid lightnings, and crashing thunder which then disturbed the heavens, so alarmed him that all utterance was gone; which want of speech, however, was his rescue—for, as the rustics were still questioning him, but with no suspicion, a reply to them was happily rendered unnecessary, by the sudden starting of Nero's horse at the smell of a dead body almost beneath his feet! Thus the imperial fugitive's tenacious silence had passed unobserved; and his voice, moreover, might have been known to some even of those simple people. In the instant after, Nero's horse having suddenly brought him in advance of the inquisitive rustics, the spring of the animal deprived the rider of his mask, and at once revealed to the keen eye of an aged Pretorian foldier, his now fallen Sovereign! The Pretorian, however, was self-possessed, and silent: he kindly saluted Nero in a whisper—all was well again; and the new friend proved serviceable, and entirely faithful!

When within a furlong of Phaon's house, Nero descended from his horse, and was obliged to take a path that leads through a field of bullrushes, intermixed with briars and thistles,—preferring even that great annoyance, to the actual or supposed danger of a more open entry into his designed shelter, small and little known as it really was!

Nero had abandoned his palace for the Servilian Gardens in extreme haste and terror, at midnight, too, and when suddenly aroused from his bed; and hence the then proffered kindness of his freedman had so absorbed him, that he was seated upon his horse by Phaon, nearly without clothing! The night however was quite warm; but, in crossing the morass adjoining Phaon's home, the now humbled monarch suffered greatly in his almost naked feet; and often screened them by casting his mantle down before himself—thus making but slow progress through the rushes and briars,

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## Nero's Last Hours.

towards the dwelling of one so late his slave! In this arduous work over the pathless field, the venerable Pretorian soldier willingly gave his own feeble aid; and the little party at length found themselves within a few rods of the tenement so anxiously sought—but still so in the rear, that no entrance could be had without dealing with the little wall, as Nero so lately had done with the proud and massive ones of Neapolis.

Whilst Phaon and the rest, therefore, were actively employed in making a hole in the wall, through which Nero might pass, that exhausted “Ruler of the Nations”—that “Victor” at all the Games of Greece, lay concealed and horror-stricken amidst the reeds, and perishing with thirst! In that sad state, nature had triumphed over pride; for the Emperor resorted to the slimy puddles of the morals for water—taking it up with his hands, and saying mournfully, “*This now is Nero's only drink!*”

The aperture being finished, behold the “Master of the Universe” creeping through it on hands and knees! Oh, the fickleness of Fortune's wheels!—no lofty gates of Neapolis were now to be spurned, no lofty walls were to be levelled, that Nero in his gorgeous car, attended by myriads, might enter: and yet, had the fallen Emperor continued in his palace—been self-possessed, and met his inevitable fate, as a manly and valorous ROMAN, many at that time, and all posterity, might have yielded more willingly a sigh of sympathy, even for that most wicked among rulers, than can now be done: but even Cartaphilus must withhold it from him, after thinking of that which soon followed at Phaon's house!

In that humble dwelling, all that the fallen monarch could obtain was a small room, a rugged couch, some poor viands, and a loaf of brown bread—such as Imperial eyes had never seen. But even such may prove great blessings, when heart and soul are not diseased: this was not Nero's condition; his conscience was as the burning lava; and his fear of death as morbidly terrific, as if Gehenna's horrors were all then broadly before him!

Day was now nearly dawning; and in the early morn, the roads were crowded with anxious people. In a few hours after, the shouts from the City were remotely heard by Nero and his little Court; and all this imported the people's joy at Galba's elevation to the throne. The few around the wretched Nero urged him vehemently to terminate at once his mental agony by poison, or by the dagger; for that *escape* was now hopeless; and that a far more painful death certainly awaited him. But the irresolute and guilty monarch feared the mysterious things beyond the tomb, far more than the calamities around him, or than the rage of earthly foes, compared with that of the offended gods,—so that Nero could

## Nero's Last Hours.

now do no more than mingle his loud and fitful sobs, with feeble promises, that *presently* he would end his life!

Phaon then placed in Nero's hands a copy of the Senate's decree: and when he reached the clause, "*and shall be punished to the utmost rigour of the ancient laws,*" the disconsolate monarch piteously inquired what these words *truly* imported,—and on being informed by his Freedman that the sentenced person was to be *stripped naked, with his head fastened between a fork, and thus whipped to death*, he instantly seized on two daggers, felt their points, but gently laid them aside, and implored that some one might teach him how to die, by using the dagger himself! This strange request, (the result either of his maddened mind, or of the long habit expecting strict obedience to his commands) was of course firmly declined by all,—when the Senate's messenger was seen approaching directly towards Phaon's house! Nero thereupon fitfully gazed upon the daggers—then anon, upon the jewelled poison-box, and with agony upon the hastening messenger: in the moment after, he feebly snatched a dagger, and as feebly struck it in his throat: but the work was not done—the dagger was kindly plunged thoroughly deep, by Epaphroditus, his secretary, who had just arrived! The Senate's Centurion then rushed in—Nero was still alive, and after whispering that his enemies should not have his body, but that it might be burnt, he quickly expired \*—the re-

\* Nero terminated his life, as some say, June 9th, A. D. 67, in the consulship of Silius Italicus and Trachalus Turpilianus: but others, with Cartaphilus, assign that consulship to U. C. 821—A. D. 68, and Nero's death to June 11th of that year,—this being about ten days before the date of this Section of his Chronicles.

Under the head of "Neroniana," it will be seen that Cartaphilus ends his remarks on the Roman fashion of life in those days—and with the last hours of Nero's extraordinary career. The Editor hopes that the truthful view the Chronicler has given of the wonderful physical power of the Empire—its overgrown luxury—its deep moral degradation and superlative wickedness—its untold wealth, and great political influences throughout the world during the entire Apostolic Age,—together with the seeming feebleness, on the other hand, of that infant and despised Association of Nazarenes that so contemned the world's grandeur and all of its power—but which eventually gained an immortal victory over every obstacle, will not fail to impress on the reader (when thus placed in striking contrast) a deep conviction that those great results were not accomplished by mere human means.

If the gods of the Romans—the influences of their Priesthood—the seductive gratification of every sensual passion—the hatred of Gentiles against Jews—the power of the ancient religion—the abhorrence of Heathens against the Christians—the cruel persecutions they experienced as the only assestors of a Resurrection, and of a Tri-une God, and of an unknown system of religion and of morals,—if all these circumstances proved insufficient to extinguish, or even to arrest the progress of Christianity, and that, too, even in its very *dawn*, how

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Nero's Tomb.

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quest was granted; and Nero reposes in the tomb of the Domitii.  
[III Idus Junia—U. C. 821.]

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much more wonderful appears the glorious result, when we behold the boundless Roman empire's tremendous hostility exerted altogether in vain—and the gentle Nazarenes rising in dignity and power; and finally, all ancient things fading away before a few obscure Galileans,—and they waving no other banner than that of a Crucified Bethlehemite! And all this we find sufficiently manifested, during a single reign, as given in the Neroniana.

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

**Wandering Jew.**



BOOK THE FIFTH



# CHRONICLES OF

## Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

### BOOK V.

An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere vitam  
Cui licet, ut voluit.—PERSIUS.

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Palestine.

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SECTION XXIII.—JERUSALEM, *Seleucide*, 380; *Tifri*, 13.  
[September 29, A.D. 68.]



OW that I once more breathe my native air, I feel the words of Persius with a force unknown of me during all the years of my absence from Palestine—for who can regard himself a freeman, but he who hath the power to spend his life as he desires and

*Condition of  
Palestine.*

wills? After Galba's accession, I found my continuance in Rome perilous,—and should have earlier departed, but that my accumulations in money, and in numerous articles of Roman luxury during my residence of two and twenty years, were too numerous for a more hasty exit, and now too essential to my habits to be abandoned as an hereditas jacens to others.

My long and intimate acquaintance with the late emperor, and especially my attendance on him to Greece, had made me so notorious to the multitude, and so odious to many, that my life was daily in some jeopardy—I had long sighed for many of my youthful scenes; and retrospection had often so absorbed me as to render my connexion with Nero more arduous than my friends around supposed, or than I was willing myself fully to admit: for habit often rules us with a tyrant's rod.

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 Petronius Arbiter—John of Gischalà.
 

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**W**ell hath Petronius (the "*Arbiter Elegantiarum*" of my Nero) said,

*Animus quod perdidit optat,  
Atque in præterita se totus imagine versat.*

**W**e were never intimate, but always harmonized sufficiently—I deplored his melancholy fate; for Petronius, who never flattered the emperor, nor Tigellinus, could scarce hope to escape death from either or both—and I had been more fortunate than Petronius only because more politic, and more licentious; and, moreover, as his death had brought me into still higher favour, I have recorded but little of Petronius; whom my judgment, rather than my liking, greatly valued; for his habits, though elegant, were extremely peculiar, and I now would make him some, though too feeble amends, by stating my conviction that he had a noble soul, a noble genius, and a more noble consciousness of rectitude, than almost any other who frequented that corrupt Court. These my Chronicles may not soon see the light, if ever; but I would have none suppose that Cartaphilus envied Petronius the honourable title of *Arbiter*, so justly conferred by Nero—for in all courteous society, and in all matters of refined taste, Petronius seldom has met his equal in Rome.

**B**ut here am I, once more, in the HOLY CITY—in the beloved land of our pious forefathers; but oh, how changed are both! Of myself, I need not speak; my heart tells me my Roman Life hath been fit for no Jew, nor even Samaritan: and as for Jerusalem, it is now filled with robbers! JOHN, the *Gischalite*, their reckless leader, now reigns here supreme! Vespasian and his son Titus, both ever victorious, have yet failed to subdue that fierce and deceitful man! Israel's defence is indeed in fearful hands—these robbers make and unmake all things, profane and holy—yea, even the High Priest cometh from them; and by *lot*, too, is he selected,—but only from the meanest and the most dissolute class of their choice! The Holy Temple is vilely defecrated, and in a way unknown there, in *my time*: part thereof is now their *citadel*—many of those seditious and misguided people, called *Zealots*, are united with those robbers from the hills; and are waging impious war, not only against some of their countrymen, and the Romans, but against God's own anointed—the lawful high-priest *Ananus*: and the infamous *Gischalite*, deceiving the venerable Ananus, has held secret correspondence with those *Zealots*,—and thus brought into the once Holy Jerusalem the odious Idumeans!—not as a defence against the Romans only, but mainly to strengthen his own hideously wicked faction. And oh, is not EDOM now in the seat of *Jacob*? Doth not Esau strive to be *revenged* upon Israel for the loss of his

birthright? *Can* this be ſo?—fain would I ſtrive againſt the thought. But if ſo, will it endure? Is not Eſau to periſh *utterly*?\* Theſe Idumeans now have poſſeſſion of the Temple; and, uniting with the Zealots, have ſlaughtered many of our people—imprisoned many, and at length have foully murdered our Ananus! The wealthy Zecharias alſo, whom they idly accuſed of favouring Veſpafian, they ſlew, even in the Altar's preſence; and that, too, at the moment his judges had acquitted him! We are deſtroying each other, inſtead of driving out the Romans, our only foes:—often are we forced to ſeek refuge among the Romans, rather than meet the far greater cruelties of Iſrael's ſons! Thouſands of thoſe who ſhould have haſtened in union againſt Roman oppreſſion, now lie dead and unburied in Jeruſalem's ſtreets—the miſerable victims of faction, and of civil broils! Until of late, our beſt hope was in FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS: but alas, he is now Veſpafian's priſoner! Aſcalon and Gadarà and Jotapàta and Giſchalà—yea, even the lofty and once inacceſſible Gamalà have all fallen with terrific ſlaughter; and now are in the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of our implacable foes: and laſtly, all Galilee and Peréa, and even Idumea are entirely ſubdued,—whiſt Veſpafian, at Cæſaréa is now pondering deeply upon the means of forthwith reſcuing Jeruſalem from all the factions within her walls—not, indeed, for Iſrael's behoof, but for Roman plunder and deſecration!

Oh Cartaphilus! why didſt thou ſo long tarry at Rome—why waſte ſuch precious hours in Greece, with that madman Nero, when thy diſhonoured and bleeding country ſo greatly needed every ſon of Iſrael. Happily, age hath not ſo blighted thee, but that thou mayeſt yet ſerve Iſrael in this her ſoreſt peril. Well known unto Veſpafian is thy long and favoured reſidence with the emperors Claudius and Nero—haſten then to ſeek Veſpafian's camp: he ſurely will receive thee kindly, not ſuſpecting thy *preſent* mind; and when there, commune freely with Joſephus: and unite with him upon ſome *ſure* plan for his inſtant eſcape: that effected, fail not to rally thy countrymen; and, under the youthful, but experienced and zealous guidance of Flavius Joſephus, teach theſe proud Romans that Iſrael can yet be free!

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\* This feeble conjecture of Cartaphilus is ſomewhat explained in Section 24, Note †, and in Section 61; where, in after times, he ſaw this matter reſpecting Eſau and Idumea in a clearer and more correct point of view.



Cartaphilus resolves to rescue Josephus.

SECTION XXIV.—*Tifri*, 14th day. [September 20, A.D. 68.]

**D**URING the past night, my soul has been heavily oppressed with the scheme of yesterday—and thus I mused thereon. “Josephus *must* be rescued! If “rael’s highest hopes now lie in him. Flavius surely “will remember gratefully our meeting at Rome, in “the matter of the petition he bore to Nero respecting the Jewish “priests, whom the Procurator Felix had put in bonds, “and sent to Rome for trial. Those priests the “zealous young Jew followed to Rome, with anxious “hope to rescue them from their great peril with Nero.”

*Cartaphilus  
resolves to res-  
cue Josephus.*

“Josephus will further recall pleasingly to his mind, the aid received of me, upon his arrival at Puteoli, where I then chanced to be with Nero: for, on his way towards Italy, Flavius had been miserably wrecked on the Adriatic coast; and he, with six hundred men, were compelled to swim for their lives,—so that my eyes beheld, and my hands welcomed and relieved Josephus, in that poor condition! He hastened on from Puteoli to Rome, bearing kind letters from me to the Empress Poppœa, craving to interest her in the object of the Jew’s mission from Jerusalem. Nero detained me with him for a time at Puteoli, almost daily visiting Neapolis, in regard to the Emperor’s then theatrical campaign in that city!

“How useful, moreover, were my letters in his behalf to Poppœa, in obtaining the wish of his pursuit, and also my personal exertions with Nero, after our return to Rome, will all be kindly recollected by Flavius, and will fully assure him, if need were, of my perfect fidelity to Jewish interests, and of my abhorrence of Rome’s oppression of our country.

“And though the Gischalite now is master of Jerusalem, and a deadly foe to Josephus, yet the great prisoner of Vespasian will not couple me with that roaming robber John of Gischalà, nor suspect me of practising perfidious schemes in Vespasian’s camp, such as John himself did to secure the person of Josephus! Oh no, Flavius, when I reach him there, will harbour no such thoughts of Cartaphilus: but should he thus rid himself of Vespasian’s bonds, and being now in the palmiest state of life, and in great military repute, Josephus will obtain the supreme command of our forces. All Judea will then rally to his standard—Galilee and Samaria will revive, and then infuse into our distracted counsels fresh hopes, unanimity, and resistless vigour! My desire then, is at once to execute this fond hope of mine; and with

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His fear of Galba—The Idumeans.

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“ Josephus, though but half of my age, to dedicate my remaining strength and soul to deeds of arms, that we may expel from our soil those odious and omnipresent Romans !” \* Such were my meditations as to my hopes with Flavius.

Should another Nero be found in this Galba, Judea would then indeed need every arm for her defence : for Galba, as once I knew him, was truly a veteran ; and if, like Nero, he should become cruel, the present revolt in Palestine might end, not in conquest only, but in our extinction for ever, unless Israel’s sons, from every land, shall make bare their arms for unceasing combat, and once more rely with confidence upon the God of Abraham, and know no other foe *but Rome !*

Be it, then, my fixed purpose to rescue and to co-operate with that brilliant star of Galilee ; and when the cloud that now obscures his prowess shall be withdrawn, then to win back to myself, under his bright auspices, my country’s confidence, now so justly departed from me by reason of my long absence, and yet more from my known intimacy with Nero, the most hated of all her oppressors. Be it also my zealous endeavour to unite *all parties* : for our factions are the forest of all our evils ; and greatly more to be feared are they, than all the arms of Rome ; but this done, let there be no rest for Israel, until Roman sway within her limits shall no more be seen—that *not* done, Israel is blotted out from among the Nations !

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TO-MORROW, then, will I surely repair unto Vespasian’s camp at Cæsarea. Be firm, O Cartaphilus ! Israel’s cause is that of Abraham : Galba and Vespasian cannot destroy the Promise of ages ! †

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\* Josephus was at that time about 33 years of age, he being in his 36th year when at Rome petitioning Nero in behalf of his countrymen. Cartaphilus was his senior by about 32 years.

† The alternations of mental light and darkness, at this time manifested by Cartaphilus, are very striking ; and were perhaps the natural result of an extremely active mind, contending with his very anomalous condition. He seems wholly insensible, at times, to all prophecy, ancient, as well as of his own day—and especially as to the sure *destruction* of the once Holy City, and of his Nation : and yet he fearfully realises the impending danger, (not, indeed, as prophetically declared, but as of mere human power,) unless he can quiet the factions, secure Josephus, and unite all hearts and hands against their oppressors. But he saw not that those very *factions* were, in part, a fulfilment of the neglected prophecies : he loathed the presence of the *Idumeans*, or Edomites, in Jerusalem, and makes a feeble allusion to the prophecy respecting them, and of Esau, the elder brother of Jacob—before whose power Jacob would eventually bow : that vision was but darkly seen by Cartaphilus : nor did he, in the Herodian-Idumean family, so fatal to Israel, perceive any submission of Jacob unto Esau ! It, nevertheless, is obvious that the heart and feelings of Cartaphilus were under-

SECTION XXV.—JERUSALEM, *Tifri*, 22nd day. [September 28th, A.D. 68.]

**I** HAVE just returned from Cæsaréa. Vespasian received me most kindly,—had much to inquire concerning Nero's death, and his rumoured disgraceful conduct at Phaon's house—also, of Galba's military renown, of his supposed decline in bodily and mental energies—and likewise of our curious expedition into Greece. Vespasian hated Nero; who, as he knew, had sent him to Judea, not from any kindness, but from cowardice in himself, and an unwillingness to abandon, even for a time, his own darling pleasures in Greece, that he might, by his presence and counsel at least, aid in suppressing the revolt in Palestine. He further stated to me that he had just despatched his son TITUS, and also King Agrippa, for fresh instructions from Galba; and then passed on freely to speak to me concerning Flavius Josephus—who, to my great surprise, and deep mortification, I found was not in *bonds*—but high in *favour*, though still a nominal prisoner, and respected as somewhat of a prophet!

**I** failed not, when occasion offered, to open to the ear of Flavius, the secret object of my coming—who listened with keen attention, and a much disturbed mind. But, at length speaking of my wish for him, he pleaded much concerning the resistless power of Rome—the conquest already made of nearly all Palestine, save Jerusalem—the destruction of many of our fairest cities—the slaughter of more than two hundred and forty seven thousand of our people within the last fourteen years!—and moreover, his firm belief that Vespasian

going, at that time, a gradual change for the better: and that, although he greatly valued worldly pleasures, he now more clearly saw and deplored his unnatural and wicked connexion with Nero's career, and his mad indulgences in all the Roman ways of life. His historical faith, during the past twenty years, had certainly increased; but there is no indication of any *vital* change; so that he as yet must be regarded as an unbeliever in the New Faith. All persecution for opinion's sake was hateful to him, and he warmly sympathised with the Nazarenes when oppressed by Romans, or by Jews: but all *that* was philosophy, more than religion—feeling, more than faith of any kind—tenderness towards the Jew, equally with the Christian. He loved the Roman way of life, and hated that of the Jew: and yet he was now sincere in his anxiety to return to his native land; and was filled with the patriotic resolution to contribute his utmost endeavours to rid his nation of their odious yoke.

These remarks, at this time, are deemed proper, as many portions of his Chronicles of that period are now omitted. These, moreover, together with the letter from Flavius Josephus, that soon follows, will explain the then state of Palestine, and also the strong reasons that overruled his anxious desire to take an active part in the then Jewish rebellion against Roman power.

## The Youth Alcæus—The Pella Family.

would soon be Rome's emperor—in fine, I found Josephus no Jew, save that he hinted also, as some others now do in Jerusalem, that the *prophets* have foretold these very times, and that Israel's *destiny* is to perish! Josephus, however, was most true to me: and we parted in somewhat pained friendship—he promising with fervour, to explain fully to me by letter, why he so firmly declined to accompany me to Jerusalem, and thus make one more effort to save our people.

## LETTER XXI.

ALCÆUS [*late of Athens*] TO CARTAPHILUS [*now in Jerusalem*].

PELLA, Mæmactérion, 2 dec. 2; *Seleucida*, 380.  
[September 26th, A.D. 68.]



RECEIVED in Athens the letter hastily written by thee upon the Emperor's death, requesting me not to come to Rome, but forthwith to proceed to Pella, where thou wouldest meet me; and, in case of thy delayed arrival, to present to Rabbi Eben-Ezra thy letter; which I joyously did, as it so kindly explained the cause of my otherwise strange appearance before him.

I cannot tell thee, much honoured Cartaphilus, how warmly I was greeted by all the family, and of their great happiness at thy promised return; of which they had no intimation, until that letter respecting me was presented.

I have been here only a month: and at the request of the Rabbi, allow of no delay in writing to thee, which I do in Greek—as I yet must. I also feared that my prompt letter from hence to Rome could not have reached thee; and I suppose it did not, as thy arrival at Jerusalem is known to us only a few hours since. Jerusalem, as we hear, is now full of terror,—else would I speedily be with thee; but this thy friends here forbid me. Hasten, then, O Cartaphilus, to Pella; for such tender and generous hearts have I never witnessed, save in Dionysius and Damaris: and it really seemeth to me as if no other religion known to mortals, infuses into the soul a tithe of the benevolence imparted by heaven to the Christians.

I was charmed to find REBECCA (of whom I only heard thee say, she was the glory of Hebrew women) as also her delightful mother, speak my language perfectly—which, to me, is now a great comfort, as the Rabbi can speak but little; and as my acquaintance with Syriac, or other tongue spoken here, is as nothing. They bid me say to thee that Artemas and his wife Druffilla, as also their children, Thaddeus and Cornelia, will shortly leave Edeffa for

## The Vindication of Josephus.

Pella; designing to continue with them some months; and to persuade the whole family here to remove to Edessa, in Mesopotamia,—as no place is now safe in all the land of Palestine. Come quickly, my ever venerated Cartaphilus—come quickly: and until then, FAREWELL.

## LETTER XXII.

## FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS TO CARTAPHILUS.

CÆSARÆA, Tifri 23; Seleucide, 380.  
[September 29, A.D. 68.]



*Josephus vindicates himself to Cartaphilus.*

ADDRESS thee this letter, O learned and excellent Cartaphilus! that I may more satisfactorily explain to thee the cause of my declining to go with thee in thy zeal for Israel; and of my despair as to all that concerns the rescue of our afflicted country from the Roman yoke. And I despatch the same to thee, with all haste to Pella—learning from thee that thy intention is to be there on a short visit, to our most revered Eben Ezra; who is much beloved, even by those who usually bear no kind feelings towards the Nazarenes—as also are his pious Priscilla, and wonderful maiden daughter, Rebecca. And why I call her wonderful is doubtless, by this time, known of thee, and probably was, even before thy visit there, though thou art so lately from Rome, and she returned from Armenia not many weeks.

And now to the purpose of my letter—which I pray thee to read in all kindness. Possibly, thou hast not heard, being so long at Rome, of my proceedings for some years past—and likewise the doings of the various Procurators since the time of Ventidius Cumanus, now nearly fourteen years ago.\* These I must briefly trouble thee with, wouldst thou justly understand the condition of my present mind—so different from what it once was: for I remarked thy agitated spirit, and thy sore disappointment at my resolution no more to unsheath my sword in Israel's defence!

I was but in my eighteenth year, when the emperor Claudius sent Felix hither as our Procurator. My father Matthias, then a nobleman of high standing and of great piety, perceiving my fondness for learning, and my surprising proficiency therein, entrusted me to the special care of

\* Immediately after the banishment of Cumanus, *Claudius Felix* (a brother of the freedman Pallas, and a great favourite with the emperor Claudius) was sent to Judea, as procurator, in October, A.D. 54.

## Vindication—His early Life.

my brother Matthias; who bestowed on me such assiduous care that, for more than a year previous to the coming of Felix, my talents and attainments were so remarkable that even the high-priests and chief men of our city consulted me often upon matters of the Temple, and as to the solution of difficulties in our Law! I mention this, I trust with due humility, only because it is intimately connected with my life—with my hostility to the Roman power—my great zeal in the Jewish cause—my thorough acquaintance with the connexion between Jewish and Roman affairs,—and hence to show the almost impossibility of my forsaking Israel's cause, unless under the full conviction that her days are *numbered*, and now nearly ended!

My reputed talents and studies, however, brought me and my country into great difficulties; for the high-priest Jonathan, after consulting me as to the infamous conduct of the new Procurator, who had leagued in some confederacy with the very robbers whose destruction was then the first of his duties! I counselled Jonathan to be firm and plain in his admonitions of Felix, though so high in power: and this, as we both supposed, could be the more safely done, as it was notorious that Jonathan had been the chief means in procuring for Felix his appointment.

But these salutary remonstrances of the High-Priest only stimulated Felix to further outrages, and occasioned in him great hostility against that venerable man,—and also *The Sicarii*. much of the like feeling against myself. Doras, the intimate friend of Jonathan, was bribed by the wicked Procurator to unite himself with the *Sicarii*, in effecting the murder of his friend!—and this was accomplished with the superadded crime of daring sacrilege,—for those assassins entered into the Temple seemingly to worship, but with concealed daggers,—and, mingling with the crowd, they barbarously slew the holy man.

This foul murder of Jonathan went wholly unrevenge: the *Sicarii*, from that time, became daily more powerful, cruel, and reckless; my heart became soured more than ever against the Romans, who had not only thus participated in the odious murder, but generally winked at it, and other fearful doings; and, from that day, matters continually became worse—our downward course increased, and now seems about to end in unmitigated ruin.

But, my worthy Cartaphilus, at *that time*, I did not so clearly perceive God's abandonment of our Jerusalem—of our once holy, but now desecrated Temple—yea, of our long favoured Nation. Hence was it that hope still lingered within me, and bade me trust largely in Israel's remaining strength, and in my own good sword—little doubting but that, if every Jew performed his duty in that respect, we might yet be freed of Roman arms.

## Vindication—The Nazarenes—Factions at Cæsarea.

Soon after the murder of our High-Priest, came that famous Jew, now known as the Egyptian Impostor; who, assuming to be a prophet, drew after him an immense multitude, to the number of quite thirty thousand,—and established himself in the Wilds near Jericho. After a short time, the Impostor becoming more bold, came to the Mount of Olives, and bade his deluded followers behold the goodly City—assuring them that Jerusalem's walls should presently fall down, and that he and his disciples should have triumphal entrance!

Felix had cherished an implacable hatred of all such pretenders, and especially of all who would impugn his power, that of Rome, or of the gods, whom he feared but loved not: he therefore was prompt to march against the Egyptian with a strong force; he slew many, captured some, and dispersed all—but the Impostor escaped.

Felix was also greatly troubled by the Nazarenes, not only from their growing number, but chiefly from the mysterious rumours concerning them: this likewise was so with the priests, and with all in power. One Saul of Tarsus, possibly known or heard of by thee, even before thy departure for Rome, (and who, as 'tis said perished there under Nero's decree) was brought at this time before Felix's tribunal at Cæsarea. Jerusalem thereupon became much agitated; for Saul had given great offence to the then High-Priest, Ananias, son of Nebedrus, by reason of a reply made to him, that questioned the power of Ananias to prevent his speaking his faith to the multitude. And when Saul went down to Cæsarea at the summons of this Felix, such was the eloquence of that remarkable man, that Felix is said to have trembled, and well nigh become a Christian!—but Felix hoped for money of Saul, more than for faith in the new religion: but he obtained neither; whereupon the priests and others anxiously sought the Christian's life, and would have destroyed him: for the Sicarii and others, to the number of forty, combined for that purpose, and made a vow for its execution: but Saul having the privilege of Rome, appealed to Cæsar, and after a time was sent thither for trial.\*

Much about this time another circumstance occurred, that fearfully excited the people, and hastened the maturity of those angry feelings which, two years ago, broke out in an open revolt against the Romans. Cæsarea, as thou

\* Saul, however, remained at Cæsarea two years in prison; and was then sent to Rome by Festus, the successor of Felix, in A. D. 60,—or in the eighth year of Nero's reign; and after a time being released, he departed from Rome, but returned in A. D. 65, and was beheaded there in the summer of the following year.

## Vindication—Herod Agrippa II.—The Procurators.

knowest, is inhabited by Greeks and Jews; who differ no less in matters of state, than in those of religion. The Jews claimed the doubtful pre-eminence in Cæsaréa, because, as they said, their late king Herod had built that great city, and on the ancient foundation of the Jewish village known by the name of Straton's Tower; that the Syrian Greeks, and all others, were there rather as welcomed settlers, than as persons entitled to claim a pre-eminence over the Jews who had received them. The Greeks, on the other hand, insisted that Herod himself was not a Hebrew—that his power, moreover, had been derived from Rome—and that, in founding Cæsaréa, he designed it to be a Gentile rather than a Jewish city—all his temples, theatres, amphitheatres, porticoes, statues, &c. being a clear proof thereof.

The two parties soon became furious; civil war ensued; the Jews were too powerful for Felix; many on both sides perished,—and Felix was sent to Rome for trial. Upon that trial, the several charges were fully sustained by the Jews; and though screened from punishment, by the influences of his brother Pallas, his office was withdrawn, and *Portius Festus* was appointed in his stead. The Greeks, nevertheless, gained the ultimate victory; for, my Cartaphilus, thy old Roman friend *Burrhus*, whom I saw with thee in the Imperial City, obtained from Nero a decree that gave to the Greeks superiority in citizenship—which being exercised by them with even more than their accustomed severity, much widened the angry breach between our countrymen and the Romans.

But the miseries that afflicted us arose, not merely from Roman oppression—from the wickedness of our Procurators—from the outrages of the Sicarii—from the hatred towards those now called Christians—from the contentions between the Syrian Greeks and the Jews—from the traditional enmity between Hebrews and Samaritans—from the reciprocal jealousy of Pharisees and Sadducees—from the disturbances occasioned by impostors pretending to miraculous powers, and even to the Messiahship, (all of which were quite sufficient to crush any people) but we have had many other fore difficulties ruinous of all political union among ourselves, poisoning the very fountains of our ancient and once holy Temple, and of all the temporal energies of our people—as will fully appear in all that will now follow.

King Agrippa of Chalcis, who, for some years past, hath been clothed by Rome with the vast and delicate power of appointing the High Priests, conferred that office upon *Condu& of Agrippa II.* *Ismael*, the son of *Fabi*.\* A rancorous enmity soon

\* Probably at the close of Felix's procuratorship, A.D. 60; or about eight years prior to the date of the present letter.



## Vindication—The Procurators, Festus and Albinus.

sprung up between this Ismael and many distinguished persons of our city; and the lower priesthood favouring the latter, the faction grew to such a height, that Ismael seized upon the tithes,—and thereby so oppressed his poorer brethren, that many of them perished through need of food!

Porcius Festus had no sooner come into power than Agrippa, pampered by his own good fortunes, greatly abused the large powers conferred upon him, and became so regardless of the feelings of all who ministered in the Temple, as to erect a large Dining Hall adjoining the Antonia Palace—his usual residence when in Jerusalem—and so arranged that Hall as to overlook the Temple whilst he and his guests were feasting, and thus became witnesses of the sacred proceedings in the Temple! The priests and others complained loudly of this; and insisted on its prompt removal. The contention thereon ran so high, that Ismael and some others of great note were sent to Rome for trial: and, as I well and gratefully remember, O Cartaphilus, it was by thy judicious counsels, aided by the Empress Poppœa, by thy procurement also, that Nero was induced to permit the great Wall to stand, that the priests had raised to shut out Agrippa's view into the Temple.\*

Soon after this, Agrippa appointed as high priest Joseph, surnamed Cabi, and afterwards Ananus, the grandson of Nobedeus, and son of Ananus: and about this time died Porcius Festus—the most unworthy of all our procurators; and *Albinus* was appointed his successor. [In the early part of A.D. 64.]

Ananus the then high priest was of the Sadducean sect—an intrepid man, and of haughty demeanour, and a bitter foe of the new sect called Nazarenes or Christians, which had never ceased to excite the Jews since the crucifixion of that wonderful man called Jesus-Christus.

During the short time that intervened between the death of Festus, and of his successor Albinus, Ananus the high priest united with the Sadducees in bringing before the Sanhedrin a certain Nazarene called JAMES, brother of that JESUS, who is the founder of their sect, and also some others

*Death of James  
the Just.*

\* It may here be noted that, some few years after this, the works of Josephus being given to the world—the one in A.D. 75, the other in A.D. 93; Cartaphilus, upon reading them, was not a little surprised to find that Josephus should have imputed to Poppœa any favourable disposition shown by her in that matter, as flowing from *religious* motives of any kind: and especially that he could have believed that she was taken with the religion of the Hebrews. Poppœa's beauty and cleverness were as extreme as her destitution of principle; and all her tastes were as opposed to those of the Jews as can be conceived; but as the reputation for religion of any kind might have served her a purpose—or her posthumous name, Josephus was sufficiently a man of the world and of policy, to thus have flattered her.

Vindication—Gessius Florus—Cestius Gallus.

of the same faith. This ended in the cruel murder of James—by first casting him over the wall at the battlements,—and then, (whilst he was praying for his enemies) by stoning him; and lastly, to extinguish the last remains of life, by the use on his body of a fuller's club! Some others perished with him.

As matters were thus going on, a few of the friends of order went out to meet the new procurator Albinus, as he was approaching Jerusalem; that they might at once inform him of these proceedings under the illegal assembling of the Sanhedrin (during the vacancy of the procuratorship): whereupon Albinus prevailed upon Agrippa to dismiss Ananus, and to appoint as high priest the son of Damneus.

The rule of Albinus was wicked and oppressive in the extreme; and the dismissed Ananus, who was very rich, united with the new high priest and procurator in the most cruel extortions from the inferior priesthood. The robbers again openly appeared; and endeavoured to rescue from Ananus some of his immense ill-gotten riches,—so that, at length, matters becoming daily more desperate, even Agrippa was compelled to retire from Jerusalem; whereupon he greatly enlarged Cæsarea Philippi—gave to it the name of *Neronias*, and resorted to it as a place of refuge, and for his pleasures.

But rapacious as Albinus had proved, he was yet a minister of safety, compared with his successor GESSIUS FLORUS, who, uniting with the almost equally despotic and wicked CESTIUS GALLUS, the prefect of Syria, practised on our afflicted country a series of afflictions truly demoniacal; and which ended, as thou Cartaphilus well knowest, in the open rebellion, (about two years ago,) that brought upon us the powerful Vespasian, and his son Titus—seemingly destined to be equally illustrious.\*

The miseries we have endured, in the last three years especially, (one half of which were under the joint tyranny of Florus and Gallus, and the other half since the arrival of Vespasian) would require of me a volume, rather than a letter, to recount. I shall content myself, therefore, with a rapid sketch of that period to the present wretched hour. What may come upon us hereafter, ah, even on the Holy Salem, and shortly, too, my Cartaphilus, is no longer concealed by any veil of time, or of doubt. To me, at least,

\* Gessius Florus was appointed procurator in A. D. 63—some say in A. D. 65, v. E. This great rebellion of the Jews was early in the second year of his rule; and during the high priesthood of Matthias, who was the last but one of all that long line from Aaron to Phœnas—there being in all just eighty-three high priests, from B. C. 1534 to A. D. 70—a period of about 1604 years, giving an average rule of about 19 years.

Vindication—John of Gifchalà.

all is too transparent to shut out her inevitable doom: for naught now remains to us of much worth, save Jerusalem, and especially its venerable Temple: but even *that* is now in most unholy hands—the Gifchalite with his robbers, and the other mad factionists, are striving as to who shall have supreme rule, and suspect not that Vespasian may soon disperse, or destroy them all!

Thou dost perceive, then, O Cartaphilus, that if the disastrous events under the rule of Claudius Felix, of Porcius Festus, and of Albinus, had *prepared* us for a general revolt against Roman sway,—the evils that ensued in quick succession under Gessius Florus and the Syrian Cestius Gallus, brought us at once into the bloody and exterminating conflict: and these I will first briefly explain,—and then speak more fully of Vespasian and of Titus—adding such things of my poor self, as may enable me to stand before thee acquit, as I hope, of all blame for the grievous and deep despair that hath overtaken me as to my country's fate; and which hath given me the fixed resolution never to oppose by arms or counsel, what so manifestly is ordained, as *punishment*, by Him who hath full right and perfect power to withdraw all that he hath given to a once pure, but now ungrateful, and desperately wicked people.

Of all the scourges deeply afflictive to a people, there surely is none so great as a cruel, and avaricious government—*Cestius Gallus, Prefect of Syria.* itself subordinate to another equally base and tyrannical,—and both dependent upon a remote and overgrown and wicked Empire of immense power,—and this, precisely, was our melancholy condition under the procurator Florus—the prefect Gallus—and the tyrants Claudius and Nero! The two subordinates were associated for our ruin; and both united with the robbers and factionists, to plunder us of our riches; and, by every indirection, to torture and to exact from us, what could not be obtained as easily by open robbery.

It so chanced, moreover, that Cleopatra, wife of Florus, was just as rapacious as her husband; and, unfortunately for us, she possessed no small interest at the court of Nero,—so that all Jewish complaints fell more dully upon the Emperor's ear, than possibly they otherwise might have done. The decree, already alluded to, obtained by Burrhus in favour of the Syrian Greeks over the Jews of Cæsarea, occasioned the first open rebellion, as previously stated: for the Greeks, who owned a piece of ground adjoining the Jew's synagogue, vexatiously refused to sell the same to the Jews at any price whatever—and were establishing thereon some mean and annoying habitations, against the progress of which our countrymen tumultuously resisted the workmen. But this stopped it not; and no less than viii. talents of silver were collected as a bribe for Florus, that he should prohibit the further erection of the buildings. This,

the apparently compliant Procurator received; but he suddenly departed from Cæsaréa, without interfering in the matter, and with the hope that some greater violence would soon be committed by our maddened people, which, not only would mitigate his perfidy, but greatly enlarge his means of future plunder!

When an occasion, however trivial, is needed for any baseness however great, it may be speedily brought about—and this incontinently was proved as regards the unhappy Jews: for, early on the following Sabbath, the Greeks offered to the Jews the highest of all indignities, in the form of a dubious and apparently very small offence—for they sacrificed before our synagogue a few *birds*,—implying thereby that our progenitors had been expelled from Egypt, in the time of our Master Moses, as a race of vile lepers—they well knowing that *birds* are regarded as the appropriate offering in the case of leprosy! The consequences, however, of this really small matter, were at once sufficiently dreadful at Cæsaréa; but the excitement instantly spread itself to Jerusalem, and other places; and in them all the parties were arranged in fearful opposition. Florus then came upon us as a fierce hyæna, with a devastating power—hundreds were slaughtered in the market-place—houses were pillaged—many were crushed to death, and ridden over in the narrow streets—others were scourged or crucified; and there fell in Jerusalem, on that mournful day, nearly four thousand, of all ages, sexes, and conditions.\*

These were things of high exultation with the execrable Florus: and, that he might stimulate the Jews to further hostilities, he insultingly demanded of them to salute with obeisance some Roman cohorts, then advancing from Cæsaréa towards Jerusalem! A procession of Jews was formed for that ignominious purpose; they performed the act,—but Florus had instructed the cohorts to treat their salutations, though forced, with silent contempt:—nature could endure no more—a shocking scene then ensued—the enraged Jews hurled their heaviest imprecations upon the Procurator—both parties rushed for the city gates—the Jews were trampled down by the horsemen—many were slain by the sword, or crushed to death by the infuriated crowd—the cohorts entered Jerusalem, and pressed forward to gain the fortrefs of Antonia, as also the Temple! Florus joined them from his palace, under hope of securing that part of the castle which adjoins the Temple: but the people, in countless numbers, opposed their passage, and cast upon their assailants the most destructive missiles from the roofs of

\* This occurred probably in May, A.D. 66—about one year before Vespasian's arrival.

## Vindication—Rebellion of Masada.

houses,—the porticoes connecting the Antonia with the Temple were nearly destroyed by them; and Florus, to his great dismay, was obliged to capitulate, and retreated instantly to Cæsaréa.

King Agrippa was then appealed to by the Jewish multitude, who desired him to unite in an embassy of complaint to Nero: but Agrippa, after remonstrating with our people against that measure, and assuring them that the Emperor would regard their proceedings but as rebellion, especially when connected with their arrears of tribute—their destruction of the porticoes, and their own attack upon the cohorts, advised them to forthwith rebuild what they had pulled down—to pay at once the tribute, and to banish from their minds all hope of independence! Agrippa finally urged them to render to Florus their customary allegiance, at least until a new procurator could be appointed—and thus, by specious words, did Agrippa strive to make the severely oppressed seem willing to acknowledge themselves repentant wrongdoers! But the name of Florus had become too odious for the adoption of such counsel; and our countrymen, after declaring that they now warred against him alone, broke out into a new fury: they heaped upon the unfeeling Agrippa the most opprobrious terms—then hurled stones at him, and bade him, on peril of life, to leave the city instantly:—this he did, and retired to Chalcis.

Nigh to the sea of Sodom, upon a lofty rock encompassed by deep chasms, which, in turn, begirt the lovely gardens of Engeddi, is situate the goodly city of Masada. The Romans had early perceived that this was to them an important post. The castle, built by a Maccabean, and from its situation nearly impregnable, had been strongly fortified by the first Herod. It was immediately garrisoned by the Romans; who, from its localities, and artificial strength, thought not for a moment that the rebels, as they call us, would presume to make an attack. The city itself, moreover, has a broad and lofty wall, with thirty and seven towers, and is accessible only by narrow paths from the east and west; and those are of extreme difficulty, as they border upon the most fearful precipices. Judge, then, of the astonishment and vexation of our Roman foes, when they suddenly found themselves in the possession of these rebels, and that, too, effected by very few of our men! The garrison was instantly put to death, and the, so called rebels took full possession of the city. This was the most daring and open act of revolt against Roman supremacy that had yet occurred; and took place just at the time that Florus and Agrippa were compelled to retire from Jerusalem.

New hopes were inspired by these successes; and the Jews began to contemplate a resistance unto death. At this time, also, the priests at Jerusalem, contrary to all former practice, and even to

*Masada joins  
in the re-  
bellion.*

## Vindication—Factions in Jerusalem.

the law of our Master Moses, refused to receive any Gentile sacrifices whatever; and rejected those even of the Emperor, which, ever since the time of the first Cæsar, have been offered in the name of the Roman people, to the God of Abraham and of our Nation. Still, there was a small Jewish party that disapproved of that proceeding, and accepted aid from Florus, and took possession of the Upper City, whilst the Temple and the rest of Jerusalem, save the Antonia, were in the undisturbed possession of the revolters. [July 4th—A. D. 66.]

Those of the Temple refused to permit the other party to worship there; and having associated themselves with the Sicarii, they proceeded to the Upper City in pursuit of their brethren, who had favoured the Roman sacrifices, and who had accepted aid from Florus therein; and there they destroyed Agrippa's palace by fire, as also several of those public buildings in which are registered the bonds of debtors—hoping to thereby destroy the evidences of debt, and thus secure to themselves the favour of a numerous class of people, who, in these times of peril, found their debts a fore calamity.

On the following day, the Temple-party attacked the Castle of Antonia; which being gained, they put to the sword the whole of the Roman garrison. Then was it that *Manabem*, son of the once famous Judas of Galilee, proclaimed himself king!—and conducted the siege of *Castle-Herod*, some of the towers of which they took, granting to the Jews permission to retire—but invariably putting the Romans to death. In a little while, however, the Moderate-party obtained the ascendancy under Eleazar—slew in the Temple the pretending king Manahem, with many of the robbers: but some effecting their escape reached Masada in safety; and were joyously welcomed by the now Jewish garrison there.

The Eleazar faction (as fiercely opposed to the Romans; as if not as fiercely contending with their own countrymen) proceeded with the siege of Castle Herod, which ended in a capitulation with the Roman commander *Metelius*, on condition that all lives should be spared: but the moment after the surrender of arms, the faithless Eleazar fell upon his captives, and murderously slew them all, except *Metelius*, who, unlike a Roman, saved his life by consenting to our rite of circumcision! This shocking breach of faith, and cold-blooded slaughter, was perpetrated on the sabbath; and extinguished the last hope, if any ever existed, of setting any bounds to Roman vengeance.

Wonderful indeed are the ways of Providence! for, at Cæsarea, on that very sabbath—yea, and hour, the Greeks, urged by the sanguinary Florus, attacked the Jews: and in that short time destroyed, in every way, the amazing number of twenty thousand,—so that scarce a Jew is left in all Cæsarea!

Vindication—Josephus in rebellion, and in high command.

A war of extermination quickly ensued : the revoltors had now become desperate ; and wherever Romans, or disaffected Jews were to be found, the revoltors attacked, plundered and destroyed them ; so that, in a few months, not less than twenty of the cities and villages had been overrun by our forces, and wholly freed from their Roman oppressors, and from our own factionists.

At length, to arrest the progress of this bloody and devastating intestine and foreign war, Cestius Gallus took the field with an army of ten thousand Romans, and thirteen thousand allies, hoping that the war might be ended by some rapid and decisive measure. He marched to Ptolemais, and burnt it to the earth. Joppa and Zebulon were next laid in ashes ; the proud Sepphoris of Galilee at once opened her gates—the robbers fled to the mountains, and all things seemed once more to favour the Romans.

On the last day of *Tisri*, however, the Syrian Prefect penetrated into Jerusalem, not without some loss, and drove the revoltors into the Inner City and the Temple,—burnt the timber market, and then advanced to the Upper City, where he encamped opposite the royal palace. Jerusalem, as heretofore, was much divided into factions ; and, after some conflicts, the Prefect obtained full possession of the city. But the Syrian who had gained it, more by Jewish perfidy than by his own prowess and skill, fearing lest the same want of faith might be turned against himself, suddenly abandoned his position ; and the robbers again entered Jerusalem, to the great surprise of themselves, and of all others !

On the following day the Jews, with renewed courage, pressed upon Gallus so severely, that he hastened from near the walls of Jerusalem, to Gaboa, his former quarters, distant about a parasang and a half : but this he gained with extreme peril ; and finding that he probably could not retain it, precipitately retreated, and stopped not until he reached Antipatris. The revoltors being thus triumphant, insisted upon having no more neutrals. For the first time, they now seemed disposed to organize themselves into something like a one party against a common foe. The *City government* was then entrusted to certain rulers, and the *military command* of the whole country was portioned out,—in which division there were entrusted to my care Gamalà, and all of Galilee.

In the mean while, the city of Damascus, greatly vexed at our success against the Romans, secretly planned the destruction of all our wretched countrymen who then were within her walls ! This diabolic scheme was effected by perfidiously convening them unarmed into the Gymnasium,—where, shocking to declare, no less than ten thousand

*Arrival of  
Gallus in aid  
of Florus.*

*Rebellion or-  
ganized, and  
Josephus ap-  
pointed to a  
high command.*

*The massacre  
at Damascus.*

Vindication—Damascus—John of Gischalà.

were murdered in cold blood! Oh, my Cartaphilus! tell me whether all these complicated miseries do not look as if the God of our fathers had so forsaken us, that he who now armeth in Israel's defence is doomed to defeat?—it truly so seemeth to me; but, at that time, my eyes were not opened, as now they are.

Having received the important military and other command I have mentioned, no time was lost by me in appointing a supreme council of seventy, for the transaction of all civil concerns; and, in each city, a subordinate one of seven. I fortified all the castles and cities within my jurisdiction; and soon collected an army of fully 100,000 men,—who abounded in zeal and good spirits, much more than in good arms: for, in truth, our equipments were but indifferent.

But, my Cartaphilus, our auspicious beginning was early much weakened by the machinations of John of Gischalà, since then so notorious for his crafty and desperate policy. How much he and his barbarous faction marred our best devised plans, and how subtly he sought my life, would exhaust thee to read in detail: little more, then, will I now do than briefly mention some of his devices,—for, if thou art not unkindly affected towards me, (seeing that I am, and shall be still with Vespasian)—as no confined prisoner—and yet wholly done with even the desire of arms—thou wilt need no laboured statement as to the Gischalite, or other matters, but regard with favour such brief words as to them and myself, as may tend to my perfect exculpation, in not heeding thy earnest counsel.

*John of Gischalà, the noted robber.*

After establishing his civil and military arrangements, and after winning over to us most of the factions, my earliest next care was to conciliate Agrippa—so far at least as to hope for his neutrality. All the remains of his demolished palace were, by my orders, collected and returned to the custody of the Agrippa party in Jerusalem,—to whom we expressed our regret and indignation at what had been done.

I then visited Gischalà—or rather the ruins of that which, early in the insurrection had been destroyed by the Jews, after they found John inclined towards the Roman side—or if not, towards his own selfish and factious plans.

*Conspiracy against the Josephus party.*

Arriving there, I was pleased to see that John appeared now so well affected towards me: but this proved to be sheer deception; and we were therefore soon in open hostility; whereupon he was compelled to retire to his citadel, his party having been defeated in all the cities of Galilee.

As the Gischalite had little hope of destroying me by arms, he craftily warred against me by artful perfidies—striving to undermine



me in the confidence of my friends and soldiers : and with that view, he despatched messengers to Jerusalem, to persuade our people there, that my views in Galilee were those of ambition only, and that I would soon prove myself their, as well as my country's enemy.

Simon of Jerusalem, also, loved me not ; and the high priest Ananus was bribed by John to take sides against me ! Some of the most powerful men of Jerusalem were therefore sent into Galilee to alienate the army from me ; and to either put me to death, or bring me to Jerusalem—a hard lot this, for one who fought to defend his country against all foes !

Sepphoris—Tiberias—Gamalà—and Gischalà yielded to the authority of that wicked deputation from the once Holy City. But the messengers finding me well prepared to resist, at once resorted to stratagem, and found in me their equal : for, when wits must encounter, we seldom know our own power, until urged by circumstances of fierce necessity—and so it was with me. They sent to me a most friendly epistle, stating that, in truth, their only object was to punish John ; and thereupon urged me to forthwith visit them ! This letter being read by me, was again carefully sealed as before ; and having received it at night, and during a great banquet of my friends, I invited the bearer thereof to remain, at the same time presenting to him twenty drachmæ, as for his expenses back. The messenger being by this means put off his guard, was then well plied with wine ; whereby I obtained from his then truthful lips, a full revelation of the plot by which I was doomed to certain death !

A most friendly letter by that messenger was handed to him, when sobered, addressed to those crafty and cruel Deputies—and, to reciprocate their civility, they were invited courteously to visit me, seeing as they must how urgent and many were my engagements at that time ! The Deputies, as I well knew, were then much, though secretly occupied in effecting my ruin among the people : but the apparently well-meaning letter effectually deceived them ; and produced the meeting asked for, without the least suspicion on their part as to how well I knew them !

At our meeting before a numerous multitude of my people, their own Epistle to me, and some other intercepted letters, were then slowly read by me to them as if but that moment received. Great was the confusion and wonder of John and his now overreached Deputies—and especially at my revelations, and burning comments upon all—whilst the attentive and soon much enraged people were difficult to restrain from at once sacrificing them in their just fury. But the Gischalite made good his sudden retreat, and rested not till he reached his citadel ; and the Deputies, not being detained, quickly escaped to Tiberias—which thus ending, fully assured them and the authorities at Jerusalem, that their true

## Vindication—Revolt of Tiberias—His enemies.

interests prompted the immediate and hearty confirmation of me in all my former powers, and that no longer should they plot against one, who knew how to be as true to himself, as he had been ever to his country.

Soon after this, Tiberias again revolted from me, and strived to surrender the city to Agrippa's troops: but I brought another stratagem to my aid, and speedily defeated their endeavour. I procured two hundred and forty vessels, each being manned by only four men: these were stationed by me within sight of Tiberias—the inhabitants of which believing them to be filled with troops, at once surrendered to our demand! Two thousand and six hundred of their eminent men were seized by my order, as hostages for strict fidelity; but JUSTUS, son of Pistus, a great foe of mine, had previously gone over to the Romans.\*

I next surprised the fortress of Gischalà, and surrendered it to pillage: John then fell into my hands—he was pardoned by me—how worthily, now needs no comment: his many foul deeds towards me will not be much dwelt on, as the infamy of his character is proclaimed by a world!

Four times did Tiberias surrender to me; and Sepphoris was twice subdued by me: I strived to save them both *against themselves*—and now cannot but wonder at my leniency! In other parts of Palestine, not under my command, there was great rashness, and equal faction. Ascalon was unsuccessfully attacked by the Jews; the force was large, but so wholly without discipline, that our loss was not less than ten thousand!

It was at length announced to us that VESPASIAN had arrived at Antioch on his way to Judea; but our countrymen were then in no degree dismayed thereby, great as his renown justly was—for the error was that they somewhat applied against Vespasian the confidence derived to them from their signal successes against Cestius Gallus!

Vespasian, however, is not only a general of great experience and prowess, but he came with a well-appointed, powerful, and highly disciplined army,—to war, indeed, against a desperate and brave people, but with a divided, wicked, and inconstant one,—

\* This JUSTUS, of Tiberias, was not only an enemy and a military rival of Josephus: but, about twenty years thereafter, he became also the great literary opponent—especially in the matter of the faithful narrative of the Jewish wars. He attacked Josephus with extreme acrimony,—to which the enlightened Jewish historian made a spirited reply. The work of Justus is wholly lost: but, from Photius, an able critic, who had read his production, as also from Josephus himself, we have good reason to believe that Justus was in no degree to be relied on. Vespasian, Titus, and Agrippa, moreover, concur in sustaining the faithfulness of Josephus.

## Vindication—Arrival of Vespasian—Agrippa.

with a nation, moreover, upon whom Heaven's curse seems to have alighted : for, with us, *success*, by any daring and almost unexampled bravery, was sure to be met with severe *losses*—or, if not, we had to mourn them in some other direction, as more than countervailing our gains !

Agrippa was prompt to greet Vespasian ; for these *Herodians* ever adore the rising sun—never fail to bask in its genial rays when risen, and are keen to perceive the distant clouds that may obscure its lustre ! At nearly the same time, Vespasian received a deputation from the ever inconstant SEPPHORIS—the central city of my military command,—for it likewise loved the favours of Nero's Vicegerent, better than the toils and miseries of a doubtful war ! In vain were all my remonstrances and threats and shamings against the perfidious acts of my capital : but my vexation became extreme, when I beheld Placidus, near the walls of Sepphoris, with a thousand horse, and six times that number of infantry, ravaging all the surrounding beautiful country, and with the fullest measure of Roman severity—but no resistance from Sepphoris ! This conduct of that city, and the insulting indifference of the Romans, urged me to great and continued exertions to regain my ungrateful capital—but all to no purpose : *fire—sword—and slavery* now seemed to be the inevitable doom of that portion of my military division.

## THE SIEGE OF JOTAPATA, AND ITS DESTRUCTION.

TITUS, soon after, arrived from Alexandria, and united his forces with those of his father. I pass, at once, over all preliminary matters ; and shall detail, with some care, the ever memorable siege and destruction of JOTAPATA—which, as I truly believe, hath not its like in the annals of all past time, for bravery on both sides—for ingenious devices of attack and defence—for variety of stratagems of war—for severity of sufferings—for the cruelty and extent of slaughter in proportion to those engaged—for the barbarous slavery of the remnant,—and finally, for the utter destruction of every vestige of a once prosperous and happy city !

Jotapata, it is probable, thou didst never visit. After Vespasian had destroyed Gadarà, and every being it contained, Jotapata became the refuge of our bravest Galilean warriors—our stronghold—our last and greatest hope ! It stood proudly upon a lofty eminence, in the midst of a mountainous and rugged country ; but still so encompassed by more towering eminences, that it could scarce be seen until you had nearly gained its walls, or ascended those heights. The three sides of the hill which sustained the City, arose abruptly from the deep ravines around it ; and the only

## Vindication—Siege of Jotapata.

approaches to it on the north, were nearly impracticable for infantry, and quite so for cavalry: and the other was so fortified by me, as to inspire the strongest hope that the city was absolutely impregnable through this great combination of nature and art.

A war council was promptly summoned by the experienced Roman; who was the more eager to reduce Jotapata, as he had just been informed by a deserter, that I, as chief of all the Galilean forces, had suddenly left Tiberias, (whither I had retired after the destruction of Gadarà,) and had succeeded in getting within the walls of Jotapata, intending to make there the most desperate defence. The Council of our foes, when assembled, determined that an *inclined agger* should be raised against the wall, so lately erected by me for their exclusion from this *only pass*,—but, how to build their agger was the great question with Vespasian. His army could, indeed, soon collect ample materials from the surrounding country; and even bring them in safely through a portion of that narrow pass, and to within a short distance of the wall that guarded the inner pass—but still, the doubt with the Romans was as to how they were to be firmly deposited there, and so near also to the city walls, and under the very arrows and javelins of their enemies? Ah, my learned Cartaphilus, during these twenty years past, thou hast seen too much of these Romans, to ever be surprised at their ingenious and desperate contrivances in war.

Vespasian divided his entire forces into five divisions—one was strictly military, and also for guard—another to provide and prepare the food and other sustenance—another was destined to bring nothing but earth—still another nothing but stone and wood: and, to the last (by far the most numerous) division was assigned the making of the agger,—which was commenced at a considerable distance from our wall of the pass, and was gradually gaining height, as it approached nearer to it.

When, in the progress of their work, they came within the range of our arrows and javelins, and other missiles, we were not a little surprised and dismayed to find that they had prepared firm and ingeniously wrought pent-houses of wicker-work, which were an effectual protection against the arrow, and nearly so against the javelin! They were often, indeed, greatly annoyed by us from both,—but still their work proceeded. As they approached yet nearer the wall, our javelins became more powerful; and still more effectual were the massive stones we hurled upon them—many, indeed, without effect, as we had not the power to direct their course truly; but others were occasionally wielded with great and dismaying slaughter.

The Roman embankment being at length nearly completed, our city walls were made alive with men, to offer our foes a despe-

## Vindication—Siege of Jotapata.

rate and toilsome resistance : but the vexatious *catapultæ* discharged against us showers of javelins ; and their resistless *ballistæ* sent forth huge stones in the midst of solid masses of our maddened people ! To these the Romans now added arrows tipped with burning substances, and likewise balls of inextinguishable fire ! Their slingers, and also their Arabian archers, carried fierce destruction all around—for their aim was so deadly true, that the slaughter became immense.

Finding that most of the stations upon our walls were but our certain graves, we commenced a series of sudden attacks from below—sending out upon the Roman workmen small parties, who destroyed their wicker-work, and slayed many of their men,—they being then wholly without armour, and often naked, the weather being oppressive, and also that they might labour with greater ease in the completion, or repair, of their agger. We were sometimes successful in setting fire to their *pent-houses* : in which case we also demolished portions of their embankment, now rendered far more difficult to repair. But small were these successes, and speedily were they guarded against for the future, by Vespasian's directing that all of his wicker-houses should be united, so as to form a single and firm line around the whole agger !

The great work being at length entirely finished, the Romans stood proudly thereon, and nearly on a level with our battlement. Jotapata was then in full view before them ; and the foes surveyed each other, as do two desperate and equally matched lions—neither fearing, but each most wary and contemplative, as to the *who* and *how* of the first onset !

Great, however, was the disappointment and surprise of Vespasian, when he beheld the city walls growing higher, as if by magic !—for I had summoned an immense force to this work of raising the walls entirely above the view from the agger. This was truly a dangerous exploit, against which our men, fearless as they were, involuntarily complained ; for their exposure to the destructive missiles of our enemy was great and constant.

As the Romans had so suddenly surprised us by their wicker-houses, so, in turn, was Vespasian amazed, when, early in the morning after a dark night, he saw before him numerous hides of oxen, newly slain for the purpose, suspended upon lofty stakes, firmly established in the walls immediately in front of his agger ! The various missiles of our foes fell upon these hides, as dead and harmless things—or glided off swiftly, with no mischief to any ! Their blazing arrows, also, and fire-balls of various combustibles, could make but small impression upon these moist and pliant skins ; and, under the protection of this happy shelter, our men toiled during night and day, until we found our city walls full twenty cubits higher ! at least to the extent of the *breadth* of their agger.

## Vindication—Siege of Jotapata.

Upon this addition we likewise raised numerous small towers, and a battlement ; so that, when finished, our men had both time and inclination to renew the like sudden and daring sallies from below, which had proved so destructive and annoying to the Romans whilst building their agger.

All hope of taking Jotapata by *siege* being now ended ; Vespasian quietly reposed on his *blockade*—not doubting but that famine must, in no great time, reduce us. We had ample provision, for a time at least ; but water and salt, unhappily, were very scarce. The warm season was also increasing ; and our usual reliance upon the heavens for water was daily lessening. All this was suspected by the confederate Roman ; but he was again astonished, when he perceived a number of our men using water in seeming abundance ; and, with apparent indifference, washing their clothes and hanging them to dry on the city walls ! The stratagem was effectual : for Vespasian then supposed we had deep wells, or other copious sources of that precious element—and forthwith abandoned his blockade, and again resorted to assaults !

Though this waste of water occasioned no little misery, the change in the tactics of our foes much pleased us : as death by their arms was preferable to the slow, but equally sure one, by present thirst, and eventual famine.

The Romans, moreover, were further surprised by our obviously having frequent communication with our countrymen far beyond the walls ; and yet in a way they could in no wise conjecture : the truth was, that a certain secret and very narrow passage, had wholly escaped the vigilance of Vespasian ! It led into the southern valley, through the now dry bed of what was once a torrent. Our messengers passed through this with letters, and things of small bulk, wholly unperceived ; and thus it often was used, to our great convenience, and for a long time !

Our famine and thirst, however, were growing apace—the secret pass was, at length discovered ; and all things portended a rapid and ruinous termination. My hopes of eventual success were at no time without apprehension ; but the dreadful future was now clearly revealed to me.

I confess to thee, O Cartaphilus, that when my mind was once made up that Jotapata *must* fall, my own personal safety was not indifferent to me. To save my fellow soldiers, by any human exertion, and still more the unoffending women and children, I would have poured out my life most freely : but both seemed now alike impossible,—each man's life therefore was *then* his own. I consulted freely with some of the chiefs, as to the means of escape ; this consultation became known ; and the wretched people surrounded us, imploring that we would not forsake them, though our

## Vindication—Siege of Jotapata.

preference could in no way serve them. What was to be done! I had exhausted every suggestion my mind seemed capable of—I had been most willing to try any expedient, however daring, and spared myself in no way, either as to toil, or peril. Abandoned at length by my own hope, and unsustained by those around me, I was still eager to catch at any thought—adopt any device that might arise—but alas! none such were, or could be made; and yet the people, as was natural, still clung to me as their only refuge!

My agonized mind then drove me to some action; and necessarily to little else than reckless and daring *repetitions* of the means already detailed. I found myself again at my post, but without a solitary suggestion that promised the least relief to my people, either from thirst, famine, or sword—all that remained, then, was to hasten the sad catastrophe, and die, just as our enemies chose.

My resolution was incontinently made—We were now to become the assailants, with no other hope or view than to obtain a more speedy death! We rushed forth upon the Roman guards—penetrated into the midst of their camps—tore down, with frantic rage and resistless desperation, their works—set fire to their lines—witnessed our own sure immolation in each fall,—and yet we repeated these incursions some days and nights, with nothing but the poor satisfaction of knowing that we had slaughtered many of our foes, and ended the miseries of many more of our devoted countrymen!

But the sagacious Vespasian was too wise long to receive from us this voluntary proffer of our sacrifices—at the expense thus severely imposed upon him. He consequently directed his *regular* troops (who previously had suffered so largely by those sallies) to decline all such attacks, and to leave for us only their skilful *archers*, and equally adroit *slingers*! These, as we thought, could neither destroy us sufficiently fast, nor offer to us the excitement we previously had, in slaughtering our foes. The catapults and ballistas issued their death-diffusing missiles; and, as thousands perished on our walls, their places were supplied without intermission!

At length came, for the first time, their **BATTERING-RAMS**! The walls of Jotapata shook under their tremendous strokes; these, by constant repetition, assured us that breaches would soon be made,—and that the now greatly enraged lions, attended by their intrepid eagles, would quickly be let in upon us. We had craved death, and yet now shrink from the trying moment, so close to all—that awful moment which was to separate us, for ever, from wives, children, friends, countrymen—and from all the scenes of this life! Canst thou, O wise Cartaphilus, accuse me of infirmity of purpose—of inconsistency, when I tell thee that, the crashing against our walls of this formidable instrument roused me, sud-

## Vindication—Siege of Jotapata.

denly, to further resistance—to devices for safety and revenge, that our minds had utterly refused to yield till then? Oh no; man's true nature is too well known of thee.

I directed numerous sacks to be filled with straw, and suspended from the walls by ropes, so as to exactly meet the battering-rams, wherever they might strike: and, how great was our joy when we saw their oft-repeated blows fall inoperative and dead—for the mighty weapon seemed to be at once almost annihilated!

But who can hope long to elude Roman sagacity—experience? In the midst of my exultation, I found that Vespasian had caused a *scythe* to be attached to a long pole—one for each rope and sack suspended by me! These scythes did their work effectually, so that the resistless battering-rams were again in fearful motion. But my ardour, now awakened, could not be extinguished by this great misfortune, and a large force was instantly summoned, equipped with new devices. We rushed from out our walls, in distinct parties, bearing in our hands numerous torches of red and blue fires. At once, we were in the midst of our foes; their engines, camps, and pent-houses were soon blazing around us; black and suffocating smoke and flames encompassed our enemies—the fires spread with terrific rapidity through the timbers that braced the embankment: bitumen, pitch, and sulphur had been much used for their cement; and we were now ravished with the sight of the almost sure destruction of the whole agger, that had cost the Romans so much of toil and life to raise!

At this seemingly propitious moment, the daring Eleazar (with his famed lion-strength, as of Samson in ancient days) was seen to stand upon the wall, and seize a mighty stone: holding it in his brawny arms, with keen eye, and faithful aim, he levelled it with giant force against the head of the battering-ram, and smote it quite asunder! He then leaped from the wall, amidst a shower of darts; and, securing the trophy, rushed with miraculous strength and quickness to the gate, which suddenly opened to receive him, and as instantly closed again! Five arrows had pierced the valorous Eleazar; and when he regained the wall, he gazed on the foe below, raised the iron head aloft; and with convulsive exultation instantly expired!

But our shouts of victory were for a brief season. Vespasian had been slightly wounded by a javelin. This caused the enraged Romans to hasten in masses towards the walls,—the battering-rams were renewed—night came on, and yet the slaughter of our men ceased not. The Jews would not for a moment leave the walls, but were content to be cloven down in dense crowds, could they but have the satisfaction of hurling their balls of fire and huge stones upon the equally reckless Romans!

The horrors of *that* night can never be told, nor ever be less



## Vindication—Siege of Jotapata.

vivid on my mind—they are deep within my soul,—for they excel in terrors all that ever a diseased imagination could portray. I need say no more than that, before the first dawn, a breach had been made through the city wall—at its base, torrents of blood were flowing—the women, children, and the aged of all Jotapata were frantic with despair, and blended their heart-piercing shrieks with all the other furious noises of the scene.

Thus was the moment for Vespasian—his wound could not then be thought of—he appeared before the breach; and whilst, on the outside, the illustrious Roman was planning with matchless skill the entry into our devoted city, I, on the other, was concentrating the most frightful means of resisting his passage;—but how, with the fore impediments now around them, these Romans still entered in masses through the narrow breach, no mind can conceive, and surely no pen unfold—for this last device of mine wondered and pained even thy Josephus! Many, however, were now freely *within the walls*—and in the midst of ravening wolves, until strengthened by myriads more: but they still poured through the narrow passage, in almost solid phalanx—and at that moment my deadly device was executed! I hurled upon them masses of *boiling oil*, contained in very brittle vessels—which, bursting at their fall, covered the insensate crowd with that scalding liquid, and carried into their souls more of horror and death, than all they had yet experienced at our hands! The breach, moreover, was not only narrow, but was somewhat above the level of the earth, and needed a small wooden bridge to reach it. Upon that bridge therefore we now poured also large quantities of boiling *fenugreek*; which, from its oily and glutinous consistency, rendered the ascent extremely difficult, and thus afforded our vessels of scalding oil, our javelins, and other missiles, full opportunity for the deadly work, by the larger time, and mortal aim!

Vespasian finding now that even the breach, which, at first, had promised so speedy a termination to his toils, had only proved the cause of great loss of life, resorted to another, and a fatal measure. With unwearied labour, he elevated the agger, and built thereon fifty towers, armed with the expertest missile-men; who, from their lofty station, poured down upon us their weapons of sure destruction,—whilst ours now could but seldom reach them.

At this time also our hearts sank within us, when intelligence came of the fall of *Jopha*, with a loss of fifteen thousand killed, and the women and children sent into galling slavery, remote from Israel's land—and further, of the destruction on mount Gerizim of twelve thousand Samaritans—yea, upon their own holy mountain! And to all this was added, that Vespasian had heard from one of our deserters, (we had but few,) that Jotapata could hold out not many hours longer.

## Vindication—The Fall of Jotapata.

Early in the morning of the twelfth of *Tamuz*—a misty day, Titus and the tribune Sabinus, with a few others, gained the top of the Wall; also, many troops under *The fall of Placidus and Cerealis* instantly followed,—when the *Jotapata.* sentinels nearest to them were at once put to death, and all our foes quietly descended into the city—took the citadel by surprise—and *Jotapata was theirs!* [July 1st, A. D. 67.]

All this was effected with marvellous rapidity and silence; for the darkness of the morning, our excessive fatigue during the past night, and the utter abandonment of hope, had rendered us all an easy prey.

The horrors of the scenes that ensued cannot be told—no ray of pity, nor of mercy, entered the breast of a single Roman—no resistance was offered by any of us—that feeling being then all past, and nature wholly exhausted,—so that, the once victorious and lion-hearted-foldier, the aged and infirm, the women and youths and children, were now alike subdued, and submissive to the stroke of death, and to the fiercest butcheries of their relentless foes!—JOTAPATA was brought down to the earth—fire, famine, the sword, and the club, swept life and property clean from existence?

Of the once crowded and happy population, that a few years before had rejoiced in the streets and temples of Jotapata, only twelve hundred could now be found as appropriate captives—the rest, to the number of *forty thousand*, were slain during the *forty and seven* days of our calamitous siege!

Het me now, O Cartaphilus! again ask thee, canst thou condemn *Josephus*, if he hath *enough* of this? Shall his love towards Israel be doubted, because he now refuseth to draw his sword, even in defence of the once holy, but now desecrated Salem! Wilt thou have me war against the Most High! No, excellent Cartaphilus, no! Josephus hath done his part—and to do more, would be to arm himself against revealed, palpable destiny; for, as *our* wickedness hath exceeded the wickedness of all the nations—so hath our misery gone far beyond what the world hath ever known! And here, my Cartaphilus, I would reverse the Greek proverb, and remind thee that, *if God be against us, everything that was possible becomes impossible.*

And here, fain would I conclude my painful narrative: but something remains to be said, yet more *personal* to myself, than what already hath been given; and this thy *Perils of Josephus.* curiosity, if not love towards me, may demand. Thou wilt naturally ask, “and what became of *thee*, O Flavius Josephus! amidst this universal carnage?” I will reply to thee with truth—shrinking in nothing from the loathing events that early followed.

Among the myriad of bodies that filled the streets, houses, and

## Vindication—The Fall of Jotapata.

fortresses of Jotapata, that of *Josephus* was no where to be found! Escape were impossible, as the Romans well knew; for eyes and ears had witnessed his presence only a few hours before—and yet all search proved vain, though Vespasian had shown extreme anxiety for his capture!

But all this, good Cartaphilus, was no wizard-work; for under the city are many deep caverns—in one of which I had sought refuge,—and oh, how great was my astonishment and delight, when I found there no less than forty of our most eminent people, and having with them an ample supply of provisions for many days! But, in only two days thereafter, a certain woman betrayed to Vespasian the place of our concealment. A messenger was instantly charged to seek me, and with promise of life; great indeed were my surprise and fear, when the tribune Paulinus cried out to me, at the mouth of the cave, to come forth, and that all should be well with me! Roman faith and mercy, however, were then but little valued by me; and I refused to be seen. Shortly after came Nicanor at the cave's entrance, and called loudly, but kindly, on me. Him I had well known; and he assured me from Vespasian, my person was in no danger: and, remembering at that time the dream that came to me shortly before the siege, in which were revealed to me the calamities we were to endure, as also the sure exaltation of Vespasian to the Imperial power, I consented to accompany Nicanor.

My forty companions, however, were prompt to surround me, and showed themselves so hostile to my resolution, that my life seemed now in greater peril from them, than it ever had been from Vespasian! How severely I was rated by them, and stoutly threatened with sure death—and how they appealed vehemently to every motive that might lead me to prefer *self-slaughter*!—likewise, how I *philosophized* with them respecting the right of self-immolation, and the folly of preferring death to a life, *not asked* for by me, but voluntarily tendered by Vespasian, would now occupy me too long in the detail:—suffice it to say, that my philosophy was ridiculed, and that all were ready to sacrifice me as the chiefest of cowards! I suddenly reminded them all of my devoted zeal, and ceaseless labours as their commander—that all our stratagems, all our desperation, all our dreadful sacrifices, and our obstinate refusal to surrender the city, had been occasioned, in great part, by our own regard for *life*. They listened to me with unexpected attention—their swords became all sheathed,—and conviction, respect and pity, seemed to have robbed them of their fury! But still, their *eye* assured me it would not endure—"If death must come," exclaimed I, "let it not be by our own hand, but by each other's—and by lot!" This was agreed to; and, wonderful are the ways of Pro-

## Vindication—The Capture of Josephus.

vidence,—all of them perished in turn, save Josephus, and *one* other ! and I that Josephus, was not long in persuading him to accept of life.

**W**e both hastened to abandon this cave of death ; and were welcomed by Nicanor. I reached the camp of Vespasian (then at Cæsaréa) through immense crowds ; who eagerly pressed to see the Commander, who had escaped such complicated dangers—my life, indeed, was to be spared ; but the design seemed to be, to send me to Nero !

**I** strongly urged a private interview with Vespasian ; which was granted, save that Titus and two others remained. I announced to Vespasian my remarkable dream ; and, *Josephus' prediction as to Vespasian.* from its *partial* fulfilment, my perfect conviction that the *residue* would be found equally true, in that Vespasian was destined, and soon, to be Rome's Emperor ! “ Send me not, O Vespasian, to Nero,” continued I, “ but keep me thy prisoner, until thou shalt become Lord of the Earth and Sea—and Ruler of the Human Race !”

**V**espasian looked at me with evident surprise ; but seemed to regard my speech as subtle flattery : yet, upon appealing to my twelve hundred companions in captivity, then in chains, whether I had not declared the like matter to the people of Jotapata,—and they fully sustaining me therein, Vespasian bowed—and soon thereafter, Josephus was a welcomed guest among them all !

**A**nd now, O discreet and learned Cartaphilus ! Nero, as thou knowest, is since dead ; Galba doth at present rule ; but *mark* what I now repeat—Vespasian *will* be Emperor !\*

**D**uring the fourteen months passed by me in the Roman camps, after Jotapata's fall, devastation and ruin have marked our daily transaction. In less than a week after I came to Cæsaréa, the sea at *Joppa* was red with the blood of our countrymen : the shores were strewn *Events in Palestine after the capture of Josephus.* with dead and mangled bodies ; this most ancient of our cities was laid low—and more than four thousand lives were the sanguinary sacrifice ! Next came *Tiberias*, whose fate must have been the same, had not her full submission, aided by the request of Agrippa, saved her from plunder, fire, and carnage. Close by, on the beautiful lake, stood the fair city of *Tarichea*, that had been fortified by me with special care. Roman bravery, united to Jewish avarice, perfidy, and faction, soon placed her in the melancholy list of cities

\* The fact of this prediction by Josephus has been little, if at all, questioned ; and we know that Vespasian was proclaimed Emperor, in about two years after the fall of Jotapata ! Still, we regard this as nothing more than a striking instance of shrewd political sagacity.

for ever dead ! The limpid waters of Gennefareth were purpled, and her lovely shores made hideous, by the foul carcasses of the slain, by the wrecks of boats, and the mixed fragments of costly property, and precious things of every kind : and here the loss of life exceeded six thousand, and full six thousand captives were sent by Vespasian to Nero, then in Greece, to aid him, as was said, in making a great channel through the Isthmus of Corinth ! Some of those wretched men, as I have heard, met thine eye, and friendly sympathy, O Cartaphilus, when thou wert with Nero surveying the mighty work.

**A**fter this came *Gamalà*—the towering, inaccessible *Gamalà* !—but it, too, shared the fate of its fellows. Herod-Agrippa, though possessed of vast civil power in our afflicted country, was not a whit of a Jew, and in feeling never else than a sorry Roman. He had been besieging this fair city during many months : but the people of *Gamalà*, in their pride and supposed safety, only laughed vehemently at Agrippa. The Romans then came in strong force to his aid ; and this second Jotapata, after an angry and sturdy resistance, (in which Vespasian had nigh perished) was also blotted out of existence, and her entire population, young and old, of both sexes, were murderously slain ! \*

**N**early at the same time *Itabyrium* fell : next to her, the Citadel and new town of *Gischalà*, the cunning robber John having escaped, as thou knowest, to Jerusalem,—where, I would counsel thee to watch him closely : for, my Cartaphilus, if thou takest an active part against the Romans, see to it that John doth not betray thee and thine, and save himself. The *Gischalite's* God is *money*—not his *country* : but I would further counsel thee, nay entreat thee, to come out of Jerusalem with all speed ; and to mix thyself in no way with this now desperate cause.

**W**hen John had reached Jerusalem, and Vespasian (after taking *Jamnica* and *Arxotus*) came to *Cæsaréa*, all Galilee was early subdued : and since that time, Vespasian hath also conquered *Gadarà* and all *Pirèa*. *Idumea* must also follow ; and then little will remain, save Jerusalem, to hope for—and what hope, seeing that it is now in such unholy hands?—for John and the Zealots have it all to themselves !

**I**would also have thee remember, Cartaphilus, that thou hast come among us, when the grain is already reaped, and stored in the garner of our enemies. Thy absence at Rome hath been long : and, if *thou* dost yet see cause of hope, *Josephus* can see none. Thus do matters stand at the present hour.† We yet have *Idumea*

\* About the end of October, A.D. 67.

† September 26th, A.D. 68.

Cartaphilus visits the Pella Family.

—the cities of *Mafada*, and *Machærus*—and our afflicted *Jerusalem*! Judge thou, then, how long they can remain *ours*—and still further, what must come, when all shall be *theirs*! Will they not, in like manner, perish from off the face of the earth? It must be so.

I send this letter by a trusty friend; with charge to deliver it to thee at Pella: and, if thou art gone from thence, then to thee at Jerusalem. Should it there, however, fall into the hands of the Gischalite, it can peril thee nothing; as it contains sufficient proof of *thy* devotion to the Jewish cause: and, as to *myself*, I, in no way am in his power—though it hath been lately said that the *Roman* Jews have ungratefully sent petitions to Vespasian, to have me slain!—and, my Cartaphilus, as to my *fame*, I trust that this letter hath also sufficiently vindicated it,—not for thee only, but even for the Gischalite, and his bloody followers. FAREWELL. JOSEPHUS.

SECTION XXVI.—JERUSALEM, 8th *Marchesvan*. [October 13th, A. D. 69.]



HAVE just returned from Pella; and oh, whilst there, how joy and grief were struggling within me! What galling reminiscences agitated my soul!—and the *present* would

*His visit to  
Pella.*

have weighed me down with the remembrance of those blighted joys and hopes, but that my host of griefs were now so gently ministered unto by Rebecca—surely the divinest of women! Brightly adorned indeed is she with all the virtues—still beautiful in form and motion—still gentle as the doves that yet play around her, and perch upon her shoulder—conscious how greatly they are loved! More than twenty and five years have passed since last we met,—but the large black eye is serene and liquid, as, when in youth we strayed on the heights of Ramoth-Gilead—and the cheerfulness of a heavenly innocence seems a portion of her inner nature. Yes, dearest Rebecca, time hath not shorn thee of even thy outward supreme loveliness; and largely hath it added to the riches of thy incomparable mind—to the excellence of thy unerring heart.

And thou, Priscilla! bright model of Hebrew matrons—best of mothers, my earliest and fastest friend; I now find thee, as thou wert in former days: years have, indeed, thinned and blanched thy once raven locks, but have added largely to the abundance of thine elevated soul, to the wealth of thine admirable heart: and, my venerable Rabboni—my first patron, and enlightened friend, EBEN EZRA! thou, too, art still living, the glory of thy family—the ornament of thy now ruined country; which, in thee, (could she but know it,) would find that Israel yet hath *one* with whom she should delight to counsel: for, if moral ruin hath spread as pestilence over

## Cartaphilus visits the Pella Family.

this once fair land, it touches thee not, my friend ! and fain would I believe it hath likewise spared all among us, (though few indeed) who, like thee, have embraced that Miraculous Faith, which seemeth to transform the *inner* soul of man, and enlarging all that is good within us, and with many superadded virtues, unthought of before ! And lastly, dear youth of Athens, my excellent *Alcaus* ! thy heart and mind (so much beyond thy years) give bright promise of much lovely fruit hereafter. If all this be not from heaven, it is worthy of so being.

But the marvellous adventure, in Armenia, of our dearest Rebecca, (only brief words as to which would her mother then reveal to me) still prove that such virtues as all the Pella family then displayed, can find their source in Him alone that ruleth the skies.

When first my eyes rested upon Rebecca, after so long a separation, and when I remembered that fifty of Nisan's moons had passed, since the day was blessed that gave her to the light, my soul reposed in mixed delight and wonder, at nature thus permitting so much loveliness as hers to remain so little blighted ! But the truthful lips of Priscilla did not wholly conceal the causes that took them all from Pella's peaceful shades ; first to Ephesus, thence to Artaxata, in Armenia—also somewhat as to the perils her daughter and the rest had there encountered, with brief allusion to Rebecca's triumph in the terrific contest,—but with no word as to how they escaped ! Every vestige of my former love was then buried in supremest admiration—and to me she then seemed no longer the betrothed Idol of Cartaphilus, but a being whose disembodied virtues could alone be thought of—a being, no longer allied to humanity ! Priscilla departed for a time ; but my eye could no longer rest upon Rebecca ; my tongue was awed into silence,—and mute, in mind as well as speech, I stood, in her almost holy presence, as a statue ! But not so with the fair daughter : she approached me with so much of nature and truth, that the ideal extinction of her earthly existence passed instantly from me—and I was delighted to behold in her again the pure and lovely mortal !

Rebecca's story had been told me only in brief words : for, as to all that regards her daughter, the matron is usually either silent, or too painfully diffident thereon to be urged. To her short narrative of the trying scenes in Armenia, Priscilla, however, added with animation some details of events, during their four years' absence in various lands ; but specially delighted to dwell on the progress of the *Nazarenes*, and of the growth of their infant churches,—as to all of which I listened with interest, but with still a hope she might return to Rebecca's dangers, and as to her signal triumph in Armenia ; but on *that*, Priscilla gave me then but small satisfaction. I should much have regretted to be compelled to chronicle

Priscilla's Narrative promised to Cartaphilus.

a mutilated tale, of but imperfect recollections, and with large admixtures of my own poor and unworthy language; and therefore I earnestly importuned Priscilla to send me, at her leisure, her own faithful Narrative:—to this she reluctantly consented—and here shall it be recorded.

SECTION XXVII.—JERUSALEM, *Bul*, 18th. [November 6th, A.D. 69.]

\* \* \* \* \*



HAVE just received, of the kindness of Priscilla, her promised Narrative. Matchless woman! great are thy endowments, rich is thy mind, truthful and gracious thy heart. Like thine own fair daughter, thou art still majestic in person, cheerful as the matron bird that salutes the morning, and thoughtful as the angel of benevolence. Now, though years have somewhat told their tale, in the now paleness of thy once blooming cheek, happiness is in thine eye, and buoyancy in thy mind—for piety and zeal, with no taint of superstition, dwell therein!

And that delightful youth Alcæus! him she will now cherish, as Rebecca did her snow-white lamb, in our youthful days. O, how tender was her entreatment of that lamb—and yet with such continued discipline, that the pet, imitating her fair mistress, showed wisdom as well as affection!—for Rebecca would have naught around her, that had not head as well as heart; and so now will Alcæus be unto the admirable Priscilla.

Alcæus tells me Artemas will soon be at Pella; and that all there will anxiously await my presence. O Cartaphilus! how different thy years have been from those of thy early and devoted friend Artemas! Canst thou dare to embrace *him*, who is so pure; and will he not now shrink involuntarily from thy arms? Withered must also be *his* leaf—but not from a Neronian life; oh no, his years have been labours of love to man! thine worse than those of Nero; for he was born a *Gentile*, and in all the darkness of nature—thou a *Jew* in the full light of revelation! But such thoughts must not now be cherished—they sicken my inner soul, and should now give way to others. Priscilla's story will yield me comfort: for her words are ever as the balm of Gilead—soft and healing to the wounded heart.



## PRISCILLA'S NARRATIVE.

PELLA.—Month of *Bul*, 15th *Seleucide*, 381.  
[November 3rd, A. D. 69.]



CAN refuse *thee* nothing, my Cartaphilus, that may possibly aid in bringing from darkness and misery, into light and happiness, one so long cherished in our deepest heart, and tenderest affections, as thou hast ever been.

With this hope, and from no desire to speak of myself or daughter, I now comply with thy urgent request,—trusting, moreover, that He, whom thou hast so much offended, will cause thee to perceive that the toils through which we passed were in His great cause.

In the month of *Elul*, more than seven years ago,\* we yielded to the strong solicitations of Aquila and his pious wife, to join them at Ephesus,—that we might there give our feeble testimony and aid to the cause of our Master, and towards the downfall of *Diana's* power—so great among the Ephesians!

The history of the numerous deities of the Gentile world, though not so full, to overflowing, with wickedness and absurdity, as, at first it would appear, is yet a black and most foul page in the chronicles of all the ages, and in all countries. To understand more fully the value of our holy religion, revealed to us through so many ages, and perfected in this our day, by the coming of the long expected Shiloh, I studied, with some care, the marvellous and disgusting details regarding all those whom the heathens worship; so that, on my arrival at Ephesus, (the first idolatrous land I had ever seen) the famed temple of Diana, and its gorgeous ceremonials, were not so entirely strange to me, as is so usual with my countrywomen.

With what joy we were received by Aquila and Prisca, as also by the whole church of Ephesus, I need not say. We, being to the Ephesians wholly unknown, either as Jews or Christians, it was deemed expedient by our friends, that we should at once visit the temple, and become familiar with all that relates to its tutelary goddess!

The present Artemision is the eighth erected on the same spot to Diana: what the first six were is, probably, little if at all known; but the existing one is highly magnificent; and is said to be even more so than the much famed one burnt by Herostätus, four hundred and twenty years ago. When thus destroyed, it had just

\* August, A. D. 62.

been finished—being commenced by the architect Ctesiphon, 220 years before; and to its erection, during that long period, all Asia Minor is said to have contributed! Its splendour in statues and paintings, (to which Gentile nations attach so much value, but which the Jews so generally hold in abhorrence) is said to have been so wonderful, as to have excited in this Herostratus the singular desire of perpetuating his name, by its wanton destruction, as being the greatest building known to the heathen world! Its dimensions, though ample, were far exceeded by its boundless riches, and surprising magnificence. In length, it was 284 cubits; its breadth was 134 cubits; and it was adorned with 127 superb columns, each 40 cubits high, and 36 of which were elaborately carved! These magnificent pillars were presented, as it is said, by the like number of kings! To you, my Cartaphilus, who have so long resided in a Gentile city, (and the greatest the world hath perhaps ever known) the existing temple of Diana at Ephesus, and the statue of that goddess, would probably excite but feeble surprise: but I assure thee that, when my inexperienced eye first rested upon them, I know not which was the greater, my astonishment, or disgust—for the statue, especially, is most hideous, though wonderfully carved, and adorned with strange devices.

This statue hath also the name of the Ephesian ARTEMIS; but differs wholly from the other statue of that goddess, the sister of Apollo, with her bow and quiver—her gracefully girt-up robe—and with her hound so repose-fully by her side. *Statue of Diana.* This Artemis, on the contrary, is devoid of grace, and would remind one rather of a much adorned Egyptian mummy. Upon her head reposes the turreted crown as of Cybele, surrounded by the lunar orb; beneath which reposes upon the bosom the zodiacal symbols of Taurus, Gemini, and Cancer; at the feet of which are two garlands; the one of flowers, the other of acorns: then comes an odious display, between the out-stretched arms, and upon the breast, of twenty or more *mammæ*, as if greatly oppressed by their lactiferous currents,—and then in front, reaching down to the feet, and also on the shoulders, the images of cows, stags, lions, and other animals; and upon the sides, are numerous representations of bees and of flowers. The whole is indeed, my Cartaphilus, a strange thing unto which to pay our adorations—but, in principle, it is doubtless the same, as what once in Palestine was worshipped under the name of *Ashoreth*; and also as *Meni*, or the goddess of the months, or of the moon. I have looked somewhat into all these curious varieties of man, since I am here in Ephesus; for, as all our little party mix much with the people, of a faith so different from our own, I would not be wholly ignorant of their strange beliefs.

## Priscilla's Narrative—Christianity of Ephesus.

**T**his goddess, the twin sister of Apollo, is said (in their mystical genealogies,) to be the daughter of Jupiter and Latona; and that her mother's sufferings in giving them birth were so great, as to have caused in Diana a perpetual aversion to marriage; and hence it is also fabled (with some inconsistency), that she presides over all births—is ever attended by a train of young virgins, or sea-nymphs—and cultivates *hunting*, merely that she may avoid the society of men! She is represented as drawn by four stags, in a splendid car; and directs the chariots of the sun and moon! It is further said of her that, whilst she presides over man at his *birth* or first entrance into life—she is also the goddess of his exit, or *death*! Her power, in all these, is supposed to be nearly supreme,—as she destroys by pestilence and by every species of disease that afflicts man, or that terminates existence! Is it, then, surprising that one esteemed so powerful, so chaste, so beautiful: one, moreover, who, though not herself the matrix of any progeny, is yet the ample source of the bounties of prolific nature (as is symbolized by her numerous *mammæ*) should be ardently worshipped by these deluded and over-superstitious people?

**V**iewing all these things, I did not marvel to hear that, a few years before I reached Ephesus, the preaching of Paul and others there had much roused *Demetrius*, the noted silversmith, and others of his craft, who manufacture small shrines of gold and silver, for the images of Diana; and likewise that the many worshippers in that gorgeous Temple should have sided with them (at least for a time) in a violent tumult against all of the new faith. These artisans, and others, in the least connected with the public worship, could not but observe that many of the Ephesians had forsaken Diana; and that her proud and beautiful temple, and the little shrines, and small images, so universal formerly, were now likely to be held gradually in far less repute! Their religion and worldly craft were alike in peril; and hence, no wonder was it that Demetrius and his fellows should have run violently through the city, exclaiming, as they passed near the Temple, "GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS!"

**T**hou well knowest, my Cartaphilus, how these heathens are wont to carry the images of their gods and goddesses in a consecrated chariot, from one city to another; and how the chariot, in such processions, contains, also, for each of their divinities, a little chapel or shrine—by the Romans called *ferculum*, and by the Greeks *naos*. These images, with their shrines, being very numerous, thou wilt readily perceive how the interests and feelings of the Priests, of the Augurs, and of the Artists were, more or less, affected by the diffusion of Paul's opinions, and also by the continued preachings of Aquila, Timothy, and others. The public worship, as well as their own mercenary gains, experienced a great change—

victims were in less demand—lurking, though timid doubts, had been excited as to Diana's real greatness; and the people had also heard that in some places, among other people, the temples had been nearly deserted; and that men and women of high distinction had forsaken the idolatrous rites altogether, and avowed the spiritual and simple religion of the obscure Galilean! Such strange things could not fail to rouse the multitude of Ephesus, and to beget toils, hatreds, persecutions—yea, even cruel deaths, for the zealous followers of the crucified, but now triumphant Messiah,—as thou, Cartaphilus, knowest in part, and wilt presently further see.

Our little family had left the peaceful and beautiful retirement of Pella, with the fixed resolution that, come what might—a miserable life, or a lingering death—we would openly *confess* before the heathen world our abhorrence of all their idolatries; and also proclaim the *reasons* of the faith within us.

During Paul's residence at Ephesus, of fully two years,\* his labours were incessant,—preaching in the synagogues, and in other places: also by his private teachings (with great power) in the places called "*Houses of Learning*"—of which, that belonging to *Tyrannus* was the most frequented; and in divers other ways, that occupied all his hours!

But the matter which awakened all proconsular Asia to yield a curious and respectful, if not a pious, attention to the instructions of Paul and his associates, was found in the wonderful miracles openly wrought by them! The Ephesians saw that *their* gods were dull and lifeless—they found that their *goddesses* gave no tokens, either of love or anger; and that, even Jupiter, (with Minerva at his side, or, though associated with his three famed sisters, Vesta, Ceres, and Juno, and also by his well known brothers, Neptune and Pluto) still could give them no *visible*, or *audible* proof of divinity, or of any commission from that "Unknown God," whose altar is at Athens!—whereas Paul was almost daily presenting to them marvellous displays of power through the only One-God! It was in vain that these idolaters vaunted the high sounding names of their Supreme God,—for the "*cloud compelling*," "*loud thundering*," "*lightning-loving*," "*far-seeing*," "*high-seated*" Jupiter, could call from heaven no Promethean fire, or other celestial token, that might assure his worshippers of the *untruth* of Paul's declaration that, if Jupiter *ever lived*, he was now to them *for ever dead*—whereas, that JESUS had lived, none could deny; and that, having died on the tree—he arose, and resumed his heavenly abode, few *dared* to controvert, and none, in the presence of Paul's miraculous works, in the name of that Shiloh, or Messiah, who was the "*Desire of all nations*!"

\* Embraced by parts of A. D. 59, 60, 61.

Priscilla's Narrative—The Sons of Sceva.

**A**t last, upon one occasion, many Ephesians, as well as Jews, were deeply awed and convinced, by what happened to *The seven sons of Sceva.* the seven sons of a certain Jew, named *Sceva*; who, professing to be *exorcists* possessed of great magical powers, had invoked to their aid the name of Jesus,—that, in imitation of Paul, they might cure a certain noted maniac! But, to their great dismay, the foul spirit cried out, in the language of a *sane* mind, "*Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but ye are come without any authority from Jesus, whom Paul doth truly represent:*" and thereupon, the man again becoming furious, rushed violently upon them, tore off their garments, and so wounded these sons of Sceva, that they were happy to escape!

*Paul at Ephesus. His Travels.* Soon after this remarkable event, the confusion caused by Demetrius, the silversmith, was quieted, by the frank conduct of the Register of the Public Games: who, on being appealed to by these makers of shrines and images, replied to them that, "if they had suffered damage, the courts of law were open to them; but that Paul and the other Nazarenes, had robbed none of the temples; and that as to their preaching, all the world knows that Ephesus, of all the Greek cities, hath the honour to be the *chiefest* in the worship of Diana, whose Temple encloses the very image of Her, which fell from Jupiter!"

Possibly, the exact import of the Register's speech, and the precise state of his mind towards the Christians, may never be known: but certain it is, that Demetrius was in no way sustained by him,—or by the other public authorities,—and, as to the idle tale concerning the *descent* of the Image from Jupiter, it was for Paul to preach in such wise, as might assure them of its folly, without openly offending by severity the force of their long-enduring prejudices—and this great work is silently, but surely advancing. Paul departed from Ephesus soon after,—leaving Timothy as the bishop or elder of that church; and not without previously addressing an Epistle to the people of Corinth; at which place, five years before, he had resided a long time.\*

**I**n Macedonia, many churches had been planted, which Paul much desired to visit. Arrived, first at Troas, and then at Philippi, he addressed from that place another Epistle to the Corinthians; and whilst there, he was cruelly entreated by the Philippians—being scourged and put into the stocks! From Macedonia he went towards Corinth; which hath, of late, suffered greatly, as I learn, from the Roman power: this may compel them to *think*; for thy residence there, though short, must have convinced thee that, of all

\* This was his First Epistle to the Corinthians, written at the close of A. D. 60, more than twenty years after his miraculous conversion.

the Grecian cities, none hath greater need than Corinth of the chastening light of the gospel. Paul, during his previous residence there, of eighteen months, had made some impression ;—but, whilst he was at Ephesus and elsewhere, a corrupt doctrine was introduced into the infant church of Corinth, by a certain Jew of great learning, of high birth, and who is a Sadducee of wonderful artifice. This man, desirous of standing well with Greeks and Jews, and also, if possible, with the Christians, contrived a religion strangely compounded of some matters to be found in the faith of each ! Being eloquent, and aware of the delicate taste the Greeks ever have in oratory, he so fashioned his speeches, as, not only to charm the ear, but to suit the prejudices equally of Greeks and Jews. The former, excessively ridiculed the doctrine of the *body's* resurrection, in an ethereal form, conjoined with the soul : and hence they said that the expectation of *such* a resurrection of the flesh is but "*the hope of worms !*" This factious teacher, however, was not content with wholly denying Paul's doctrine of a *spiritual* body surviving the ravages of the grave ; but he treated with equal contempt his precepts respecting purity, temperance, and chastity,—well knowing how averse the Corinthians are to all restraints on the sensual passions : and that he might win the Jews also, he urged obedience to the law of Moses, as essential to salvation ! With all these base views, he placed himself at the head of a church in Corinth ; and hated Paul the more, because the authority and doctrines of that great Apostle conflicted with the influence and wealth, he hoped to derive from that artfully compounded religion of his own contrivance. That he might bring the pious and learned apostle of the Gentiles into contempt, he also greatly ridiculed him as being a man of mean and contemptible speech ;—devoid likewise of the mental and bodily accomplishments required by an apostle—also, as poor of birth and of education, and as being, in truth, no apostle, he never having attended Christ during his ministry upon earth !

In all of these matters, his spleen and falsehoods were manifest enough to all who had seen and heard Paul,—whose appearance (save the infirmity of his eyes) was sufficiently attractive : and surely his eloquence, wisdom, learning, and miracles were also sufficient to show the factious spirit that actuated this wicked and heretical Jew. And yet, in so large and corrupt a city as Corinth, it is not strange that this new teacher became very popular, and that he greatly disturbed the church. This afflicting state of the infant establishment at Corinth, often reached Paul's ears whilst at Ephesus ; and occasioned him to address the two Epistles to the Corinthians, I have mentioned—the one from Ephesus—the other from Philippi : which letters, O Cartaphilus ! I pray thee to read. Pro-

bably, thou hast not yet seen them ; they are much to *my* mind ; and most satisfactory on all the points, whereof the artful Jew of Corinth desired to disparage Paul's religion, in the eyes of the Greek philosophers, and of the Corinthian voluptuaries.

But it was Paul's lot never to be able again to reach Corinth. Having staid three months in Achaia, anxiously waiting to hear from Titus as to the manner of reception given to his two Epistles by the Corinthians, and of the further proceedings of the temporising Jew, and his misguided party, Paul was again induced to pass through Macedonia ; and finally reached Troas once more. Here were assembled a large company of the more eminent labourers in the Church ; some of whom had accompanied him from Philippi, and others had preceded him on to Asia, expecting his arrival at Troas. On the night previous to the morning of his intended departure from Troas, Paul was discoursing until midnight, in a spacious upper room, the windows of which were all open. In one of these, a youth, named Eutychus, was seated ; and, from the great heat of the weather, and the lateness of the hour, he had fallen into a profound sleep. In this condition, he fell from the third story, and was taken up, as one that was dead. This ended the assembly, for a time ; and Paul descended forthwith, took the youth into his arms, bid the people make no disturbance, for that life was still in him, and that God would *speedily* restore him to *perfect health* ! The assembly then returned to the chamber ; where they partook of the Lord's Supper,—shortly after which the youth, to the joy of all, was brought into their midst, perfectly well !

Early in the morning, Paul, and some of his company, sailed for the port of Mitylene, in the Island of Lesbos,—thence over to Chios ; and finally, passing by Ephesus, they arrived at Miletus. Being anxious to reach Jerusalem by the day of Pentecost, Paul would not stop at Ephesus ; but sent a message, desiring the Elders of that Church to visit him ; that he might impart to them a solemn charge,—he then having on his mind a deep impression that he never should see them again—at least at Ephesus ! Paul's farewell address to that Church, through the Elders thus assembled at Miletus, is highly eloquent, touching, and surely was prophetic of his approaching fate. Having ended his discourse, and kissed them all with fervent affection, they were greatly moved by his saying, "*they would see his face no more !*" With tears, they attended Paul to the ship : and with longing eyes watched him, until hidden from their sight by the distant blue waters of the Icarian sea.

In the voyage from Miletus towards Jerusalem, Paul sailed to Rhodes, thence to Patara, and to Tyre ; where he found some of the disciples ; who strongly urged him not to visit Jerusalem, as he there had many enemies—some even among the converts,—who

much blamed him for his devotion to the Gentiles, and for his neglect of the institutions of Moses. From Tyre he passed on to Cæsarea; where he remained a short time with the Evangelist Philip.

While Paul and his company were at Philip's house, the venerable prophet Agabus visited them; and taking Paul's girdle, began to bind his own feet and hands with it—saying, "Thus, O Paul, will the Jews bind thee at Jerusalem, and deliver thee into the hands of the Gentiles!"

But Paul, nothing dismayed by this prophecy, replied, "Why do ye thus afflict me with your tears and entreaties, and that I shall not go down to Jerusalem; I am willing to endure bonds, yea, death, for the Gospel, and our Master's sake."

Arrived at Jerusalem, a great tumult was soon raised against him in the Temple; and so strongly was he pressed upon by the enraged multitude, that the Tribune of the Cohort, *Claudius Lysias*, to protect his life, hurried him into the tower of the Antonia.

On the next day, the accusations against him had become so violent, that Lysias sent him to the Sanhedrim for examination. The very commencement of Paul's defence there was so firm, as greatly to anger *Ananias*, the high-priest; who presided on the trial; whereupon he commanded an officer to strike the speaker on his mouth! At this, Paul's indignation being deeply and justly aroused, he exclaimed, "*Art thou sitting here to judge me AFTER the law, and smitest me thou, CONTRARY to the law!—for so doing, God will surely smite THEE, thou whited wall!*"

Some, standing near, reminded Paul that such language to the High-Priest was also *against law*: to whom the Apostle (in justification, though in acknowledgment of the law) said, "It is written, *Thou shalt not speak evil of the RULER of thy people*—but I do not hold him to be the High-Priest."

By this, as I understand, Paul regarded Ananias as no *true* high-priest, but as an usurper,—either because of the impure source of his appointment, or, that the Priesthood belonged of right, to *Gamaliel*, or to *Ismael*—or, finally, because the office itself had wholly ceased to have lawful existence, ever since the great sacrifice upon Calvary. And this last seems to have been the Apostle's meaning, judging from his Epistle, lately addressed to the Hebrews.\*

\* Vide Heb. ix. This Epistle was addressed to the Hebrews, A. D. 65—nearly four years before the date of Priscilla's Narrative.—In confirmation of the opinion here expressed by Priscilla, in regard to Paul's answer to those who blamed him for his severe language to Ananias, it may be remarked, that the usual version of Acts xxii. 5, has created extreme difficulty in the minds of some,—as Paul's *denial* (according to that translation) that he *knew* him to be the high-



## Priscilla's Narrative—Her zeal at Ephesus.

As to the further proceedings against this holy man, from that time forth until thou, O Cartaphilus, didst witness his cruel death at Rome, about three years thereafter, I need say no more.

We had now been at Ephesus, and in various parts of the seacoast, nearly two years; when the melancholy news of Paul's death, and that Nero's persecution of the christians was not confined to the City, reached our ears. Our grief and alarm, though great, stopped us not: we were now further called on, to visit and sustain the churches; and, by our example, as well as precept, to show the heathen world, and our fellows, how idle it was to suppose that persecutions and death could destroy that Faith, which flows from the living fountain of the Great Eternal! The wickedness and folly of man are indeed great; but the beauty and power of the only true religion are far greater. The force and tenacity of prejudice and habit are strong,—but the dissolving influences of the Holy Spirit are yet greatly more so. The fascinations of a sensual world are captivating,—but the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, is yet far more enchanting:—and with *these* senti-

priest, seems *uncandid*, if not *untrue*! The usual version is, "*I wist not, brethren, that he was the high-priest.*"

Now, as the original word signifies to *acknowledge*, as well as to *wot*, or know, surely *that* is a more rational translation which makes the Apostle say, "I do not hold, or acknowledge him as high priest," rather than the usual one—"I wist not, &c.;" which would imply in Paul, either a want of candour, or a degree of ignorance, wholly at variance with all probability: for, that Ananias was, *in fact*, the high-priest, must have been notorious, and too much so to be unknown of Paul—though he had been long absent from Jerusalem.

Some have desired to get rid of the difficulty imposed by the customary translation, by supposing Paul's failure to discern the high-priest, was occasioned by Ananias coming to the Sanhedrim without his priestly garments, owing to the sudden call of that body by Lyfias! But this, though highly improbable, would remove none of the difficulty: for Paul spoke to Ananias, not merely as one of the Sanhedrim, but as the Prince or Nasi of the assembled council,—whom the Apostle (educated as he had been at the feet of Gamaliel) *must* have known could scarce have been any one else than the high-priest. We are also to bear in mind that Paul, in the same address, showed his actual knowledge of the elements that composed the Council then before him; for he at once distinguished between Sadducees and Pharisees; and went on to frame his remarks in reference to that knowledge,—which he could scarce have possessed in regard to *them*, and yet been ignorant, not merely as to who was *de facto* high-priest, but that the *Nasi*, then before him, must almost necessarily be that high dignitary. It is, therefore, far more probable that the view of the matter taken by Priscilla, is the true one; and that Paul knew Ananias well,—regarded him as a usurper in every respect, and intentionally uttered the language of disclaimer, and also of threatening prophecy. In further aid of this version, it may be observed that these were no hasty words in Paul, rashly thrown out against one whom he did not *know*—because the prophecy was strictly fulfilled, about eight years after,—Ananias being ignominiously slain in a foul aqueduct, in which he had concealed himself during the afflicting days of Jerusalem's destruction!

## Priscilla's Narrative—The destiny of Ephesus.

ments and feelings, our little band of Christians at Ephesus, would often commune with each other : and, whilst wondering at Nero's folly, they took much delight in looking through the vista of a comparatively short period, when even the ruins of the proud temple of Diana would no longer be visible ; and the place that now contains so much beauty, shall scarce be known !

And thus would we converse together, and muse, when alone, over the sure downfall of idolatry, and of all the gentile temples—which, if not levelled to their parent earth, might possibly serve, in some other form, as *christian* temples ! These, my Cartaphilus, were to us delightful anticipations ; and such as will be cherished by christians of every land, and of all ages, until Moloch and Beelzebub shall be quite forsaken,—so that, not even a clay, or a wooden hut shall be found here in Ephesus, or elsewhere, to serve them as a temple for idolatry ! \*

Our residence in that great pagan city was not without much interest, from various other sources than the supreme object that brought us there.

In order effectually to combat with an enemy, we must *know* that enemy, and in more points of view than the strong and single one in which we thoroughly differ. Hence, as far as prudence, and exemption from every danger of contamination would permit, we closely inspected their habits, manners, institutions, and especially their religion,—never at second hand, but with our own eyes and ears. There is, also, much in their so-called *philosophy*, that demanded our attention ; and consequently, we were far from being idle in that respect, having much to learn, as well as to teach. And such inquiries seemed to us the more necessary, as Eben Ezra and Rebecca had often deplored how many there were, even among those having the name of christian, who were disposed, by way of compromise and worldly policy, to ingraft, in some form or other, the scions of an unmeaning and wordy philosophy, upon the pure and vigorous stock of christianity,—or, thus to use some of

*How their  
time was  
passed at  
Ephesus.*

\* The present, and past condition of Ephesus during many ages, have fully realized the sagacious anticipations of Priscilla. Travellers agree that, although there are still to be seen near the slope of the mountain, and upon the plain that adjoins the ancient port of Ephesus, many scattered fragments of a bold and magnificent masonry, and many detached ruins, still that the site of the great Temple is only conjectural ; and that this once famous city is now reduced to only a few wretched hovels ! Ephesus, once famous for her idolatry, afterwards for many Christian temples of great splendour, than for having "*left its first love*," again for further infidelity ; and finally, as the crescent was seen to glitter in their once Christian churches,—has now neither temple, cross, nor crescent ; but has become an utter desolation—a pestiferous morass ; and, where ships were used to float with cargoes from all the then known world, are now only shallow waters filled with rushes !

## Priscilla's Narrative—Their difficulties and dangers.

the institutions and pageant ceremonials of the numerous temples around us—or, finally, some of the usages of our own time-honoured and holy land, consecrated in our affections, under the dispensation of Moses—once our master :—but these are now superseded, as to all of the ceremonials,—some of the precepts, and as to many of the doctrines, by a far brighter and more consoling revelation.

Hence, my Cartaphilus, you will readily perceive the many, and distinct sources of our *difficulty* in persuading Jew and Gentile to be wise unto this *new*, and now *only* salvation : for, even if they listen, and are disposed to go with us, they are often retarded in their progress ; and sometimes forsake us wholly, because we *do* not, and *dare* not compromise, or blend with the pure gospel fountain, the foul and muddy waters, for which they still thirst !

One clings to *this* simple and fanciful superstition,—another cannot yield *that* tenet of their darling philosophy, or more subtle science—this one loves the pageantry of certain forms, and urges that men can neither be won nor retained by an *abstract* purity ; another hath either a direct, or some remote connexion with the priestly office and interests ; and hence sees in *his* adoption of the new religion the sure downfall, as well of his own, as of his family's influence !—Others, again, who manufacture the idols and shrines, and the splendid garments, and the incense, and the golden and silver vessels, and altars, would still fain accept the offer of eternal life, and abandon the worship of idols, could they but retain in the *christian* temples, these, or things somewhat similar ; and thereby save, in a measure, their worldly interests ! Some, again, among our own countrymen, are jealous of the whole Gentile world ; and object to little else in the christian doctrine, than its *expansive principle*, which throws wide open the doors of salvation, alike to Heathen and Jew ! But this, O Cartaphilus, is its most lovely feature : and lastly, there be others, who object to nothing in the new religion ; but desire still to retain some of the observances of our fathers,—as if they would add to a beautiful and perfect garment, some folds of their own time-worn vestments, though of a wholly different colour, and far coarser texture !

If, then, to the foregoing *difficulties*, we add the *two* very great and pervading ones—first, that the Jews still look for a *temporal* Messiah ; and secondly, that the various religions of the whole earth will, in a measure, be arrayed against us,—we *must* look for troubles and persecutions and death. but these will be but *trials* ; for it is impossible that the God of Abraham (who hath gone thus far with his people, and concerning which, it is equally impossible we have been deceived) should yield the ultimate victory to the Heathen and their idols.

God's providence, in the *First Dispensation*, was one of prepa-

ration ; and strived with man during very many ages : the *Second* is now an infant plant in our hands ; but with far more support from the fountains of living waters, than attended the first ; it may subject us to greater trials, and sacrifices in proof of our faith. We are therefore neither dismayed nor surprised at our present afflictions, though much grieved that the pious and youthful *Stephen*, and the excellent *Nicanor*, with near two thousand more, were cut off at the outset,—that ten years after, *James*, the son of Zebedee, was beheaded by Herod Agrippa—and that *Timon* and *Parmenes* suffered at the same time—the one at Philippi, the other in Macedonia ; that in Hierapolis, of Phrygia, we lost *Philip* by crucifixion—that in Nadabah of Ethiopia, *Matthieu* the Evangelist was slain, about seven and twenty years after the Crucifixion—we also greatly deplore that the other *James*, son of Cleophas, about three years later, was cast off the battlements at Jerusalem ; only because he refused to proclaim from the Temple, that his belief in Jesus, as the Messiah, had been without any just cause ! and, when found alive on the other side of the wall (though in the 94th year of his age) neither his white flowing locks, nor his beautiful piety, could rescue him from the murderous staffs of his insensate foes ! I say, my Cartaphilus, deep is our grief, but nothing is our dismay, at these things—and though we have the Powers of Darkness arrayed against us, for a time, it doth but strengthen our faith !

Since those I have mentioned, we have also mourned over *Matthias* ; who was stoned, and then beheaded at Jerusalem—also over *Andrew*, crucified on a transverse cross, the two ends being fixed in the ground—over *Mark*, the Evangelist, who was dragged to pieces at Alexandria, during a festival in honour of their idol Serapis ! How much have we wept over our beloved PAUL, and over our faithful PETER,—who, of his humility, entreated that he might not be crucified in the manner of his Lord, but with his head downward ! And now, we have further to lament *Eraustus*, late the treasurer at Corinth ; who, forsaking that office, attended Paul to Ephesus—became bishop in Macedonia, and lately suffered at Philippi. And still more recently, my friend *Trophimus*, the Ephesian, and *Ananias*, bishop of Damascus,—the same who received Saul, upon his miraculous conversion. These are only some of the many bright names of martyrs, who have cheerfully placed the signet of their blood, in testimony of their perfect belief in this New Dispensation—and yet, Cartaphilus, *thou*, after all this, art but a poor believer !

But these are not our only causes of grief : we have to deplore that a religion, so essentially spiritual and simple—without the burden of sacrifices—without any loathed images—with no ceremo-

## Priscilla's Narrative—Their HOPES for Christianity.

nials, and gorgeous temples, (for as yet we worship in private houses, and sometimes in caves,)—a religion, so manifestly designed to be exalted above, and distinguished from all others, by its *oneness*, its *purity*, and its strict *simplicity*, should yet, and in its very dawn, be molested by crude opinions, by odious heresies, and by a longing after things merely of the eye, and in which the Heathens have so long vainly supposed their gods to take delight !

But, my Cartaphilus, if the heralds of the new dispensation have commenced this conflict, under the *difficulties* I have now named, there are also very many causes of *hope*, that promise a comparatively speedy and large success ; and assure me that, eventually, this religion will reach the uttermost limits of the earth, and will fill all space, as the waters cover the great abyss ! These *causes of hope* I will now enumerate,—trusting they may add strength to thy own perverse and strangely feeble faith ; for, I have observed in thee what doth alarm me much—a willingness to believe that Jesus was truly a Prophet, and even the greatest that hath yet been sent—that his precepts are most holy—even that he died and rose again—and yet, thy mind and heart seem to receive him only as a wonderful man eminently endowed, but not as the SHILOH, nor with any of that love and reliance and deep repentance, which, in other cases, such a belief even as thine, hath not failed, soon thereafter, to produce ! Whence this difference in *thee* from so many others cometh, eludes my understanding, and confounds me much :—think of this matter—ponder it well, and tell me, O Cartaphilus, if I have judged thee aright.—But now, to the matter I have promised ; which is, to set forth the main causes of our *great hope*, in contrast with those *difficulties* I have dwelt on.

FIRST. The vastness of the Roman empire in its supremacy over nations of every language, religion, and degrees of civilization, must be favourable to the universal spread of the gospel,—as it opens to its heralds a knowledge of the remotest countries, and facilitates access to them. Some of these were hitherto wholly unknown, and many are either in the gloomiest state of ignorance, or of misery : and, as this will bring the Barbarian in contact with a civilization, which either *awes* them with the immensity of its power, or *charms* them with its comforts, gives to the messengers of our faith many signal advantages. And though the Romans themselves should be slow in its adoption, their actual power over, and constant intercourse with those distant and crude people, are means for our gradually opening the passage, and advancing the progress of those engaged in the earth's evangelization, even though they should be much opposed by Imperial interference. The mighty work may be delayed for a time ; but, moreover, we should never lose sight of

the sure fact, that, when this great "Mistress of the World" doth adopt the CROSS, instead of the EAGLE—as it surely will—the rays of the Sun of Righteousness diffused from Calvary, will spread with marvellous rapidity—penetrate the furthest and darkest recesses, and will unite by a common tie very many nations, now barbarous, but which, in time, must become enlightened, no less by the soul-expanding influences of letters, science and of true philosophy, than by the soul-preserving operations of the only true religion ever vouchsafed to man!

**SECONDLY.** Heathenism and Idolatry, in any form, may suit the gross multitude; but, in no form has it ever suited the enlightened few. Such a national religion may, indeed, be upheld by public policy,—because some religion is essential:—but, when the virtuous and enlightened few find it destitute of morals; when they are obliged to resort to *mysteries* inculcating a more exalted virtue; when they begin to teach that their polytheism is merely *allegorical*, or that the gold or silver, or wood or stone is but the mere *recipient* of some divinity,—the transition then to a purer religion, and to one that shall impute all power and goodness to a *single* fountain of immense power and goodness, is not so difficult—nay, it will be quite easy. Hence, as to me it seemeth, we have stronger hope for Christianity, wherever the *philosophers*, in those heathen lands, have gained some influence: for though their philosophy is often vicious, and ever vain and unsatisfactory, compared with the holy truths *we* teach, it is generally a far better *foundation* on which we may repose for a time, than on that unmixed idolatry that worships the statue, and seeks after none of those thoughtful virtues that amend the mind, as well as heart. Rome and Greece, therefore, (whose philosophy is thoughtful, and whose idolatry is not gross,) seem destined to be the two great *avenues*, through which the Gospel light will penetrate, and ultimately evangelize the whole earth!

**THIRDLY.** Heathenism and Idolatry, whether in the actual and *gross* mode in which they are exhibited under Moloch, Baal, Amun, and others—or, in the *allegorical* and more fanciful way of the *mythology*, as now viewed by the more refined nations, (or rather by their philosophers,) are still so little in consonance with even the crudest reason (when encompassed by civilization) that, if the attack on prejudices and on ancient habits be not too abrupt and violent, the inculcation of a more simple and spiritual religion, among such people, is by no means hopeless. Hence those heathen Schools which teach a purer morality, which inculcate the oneness of the ultimate, or rather *initiative*, Divine nature, and which present the virtues as something lovely in themselves, and as worthy to be practised, without the impulse of fear, are not unacceptable to the people,—as is proved by Plato's and Aristotle's wide and endur-

ing fame ; for the teachings and writings of both manifest but little respect for the existing mythology, whether allegorical, or gross,—the former philosopher being willing to exclude it wholly from his imaginary Republic,—and the latter regarding many of its rites as so gross, as to be entirely unfit for youthful eyes and ears—and yet all this was the people's and their ostensible religion ! Nations, then, in which such doctrines of severe reproof, in respect to their public religion, can be fearlessly maintained before the people, in their schools, and elsewhere, are not so sunk in wickedness, folly, and superstition, as to have no ears for the diviner truths of our holy faith—enforced as these are by the most winning promises, by the most dreadful threatenings, and by the most awakening and conclusive miracles !

**FOURTHLY.** The new religion differs from all others, in one very remarkable feature ; which cannot fail, as I think, greatly to aid its progress : I allude to the fact, that it is founded mainly on *love* ; the others chiefly, if not entirely, on *fear* ! No other religion inculcates a boundless love of their gods towards man ; nor do the Heathens demand from man a heart-felt manifestation of devoted love towards their gods. Polytheism, in truth, is the severest and most abject *slavery*,—the monotheism we teach is *perfect freedom* ! Their gods, and demi-gods are, indeed, powerful in their estimation ; but, as they have endued them with many of the passions and frailties of mere humanity, such gods cannot be objects of supreme admiration and of abiding love : and, therefore, are they to be propitiated, not by a pure worship, but by the most onerous offerings to appease their *anger*, rather than to win their love ! As therefore, men love freedom more than bondage, so will they eventually abandon their host of exacting gods, and cleave to that only **ONE** true God, who requireth little beyond the mental offerings of a spiritual and pure worship.

**FIFTHLY.** Another principle, at the very foundation of our holy faith, is the perfect *co-equality* (so to speak) of every human being ! His *actual* condition may, indeed, be varied by his own vices—by his voluntary ignorance—by his neglect of himself—his idleness ; or, in a few individual instances, by the small measure of *genius*, with which God may have endowed him : but still, if man be *faithful* to himself, he hath none who may rightfully deprive him of nature's bounties—none that is not bound by the religion of Calvary to minister to his wants, if not the cherished offspring of his own perverseness : and, if *unfaithful* to himself, he persists in sin, he must suffer, since *pain*, of some kind, must flow from moral evil. Under this religion, then, every human being is entitled to precisely that station in life, and to those enjoyments, which he can faithfully maintain by his moral, intellectual, and physical worth—

and to no more. The fruits of honest industry are the property of those alone who thus acquire them,—the idle, the ignorant, and the vicious have no claim beyond that of a judicious charity.

Hence is it, that the spirit of Christianity, at once, raises WOMAN far above the degraded state, in which she is usually found in heathen nations—and likewise greatly meliorates the condition of the SLAVE, and prepares the way for the utter abolition of that relation: and yet, the duty of the *wife* must ever be that of a reasonable obedience to her husband—the duty of the *slave*, that of a reasonable service to his master, so long as that condition of master and slave endures. The christian spirit, doubtless, seeks to *meliorate* the slave's obligations, and to enlarge his privileges; it also would rejoice in universal emancipation—because it would rejoice to see every human being wise, virtuous, and happy: but this must flow mainly from the slaves' own honest exertions, from their own intellectual, moral, and bodily worth; and by no means through any violence on their part, or claim as of christian right—or, from any over-zealous teachings by Christians, either to masters or to slaves, *suddenly and recklessly* to sever those bonds,—which, though evils, are not to be *thus dissolved*: for, as it truly seems to me, the New Faith wars not against existing political and civil institutions, however unwise and evil they often are: and this private dominion of man over man, as one of them, must be left to the individual judgment and conscience of the parties—to the gradual and salutary amendment of the Powers that be; and mainly to the slow, but sure operation, of the *christian spirit and principles themselves*,—nothing doubting but that *they*, in their own good time, will raise up in the heart that mental *status*, which shall voluntarily cast off all unholy bondage. This subject often occupied my thought whilst at Ephesus; it is *full of difficulty*; and finally, it presented itself to my mind as similar to one of those diseases of the human body which finds its cure, not in any medicament avowedly administered to the particular disease, but to those that gradually reform the entire system; and thus, (as to the moral disease of slavery) we may hope to get rid of the evil, without jeopardy of great mischief, or possibly of death, either to the master or slave—or to both.

Slavery, doubtless, in particular cases, *may* be rightfully *founded*; it may be virtuously *exercised*; and finally, it may be *better to endure it* for a time, than hastily and rashly to end it. But, on the other hand, it is almost ever of *vile* origin—is often cruelly maintained, and possibly may, in very special cases, be *speedily* and *safely* terminated,—but never by the *slaves* themselves—never by Christians operating against *the laws*—and never, even by the laws themselves, merely because there may be *power* in the nation to *favour* the slave, and to *forget* the master. That slavery *will* end of its own accord,



whenever the genuine spirit of the Gospel is more extensively spread, can scarce be doubted,—as the state of slavery itself has so generally proceeded from man's love of power and ease, on the one hand,—and from his inactivity, vices, ignorance, and inability of domestic self-government, on the other; all of which would be removed by the prevalence of Christianity—not in *name*, indeed, but of a Christianity in *very truth*.

**L**ike all other dominions, slavery, in many instances, may be *individually* either cruel, kind, or indifferent; and sometimes, even tender and *Paternal*—as I have frequently known it to be: and, in the *aggregate*, it may arise from, and be sustained by the special, and hereditary condition of a class, or people. So also, it may be wholly of venal origin, and at variance with the general good. In all cases, or in any, were the heralds of the new religion to travel over Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Proconsular Asia, proclaiming Christian hostility between slave and master, the terrific evils that would suddenly rush in upon the entire communities, would be inexpressibly great, and far exceed those that now flow directly from slavery itself,—would injure masters, ruin slaves, and even jeopard the cause of Christianity! But, when Christianity shall be really pervading and dominant, slavery would soon cease to exist, without any immediate aid of those heralds, or from human laws—because the people's condition being then at variance with the idea of bondage, would have, within itself, the prolific seeds of its own sure regeneration, and of the natural termination of such a power of man over his fellows.

**W**hilst at Ephesus, therefore, I found no disposition in our heralds to meddle with this truly delicate subject,—they trusting that, if the spirit of Christianity were faithfully preached, no sudden shock would be inflicted, either on *prejudices*, or on *property*; and further, that slavery will thus more surely expire, and almost imperceptibly, than if rudely assailed under an authority nowhere expressly given; and which would be the more readily rebelled against, if coming through the merely implied powers of the ministers of a new, and yet infant religion.

**I** know not whether you have ever seen, (and probably have not, owing to the nature of your life at Rome,) a letter of great interest and beauty, written by Paul, at Rome, to one PHILEMON, of Colossæ, in Phrygia. When the slave *Onesimus* eloped from his master Philemon, and came to Rome, the slave fell into great want, and applied to Paul for relief, which he promptly received. Paul was then dwelling in his own hired house, where Onesimus often heard his discourses, and became a convert. The Apostle had previously known the master, and his numerous family, all of whom were people of great note, and were probably among the early converts. The epistle is addressed by Paul to Philemon, on behalf of the slave

Onesimus, whom Paul sent back to his master, with the letter. In this case we find *first*, that Onesimus himself, after his conversion, set up no claim whatever to his emancipation; and this, too, although he certainly knew of his master's conversion; but, on the contrary, Onesimus desired to repair the elopement as an *injury*, by returning to his former condition—*secondly*, that Philemon had previously retained this Onesimus as his *slave* (and probably very many others), the elopement having taken place after Philemon's open adoption of the new religion—*thirdly*, that Paul, who knew Philemon's worth, Christian piety, and wealth, also laid no claim to the slave's freedom: but only asked it of Philemon as a *special favour*: and *lastly*, that he tendered to Philemon amends for what Onesimus might have despoiled him; and urged no *apostolic right*, or even intimation, that he could *dissolve* the tie of bondage; nor any corresponding duty in Philemon to release the slave,—but Paul relies on obtaining his object, from that change of spirit in Philemon, which would readily yield to Paul's wishes—especially as Onesimus might be the more useful to the church, and also to Paul, whose labours were then so heavy.\*

And now, my Cartaphilus, I would thus plead unto THEE, respecting those two beautiful little youths, now with us at Pella, presented unto thee, as I learn, by Nero, after one of his magnificent entertainments. I would not have thee discharge them at once from thy service, and cast them on a rude and pitiless world; but they should now be rather thy sons, than thy slaves—thy own means being so ample: for, how will *they* differ, if well educated, from thy justly beloved Alcæus,—who is shortly to be made thine by arrogation? He is now thy friend, thy equal, and becomes thy son and heir: the others, indeed, are still thy slaves—thy property; their liberty, actions, earnings, yea, their lives, are, by human laws, all at thy disposal! Thou hast also informed me that, when in Rome, all of thy household were slaves; that some were men of learning, admirable artists, and of pleasing manners: if so, they had raised themselves above their accidental condition; and it ought to have pained thee much to retain them in the degrading state of bondage: and yet, at thy departure from Rome, they were handed over to other masters; and in exchange for them thou didst receive *money*, which thou didst not need! But *that* cannot now be recalled; yet these two youths are still thine, and have as much claim on thy bounty, as had our good Alcæus. Thou mayest reply that Alcæus was born free, the others slaves—because they came into

\* It is said that this Onesimus became a bishop, and suffered martyrdom; and it is certain that Philemon sent him back to Paul, who employed him to carry such epistles to the churches, as the Apostle had occasion to send.

the world burdened with a debt, which their own enslaved *parents* could not cancel; and which these children inherit, in part, and have since contracted, in part, as they were sustained by their master, before and after their birth! This is true, in theory; and, if so in fact also, it is but a small debt, my Cartaphilus, for a whole life of bondage! Suppose their parents had been *captives* in war, or been condemned to slavery for *crime*, or that as *prodigals*, they had become slaves in satisfaction for *their own debts*—or, that the parents had become *voluntary* slaves, under the late decree of the Emperor Claudius: all this might have been pregnant with the direct consequences as to them personally; but how have their innocent *progeny* sinned against the *state*, against their *parents*, against *thee*, their master? And, if even so, it surely may be cancelled by a few years of toil—by something, indeed, far short of a *life* of slavery!

And here, my Cartaphilus, I will hastily recount a scene we lately witnessed—as being quite pertinent to the matter now in hand. At Ephesus, we attended the great slave-market, on the street leading to the gates of the Megatidæ, and there we found many Egyptian men and women on sale. We then became curious to know the feelings of the multitude around; and we conversed freely with some Alexandrians, and other Egyptians, as also with many Greeks, Romans, and Syrians, respecting the scene then before us: and, as we stood at a short distance from the slaves, under the spacious portico, there were many around us greatly amused at Rebecca's and my deep sympathy for some of the poor youths of both sexes; and especially in behalf of a beautiful and fragile girl of fifteen, named PHILOTERA; who had been twice sold in the market at Cyprus; and now was here seeking a third master—because she was too delicate, too lovely, and too miserable to toil—and yet, quite too honest to be the victim of brutal passions!

Rebecca promptly tendered her purse, and requested a civil Alexandrian to pay the required price and bring her home to us. She is somewhat younger than the eldest of thy youths; and, as I lately saw them casting loving eyes towards each other, Rebecca is charmed with the thought of wedding thy Julianus to her Philotera. Four years have now elapsed since she became free; and knowledge of all kind hath she lapped up, as doth the parched desert drink in the waters of an evening rain.

But, proceed we now with the conversation at the slave-market. Eben Ezra mildly and socially contended with some half-Christian Greeks and Egyptians, and with some that had no knowledge of the Nazarenes (as we often were called) that *slavery* derived no support whatever from the *universality* of its prevalence—it not being the fact we seek, but the right. The Alexandrian

urged its validity with some animation—*because* it had *in fact* existed in all lands, and in nearly all the ages since the deluge! Rebecca then joined in, and briefly said, “So have *Idolatry* and *Sin* existed in nearly all ages, and all countries—and there is no difference between these and *slavery*, except that the former are always sinful, the latter usually is, and hath ever a great tendency so to be.” This speech being quite too zealous for the occasion, Eben Ezra mildly added, (addressing himself to one of the more thoughtful and argumentative Greeks, who probably had often witnessed the logical discussions on the Peripathon at Athens) “it is scarcely fair to reason from mere *matter of fact*, to mere *matter of right*,—since, if we thus argue, I know not *what* may not be thus justified:” the Greek was attentive, and Eben Ezra continued, “it would end in about the same result, as if we were to *reverse* the matter, and argue from mere right, to mere fact!—or, in other words, that *because* certain things *ought* of right to be practised, they *are* so practised in fact—which, surely would be too absurd for any one to predicate,—and yet, I can perceive no essential difference between the two modes of reasoning.” The Greek softly whispered to Eben Ezra, “Thou art right, O Stranger!—slavery exists—it is a miserable disease—and it were folly to contend for its *rightful* existence, because *long practised*; or because no one can say *how* the leprosy shall be cured.” “Thy candour pleases me much,” rejoined Eben Ezra, “the disease is deeply rooted, and almost universal; no *philosophy* can cure it: there is but one remedy, and that is a slow, but sure one.” “Thou dost echo my sentiments, in part, but I know not the remedy thou speakest of,” said the Greek. “That slavery, voluntary as well as involuntary,” added Eben Ezra, “is almost coeval with man, must be admitted—the first being practised as early as the days of the first Pharaohs,—and the second still earlier, being consequent, as some believe, upon the curse of Canaan, shortly after the deluge; and was general in the times of our father Abraham, and of all the Prophets. Throughout the whole land of Egypt, also at Tyre and Sidon, and in all Phœnicia and Syria, in Cyprus, and in most of the islands of the *Ægean* sea—in Sparta, Lacedemon, and in other parts of Greece, and in Rome—and in all the provinces. Slavery and the slave-marts are familiarly known. The *fact*, then, if worth *any thing*, is largely against us.” “Thou hast spoken of some matters,” rejoined the Greek, “of which I have little or no knowledge—of the curse of Canaan—of thy father Abraham, and of the Prophets; and likewise of a slow, and only *remedy* for slavery! I pray thee to explain these matters to me.” We all readily and joyously met the wishes of the intelligent Greek, and invited him to our home: delighted am I to remember how he drank in the truths of our divine religion,—and that he is now *one of us*!

On the whole, then, my Cartaphilus, as the world is now full of slavery ; and as christianity, from its inherent nature, sheds such a mass of light, it must gradually dispel this darkness of bondage,—and without any ruinous violence done to the *feelings, prejudices,* and *property* of masters. This feature, therefore, I also hail as a powerful source of hope for the eventual triumph of our christianity.

SIXTHLY. Among the Greeks and Romans, and, indeed among all nations in any degree civilized, the teachers of pure and sublime morals have charmed the wise and virtuous few, as also the more reflecting portion of the multitude, by those pithy and laconic *Sayings*, that have the names of maxims, or of apophthegms, and still more appropriately that of *proverbs*—possibly, a contraction of the expression *pro multa verba*, because these short speeches are *instead* of many words.

The “SAYINGS” of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, of Publius Syrus, and of others,—as also of those called the “Wise Men of Greece,” likewise of Zoroaster, and of that wonderful man *Koung-fu-tsei*, have never failed to win their way into the hearts of all who hear them. Hence is it, that the supreme excellence, absolute purity, charming simplicity, and wonderful beauty of the Christian Morals, as we find them in the many parables, rules, and Sayings of the Christus, have always so greatly won the multitude, that even his enemies, and those who regard him as a false Messias, still admit their surprising excellence, and likewise the great sublimity of his teachings in general. The feelings of the intelligent among the Gentiles towards Christ and his Apostles, and especially in regard to their “SAYINGS,” are generally those of an exalted admiration : and, though the Jews are greatly disappointed in him as a *temporal* Messiah, his spiritual character has never been vilified even by them ! And, could Jews and Gentiles incorporate all his moral teachings into their religion, exempt from the peculiar doctrines that make Him the veritable Shiloh, and the Supreme Incarnate God, the pregnant maxims of Jesus would then find but few opposers. Felix, as you have heard, trembled at the awful and sublime truths preached of Paul—Agrippa became *almost* a christian—Tiberius would have had our humble Nazarene enrolled among the Gods of Rome !—and the Statues erected at Cæsaræa Philippi, to commemorate Christ's miracle in curing the woman of that city of an issue of blood, may even now be seen standing before the gates of her house, molested by none : there we may see the brazen one of the Nazarene, in his *displais*, who stretches forth his hands towards the other statue of the woman—the object of his mercy : and these statues may long continue to be greatly venerated, though in the midst of a gentile city ! All of these matters seem to indicate that our Christianity hath as yet no such ugly features in the Heathen estimation, as to cause the Idolaters to be at once our enemies.

SEVENTH. The expectation, even among the Gentile nations, of the appearance, about this time, of some remarkable personage, as a great Deliverer, excites at this day some anxiety and jealousy among a few of the more distinguished rulers of nations—the rumour still being vague, and not understood: but, doubtless, the *executed fact*, which Christians maintain, must eventually prove very favourable to the spread of the Gospel, especially as the remarkable Being who *has* appeared in Judea, claimed to fulfil that very Expectation, and yet assumed to himself no *earthly* kingdom for the future; and rejected all such rule when present! The expectation, past and present, will be no further gratified—but now, and for ever, He, through his Church and Ministers, claims only a spiritual dominion over the hearts and moral actions of his followers, and verifies the divinity of his mission, by the miraculous powers conferred on his apostles.

*The Heathen  
Expectation of  
the Messiah.*

We all know how universal the expectation, to which I allude, has ever been among our own countrymen. And, as the other messiahs who have appeared have all proved to be false ones (and so will they all hereafter that may appear) it not only strengthens the title of Jesus as being the true one, but must soon compel the unbelieving Jews, either to abandon all prophecy respecting their Messiah, or to admit that He, whom they slew, is the only one ever intended by the God of Abraham, or by any of his prophets. But this long enduring expectation among the *sons of Israel*, flowing, as all admit, from the word of prophecy, is also sustained, as I have said, by an extensive and remarkable *tradition* among the *Gentiles*; which, from its mysterious character, claims to be something more than a vague popular tradition,—and therefore secures to the Jewish and Christian claim, an attention from the Gentiles, which the now asserted fact could not have received, had there never have been such a heathen tradition.

The subject of the Gentile tradition was a matter almost wholly unknown to me, until of late: but Aquila hath excited my interest and curiosity much in regard to it. He informs me that one Cicero, a famous orator of Rome, and also a writer on morals, who lived a short time before the Saviour, hath some passages in his works that intimate the coming of this wonderful personage.

Aquila also states that when he resided at Rome, he was shown an interesting poetical description of the happier institutions, that are to come forth about these times, from a remarkable person *to be born*; and that this poet, one Virgilius, lived a half century before the coming of the great Emanuel.

But my surprise and delight were yet more heightened by all that he narrated and read to me, respecting certain persons called *Sibyls*; who seem to have this tradition of a coming Saviour in a yet clearer

form! These Sibyls are virgin prophetesses among various gentile nations! Wonderful indeed are the statements concerning these sibyls: but there seems to be great diversity of opinion as to their *number, origin, antiquity, and credibility!* Some say there were only two; others enumerate no less than ten; and Aquila seems to think, from all that he has read and heard of them, that, long before the coming of our Messias, there hath been vouchsafed by Deity to the Gentile nations, through these Sibyls, certain *shadowy* or feeble prophecies, similar to those so *clearly* revealed to Israel,—so that the coming of the great Shiloh, and of the happier destiny of man under his reign, might be at least so dimly looked for even by the heathen, that, when the high evidence of his actual appearance in Judea should be presented to them, the light might come, as well from Gentile, as from Jewish sources! This idea, so novel to the Hebrew mind and heart, pleased me so greatly, that I engaged Aquila to unite with me in forthwith examining the history of these Sibyls, at least to the limited extent of the means we now have.

The most famous of these heathen prophetesses is she, who is named the Cumæan, or Erythræan sibyl, from her having removed from the Ionian city of *Erythra*, to that of *Cumæ* in Italy; where she is said to have issued her oracles. And here I was much interested by Aquila's description of her cave, visited by him during his abode in Italy; but which, during thy short and otherwise occupied visits to Neapolis with the late Emperor, may possibly not have then been of sufficient interest to claim *thy* attention. Cumæ is a very ancient city in Campania, a few miles from Neapolis, and close by Baïæ. This sibyl is said to have been the daughter of Berofus, a priest of the temple of Belus at Babylon; who lived, as thou knowest, about 320 years ago. Nigh unto Cumæ is a wonderful cavern, executed with singular art out of the solid rock—and also a small temple, hewn out of the same rock, through which living streams of the purest water still flow; and where, as the tradition is, the Sibyl always bathed before she assumed her prophetic garments, and then from a lofty seat proclaimed her oracles!\* In our examination of this subject, however, we have reason to believe that this sibyl (if originally of Babylon, and then of Erythra) never came into Italy: and that the prophetess of Cumæ is much more ancient, being the one who lived fully one thousand years ago, during the famous Trojan war! To this more ancient Cumæan Sibyl, also, are ascribed the large collection of prophecies in Greek verse, known as the *Sibylline Books*; and which many ages ago, are said to have

\* The cave of the Cumæan Sibyl is yet to be seen; and remains an object of interest to all curious travellers, who visit the ruins of Cumæ, and the other Campanian cities.

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been offered for sale in *nine* books to Tarquinius, an early king of Rome, by a mysterious woman, who came from some foreign land ! The king refused to purchase at her price, whereupon she destroyed *three*, and again appeared, demanding the same price for the *six*: being again dismissed, as one beside herself, she burnt three more, and still importuned the king as to the remaining, at the same price ! The Augurs being consulted, advised the purchase, which was done ; and the books were preserved with special care in the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter,—where they were to be seen until lately ; they being destroyed by the fire that consumed the capitol, about one hundred and fifty years ago.

The people are said to have so deeply lamented the loss of the Sibylline Books, as eventually to cause Government to send to the Cumæ of Asia, hoping to recover copies of at least some ; which failing, they sent to Erythra, and other cities, and to the Grecian Islands, and succeeded in obtaining near a thousand verses. These were deposited in the new Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus ; and those found in the hands of some individuals were destroyed. Augustus afterwards deposited those deemed quite genuine in golden chests, under the pedestal of the Palatine Apollo. Shortly after this, Tiberius again caused the whole to be carefully examined ; and this selection was highly valued, until again destroyed in that dreadful conflagration, witnessed by thee in the time of Nero. These were the books that Aquila sought to examine in the time of Claudius ; and which, doubtless, thou hast often seen. They are probably the source, whence the Roman poet Virgilius derived his account of an approaching happiness, but which the Hebrew prophets call the "*Desire of all Nations*"—and which sibyls and prophets caused some Roman writers to think that "*Nature* was then in *labour*, to bring forth a king that should rule the nations !"

From this general Expectation of the Heathen world, whether caused, or not, by the Sibylline prophecy, the *wonderful fact* that has arisen in Judea, must receive from the people an additional respect.\*

EIGHTHLY. From the birth of the Christus to the present hour,

\* Notwithstanding the destruction of these famous Sibylline Books, in the reign of Nero, such was their authority among the Romans, that we again hear of them in the time of Aurelian ; and afterwards in the reign of Julian ; who ordered them to be burnt, A.D. 363—and still of a further collection, also destroyed by Honorius, A.D. 398. It is said that this final destruction of what were still called the *genuine verses*, arose from a rumour then extant among the *heathen* Romans, that the Sibylline writings prophesied that Christianity was to endure only 365 years ; which period expired thirty-three years before—viz. in A.D. 398, it being just 365 years since Christ's *ascension*, according to the *then* computation : whereupon Honorius demolished the temple of Apollo, and



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though the world hath not been exempt from wars; yet may it be regarded as being a peculiarly *pacific* period, not only when he did *first appear*, but comparatively so, even to the present time! They have in Rome, as thou must have often seen, a Temple erected to one of their gods named *Janus*; which is ever open in time of war, and closed only during profound peace.

**A**quila states that this Temple, during fully 750 years, was never closed but five times,—the third and fourth times being immediately *before*, and the last being ordered by Augustus, in the month of Tebeth, and in the *very year* of the birth of Him, who, ages before, hath been prophetically styled the “PRINCE OF PEACE:” and, when he came, profound tranquillity reigned over the world, and continued twelve years! This fact, in such beautiful harmony with his character and religion, is not without its utility among the causes of hope we have that this religion will cover the face of the earth—for ages are not with God, as they are with man.

**N**INTH. The Apostles and Evangelists, and those called in aid of them, must penetrate into the remotest nations, where Jews and synagogues are wholly unknown,—for they are to declare the “Glad Tidings” unto all the people. Some of these rude and distant nations have no temples, or very few—but generally perform their worship in the open air; as is the case among some of the Britons, so remote from us, and among the Gauls and Germans, as likewise among some of the Persians,—who are better known to us, and far more advanced in general civilization, and whose temples are often extremely magnificent. But, from the fewness, and often total absence of temples among the Barbarians, we derive several advantages; *first*, as we have no temples among them, and their worship sometimes requires none, our devotion can sustain no loss of holy dignity from being performed in groves, or open fields, and in connexion with no stated times, or consecrated places: *secondly*, if one species of *idolatry* may have originated from the beauties disclosed at *night*, by the richly jewelled canopy resplendent with the heavenly host,—and, in the *day*, by the glorious Sun, performing his circuit through the empyrean—a canopy oftentimes far more rich than any Tyrian dye—so we may now hope to turn all those beauties to our own advantage, by a much purer worship than that of the heathen—a worship that awakens their

committed to the flames the remaining Sibylline verses, as manifest impostures, whatever the previous ones may have been.

But, even now, there is a small collection of these verses that seem to have survived! Whence they come is not certainly known: probably they were fabricated in an early century, through some pious Christian fraud. They were collected and annotated by *Servatius Galleus*, of Rotterdam, in his work entitled “*Sibyllina Oracula, ex Veteribus Codicibus.*” Amsterdam, 1689—4to.

attention, not to the sublime works of nature as the mere idols of their ignorant adoration, but to the omnipotent *Creator* of all those objects of such wonderful beauty, no less during night than day ! Then, my Cartaphilus, our worship in the open air, at all times and seasons, surrounded by the varied charms of creation, so profusely displayed in the boundless heavens when shining with their myriads of twinkling stars—in the mild-faced moon—or in the ineffably brilliant sun ; or, when looking on the earth beneath, we behold the like diffusion of beauties in the gushing fountains—in the flowing rivers—in the majestic mountains, the verdant hills, flowery vales, and in the deep shady groves ; then, I say, *our* worship becomes an exalted adoration of an eternal, omniscient and omnipresent ONE-GOD, filling the mind with boundless love and awe, and yet with no slavish fear ! And *lastly*, this worship *without temples*, agrees with our present humble means and forced condition ; and, at the same time enables our apostles, our evangelists, and other ministers, to be seen and heard by a far greater number, than in more civilized nations could possibly enter their temples, even if freely cast open to our service. Now all of this, dear Cartaphilus, must again tend to the spread of our Gospel : for the multitude, even in their worship, enjoy the freedom of nature, and the magnificence of God's works.

**TENTH.** Although the religions in the world are almost as numerous as are the nations, each is permitted by the others freely to enjoy its own : for nations *war* not with each other because of their faith—or, that *their* gods are different from those of others,—the prevalent opinion being (most happily for the repose of the human race) that the gods themselves have harmoniously established for each nation its peculiar religion ! Hence, though no nation be permitted, in any way, to *interfere* with the worship of another nation, the gods of all are generally respected in each ; and the individuals of each are hospitably received : and, whilst sojourning among them, are allowed to worship their own gods privately—also to commune with the people respecting their several faiths, and even to declare openly their own peculiar views, if done with a due regard for the opinions and prejudices of those around them. Hence Paul resided at Rome during several years—communed freely with his own people—and declared his faith to others—none molesting him : and this he might have continued to do, but for the wonderful circumstance that marked the Nazarene faith in particular, and the extraordinary wickedness of Nero ; who sought to cast from himself the odium of Rome's conflagration upon the harmless Christians ; and who also had taken great offence at the conversion of some of his own household to the apostle's faith.

**None**, my Cartaphilus, better knows than thou, that our Roman

rulers, since the time of the first Herod, have seldom molested us in our worship; unless when *we* actually, or by report, had irritated their people; and also that they generally respected the Hebrew doctrine as to the only God; and even so far as to pay annual honours to Jehovah as the god of our nation; and the rather, possibly, as they likewise conceived *that* to be but another name for Jupiter, their own supreme god. It should also be remembered that when the great Macedonian conqueror, Alexander, came to Jerusalem, he offered sacrifices in our Temple, under the guidance of our High-Priest; and that Seleucus, who is called *Soter*, also sacrificed to our God, at his own charge, as did likewise Vitellius lately. Nor will you forget, my Cartaphilus, that the Ephesians, and other people, were often more angered by the loss of their gains in the trade of decorating temples, and in the making of idols, than by all the *doctrines* and *morals*, and *teachings*, however variant from theirs, provided we taught them with no revilings of their own gods.

**A**ll these are proofs that usually our faith is not, in itself, offensive to the Gentiles; and that if persecutions must come, they will flow from many other causes, than the Heathens' *love* towards their own many gods, and *hatred* towards our One: and what those other causes are, the past has somewhat disclosed, and the future will, doubtless, more largely show us.

**W**e have churches in Antioch, in Damascus, Smyrna, Jerusalem, and in divers other places: the Gospel has been openly preached in very many lands, and amidst faiths utterly unlike our own, and where no church hath yet been established,—and yet with a hearing of attention, and often of kindness. In Ephesus we were seldom seriously molested; and oftener through the machinations of hostile Jews, than otherwise. But, if the late powerful decree of Nero be not revoked by his successors; if the stronger powers come upon us as roaring lions, then indeed will there be bad passions enough in man's nature, to cause the people to spread that persecution with contagious fury, and to press it so hotly against us, that even the most private worship will be forbidden, and our very name of Christian subject us to great miseries, or even to certain death! Still, until this comes, the privileges we enjoy from the causes I have detailed, will continue, as they already have done, to diffuse extensively the Gospel light: and, if others follow not the example of Nero, the New Faith will daily gain bright laurels, and be found planted firmly in the highest places!

**E**LEVENTH. The great fame of the writings of our PHILO, and my own acquaintance with him for a short time, have caused me to look into his works; which, though I do not feel assured are within the scope of a woman's limited philosophy, yet sufficiently

assure me that the vanity of human learning is infinitely small, when compared with the illumination of Paul, and the divine insight of John into such mysteries, during his visions at Patmos. How strangely hath Philo blended many of the great truths revealed by Moses and the Prophets, with the curious, and perhaps deep philosophy of Plato!—which is again said to be, in many things, but a corruption of our own early religion; for so Aristobulus of Alexandria considers it, in his Commentary on the Books of Moses, written more than a century before the works of Philo.

Born at Alexandria, Philo's education was of the highest order; and he became renowned no less for his thorough knowledge of our Scriptures, than for his acquaintance with the Greek Philosophy, especially that of Plato; and also for his sublime eloquence, that noised his fame in his native city, and yet more, in the latter part of his life, at Jerusalem, in our Sanhedrim.

The Judaic Platonism of *Philo*, and the disguised Judaism of *Plato*, though so variant from the Mosaic religion, on the one hand, and greatly so from the Polytheism of the Gentiles, on the other, are both more congenial to the spirit of Christianity, than are any of the systems of *Philosophy* known to the Greeks and Romans; or of the *Science* cultivated by the Orientals,—so that, wherever the one or the other is well received, the transition to the much purer dogmata and morals of Christianity is not so abrupt as to occasion any real difficulty. Plato teaches (as my learned Cartaphilus well knows) that all things are governed by One Being—the fountain of all perfections, whom he calls the *Ἀγαθός*—a *reunion* with which, as he says, is the strongest aspiration of the human soul,—one which survives the body's dissolution, and enters, through the grave, into an eternal world—there to cause the soul to be happy, or miserable, according to the degree of reunion it has established in this world with the Source of all good. He further teaches, that the love of, and search after TRUTH, are the only means of uniting kindred spirits; and that man's soul, though associated with *matter*, (which he regards as the source of all malignity) still retains within itself the germs of a complete restoration to the kingdom of truth! In this system, then, my Cartaphilus, we have the Unity of God—the Immortality of the Soul—the Corruption of Man—and the doctrine of future Rewards and Punishments: but it is greatly disfigured by the dogma that *matter* is essentially corrupt, and nearly invincibly the source of evil—that Deity, in this respect, is not omnipotent—and that man has within himself the means of his own regeneration, but only as far as it is possible for him to baffle the influences of matter!—all of which are doctrines at variance in a large degree with the Hebrew, and wholly so with the sound Christian faith.

IN addition to these approximations of Platonism to the celestial truths proclaimed by Christians, Plato speaks (though mysteriously) of the *Logos*, as an *energy* proceeding from God; whilst Philo, going yet further, *personifies* this *Logos*, and calls it simply, "God:" but the Supreme Being he calls, by way of eminence, "The God." Philo also makes a difference (as to origin) between the *creation* of matter, and its *formation*: the first he ascribes to the *Agathos*—the latter to the *Logos*.

These are matters so nearly accordant with the Christian dogmata, that whenever, in the West or East, the views of Plato and of Philo are approved, Christianity may expect no sturdy opposition: for, while in Ephesus, I remarked that many from Alexandria, who were rather friendly to the Christian cause, were generally Platonists; and often said that the Athenian philosopher of the Ceramicus was little else than Moses speaking *Greek*: and that Philo of Alexandria, is but Plato *Hebraized*! And, though this may be too strongly worded, there is in it sufficient truth to yield us no small hope from this cause likewise.

I must here mention that the *ESSENES*, also, who are somewhat numerous in Egypt, occasion many to think well of the Christians: for, though the Christians do not dwell in rural solitudes, are not given to wasting abstinences, to penitential mortifications, and to rigid celibacy, as are the *Essenes* of Syria, of Judea, and of Egypt,—yet, as the Christians worship God in spirit and in truth, through much contemplation, and with no reliance now upon any *sacrifices*, and offerings, to appease the Deity, they resemble those *Essenes* of Egypt, by Plato, denominated *Therapeútæ*. These Contemplative *Essenes*, so well known at Alexandria, Philo seems to admire, in contradistinction to those of Syria and Judea,—whom he calls Practical *Essenes*: for Philo was by no means of the way of *living* of either sort—though, when he *philosophizes*, it is after the fashion of the *Therapeútæ*.

This combination, then, of the views of Plato, of Philo, and of the *Therapeútæ* (so well received by the Hellenistic Jews, and by others who cultivate the *philosophy* I have mentioned) seems well suited to win towards the Ministers of our Faith, at least a respectful ear.

TWELFTH, and lastly. I shall advert to only one more cause, though there be many others, of the strong hope we all have, that the religion from Calvary is destined, eventually at least, to Christianize the whole world!

Thou wilt readily agree with me, O Cartaphilus, that the *Samaritans* (whose religion, from its very origin, hath been corrupt, and far more tainted with Gentile errors than that of the Hebrews) have nevertheless entertained, at all times, much juster views as to the long-expected Messiah, than those of our purer-blooded Jewish

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countrymen. The Samaritans worship the God of Abraham—they believe in the soul's immortality—they venerate the prophets; but still they have for ages differed from us in some doctrines and practices; and also a long hatred between them and our people hath been the cause of great misery to both: and yet, to me, it is quite evident that the Samaritan opinions and practices are often *now* the purer; and that their idea of the views of Jehovah in sending his Shiloh, are far more correct than those of the Jews,—whose dislike of other nations, and whose stiff-necked pride, caused them to look for a temporal Messiah, who would not fail to speedily place Israel highly exalted above all other people!—and this, my Cartaphilus, was thine own great mistake, and the fatal cause of thy dealings with Judas and Pilate. This erroneous notion is seldom entertained by Samaritans; and may therefore prove a means of exciting a more favourable impression on them, generally, as to the claims of Jesus, than on the Jews.

The foregoing twelve reasons of hope for the spread of Christianity weighed strongly upon my mind; and indeed sustained us all whilst sojourning at Ephesus, and during our travels into such remote lands, during our absence of some years. Amidst the *difficulties* I first mentioned, and the *hopes* I have just enumerated, the little Band at Ephesus proclaimed the Gospel truths wherever they went,—sometimes with fruit, and lively gratitude from the Gentiles, and at other times, the seed falling upon stony ground, produced only ridicule, revilings, and threats.

But, my Cartaphilus, no longer will I detain thee with these deep matters; but proceed to the narrative of our *journeyings* from Ephesus into various lands—and our great *perils* therein; these being, as I well know, the only object of thy imposing on me the task of a narrative. But, Cartaphilus, thy friend Priscilla had some other views, than to gratify thy *curiosity*; for these views are aimed at thy sinful heart and perverted understanding—which she prays may not fall lifeless to the earth.

SECTION XXVIII.



OUR little family, with Aquila and his excellent Priscilla (who consented so kindly to accompany us as far as Smyrna) took leave of Ephesus, at the early dawn of one of the loveliest of Sivan's mornings. *The Pella Family leave Ephesus.*

Ephesus had detained us nearly three years: how flushed, then, were we with the bright hope that now beamed on us, of gradually reaching our still beloved Judea; and of settling ourselves once

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more in that dear place of refuge, on the borders of Pella, assigned to the faithful by the Most High! "Hail Judea! thou once most favoured of lands—thou brightest spot of our earliest affections," musingly said I, as we journeyed towards Smyrna, "I *will* love thee, and until the great day of thy sure curse shall be accomplished!—till then, doubtless we may love thy soil, though we must ever hate the many foul deeds of thy people,—but, after those fatal days, even thy accursed soil must be avoided!—for thou, O Judea, wilt fade away—thy limpid living streams will be dried up—thy rich and verdant pastures become as the rocky and sandy desert—thy people will be scattered, finding no safe abiding place:—for so the Lord of Hosts hath proclaimed!—and shall he not execute it?" Such were my then thoughts. And now, Cartaphilus, I would have thee, as one doubting, to remember well, and understand, what our holy prophet Amos saith:

"Behold! the eyes of the Lord  
Are upon the sinful kingdom:  
And I will destroy it from off the face of the earth;  
Saving, that I will not utterly destroy  
The House of Jacob, saith the Lord.  
For lo! I will command,  
And I will *sift* the House of Israel,  
*Among all nations,—*  
Like as corn is sifted in a sieve:  
Yet shall not the least grain  
Fall upon the earth!"

And JEREMIAH saith,—

"I will make *Jerusalem* heaps—a den of dragons;  
And I will make the *cities* of Judah desolate."

The dreadful times seen by those prophets are now fast approaching—already most of our proud cities are levelled to the earth,—which is moistened with the bloods of her children, and whitened by their bones! JERUSALEM, the once holy and favoured, is nearly all that now remains to us—and this must soon perish! But with these afflictive realities and forebodings, I must no longer grieve thee, and myself; but tell thee of my travels through lands so strange to me,—some of which, thanks to Calvary's great Prince, are not without a few bright spots, made so only by the King of kings!

Though we had made some excursions from Ephesus, to several cities of Ionia and Caria, they generally were to the south and west, and never in the direction of that "Ornament of Asia"—that "Crown of all Ionia," as Smyrna is customarily called.

As we crossed the beautiful and rapid *Caystrus*, we were greatly

*Various lands  
and cities vi-  
sited by them.*

charmed with the shaded and verdant banks, with the clearness of its mountain waters, and still more, with the numerous flocks of swans, which habitually grace with their white plumage its reflective bosom, and gambol in its secure and umbrageous recesses, with a most enviable innocence.

Arriving at the foot of *Maftusia*, we ascended its lofty heights, that we might enjoy its enchanting prospect. The sun was just crossing its summit with his ruddy and genial rays; and the early morning mists that lay beneath us, were dissolving before his beams in a thousand fantastic shapes—taking directions through the clefts of the mountains, and occasionally displaying the trees, as so many islets in the midst of a foaming ocean! At our feet lay the rich valley that stretches even unto the sea; its variegated meadows and fields and gardens being refreshed by the waters of the *Colophon*, and of the *Halæsus*, with their several tributary streams,—and, in the distance, this valley is graced by the ancient cities of Colophon, where Xenophanes first drew breath; and where it, with divers other cities, claims the lustrous fame of Homer's birth!

Ephesus southwardly, and Smyrna on the north and west, were distinctly visible to us from those Maftusian heights; whilst close to the sea lay the venerable, though unfortunate Lebēdos, whose inhabitants were most happy to find an exile at Ephesus, after the destruction of their town by Lysimachus: also the city of *Teios*, lately repaired by Augustus, and renowned as the birth-place of Anacreon; who is said to have been a poet of exalted genius, but of very licentious morals. It is further related of this intemperate and lascivious poet, that he lived to a great old age; but met his death, at last, by a grape-stone; which, taking a wrong direction in the act of swallowing, instantly suffocated him!

Further to the south, we also beheld *Myonnesus* and *Claros*; at which latter place Apollo hath an oracle. These oracles, as we hear, are of late in much less repute—the celestial one, first witnessed in Judea, will ere long silence them all!

Early on the succeeding day we reached that *Teios*, which we had seen from the summit of *Maftusia*; and proceeding thence direct for Smyrna, following the banks of the *Meles*, we reached that city before the sun had dipped his rays into the *Iscarian* sea, in the rear of *Chios*.\*

The Ephesians claim Smyrna as their daughter,—stating that it was founded at a very early period by a small colony, from that quarter of their own great city, called Smyrna. Smyrna and its vicinity. Others say that it is but a part of the more ancient city called *Tantalus*, founded near 1200 years ago by a king of *Lydia* of

\* Smyrna is distant from Ephesus only about forty-eight miles.



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that name; who is said to be the son of Jupiter, and the father of that most unfortunate of mothers—the weeping Niobe! Be all this as it may, it is certain that Smyrna may boast of great antiquity—hath encountered many remarkable vicissitudes, being sometimes almost wholly obliterated; and that Alexander, the famous Macedonian, greatly revived it; and further, that Lysimachus raised it to so lofty a height, that it hath become the most flourishing and beautiful of all the cities in this portion of the world.

This proud ornament of the Lesser Asia lies on a beautiful plain; and covers also the brow of a hill, on the north of the river, and near its junction with the Meles.

On the north and east of the city, we see the towering heights of the Sipylus mountains—on the west, the magnificent gulf, close to which the city is situate; and, as you enter its southern gate, close to where the rivers blend, in sweet communion, their bright waters, the eye is greeted with the lovely gardens of the Gymnasium, and with the stately Temple, dedicated to the mother of all their gods!

My attention was next arrested by an extensive quadrangular Portico, leading to a graceful little temple consecrated to the memory of Homer; who, as the Smyrnians insist, was born there; and to strengthen their claim, they have among them a bronze coin, of some antiquity, called the Homericum.

The Greek language, as thou, my Cartaphilus, well knowest, hath greatly occupied me of late; and hence I do not hesitate to read Homer's wonderful poems,—though Anacreon I shall never venture to cast my eye into; for our Jewish education has never set any value upon the strange and wicked fancies of these heathen poets, and especially such as Anacreon. Homer, however, surely the greatest of them all, I must not reject; as I deem it a duty to become as fully acquainted with all heathen institutions and manners as possible, if without risk of contamination. I could not, therefore, behold the statue of Homer, in the little temple I have just mentioned, but with considerable interest,—derived as well from my fondness for the language of that memorable genius, as from my just admiration of the surprising variety of knowledge he displays as to men and things. Had *we* a Homer now, how would he delight to sing of the wonders and infinite graces of Him, who filled Judea with his fame, and whose lustre, as shed from Calvary, shall hereafter fill the worlds! Such a poem would be read by me with a rapture, equal to the inspiration that should breathe it.

There is likewise in Smyrna an extensive library—many ranges of porticoes, and of spacious buildings, all of great beauty; and the city, generally, is remarkably regular. I forgot, however, to mention that, soon after leaving Teios, we were shown near the source of the Meles, a cave, in which it is said Homer composed his won-

derful poems : and hence, as thou knowest, he is called a *Melēsigēnes* ; and his poem *Meletera Carmen*.

Is it not wonderful, my learned Cartaphilus, that so great a poet, whose renown fills the earth, should have no birth-place ?—for he truly hath none, who hath at least nine ! Surely, in the lapse of even the remotest ages, the day never can come, when nine cities shall dispute the claims of the humble BETHLEHEM to its present high and well-known honour.

We were greatly pleased to find the Church at Smyrna prosperous : it is, indeed, scarce more yet than in its planted seed,—but, will it not grow into a goodly tree, whose branches shall cast a delicious shade over all this region, yea, beyond the Euxinus, and until it reaches the very fources of the Euphrates and of the Indus ?—doubt it not, O Cartaphilus—yea, even beyond Abyla and Calpe !

We tarried in the “lovely Smyrna” only a few weeks ; and, on our departure, resolved to visit *Phocæa*, on our way towards *Thyatira*. We travelled near the shores of the Smyrnian Gulf, in the delightful valley between them and the foot of the Sipylus mountain : and having crossed the *Hermus*, we remained a day at the little town of *Lemnos* ; and early next morning reached the fine city of *Phocæa*—so called from the *phocæ*, or sea calves, that abound in the noble inlet on which it is situate. *They arrive at Phocæa.*

When the Persian conqueror Cyrus, six hundred years ago, would have reduced them into his power, many of the *Phocæi* forsook their city ; and being great mariners, they stopped not until they reached Gaul—and there they founded the now famed city of *Massilia*.\* *Phocæa* is now only nominally under Roman authority, Pompey having made it independent ; and so it seems to continue ; and is at this time among the most flourishing of all the numerous cities of Peninsular Asia.

We hastened on to *Thyatira*, passing through *Ægæ* and *Cumæ*, places of no note, except that it may here be remarked that

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\* Its modern name is *Marseilles*. Early it became a commercial rival of Carthage ; and, from the period of the destruction of that great African city, B.C. 146, to the contests between Cæsar and Pompey, an interval of about one hundred years, *Massilia* became extremely prosperous and populous, as likewise the seat of the sciences and arts—contending even with Athens for the favour of all the Muses ! During several centuries after the first Punic war, she continued Rome's firmest ally ; so that the friendship of the two cities became even remarkable : but her devotion to the interests of Pompey much injured her ; and though her political importance never survived the shock, she still maintained her literary standing for some centuries ; and for some time even after the Barbarians had made deep inroads into various parts of the Empire. *Marseilles* is still a commercial city of considerable note ; and next to Paris, is perhaps even now entitled to literary precedence over the other Gallic cities.

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Cumæ of Italy, where the famed Sibyl hath her oracle, was founded by a colony from this Asiatic town of the same name. The journey from Phocæa to Thyatira is very fatiguing, as we seldom forsook the mountains: but from those heights, the prospect was delightful indeed—embracing the luxuriant plain in which the latter city lies embosomed, amidst the most extensive groves of cypress, willow, poplar, and other beautiful trees.

**W**e reached this city at midnight; and on the following day were received by the Church, with many affectionate greetings.  
*Thyatira and its Church.*

**D**uring our short sojourn at the lovely Thyatira, Rebecca was much charmed with the Christian simplicity, high intelligence, and amiable hospitality of **LYDIA**, an eminent trader in all the purples,—and who, about twelve years ago, was an inhabitant of Philippi, of Macedonia, though born at Thyatira.

**O**n Paul's arrival at Philippi, Lydia kindly invited the holy man to her house—and, under his discourses, she received the faith, and was baptized, with all her household.

**S**ome few years after this, Lydia returned to her native city; and, on hearing of our arrival at Thyatira, she urged us, with the like hospitality shown by her to Paul, that we should make her house our home.

**R**ebecca's mind was so greatly and justly taken with Lydia, that we promptly consented to dwell with her for a time; and never have I found in woman more heavenly-mindedness, than in Lydia.

**B**ut, my Cartaphilus, I lament to say that the infant Church of Thyatira was greatly troubled at that time by a certain Jezebel woman (as unlike the admirable Lydia, as is Heaven from Hades) who seduced our people to believe her a prophetess, and to go after her idolatries! Strange is it indeed, that amidst the brightness of the New Faith, the follies of so wicked a woman should be heeded by any, in preference to the teachings and lovely example of so pure a being as Lydia!—and yet, when I departed from Thyatira, the Church still continued in no small misery from this artful woman.\*

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\* It seems pretty evident that the name *Jezebel* was applied indifferently to any such characters, as the one alluded to by Priscilla; and that neither the individual so named in Revelation, ii. 20, nor the one stated by Priscilla, was a woman of that name; but was so called from that Jezebel, wife of king Ahab, who (a thousand years before the prophet of Patmos) was so mad with idolatry, as to instigate her husband to seek the life of Elijah, and murder the prophets. She met her death, however, in the way foretold by Elijah—her body being cast out of a window, trodden to death by war-horses, and devoured by the numerous dogs that infested the city. Hence her name passed into a proverb. Vide 1 Kings xix. 2—xxi. 9. 2 Kings ix. 30—35.

From Thyatira we passed on to *Sardis*, a distance of scarce thirty Roman miles,—and therefore nearer Ephesus, the place of our departure; for we had now performed in our travels more than a semicircle, being desirous to visit all of the Churches of the Lesser Asia. *Sardis of Lydia.* Sardis is beautifully situate on the *Pactolus*, near its confluence with that bright and living stream that flows into lake *Gygæus*, about five miles below. Mount Imolus overlooks the city; from the summit of which the view is surprisingly grand. On the north you see the Hermus flowing at the base of a long mountain chain; it then passes through the northern valley of the Siphus—your eye soon rests upon *Larissa*; and the distant Smyrnian gulf mixes its blue tints with those of the far more expansive empyrean. On the east, the tranquil silver waters of the *Gygæan* lake, and the wide expanse of the city of Cræsus, seem almost under your feet; and on the south, you see the Pactolean stream issuing from Tmolus and descending through the very narrow, but lovely valley; whilst again, more to the east, the white buildings of our much beloved *Philadelphia* blend their spotless colour (so expressive of their faith) with the rich verdure that encompasses them.

*Sardis* is not at this time more than the memento of what it was, when the proud metropolis of Cræsus, king of *Lydia*—the richest of mankind, if we except our Solomon. The Greeks of all Asia to Cræsus paid their tributes: his court was the abode of all the known learning of his days! There Solon, of Athens, conversed with Cræsus on the highest sources of human happiness. In *Sardis*, the truly wise *Æsop* also, found an asylum of general safety and of merited honour; and the Delphian oracle was likewise enriched by presents of immense value, given by this Cræsus!

But all this wealth and power vanished before the resistless army of the “appointed” Cyrus of Persia! Xerxes, in after times, set so large a value upon *Sardis*, that he commanded those around him daily to exclaim to him when at dinner, “*The Greeks have taken Sardis!*”—so that he might never cease to be stimulated to secure it at any cost!”

*Sardis*, however, fell not to the earth; she continued rich and powerful amidst all her adversities: her conflicts with the Medes, Ionians, Macedonians, Athenians, Romans, and others, show the vastness of her strength. But, what man was slow in effecting, the God of nature greatly hastened,—for she suffered much by an earthquake, only about forty years ago, in the time of the Emperor Tiberius. *Sardis* rose again to considerable splendour, when rebuilt by order of that monarch: and since then, she hath been growing rich;—but alas! no less proud and wicked.

One of our earliest Churches was established in *Sardis*,—but her

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love of luxury promises us but little fruit. Unhappy people ! that thou canst not, even in this thy brightest hope for true happiness and glory, embrace the offer so freely given. *That*, which Solon, O people of Sardis ! told thy Cræsus, was indeed Wisdom, as from the skies, though it came from heathen lips,—but thy Cræsus had no faith, until Cyrus was his master :—what the Christ, through his messengers, hath proclaimed to Sardis, and unto all Lydia, is a far higher wisdom ; and, if neglected, will bring on thee, O Sardis, a more sure and lasting ruin, than that which befell thy long famed and wealthy ruler !

**W**e remained at Sardis not many days ; and were truly happy *They arrive* to find ourselves on the road to Philadelphia. This *at Philadel-* brought us, for a time, upon the border of the Gygæan *phia.* lake ; where we tarried some hours, to survey the many gorgeous tombs of the once wealthy and powerful, who had flourished at Sardis ; but who chiefly have now a *marble* immortality only, on the shore of this beautiful lake. And so is the fame of this life, mostly like that of Sardis—marble and gold and ivory cannot preserve it long.\*

**A**rrived at Philadelphia, we were much refreshed by the prosperous condition of our Church. This is not an ancient city, being founded only about two hundred years ago, by Attalus III., king of Pergamus ; who was also called *Philadelphus*, from his fraternal love.

**A**ttalus was a great patron of learning, and a wise ruler of his people ; over whom he presided twenty years ; but was cruelly murdered by his nephew, in the 82nd year of his age ! You perceive, my Cartaphilus, that this little city had for its founder, one so noted for his brotherly love and eminent wisdom, that her now gracious and zealous acceptance of the Gospel seems to be a merciful recognition by God of his respect even for heathen piety !—and I cannot help feeling a conviction that the humility of this small city, graced

\* The Emperor Julian "The Apostate," nearly 300 years after Priscilla's visit, made a strenuous effort to rescue the pagan worship in Sardis from its expected decline, by erecting there various altars, and restoring some of their ruined temples. In a century after this, the Goths severely plundered it ; and for quite 600 years more, we hear little of Sardis, until it fell into the hands of the Turks, who retained it but a short time, and yet regained it in the fourteenth century. At length came the renowned Timur, who seems to have utterly destroyed it,—as nothing now remains of that famed Lydian capital, but a wretched village, interesting, indeed, from some magnificent ruins—painful mementos of its ancient grandeur ! Her Pactolean current, that flowed through the city, has long since ceased to yield its golden treasures ; and nothing in Sardis now reminds the traveller of her former glories, but an occasional inscription on some fragment, or disinterred medal, certifying that, "*Sardis is the first metropolis of Asia, Greece, and Lydia.*"

with the jewels of Christianity, will cause her to live, when many arrogant and lordly cities shall be resolved into their first elements, and be lost in the grave of their mother earth !

After spending nearly a month among those interesting people, we took our departure for *Laodicea*. As this journey was rough, and too tedious for one day, we occupied a portion of the first in ascending the Acropolis of Philadelphia ; and were again charmed with a rich and varied prospect. I know not how it is, my friend Cartaphilus, but I can never permit an occasion to escape me of viewing the works of God, and of man's industry, from the greatest attainable heights ! My feelings are there sublimated—my heart warmed by all such contemplations. I then experience my own superlative littleness, and God's unutterable greatness ; I feel, for the time, as if nearer Heaven—I find my heart swelling, and my lips involuntarily ejaculating his praises, and condemning my own poor gratitude.

After leaving the Acropolis, we rode for a few hours upon the green and beautiful banks of the *Cogamus*, it being in our direct road for *Laodicea* : and whilst on the borders of that lovely river, we amused ourselves greatly with the varied and graceful motions, and sportive swimming of the numerous swans that seek their food and habitations in this river. And we were especially struck with their surprising faculty of respiring so very long a time, with bill and neck under water, and often plunging amidst the tangled grass and mud of the shoals near the river margin ! In deeper waters, we observed they would sometimes dive with extreme rapidity, and remain until our own patience was quite exhausted, in waiting for their rise : and when they reappeared, it was at a surprising distance from where they had submerged ; and then, gracefully shaking their long necks, and pure white plumage, they seemed to revel in their occupation, as one of far less necessity than of great delight !

Leaving the *Cogamus*, we soon crossed the *Mæander*, not far from Tripolis ; and reached *Laodicea* at a convenient hour, on the second day of our departure from Philadelphia. It is situate on the eastern bank of the *Lycus*, near its confluence with the *Asopus* : and lies only a few miles north of *Colossæ*. Its present is not its ancient name,—once *Diospolis*, then *Rhœas*, and now *Laodicea*, in memory of *Laodice*, wife of *Antiochus*, the Syro-Grecian King, who rebuilt it.

The Church here did not entirely please me ; the people are much given to luxury and riot ; and the Christians are less devout than at any of the other cities through which we have passed—having Churches. Paul never visited this city ; but, feeling much for the Church there, (more flourishing then, than now) he requests the Christians of *Colossæ*, to whom he addressed an epistle about

*Laodicea in Phrygia.*

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four years ago, to have the same read also in the Church of the Laodiceans.\*

Our stay at Laodicea was short; and thence we proceeded to Colossæ on the Lycus, a few miles south of Laodicea, and about the same distance from Hierapolis. Hard by Colossæ, we were astonished to find that the river Lycus abruptly disappears; and after running its course, deep and

\* About twenty-five years after the date of Priscilla's narrative, the Apostle John, when at a very advanced age, addressed the Seven Churches of Asia-Minor, in a very remarkable and prophetic manner; which will be found in the Second and Third Chapters of Revelation. These Churches were at *Smyrna, Ephesus, Pergamus, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea*: and how wonderfully the prophecy has been fulfilled, may be seen in the whole history of these seven cities, and of their Churches, even up to the present hour!

It is interesting to find that the Apostle, in speaking of the Church at SMYRNA, utters no word of reproof—some of caution—but others of praise, instruction, and promise. The words addressed to each Church, are, indeed, but few, yet extremely significant; and quite sufficient to enable us to see in each case, the perfect fulfilment of the prophetic words!

Smyrna is even yet a flourishing city, more than four miles in circuit, possessed of an extensive commerce with almost every part of the world; and though in the hands of the Turks, she has retained Christianity ever since its first plantation there; and it now contains a larger number of Christians of various nations, languages, and sects, than any other Asiatic city—all living in perfect security and general harmony with each other, and with those of so entirely different a faith!

EPHESUS was blamed for her *then* state; and was also warned that her "candlestick" would be removed, if she repented not. She did not fulfil her first promise; and, with her waning Christianity, which at length utterly vanished in the presence of Mohammed, she has wholly ceased to exist; and can now be recognised only in a few splendid ruins, and some mud cottages, where once had stood the magnificent city; and even among those wretched hovels, not a solitary Christian is to be seen! The very name of Ephesus is lost, for that of *Aiasoluc*; and the church of Saint John, converted into a mosque, is visited only occasionally by a few Turks—her *candlestick*, therefore, was entirely removed, as she heeded not the prophetic warning!

PERGAMOS is commended for her steadfastness during the early persecutions; but is still blamed for some things: the threat against her is more subdued than that against Ephesus; and we find that Pergamos is yet among the cities of Asia, having both Greek and Armenian churches! Its present population does not exceed three or four thousand—the ruins of its once great magnificence are all around them; but the leaven of the sound faith is still there; and the prophecy (which so emphatically alludes to the doctrines of Balaam, and of the Nicolaitans, so prevalent at Pergamos in the apostolic age) may have anticipated the fate of the then existing heretics, but that they might be overcome only by a heresy more grievous than what Pergamos then had—and doubtless, that was Mohamedanism!

THYATIRA, also, is praised and blamed: she is now fallen from her high estate—but is not destroyed utterly; she yet has some of the faithful; and, like Pergamos, contains both Armenian and Greek churches.

SARDIS was more culpable than either; it was a lordly city, and justly claimed to be the metropolis of Asia. When the Prophet addressed their Church, it

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hidden underground, full half a Roman mile, it again emerges, and soon after empties itself into the river Mæander!

At Colossæ we were most hospitably entreated by PHILEMON, the former master of Onesimus, mentioned by me as being freed from servitude at Paul's solicitation. *The Venerable Philemon.* Philemon's wealth is great; but his mode of living is unostentatious: he enjoys the goods of this life without stint, but

had greatly soiled its faith: there were but "few" who had not "defiled their garments;" and they were admonished to be "watchful, and strengthen the things which remain," lest vengeance should come upon them "as a thief," they not knowing the hour it should come! Those feeble and half-dead remains of piety soon faded away; and Sardis, like Ephesus, has been blotted out of existence,—there being now, in that once gorgeous city, but a few huts occupied by Turkish herdsmen—and not a single Christian resident there! This now miserable village, called *Sart*, has nevertheless many sad mementoes of its former grandeur, in the desolate ruins of massive buildings, and in the broken solitary pillars that still linger there: and among those melancholy remnants are some of a great church—possibly the very one on which the eye of the holy Prophet had rested: but there it is, in dead solitude, with no one who could dare to collect its fragments, to raise the humblest temple to the long forsaken God of Calvary!

LAODICEA, if possible, had yet more deeply offended; and the prophetic eye saw that it would go still much further. The Christians of that metropolis were charged with lukewarmness—of being neither hot nor cold—and of excessive pride of wealth. All the other Churches were commended for something; and were partially, for a time, blessed:—but that of Laodicea was loathed; and the threat was, "I will spue thee out of my mouth;" for, after having been the mother Church of that region, it early forsook its faith, and gave itself up to excessive luxury. Its fate is a signal execution of the prophecy—it has been annihilated—"it is thoroughly desolated, without any inhabitant, but wolves and jackals and foxes"—rambling freely amidst its splendid fragments, its gorgeously sculptured, but now moss-grown and half-buried ruins!

PHILADELPHIA.—But, if the *threatenings* of the holy Prophet have been remarkably verified, so have his *promises* been equally accomplished,—and in the exact proportion that these several Churches have been true to their high trust—in each case, feeble, indeed, but still visible.

In the case of Smyrna, Pergamos, and Thyatira, we have seen how far they have been blessed, according to the very feeble measure of their enduring faith, respectively: but in that of Philadelphia, it has been yet more clearly manifested. As a city, Philadelphia was at no time of much consideration; nor is it now; but she had received the faith with joy, and retained it with exemplary tenacity, amidst long-enduring trials. The Prophet utters no words of blame—all are of praise, and of spiritual blessing, so far forth as the condition of the surrounding world would admit. "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world." This is the prophetic promise; and its fulfilment is to be seen in the whole history of this little city, up to the present hour! Smyrna, indeed, had no judgment pronounced against her,—she is merely warned that Beelzebub will try some of her people; and that tribulation will come upon her Church for "ten days," (alluding to the ten years of persecution that followed, in the reign of the Emperor Dioclesian) and then he promises her a crown of life, if she shall remain faithful unto death! The Smyrnians passed through that perfec-

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## Priscilla's Narrative—Their Journeyings.

with no wasteful superfluity—and all with a grateful heart of remembrance, and an entire dependance upon the Source whence all bounties flow. The poor are under his protection; but the idle and vicious are not suffered to live on him. He hath still many slaves; but they are all most happy under his paternal care; and no one is retained who sighs for liberty, if he be capable of self-support and self-government.

Philemon is now far advanced in years;—his long white locks, bright as the wool of a petted lamb, hang over his shoulders; his eyes beam with intelligence, and charm you with their Christian repose. He seems to enjoy his existence, as in the days of his most youthful innocence; and yet with a dignity that commands high respect. This I perceived, on his questioning Rebecca concerning Philotera; who, no more a slave and heathen, is now as lovely as the opening rose on a dewy spring morning. The venerable old man having heard from the lips of Rebecca, the brief though eventful history of Philotera, arose, tenderly embraced my daughter, and playfully said, “it is indeed, dear Rebecca, well for thee that so many winters have frosted my head, and that so few now remain for me,—else surely would I claim thee instantly of thy mother—but, how comes it that thou, who hast so many charms, hast never

tion unscathed; and have survived, in a degree, the much severer trial that followed in the seventh century, under Mohammed: but the Philadelphians have been yet more blessed; for, when the followers of the false prophet of Arabia came, and with fire and sword had prostrated half a world, Philadelphia, alone, though so small in worldly power, was enabled from on high, so long to withstand the Turks, that, at length, she so capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans, as to remain through all the ages in a great degree Christian!

Even the infidel historian, Gibbon, was struck so forcibly with the remarkable discrepancy between the physical power, and the moral success of this favoured little city, amidst the general ruin of the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, that he says, “*Philadelphia is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins!*” And all travellers, up to the present hour, agree that nowhere in the Turkish dominions, has Christianity been so uniformly sustained during the lapse of the twelve centuries since Mohammed's time, as in that small city at the foot of Mount Imolus! Divine service is now performed there in five churches; and, notwithstanding the erroneous and even hostile views of the Greek and Latin Churches as to the diffusion of the Bible, the Bishop of Philadelphia regards it as the only solid foundation of hope for the extensive spread of Christianity; and that the present age will be found too enlightened to tolerate the abuses in this respect, that were sanctioned by those Churches in earlier times, of withholding the sacred Volume from the people.

In conclusion of this long note, the Editor of these Chronicles cannot refrain from saying that, were there no other evidence of the divine source of the “Book of Revelation” than the sure fulfilment of the words contained in those two chapters respecting the “Seven Churches” of the Lesser Asia, nothing more would be needed—the entire Book would stand redeemed from all doubt as to its prophetic character, its *authenticity* and *genuineness*.

wedded, seeing that even I, who have my fires smothered by old age, am so warmed to life and love by thee? Rebecca's diffidence could make no fit reply with her wonted promptness; but from which the good and sprightly Philemon at once generously relieved her, by his equally jocose and ardent address to Philotera, who had just entered and unveiled herself,—and who, as thou knowest, scarce numbers a third of Rebecca's years. Philotera, indeed, had blushes enough; but they all vanished before the amiable cheerfulness of the pious old man.

And thus, my Cartaphilus, do Christian influences, when blended with the naturally estimable and vivacious temper of the intellectual Philemon, make him an exemplar of surprising excellence in all assemblages; for, be they public or private, Philemon is ever sought after.

The age, the great personal beauty, and highly cultivated mind of Philemon—his uncommon mildness, gracefully blended with joyousness; and above all, that innocence, alone to be found in the Christian heart and mind, have rendered him a very dear companion, for youths as well as ages!

Philemon and his family had known Paul elsewhere,—but never at their own home; for Paul, in his travels, had never reached either Colossæ, or Laodicea. Many inquiries were made of us by Philemon respecting Paul,—of whose probable death by Nero he had cause to fear; and he wept bitterly over the recital, as given in an Epistle from Onesimus, who greatly apprehended that Nero would execute his threat against that great Apostle. Philemon then said to Rebecca, “thou shouldst give to the gentle Philotera the name of *Paulina*, on her baptism:” which, if done, Priscilla would now advise thee, my Cartaphilus, that thy Julianus should receive from thee the name of *Parmenas*, in honour of him who so lately was martyred at Philippi: but, of these matters we will converse hereafter—as Philotera and Julianus will soon receive baptism.

We departed from Colossæ with no little emotion; for we had received there much kindness. And now, O Cartaphilus! with what dread do I state my alarm, and, as I fear, my too well grounded belief, that this excellent Philemon and his family, have been swallowed up by that terrific earthquake which, shortly after we left Colossæ, destroyed nearly the entire city, and several others of Phrygia! During my subsequent travels, and in the miseries we encountered at Artaxata, presently to be detailed, I had heard only vague rumours of the sad calamity at Colossæ,—and, since my late return to Pella, no intelligence have I of Philemon, and no certain news respecting that great visitation, that destroyed many thousands, and nearly blotted out of existence that and other cities. Philemon may have perished; and to this misery was soon added the confirma-

## Priscilla's Narrative—Their Journeyings.

tion of the rumoured apprehension as to Paul, whose death comes now by a letter, that at length reached us from Onesimus.\*

**B**ut, now to proceed with our travels. The journey before us, after leaving Colossæ, was long and perilous; and of far less interest, than in the lands we had passed over since our departure from Ephesus. I shall, therefore,

*Antioch of  
Pisidia.*

omit all that occurred in our creeping over a very mountainous country, until we reached *Antiochia*, the chief town of *Pisidia*, in a fertile and wonderfully beautiful country; which, though hilly, is far less lofty and rigid than what we had just left behind. *Antiochia* is situate on the border of a lovely lake; and is one of the fourteen cities of that name, which *Nicator* built in memory of his father *Antiochus*. It was here that Paul and Barnabas, being permitted by the ruler of the synagogue there, preached the gospel with such success, as alarmed the Jews, and induced them to expel those devout men from the city.

**W**e came next to *Iconium*, the metropolis of *Lycaonia*. It is situate hard-by Lake *Trogilus*, in a valley of inconceivable luxuriance and beauty, and also of a very remarkable form,—it being quite circular, and begirt with

*Iconium in  
Lycaonia.*

lofty mountains. Paul and Barnabas made many converts there; but, at length, as in *Antiochia*, they were not allowed to continue long at *Iconium*.

**T**wenty and three years have passed since the wondering people of *Iconium* first received from the lips of Paul and Barnabas the celestial truths of a religion, which, even Plato was forced to acknowledge that man's fallen condition so much needed, as to demand that "*Some one should come from his native skies to teach—as man could not.*" The Church there is yet prosperous, although the malicious Jews caused Paul and Barnabas to leave it."†

**A** few days more, and we were at *Lystra*, the birth-place of Timothy, and where Paul, after healing the cripple at the city gate, had been hailed by the people as Mercury, and Barnabas as Jupiter! Some years after this, the

*Church of  
Lystra.*

\* Colossæ never recovered from the effects of this earthquake, which occurred in the tenth year of Nero's reign, A. D. 64, according to Eusebius—and probably two years after St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians. It was then a very flourishing city, and famed for its extensive commerce in wool. The ruin being so great, *Chonæ* was built in its vicinity, many centuries after. Some few remains of both cities are yet visible, in a place now called by the Turks, *Kenafli*. Whether Philemon perished in that earthquake is not known, and the minute particulars respecting him given by Priscilla are not elsewhere recorded.

† A Christian church was maintained in *Iconium* during nearly eight centuries: but, since the ninth century, scarce a Jew or Christian has been seen there.

Lystrans were again visited by Paul ; who then *confirmed* their converts ; and the Church there is quite prosperous.

We then passed quickly over to *Derbè*—a short but rugged ride : and here we rested, and communed with the *Arrival at Derbè.* Church several months.

The situation of *Derbè*, at the base of a mountain, which is itself in the very heart of a valley, is as curious as it is truly delightful ; and the whole valley on the south side of *Derbè*, bounded by the lofty chain of *Taurus*, is extremely luxuriant, and ever vocal with many birds, that, of preference, build their nests in the cypresses and poplar groves of the plain, rather than in any of the larger trees of the surrounding mountains.

On departing from *Derbè*, we crossed *Taurus'* lofty heights, and then passed down the narrow valley, following the banks of the limpid *Calycadnus*, until we reached *Seleucia*, one of the thirty-five cities built by *Sileucus Nicator* ;—and then pursuing our travel near the shores of the *Cilician sea*, ever in our view, we reached *Tarsus*, the birth-place of *Saul*—now so familiar to us as *Paul*.

This city lies chiefly on the western bank of the *Cydnus*, which flows through it a few miles from the sea ; and is now, as generally it has been, remarkable for men of celebrity,—it being at one time the rival, alike of Athens and of *Alexandria*, in philosophy and the arts. Some think *Tarsus* derives its name from *Tarshish*, the son of *Javan*—the son of *Japheth*, who was the son of *Noe* ! But *Strabo*, the great geographer, who died about sixty years ago, and whose valuable books, in these travels, were my constant companion, holds that *Tarsus* was built by the Assyrian king *Sardanapalus*,—but for what special reasons I wot not, and he reveals not. *Tarsus of Cilicia.*

It seems, that *Julius Cæsar* having extended to this city some privileges, the people, to indicate their gratitude, changed its name to *Julropolis* ; but habit being too strong even for the spirit of adulation, soon triumphed, and the new was quickly lost in its ancient name. *Augustus* exempted *Tarsus* from tribute, and conferred some other privileges, not amounting to the *jus civitatis*, or to the *jus coloniarum* ; so that, the claim of our *Paul*, as a Roman citizen, to have an appeal from the Procurator of *Judea*, to *Cæsar* at *Rome*, was more probably an inherited one, than personal to himself from being born at *Tarsus*.

When at *Tarsus*, we began to earnestly sigh for our quiet home at *Pella* ; for a few days more, by sea and land, would have brought us to *Pieria*, in *Syria*, and thence to *Jerusalem* and *Pella*, in as many more days : but two powerful considerations forbade this :—my own mind called me irresistibly into the benighted land of *ARMENIA* ; and we also had promised *Artemas* and *Drusilla* to

visit them in Edeffa, on our return from Artaxata, the great city of the Armenians. We therefore left Tarsus for *Militene*, within the borders of the Lesser Armenia—looking for a sublime, but extremely fatiguing journey over many lofty mountains, before we should reach the Greater Armenia.

Our road carried us over the river *Sarus*; and pursuing its eastern bank, we passed through the gap of Mount Taurus, and reached *Pylæ*, or the City of the Gates—so called from its being, as it were, a gate of communication between Cilicia and Cappadocia: and then following the left bank of the *Sarus*, and passing through *Podandus*, we arrived at *Tyana*, the chief city of Cappadocia, on the third day after our departure from Tarsus.

Here we were detained more than a week, by that extraordinary man *APOLLONIUS*, of whom we had all heard such wonders! and whom, now to see and converse with, was truly a matter of no ordinary interest.

That Apollonius is a man of attractive genius, of a creative but wild imagination, and of deep learning in the Egyptian, Pythagorean, and Platonic philosophy, as also in that of the remote India, and in all the magic of the latter country, as well as of the Thebaid, no one I suppose will question: and further, that his morality, such as it is, is exemplary, rigid, and often true, may not be denied. And again, that Apollonius, in many things, resembles the practical Essenes of Judea, and the Therapeutæ, or contemplative ones of Egypt, I likewise admit: but, that he is still an arch-impostor, and a wicked pretender to miracles—and that his followers have been grossly deluded by him, and that they, as usual, have gone far beyond their master in highly colouring the facts respecting his supposed miracles, and with the knowledge of Apollonius, I am firmly and cautiously persuaded.

When we arrived at Tyana, Apollonius had just returned from Egypt—the land of magic—and also from Ethiopia, which is yet more so. But, my Cartaphilus, in order that you may see this much-famed man in his true colours, and judge of his pretended works correctly, I will now detail what I have heard and seen of him during our sojourn at Tyana.

Apollonius was born at Tyana; and is now in the 66th year of his age. He is remarkably tall—his hair long, once deep black, and in flowing curls, but now purely white, save that, as it hangs upon his shoulders, it occasionally reveals a dark lock, the rest being thus blanched, not by his years, but probably by his oft-repeated abstinences, and his many toils endured by him in his extensive travels. His beard reposes in copious folds on his breast, nearly down to his linen *abnet*, or girdle,—and his long purple robe, a species of *chetoneth*, is of the softest

*His personal appearance.*

wool. His head is covered with a plain, but curiously plaited *migbangnoth*, of very many folds, in a manner derived by him from Egypt: and, what specially attracted our observation as to his attire, was a small sack or pouch, said to contain some potent drugs—the claws of various rare animals—the teeth of others, all as magical charms against evil spirits, and as enduing the wearer with power over them, and nature, so long as the sac is suspended on his person!—and this idle superstition is also of Egyptian importation, and well suits the easily deluded multitude.

When a youth of only fourteen years of age, Apollonius was sent to Tarsus for instruction, under the renowned Euthydemus, the rhetorician: but the luxury and habits of the people of that city being disgusting to him, *Early life of Apollonius.* he went with his preceptor to *Ægæ*, a small town near the gulf of Issicus, where there is a temple of *Æsculapius* of much celebrity. Here he studied the philosophy of the Greeks, the science of the Orientals, and the peculiar doctrines of the numerous sects. His deportment when a student at *Ægæ*, was very remarkable for a youth. Exenus next became his preceptor; who permitted him to yield himself to the most rigid requirements of the Pythagorean discipline,—he ate no animal food, lived on herbs and fruits, went barefooted, suffered his long and curling hair to flow luxuriantly over his shoulders, and he communed at all times with the *Æsculapian* priests, by whom he was instructed in many curious mysteries. Apollonius was endowed with powers too remarkable, and he cultivated the priests, and was cultivated by them, too industriously, not to gain over them, as well as over the entire community of *Ægæ*, a potent influence, that gave to his after life, and so must continue, a wonderful colouring, injurious to the Nazarene faith, unless the much stronger and more soul-subduing powers of the Apostles from Calvary, shall clearly reveal to the inconsiderate multitude the essential distinction between the artful devices of magic, and the truthful wonders of celestial miracles. Who, O Cartaphilus! shall fail to perceive, at once, that blind Bartimeus could not have been restored to sight, nor the ten lepers been cleansed—nor Lazarus raised from the dead—nor the demoniac cured—the storm appeased—the raging sea walked upon—nor the water changed into wine—a hungry multitude of five thousand fed on a few loaves and fishes, unless by a divine power, wholly beyond the arts of magic? And who doth not see at once, that all such miracles differ utterly from all those specious devices of an Apollonius? A youth, for example, comes into the temple of *Æsculapius*, and would know of this Apollonius some cure for his dropy, occasioned by excessive intemperance. The philosopher ponders not, but gravely commands a rigid abstinence—and the youth re-

covers! So again, a wealthy debauchee of *Ægæ*, whose oblations to the temple were oft and liberal, repairs thither to have an eye restored, that had been put out in some wicked broil,—but Apollonius had no cure for him; and yet gained fame for high *morality*, since none could be had by a *miracle*,—for he dismissed the wealthy patient, as one so low in vice, as to be unworthy of the Temple's notice!

Summoned home to Tyana by the death of his father, Apollonius paid the last sad office of funereal honours to the memory of his parent; and then gave to his brother the larger part of his patrimony—admonishing him to reform his vicious life: and these things done, the philosopher returned to his priestly life at *Ægæ*; where he erected a splendid temple, and established a school of instruction in philosophy,—all of which doings greatly enlarged his fame. Oh, how miscellaneous are the human mind and heart!

That he might become an adept in the Pythagorean system, Apollonius conformed to the severe novitiate of a five years' rigid silence!—and during that period he taught by signs, gestures, and looks only. After the expiration of that quinquennial novitiate, (the greatest of all his trials, he being naturally very loquacious) he departed from *Ægæ*, and came to Antioch on the Orontes, and there visited the far-famed Daphnè—so little suited to any of his habits; from whence he passed on to Ephesus: in all of which places he added largely to his renown.

His manner of teaching, though with the truest Attic eloquence, was ever the most strictly *dogmatic*: and, being once questioned concerning the preference he gave to the dogmatic mode of instruction, he replied, "*I fought desperately for truth, when I was a youth; but now it is my duty to teach what I have found to be truth:—a wise man must speak as a LAW-GIVER, and the people be taught by INJUNCTIONS.*"

Being on a certain occasion at *Aspenda*, Apollonius found the people greatly excited by a then raging famine, by reason of those traders who monopolise the grain; whereupon he wrote upon a large tablet the following words, in severe reproof of those pitiless engrossers who, in times of great scarcity, grow rich on the miseries of others. "*The Earth, which is the mother of us all, is truly just; but YE, being unjust, would make her a bountiful mother to none but yourselves. Desist, then, from your iniquity in this—for, if ye do not, no longer shall ye be permitted to live!*" The alarmed traders quickly opened their well stored granaries—the people were relieved, the tumult was appeased, and Apollonius hailed as almost a god!

Departing from Ephesus, Apollonius travelled into very distant

lands. Arrived at Ninus in Assyria, he engaged the youthful *Damis* as his associate; whom he persuaded that he was not only familiar with all languages, but equally well knew those of birds and of beasts! This belief occasioned *Damis* to regard Apollonius as little else than a god! The Babylonian Magi, with whom he conversed, also respectfully acquiesced in his lofty pretensions,—and even the king, who then lay severely ill, sent for the illustrious stranger; and, after several conversations, acknowledged that Apollonius had taught him many things regarding the soul, that rendered the kingdoms of this world of little value. The Tyanian magician then visited the yet more remote Indians, and their king *Phraotis*, who received him with high honours; and, on his departure, loaded him with costly presents.

*Extensive  
travels of  
Apollonius.*

Near the river Ganges, Apollonius became acquainted with the great Indian philosopher *Jarchas*; who initiated him into all the mysteries of the Gymnosophists. Passing from those countries, in which he had resided some time, he reached the plains of Troy—the siege of which is so sweetly sung by Homer, so little known to the Hebrews, and for the reading of which our good friend Artemas is chiefly thanked by me:—living at Cæsarea, more a Greek than Palestine city, Artemas there learned to greatly value Homer.

On the plains of Troy, Apollonius found the tomb of Achilles, near to which he passed the whole night: and on the following morning, he informed the credulous *Damis*, and his other followers, that he had raised the spirit of Achilles from his tomb, had conversed familiarly with him during most of the night, and that he had achieved this by the magic arts he had acquired in India!

Apollonius then crossed over to Athens,—but was refused entrance into the city of Minerva, the fame of his enchantments having preceded him, and the Athenians being then engaged in their own sacred mysteries, possibly no better than those of the Tyanian philosopher, but which the Athenians regarded in a very different light from the hidden things of Oriental magic.

Our travelling Wonder next appeared at the gates of Rome; but Nero, as it so happened, had shortly before decreed that all the magicians should be ejected from the city. Of the thirty-four associates of Apollonius in his travels, nearly all forsook him through much fear, and also from their eagerness to furtively enter Rome. The great Tyanian, however, was no way to be daunted, even by Nero; and, if I remember aright, thou, my Cartaphilus, didst secretly prevail upon the consul Telestinus to admit the magician into Rome, under a sacred habit,—with permission, likewise, to visit all the temples. During his short abode at Rome, (of which



thou didst give me some account, with confession of total ignorance of his previous eventful history) thou hadst cause afterwards to know the deep impressions made by him on the Roman priests. Leaving the Imperial city, Apollonius visited Hispania—thence he passed through southern Italy over to Greece, and thence to Egypt, where Vespasian at that time was. This probably, was soon after Nero and thou were at the Isthmus of Corinth. Vespasian was greatly taken with Apollonius and his doings—for the future Emperor loved flattery, and the Tyanian was never sparing of it to those in power, and especially if likely to add largely thereto. From Egypt, the philosopher went into Ethiopia; and had just arrived from thence, about the time of our coming to Tyana. I have now, my Cartaphilus, to end my, I fear, too long account of this remarkable man, scarce worthy so extended a notice, but that his learning, wonders, specious morals, and zealous teachings, have induced some *daring* and hostile spirits to compare this Apollonius with the Mighty Nazarene!\*

But, now to proceed with our travels. We left Tyana, and continued on the north bank of the *Sarus*, till we reached Comanà, at the foot of the Anti-Taurus. Here we passed a few days, as there is a great temple there, dedicated to Bellona, the hideous goddess of war. She is represented by a statue as a tall figure, with dishevelled hair,—holding in one hand a torch, and in the other a whip—the one to illuminate the path of the combatants, the other to stimulate them to battle and victory! No where is Bellona so much venerated as in this city of Cappadocia—her temple having more than five thousand priests, which are of both sexes! The High-Priest of this terrific temple is second only to the king; and is usually selected from the royal family. We departed hence with no regretful feelings.

Having before us, all the way to *Melitene*, a rich and lovely valley, our journey from Comenà was truly one of delight. We crossed the *Melas* river, nigh the northern base of Mount Taurus; and thence following the cheerful banks of the Euphrates, at length arrived at Melitene, in Lower Armenia—a point so long desired by us, as there we should terminate the difficulties of our journey—the remainder to ARTAXATA, in Upper Armenia, the seat of royalty, being, as we supposed, not only easy of attainment, but reposeful when we should reach it.

\* Some further account of Apollonius Tyanæus is given in Letter xxvii, xxviii, and xxxv—bringing his history from A.D. 64 to the time of his death, about A.D. 97,—he having lived to the advanced age of 93 years; and became more notorious in his after life, than at the time Priscilla met him at Tyana.

**A**t Melitene we tarried a few days,—chiefly with the view of knowing something of the Armenians, before we should pass on to the chief object of our visiting the metropolis of king Tiridates.

**W**hilst at Melitene, we soon learned that Tiridates was then actively occupied in rebuilding Artaxata in great magnificence, under Nero's recent permission,—having lately returned from Rome, when the Emperor had received him with signal honours, and with many splendid festivities. And then came the sad intelligence that king Tiridates was most hostile to the Nazarenes, especially so since his visit to Nero; and that, moreover, some strict orders had lately arrived from Nero respecting such Christians as might be found in Armenia! We were therefore compelled, for the present, to observe great prudence: for, on our first arrival at Melitene, not knowing of Nero's decree, or of any special hostility of Tiridates against the Christians, we had spoken with great freedom respecting the temple of Bellona at Comanà; had also spoken of the Apostolic mission, and made anxious inquiries after the few Christians in the two Arminies. At this, some of the people mocked us, others bade us be on our guard at Artaxata; and some again said, they supposed our Christus could not excel the wonderful Apollonius of Tyana! This last remark necessarily drew us into untimely vindications: for, though by no means disposed to shrink from persecution, or even death, in support of our cause, yet reason and duty imposed on us the observance of such prudence, as should not hurl destruction upon us, before we had made the least impression to beget a redeeming sympathy, either for the cause we served, or for ourselves. Silence therefore, sometimes so great a virtue, was greatly so then. Rebecca, however, was ever too fearless; the things she thought, whether of morals or of religion, were most apt to be upon her tongue, and dauntlessly uttered. She had said "the temple of Bellona ought to be levelled to the earth, and its five thousand priests and priestesses be made to labour for themselves and others, instead of wasting their lives in the idle and gorgeous services of so wicked a goddess as she of the whip and the torch!" All this was, indeed, most true: but the people scowled at her with astonishment and anger; and we feared it would bring trouble upon us before we could be quit of Melitene, where we found little hope for our mission, though the people saw we were well educated, and persons of no small consideration. In a few days, therefore, we were most happy to leave Melitene; and we arrived in safety at Artaxata.

**I**n now adverting to the miseries we endured in this city, and to the great jeopardy of the lives of us all, especially of Rebecca, I shall be as brief as possible, having complied with thy request, my Cartaphilus, with great timidity, when to speak of my daughter:

## Priscilla's Narrative—Events at Artaxata.

and I engaged in the present Narrative, more with the view of answering thy first question, "How did you spend your seven years?" than thy second, and more urgent one, "How did Rebecca get into such great peril—and how did she escape therefrom?"

**A**rtaxata is situate on an extensive plain, where the river *Araxes* takes a sudden bend, so as nearly to surround the city. At the point where the isthmus is narrowest, the city is rendered secure by a broad and deep ditch, and by a substantial rampart. Artaxata can boast of no great antiquity, as this plain was pointed out by the Carthaginian Hannibal to king Artaxes, as the best site for his capital. It became, however, a place of some note; and finally was regarded as so impregnable that Lucullus, after having defeated Tigranes, and made himself master of all Armenia, save its capital, would not venture on besieging it! But Corbulo, whom thou didst know, and whom Nero shortly after murdered so treacherously, as being too powerful a Roman general to live, caused Artaxata to surrender her arms; and he laid it in ashes. Tiridates, then, did well to pay his court unto Nero, having obtained thereby not only a renewal of Armenia's crown, but permission incontinently to rebuild Artaxata: and, in compliment to Nero, it is now called *Neronia* by some:—but the king's decree so to call it is most likely to end in total forgetfulness, as was the case with Tarsus, which few would call Juliopolis.

**W**e were early in making ourselves known to the few Christians at Artaxata; who, in consequence of the late decree, had retired; some into the most unfrequented recesses of the mountains—some among the ruins of the outskirts of the city, near the river—and others into caves and grottoes, a few miles beyond the ditch and rampart. They considered their lives in imminent peril; and entreated us to secure ourselves, without delay, in their recesses! This we promptly refused to do, —stating that, though we were under no obligation by our holy religion to proclaim its truths in the present condition of things; yet that, if we were assailed by our foes, and put to the test of confession, or of denial, there would be but one course for us. We stated, moreover, that we had voluntarily come to Artaxata, with the view of declaring the glories of that kingdom which is not of this earth; but that times and seasons and circumstances were to be duly consulted—the clouds might somewhat pass off—that we would now violate no law of man—but that man should never compel us to violate any law of God.

**O**ur friends, who had buried themselves in the caverns, thereupon refused to remain, but insisted on coming into the city; and, like ourselves, to continue there entirely inactive, hoping the storm might subside,—or, if not, that they would be guided by our counsels, and share our fate.

The Armenians worship the same deities as the Medes and Persians; but the great one is *Venus Anaitis*, to whom they pay the most disgusting adorations. The temples raised to that goddess are unusually magnificent,—the being represented in a statue of solid gold, of the most cunning and inestimable workmanship.

*Armenian  
worship.  
Meifalcus.  
Vologeses.*

MEISALCUS, a venerable Christian of extreme old age, and of great wealth, had been made known to us by one of the fugitive Christians. The pious old man had refused to listen to the entreaties of his more humble friends of the faith, to remove from his well-known residence near the royal palace, either to one of the caves, or to the ruins upon the river border; for Meifalcus had been at one time high in kingly favour; but the priests hated him, now that he was no longer in the presence of their altars; and Tiridates seldom thought of him in his old age, and disfavour in the temples.

Meifalcus was prompt in bidding us to sojourn with him in his ample and beautiful mansion. By birth an Armenian of Sebastia, on the Euphrates, Meifalcus had heard the preaching of Paul at Iconium-Lystra, and at other places in Asia; and was well known of Philemon of Colossæ. His wealth, learning, and great age, had given him strong influences in Artaxata,—and especially with *Vologeses*, brother to king Tiridates: but the recent open avowal by Meifalcus of his Christianity, had not only banished him from the Court, but placed his life in imminent peril, especially from the people—yet was he far safer than the others.

“What thinkest thou of Anaitis?” said Meifalcus to Rebecca. “Is she not odious, even among the Heathen deities—is not her statue of gold, and the beautiful work thereof, much too good for one like her, who asketh of the Armenians to sacrifice their fairest daughters to the priests of her shrine? I tell thee, Rebecca, that the custom here is for lovely young women thus to consecrate themselves,—and I admonish thee to look, also, to thy young and lovely Philotera; who is far too beautiful to escape their searching eyes: and, if otherwise, not those of Tiridates! And thou, Rebecca, though in years much her elder, art still most lovely,—and hence in great peril; for to this test do they sometimes put even us Christians!”

*Venus Anaitis. Early life of Meifalcus.*

“Oh, fear me not—fear me not, venerable Meifalcus,” replied Rebecca. “Anaitis and I shall never be better acquainted—these Heathens must fear the Christian’s eye—and if not, they can never reach the soul—that undefiled, the *body may perish*.” “Well and truly spoken, fair daughter,” rejoined Meifalcus; “but I must tell thee that, in my earliest youth, even I worshipped at this odious shrine,—thinking *Tanais* (for that is her other name) truly and

## Priscilla's Narrative—The aged Meisalcus.

justly an honoured goddess! When, therefore, Mark Antony's soldiers had laid their sacrilegious hands, as then I thought, upon the sacred utensils of one of those temples, the report for a long time was, that the first person who thus had seized the utensils, was instantly struck blind by the goddess, and met his death soon after!"

"It so happened," continued Meisalcus, "that I, then but twelve years old, was kindly entreated by this Antony, for my father's sake, who then was serving in the Roman army under Mark Antony. But, boy as I was, I liked not this proceeding against the sacred vessels of the temple: and, many years after, when at Bononio, Augustus, then at a splendid entertainment, inquired of me the probable truth of the report, still in the mouths of the people, that some person in the temple of Anaitis had been stricken blind for his plunder of that goddess—and that the rumour further was that he had also died soon after!"

"My after intercourse with these Romans, my military life, and my more ripened years, had by that time made me less fearful of the potent goddess,—so that I frankly confessed to the inquiring Augustus, the whole truth thereof—which was, *that I, Meisalcus, was the very person, said to have been struck blind, and to have died!—the fact being that I had been largely bribed thus to jeopard my life, and, for the priests' sake to play this part, to save the temple from further molestation!* I am, O daughters of Israel! grown very old; and am truly ashamed of the worse than heathen life through which I passed, especially during my connexion with the Roman ways.

"Christianity, as I fear," continued the venerable Meisalcus, "is little probable to make great progress now, or at any time, in Armenia. Nero's late decree, and the heavy obligations to him which our king Tiridates hath so recently incurred, peril not only the property, but the lives of all who avow this heavenly faith. A few are now in chains—some have fled—others are concealed—and many, as thou knowest, have just come from their hiding places, to perish, if need be, for this great cause. But ye all, as *strangers*, (to whom hospitality may prove a mantle, and as inmates of my dwelling) may possibly escape—the rest cannot." Here the good old man breathed a deep sigh, and bright tears soon followed.

It being then a late hour of the night, for one so aged, we retired to our couches, after a hymn, in which all fearlessly joined—and a prayer from Meisalcus.

*Appearance  
of Meisalcus  
—his devout  
prayer.*

Never can I forget the appearance of that holy sage in the act of prayer! More than one hundred and eight of Nisan's moons had visited him; his once thick and flowing hair was now blanched and wasted into sparse and fleecy-white locks, shining as flakes of new fallen snow, when lustrous under a balmy sun! His eyes, small, black, and deep in

Priscilla's Narrative—His Prayer.

their chambers, flashed with the fire of one militant, not in any worldly combat, but under the banner of the Cross, contending against the Powers of everlasting darkness! His beard, as he kneeled, nearly reached the floor—and, with eyes fixed on Heaven,—both hands far above his head—and tears silently stealing down his cheeks, from both their fountains, Meisalcus seemed unto me some one more than human!—and thus he closed his prayer.

*“And, oh, thou long unknown God!—if our enemies are to come upon us, we know they are thine also; and that thou wilt be with us, and to us, the only Captain of salvation we now need. Let them then come! We know they can but kill the body—and, even that, only for a time. And, in that last great day, when Tiridates and Vologeses, with us, shall rise from their graves, what will be their dismay, if they, having put us to death, shall find themselves without a robe,—and we resplendent in those of purest white! Oh, may the God of the Christians now soften their cruel hearts—and give them robes in that day, as bright as ours!”*

Rebecca and I assisted in raising the venerable man from his knees: he embraced and kissed us both, and then disappeared.

STORY OF MEISALCUS AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

On the following morning early, we observed the aged Meisalcus enter a small apartment, and unlock it with a golden key—all of which seemed to be so stealthily done, as if unwilling that we in particular should in the least observe him! He remained there full half an hour,—and then, in the like furtive manner, entered the portico in which we were seated—spoke not, reposed himself upon a couch, covered his head with his mantle, and placed both hands over his face. Continuing in this position more than an hour, we occasionally heard his whispering prayers—his deep sighs, and sometimes a groan that pierced our inmost heart! At length, suddenly rising, he took Eben-Ezra by the hand, and said, “this hath been my custom, O my Rabbi, for some years past—yea, ever since Paul and I communed. I would have withheld from thee and thine the sad history that, even yet gives to my life its only poison: but, whilst in my closet, and whilst here upon my couch, it hath seemed to me like foul deception, to shrink from disclosing to these my Christian friends, the heavy sin that still rests upon my soul—a deed not yet truly repented of: and were it, yet would it be, I fear, unforgiven *as to this world!*—for, my Eben-Ezra, doth not the Law of our God declare that “*he who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*”—and, if divine vengeance came late upon Cain, yet surely it came at last,—and will it not be so with Meisalcus!”

## Priscilla's Narrative—Meifalcus and his Daughters.

"What, O dear Meifalcus! dost thou mean?" said Eben-Ezra with astonishment, "If voluntarily thou hast slain thy brother, it was surely done in heathen darkness, and not since thy soul hath been lighted up by the celestial truths of Calvary's Victim."

"Thou dost truly say," replied Meifalcus, "and for the sin then done, my punishment, I trust, will be *here* only—but it will come—it *must* infallibly come,—though truly, never had man a stronger call for the unholy deed. Know, then, oh son and daughters of Israel! the brief story of my double grief." Here the aged man, bidding us all be seated, thus detailed, with trembling voice, the cause of his sorely troubled soul.

"ARAXES, who was our king, being at war with the Persians, was assured by one of their lying oracles, that he should prove the victor, and return home laden with spoils, provided he forthwith should sacrifice his two daughters! The king, with the wonderful folly that marks all idolatry, believed the oracle; and yet supposed he could deceive it by a most cruel fraud,—for he spared his *own* lovely daughters, but sacrificed *my* thrice more lovely ones—my own beautiful ARAXENA, so named after that very king! She was then only in her fifteenth year:—and likewise my VOLOGESIA, so named after the present king's brother—she being then in the glory of womanhood, fresh as the dewy flowers at the morning dawn—mild as the young and petted gazelle—affectionate as the loving hind, or pleasant roe! Oh, how she would hang upon my neck, and kiss me to sleep!—truly, my Vologesia was as a seal upon my heart—as a signet upon my arm! How fair and how pleasant wert thou, oh my daughter? Thou, Vologesia, my *first* born, wert in stature as the palm—thy lips as polished rubies—thy teeth as pearls; and thy affectionate heart towards me, after thy mother had departed, was as the ramparts of Artaxata,—yea, as oil spread upon the waters of my life!"

"And thou, my *second* born—my tender one—my little Araxena,—though fewer of years, thou wert not behind thy sister in deep love, or in loveliness! How oft do the words of the great Hebrew Songster rush upon my mind in thinking of thee, and of thy youthful innocence! He saith, "*And we have a little sister—and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister, in the day when she shall be spoken for?*" Ah! what could Meifalcus do for his young daughter, when Araxes, the King, *spoke* for her? Meifalcus could be no wall of defence for her, nor for Vologesia, when the king demanded them—neither, indeed, as his *bride*, but both as *victims* for the odious Tanais!—they were slain—both sacrificed to that voluptuous and cruel goddess!"

Here the weeping sage was silent for a moment,—hid his face in the ample folds of his robe. At length he fiercely exclaimed—

Priscilla's Narrative—Meifalcus and his Daughters.

“but I *had* revenge, oh, Heaven forgive me—I had revenge!—I slew the king's two daughters, and pursued the wretched father, even until I forced him into the rapid Helmus;—where exhausted with his efforts against the rushing waters, he sank for ever from my view! Since then, the Helmus hath been called the Araxes,—and that river, me seems, doth flow more sluggishly and darkly on, than it used before! Sixty and eight years have passed since that sad event; and, until I heard of Paul at Iconium, I never knew peace of mind: but since I abandoned the Heathen gods, and have loathed the adoration paid by me to Tanais, my soul hath known no cause of misery, save in those three foul murders committed—deeds that yet leave a sting, though all my other sins be lost in JESU'S love! Marvel not, then, good friends, that I should daily since have visited that small apartment, locked with this golden key—once my dear Araxena's:—for therein I have two small ivory images, as like to each of my daughters, as could be fashioned by the best skill of all Armenia!—daily do I bathe them with my tears; and then pray, most fervently to Him who suffered on Calvary, to wash out the blood I have shed.”

Here Meifalcus ended his piteous story; and hid his face for a time from our view. We all united to sustain the venerable man in his deep affliction; and with much prayer, and cheerful singing, we greatly restored him to repose.

Several days passed on in sweet communion with our Christian friends,—until they heard, with dismay, of my daughter's incautious words at Melitene, respecting the goddess Bellona: and soon after, her like imprudence in Armenia's great capital; (in both cases so well intended by Rebecca) and these brought upon us all a sudden misery.

We were now informed that the aged Vologeses, king of Parthia, had just arrived in Artaxata—that Nero had been greatly offended by a certain letter of Vologeses, refusing the Emperor's request that this Parthian king should repair to Rome, and do him homage, in like manner as Tiridates had so lately done. That refusal of Vologeses to the demand of the proud and cruel Roman, stated that “much easier was it for Nero to cross the seas in search of the homage, than for Parthia's king to pay it unto him at Rome!” Tiridates trembled at his brother's boldness—he greatly feared Nero, but feared Vologeses also; for that brother had, in truth, placed Tiridates on the throne, the crown of which he had received at the hands of Nero, with so much expensive pomp, as astonished all Armenia, and somewhat vexed the more fearless Vologeses.\*

\* It is said that the splendid reception by Nero on that occasion of Tiridates, was at the daily cost of not less than what now would be equivalent to £6000 ster.



Priscilla's Narrative—The doomed ones—Rebecca's zeal.

**A**rtaxata, in a few hours thereafter, was swelled with immense crowds, to welcome and honour the arrival of Vologeses. The houses and ramparts were now filled with the living masses—banners waved in every street—music met the ear in all directions—the image of the goddess, Venus Tanais, sparkled with jewels, and was borne beneath a rich canopy of blue, spangled with golden stars! Then came the Magian Priests in gorgeous procession—and lastly, were seen *five Christians*, clothed in black robes, their heads quite bald, and their beards shaven close, in dishonour of them, they being all destined for sacrifice, by being cast from a lofty rock into a deep den—there to be devoured by many hungry and savage beasts!

**A**s the procession (at the head of which were Tiridates and Vologeses, in a magnificent chariot drawn by six white horses) passed towards the royal residence, the whole were ordered to stand; and, at the very moment, too, that the five doomed Christians had arrived opposite the gate of Meisalcus! Our windows had all been intentionally closed, and the veils let down, as also the portal locked,—which gave to all the appearance of a deserted mansion—but Rebecca, whose keen eye had, through a crevice, rested upon the unhappy Christians, and whose ear soon caught the offensive language offered them, suddenly cast open the window and veil, and exclaimed, “Christians! be comforted—this is thy triumphal procession—the crown reserved for thee is of more value than all earthly crowns! Waiver not, O Christians! the soul perisheth not!” She instantly closed the veil, and fell as one lifeless in our arms! Directions were at once given by the King *not* to molest the house,—but for the procession to move on.

Meisalcus united with us in the kindest exertions for Rebecca's restoration: and when she first spoke, his joy was indeed great. “And wilt thou not, O excellent Rebecca! suffer the aged Meisalcus to unite with those honoured Christians, and win a crown?” said our venerated friend; “Surely thou wilt—and *thine* will be the brightest of them all.” “For myself, O Meisalcus,” said Rebecca, “I should rejoice in my imprudence; but my horror is great for thee, and for my ever beloved parents, and for my dear Philotera! When the thought rushed into my mind, that thus I had perilled all thy dear lives, I fainted.” “Fear not,” rejoined Meisalcus, “if we all perish, 'tis but the pang of an hour, followed by an eternity of bliss.”

**T**he rest of the day was passed in sadness, and gloomy anticipation,—for nature would often resume her power, and cause us to fear the expected calamity. At the third hour of the night, a gentle rap was heard at the portal.

*The fugitive Christian.*

"Who claims entrance," demanded the Janitor. "A friend and *Christian*," feebly responded the stranger—and the door was instantly opened. He entered with a hasty step, shrouded in a black robe, and hooded—which, when removed, at once revealed to us one of the five Christians doomed to die! "Hasten to conceal thyself," said he, "go with *me*—a place of sure safety have I for thee all: for, in a few hours hence, a cohort will be sent hither, to cast thee into prison—and what shall early follow, judge ye! The indignity offered to the King, and his illustrious brother, now his guest, hath much enraged Tiridates—all of the Nazarene faith must perish: how I escaped cannot now be told—delay not—*MELCHIOR* will surely save thee." "Save thyself, O Melchior!" we all exclaimed, "fly with thee we cannot—escape thus would be impossible; if not found in Artaxata, or elsewhere, how could we hope to pass Armenia's bounds?" Melchior then hastily departed, and with more tears for us than for himself. The misery of that night was great; the doomed Christian, however, had soon returned to us, and with renewed persuasions. Eben-Ezra and myself deeply mourned for our beloved daughter's grief—the agony of Rebecca for the danger brought on us was heightened by the great age and tenderness of Meisalcus; and by the perseverance of Melchior; who departed not till towards the sixth hour of the night.

The cohort, however, came not that night; but a summons from the King to Meisalcus, came early in the morn- *The Summons*  
ing, bidding him attend at the sixth hour of that day *of them by*  
at the Audience Chamber of the Palace,—and to bring *the King.*  
with him all of his guests!

All of us, except Meisalcus, regarded this summons as more favourable for our lives, and as far less alarming than the dreaded cohort, that was instantly to hasten us into some gloomy and damp cell, as Melchior had supposed. But Meisalcus, knowing the character and manner of his King, had no hope, unless from Vologeses; who still retained for him some lingering regard, growing out of long acquaintance, and the naming of his daughter Vologesia in honour of him, and when Vologeses himself was a mere youth.

At the hour appointed, we all entered the Audience-room of the Palace. Tiridates was seated in regal splendour on a throne of gold and ivory, with a rich canopy of purple, embroidered with golden stars! At his side was the aged Vologeses, with Parthia's crown on his head, attired in robes of scarlet, gorgeously filled with needle-work of gold and silver cunningly wrought. On either side were the Chamberlains, and other officers of the Court. Meisalcus was first seated; next to him on his right was Eben-Ezra; on his left was I seated; on the right of her father was Rebecca—and, in

Priscilla's Narrative—Tiridates—Meisalcus, &c.

the rear of all, as if intentionally separated, was placed the gentle Philotera, clad in light blue, and in more than her natural loveliness, excited by the scene of thrilling interest that soon might follow.

**W**hat all this should mean entirely eluded our utmost conjectures: that we were upon *trial* seemed most evident; but yet in a fashion so courtly, as never was known before! Silence being proclaimed, Tiridates

*Proceedings in the Palace.*

thus spoke.

“Meisalcus! We know all concerning thee; as likewise of thy foreign guests, since their first coming into our dominions. Thou and they are *not Christians*; and before these strangers reached our Artaxata—yea, even at Comanà of Cappadocia, they could not retain their hatred to our Gods, nor restrain their idle and superstitious zeal,—but would have consigned even BELLONA and her Temple to the flames, and all her numerous holy ministers to the degrading offices and toils of common life! Here, even in our great Capital, have thy intemperate guests brought back from their hiding places (where, possibly, they might have rested in security) their silly and impious followers—thus openly, and daringly contemning our royal power! Not content with this, they next proceed, most rashly, to insult even royalty, and the regal hospitality we extended to our equally royal, and much beloved brother!—and this done, moreover, by openly stimulating those pestiferous Christians, whom we had sentenced under the late decree of the Mighty Nero, as despisers of the Gods, and worshippers of a crucified malefactor!”

“And lastly, O Meisalcus! thy guests have combined, as we have cause to suspect, to effect the escape of one of those doomed Nazarenes; and, even since then, have communed with him, and in thine own house, too, O Meisalcus! These are matters no way to be questioned: and as the Law varies not in respect to persons—and is equally clear against ye all, We do sentence *thee* and *them* to instant death—death, by being cast from the Tigranean Rock, into the deep den of the Royal Lions! We have summoned thee here, Meisalcus, to our Palace, and likewise these thy guests; and have thus dealt graciously with thee and them, and in so courtly a manner, in respect not only of thy great age, but of thy many services to the state in former days—of thy great learning—thy long attendance in these halls—and of thy former love towards Vologeses. And thy guests have attended thee, from our known respect for *hospitality*, so kindly extended by thee to them; but which they have so much abused. And thus courteously shall we deal with ye all, till death shall come to all.”

“But, before we now part, O Meisalcus! I would ask thee,

“who is the maiden with the blue robe? Suffer her to stand forth  
“unveiled.”

Eben-Ezra, uninvited, then arose, and firmly claimed to speak in her regard; and briefly detailed the history of the young Philotera.

“And who is the other maiden—the who spoke so rashly from the window?” said Tiridates, “let her stand forth, also unveiled.”

Rebecca then arose, slowly removed her veil, and thus she spoke. “I need no father, nor mother, nor friend, O

King! to declare unto thee who, and what I am—

“by birth a Jewess—by second birth, a Christian—and,

“by my approaching death, an honoured, happy

martyr. Canst thou *create* a soul, O King?—thou canst not—

“and neither canst thou *kill* one: but the great Being, whose law

“thou dost now violate, can kill *thy* soul and body! I tremble

“not at thy power, nor at that of the lions—they disturb me not;

“—but much more am I disturbed and grieved for thee, O King!”

Tiridates suddenly arose; fire flashed from his eyes, and yet he trembled as the aspen. “Mysterious woman!” said he, “thy dar-

“ing, thy eloquence, and thy beauty fill me with wonder. I will

“not have thee killed *to-day*—and thy lovely slave, *never*. Cham-

“berlain! do thou convey hence the maiden Philotera—*thou know-*

“*est!*—and the other prisoners, let them be taken to the best rooms

“of the South Tower: and see further, that all the papers and

“books of these strangers be examined without delay, and burnt.”

On the morning of the third day after our condemnation, a vast procession was formed in the great square that fronts

upon the Southern Tower. We there recognized

from the windows looking upon the Aria, the officers

of justice—the high officials of the palace—the magi-

cians—the priests and priestesses of Bellona—many of those like-

wife of the Temple of Venus Anaites; and a numerous military—

all of these classes in their rich and distinctive habiliments! Then

came the chariots of the two Kings, and of their numerous high re-

tainers; after these, the more exalted officials of Venus Anaites,

and the magnificent Image of that goddess—next followed only *four*

of the doomed Christians—at which, we involuntarily exclaimed,

“*Melchior, then, hath surely escaped!*”

The procession being formed, a cohort entered the hall leading to our rooms, and bade us prepare to join them. We were soon

in readiness, and were placed in the procession, in the rear of the

four other Christians,—except that Meisalcus’ chariot received him

alone—we being compelled to walk to the place destined for our

destruction—But Philotera was nowhere to be seen!

The procession arrived at the Rock, after a slow march of

Rebecca's reply to King Tiridates.

Procession to the Tigranean Rock.

## Priscilla's Narrative—Trial of the Prisoners.

about an hour. The assembled multitude seemed boundless; and the provision made at the rock, and around the den, was so arranged that, when seated, the more favoured spectators might see, or distinctly hear the destruction of the sufferers in the abyss below!

Immediately in the rear of the den's opening, which laid exposed to the heavens, was erected a small platform, covered with a rich canopy, and under it were seated on cushions Tiridates and Vologeses, with their chief attendants; and behind both was standing the Minister of Vengeance, clad in a black robe, with a species of ephod, of bright scarlet, and holding in his right hand a long wand, richly decorated. Numerous spectators, according to their dignity, were seated in elevated positions; and around the whole were standing myriads, either to catch a glance at the royal personages, or at those destined for the lions!

A signal being given, the Minister of Vengeance arose, and ordered one of the four Christians to stand forth. He was placed by an executioner on a narrow platform, suspended over the opening of the den! The ravenous beasts were roaring beneath him, and eagerly watching for their expected prey. Around the Christian's waist was girt a leathern rope, firmly held by the executioners at some distance,—so that, if required, they might suddenly draw him back in safety—but, if otherwise, they would as suddenly drop the tie, the platform instantly fall, and the victim plunge into the deep abyss! Matters being thus arranged, the King and the seated audience were to give their final decision: if they raised their arms, the Christian was saved—if not, he perished!

The Minister of Vengeance then solemnly arose; and proclaiming silence, said, "Dost thou confess thyself a Christian—and, if so, wilt thou abjure thy religion, and worship the Gods of the Armenians?"

The doomed one quickly replied, and with a firm voice, "I am a Christian—will never worship any of Armenia's gods, and hereby cling to death and my religion, rather than to life with thine." The King and audience were silent, and motionless—the platform sank—the tie of safety was instantly abandoned; and the victim was heard coming, as lightning to the bottom of the den; whilst the beasts rushing upon him, were also heard cracking his bones, and tearing him into many living pieces! The air was rent, and the earth trembled at that moment, with the loud and joyous acclamations of thousands, who witnessed the scene as a gracious oblation to their offended deities! The other three perished in the like manner.

Meisalcus next was summoned—the same question was asked of him, and the Avenger received the same firm denial of their gods!

The King instantly arose with uplifted arms, and the whole audience did the same—but all was too late!—the old man's *strength* served him not as faithfully as did his *mind*: the platform was steady under him, but he fell at the moment the King arose; and those having the thong were so violently pulled thereby, as to wrench it from them—and Meisalcus came to the jaws of the lions, before the arms of the King had reached their fullest elevation! Thus, O Cartaphilus, was verified the foreboding, in regard to himself, of this venerable Christian!

After a solemn pause, Rebecca was sternly called forth! She took her position fearlessly at the very end of the platform; and, for a time, calmly looked down, and heard and saw the ravenous beasts mangling the yet quivering limbs of our beloved Meisalcus!—then, turning round to the Avenger, she firmly said, “*I am ready.*” The customary question was put; to which she promptly answered, “*A Christian I am—and a Heathen I never will be.*” The King and audience arose, as if by a single impulse,—the Avenger again proclaimed silence, and Tiridates thus spoke. “Rebecca! thou, and thy parents, and the young slave, though absent in safety, have secured the good will of our beloved brother Vologeses, and likewise of Armenia’s king! By what *means effected*, will hereafter be fully explained unto thee. Our brother of Parthia hath been the instrument of this great good to thee—else would Tiridates *have never known who thou art*, and have had *no cause* to save thee. We lament the calamity—or rather *destiny*—that hath deprived us of our designed clemency towards MEISALCUS; as we desired to send him, and all his wealth, with thee and thine, into the land of thy nativity—and to which ye all must now depart, and without delay. Seeing that thy *friend’s* hospitality can no longer avail thee, We, in the mean while, will receive ye at the royal palace; where, in seclusion, ye will be. Meisalcus, moreover, hath died childless and heirless; his wealth, therefore, cometh of right into our treasury: and such part thereof, as will be an ample dowry for the young Philotera—once thy slave—I do hereby confer upon her: the residue is thine, O Rebecca!—not for thy *religion’s* sake—nor yet for thy ungracious acts, especially when my people, uniting with me, were honouring the beloved and illustrious brother of their king—but Rebecca, for thy *sex’s* sake, which, in thee, hath found the brightest exemplar Tiridates hath ever known, not only of devotion to her imaginary God, but likewise of her more than virile firmness, in steady contempt of death, arrayed in its most terrific form: for this, O Hebrew Maiden! thou, and those thou lovest, have been freed—and for *other causes*, that will be revealed.”

The multitude soon dispersed, and the chariot of the lamented

## Priscilla's Narrative—An Explanation needed.

Meisalcus received us, for the South Tower of the Palace ; where we soon were in sweet communion with the only God, and with ourselves alone.

And now, my Cartaphilus, I must end this narrative : a few days more found us beyond Armenia's confines ; and, at Edeffa, we were once more in the arms of our beloved Artemas and his Dru-filla ! What occurred there is foreign to my now purpose : and, of our safe arrival at Pella, and how situate there, thou hast lately seen and heard. But I have yet to add that Artemas and his lovely family have just arrived here ; and all Pella doth rejoice with us. Come thou quickly to us ; and, doubt not, that neither years, nor toils, nor perils have lessened the dimensions of thy friend's ample heart, nor in the least clouded the brightness of a mind, which, like his soul, is fashioned in the perfectest of nature's moulds.

PRISCILLA.

SECTION XXIX.—*Bul*, 29. [November 7th.]

STRANGE ! that Priscilla, after a detail so responsive to my wishes and curiosity in all other respects, should have thus suddenly brought her narrative to a close, without a word of explanation, or any clue whereby to guess the cause of their marvellous escape, and of the great bounty extended to them, at the moment of their seeming greatest peril ! How it was that Vologeses, when the prisoners were in the Tower, and after sentence of death, could find any cause of interest in those strangers, and why the marble-hearted and luxurious Tiridates came thus suddenly to change his fierce purpose, do greatly wonder me. His mysterious words were—“ *else would the King never have known who ye are !* ” and he promised (doubtless he performed it) that the cause should be revealed ; and yet is Priscilla silent, and doth carefully avoid the matter ! I will urge her again ; my appeal shall be strong—surely she will not refuse me. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Thanks to the excellent Priscilla ! To my urgent letter she hath vouchsafed a reply—so much in harmony with her generosity, her exalted mind, and with the celestial purity of her unequalled daughter !

## LETTER XXIII.

## PRISCILLA TO CARTAPHILUS.

PELLA, *Chisleu*, 5th day. [November 12th.]

THOU hast too strongly urged me to disclose, what fain would I have withheld from thee, but for thy entreaty. My daughter's feelings, even more than mine own, were averſe to any alluſion that would recall the leaſt remembrance of the mutual love, in former days, of Rebecca and Cartaphilus, as ſo largely ſet forth between them, in the letters of thoſe times; and chiefly, alſo, as we both feared it would greatly pain thee to know that others became accidentally informed of all,—and likewiſe with the *myſtery* that hath hung over thee from thy natal hour, and the agency thou haſt with Judas, in the crucifixion of Him whoſe name we bear. Know, then, that on our departure from Pella, the whole of thy mutual correſpondence—ſeveral letters of mine to thee—the two letters of thine from Rome that concerned the viſit of Tiridates to Nero—with other papers touching thy early life, were brought from the houſe of Meiſalcus: and being curſorily peruſed by one of the officers, as commanded by King Tiridates, were then ordered to be burnt, in conformity to the ſame order, as we were then deſtined to perſh on the following day. It ſo happened, however, under Providence, that curioſity prompted *Vologeſes* himſelf to inſpect them,—and, ſtrange to ſay! the firſt letter that met his eye, was the one in which thou, my Cartaphilus, haſt ſo glowingly deſcribed the pomp attendant upon the reception of Tiridates by Nero,—and alſo thy exultation at the reply of *Vologeſes* to Nero, when he demanded homage of that Parthian king! This ſtill further awakened the curioſity of the much-pleaſed *Vologeſes*—and he read them all—became intently intereſted in thy loves—in Rebecca's character—and in all that revealed thy cloſe intimacy with Nero. Theſe matters being detailed by *Vologeſes* to Armenia's king, he became no little troubled thereat, as he well remembered thee at Rome; and, for ſcarce half of Artaxata, Tiridates would not have ſlain the father, mother, and daughter, whom Cartaphilus, Nero's favourite, ſo much loved, as thy letters ſhowed. We ſhould all have been at once releaſed by Tiridates,—but that *Vologeſes* (in no fear of Nero, though then living and in vaſt power, but no *warrior*) judged that our preſence and dread of death would better pleaſe the multitude, than if at once ſet free; and alſo that we ſhould more richly prize



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Priscilla's Narrative ended.

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the boon, if rescued from the peril when in very sight of those hungry lions!—and hence was it that the great procession was formed, and the other impressive ceremonials fashioned, that we were made to witness. Meisalcus perished, as fruit even more than ripe. He, and others called it *destiny*! What destiny is, as distinguished from foreknowledge, we know not. Thou, my Cartaphilus, art already too much in that way of thinking: but omniscience is not fate; and I believe not that Meisalcus perished, as being *destined* in any further manner than are all who die. But, 'tis not philosophy, now, that thou seekest—but the whole matter of our freedom from the lions! Rebecca much grieved to remember, that she was the cause of the marvels of thy life being thus revealed to others—knowing how deeply sensitive thou hast ever been as to thy connexion with the traitor Judas—the mysterious words also uttered at the Valley gate—thy long abode in Hinnom's odious valley—and, above all, the mysteries attendant on thy birth! Hence was it that her virgin heart shrunk from letting thee know, at this late period, that so supreme was her love that she must needs have with her all thy letters, and copies of all her's to thee,—when, by such solemn agreement, thy loves were for ever to be buried. But, dear Cartaphilus, we will now end this matter.

It may be interesting for thee to know, also, that Tiridates, at the moment of our departure, fully redeemed his generous promise; and delivered to Rebecca a valuation of Meisalcus' entire estate,—placed in charge of Eben-Ezra two talents of gold, as the dowry for our Philotera; and nearly thrice that sum for Rebecca! All the papers were likewise safely returned; and with them a Letter of Safe-conduct unto the confines of his dominions.

Alcæus waits with earnestness thy arrival at Pella: Artemas and Drusilla count the hours of anxious expectation before thy coming; and we all pray thee to leave Jerusalem without delay—and for ever—for its days are numbered—there *is destiny* in this!

If thou hast money or property there, suffer it to continue within its walls, rather than peril anything by a longer tarry—*thou* canst do nothing for Jerusalem now!

Thy presence at Pella is further needed, as Julianus only lives in the presence of Philotera—their love is strongly mutual; and we doubt not of thy consent to Rebecca's wishes that their nuptials shall soon take place. Julianus is a youth of great worth, of wonderful talents, and large acquirements for his age—his love of knowledge being only equalled by his love for our dear Philotera.—FARE-THEE-WELL.

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

**Wandering Jew.**



BOOK THE SIXTH



# CHRONICLES OF

## Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

### BOOK VI.

SECTION XXX.—PELLA, *Shebet*, 3rd. [January 12th, A. D. 70.]

Cartaphilus visits Pella—Arrival of Artemas there.



ERUSALEM could not shake me off as speedily as the admirable Priscilla desired: but here am I at Pella, in the midst of a happy *Christian* family—so different from that of Nero's! The noble

*His visit to Pella. Artemas and his family there.*

Artemas, whom I had not seen during more than twenty years, was instantly in my arms—he wept with joy; his still lovely Drufilla mixed her tears with his: but oh, who, even with imagination's creative power, hath language wherein to clothe the radiant beauty of their daughter Cornelia, now in her seventeenth year—and the graces of person and mind that distinguish her brother Thaddeus—her senior by two years—a youth more winning than any my eyes have ever seen before! In Cornelia are found, all that Greeks and Romans have ever conceived of peerless beauty—such, in truth, as in their Hebe and Venus, are imaged forth in sculptured marble, or in cunningly chiselled gold!—and, in the graces of her mind and heart, far more than they could have imagined; for Cornelia hath been nurtured in no Heathen fashions, but in all Christian care,—which alone can assimilate mortals to those happy beings, who dwell encompassed by purities beyond the skies! The brother, too!—hath he not the stature and manly grace of their Adonis and Apollo combined—and, in soul and generous feelings, is he not more than even Plato knew how to shadow forth, or Cicero to describe, as a youthful citizen in the republic of their own imaginings, when just emerging into the ripeness of active public usefulness?—or, in these their ideal republics, could either have selected one so worthy as Thaddeus, to grace the highest class of their political and moral

## Physical Influences of Christianity.

fabric, and to gaze upon him as their sure exemplar, in the earliest future of their commonwealth? for such is the present, and the sure promise as to Thaddeus! If, then, such be the early fruits of *Christian* culture, engrafted upon an exalted intelligence, what may we not hope from the ultimate refinement of a *Christian World*? Should that faith become thus general, how poor even the fancied republics of their wisest philosophers!

*Influences of Christianity on personal beauty.* The miracles and wonders performed by the Great Nazarene were not much seen of me; but were the hourly matter of discourse among the priests and people: and yet there is *one*, which we may all see, and freely look upon daily—one, that is a living and perpetual miracle, that doth flow from the same pure and exhaustless fountain!—and this it is,—that this Christianity doth hourly change men from *loathsome beasts* into *lovely angels*—doth soften hearts fiercer than the hyæna's—doth arrest the long-sought purposes of revenge—doth dissolve our idolatrous love of mammon—quench the fires of unholy appetites—humble the foulest and most vaulting ambition,—and, finally, doth effect in the soul, and way of human life, more sudden cures than ever were effected in the diseases of his body by the medicaments of man!—yea, indeed, this miraculous cure of *moral* diseases doth wonder me even more, than that the blind should receive their sight—the lame walk—the lepers be cleansed! Communion with these Christians, and comparing their ways with those of the Heathen, doth assure me of the wondrous *fact*, that they of this new faith are *outwardly* of better mien, and lovelier to behold, than Heathens can be; and are ever proportionately so, as they are *inwardly* different from them! Even the innocent and beauteous Philotera, such as she was when in the slave market of Ephesus, doth now manifest, through her intellectual and heaven-enlightened eyes, and all the lineaments of her face, far milder and lovelier expressions, graces more abundant, features more celestial, and actions more winning, than ever she could have possessed, even in the courts of Heathen princes! So that, of necessity, a beautiful *Christian* woman becomes yet more seraphic in all exterior loveliness, than can possibly arise, if remaining under the influences and instructions of the Gentile world, however refined and elaborate they may be! And this, truly, is no vain imagination of Cartaphilus; daily doth he behold and feel it! Artemas, also, was ever attractive to look on. Rebecca excelled most of Judea's daughters in all loveliness of form and features; but now are they both far more elastic, youthful, brilliant, and inspiring than they possibly could have been, at this time, had they been left to the control of the various passions, that Christianity alone knoweth how to subdue, or at least to mitigate!

SECTION XXXI.—JERUSALEM, 17th of *Shebet*. [January 26th, A.D. 70.]



HERE am I once more in the once Holy City—possibly for the last time!—for I am now surrounded by human *demons*—a name which, whether it imports a power to *terrify*, or to *distribute*, unfolds equally the nature of such wicked beings, as dismay us by their hideous actions, or assign to many their sure destinies! John, the Gischalite—Simon of Georas, with their several friends and factions, are all alike terrific. Here can I remain no longer; I must utterly abandon Jerusalem—for ever leave the now desecrated Temple, and all the scenes of my youth and eventful manhood—trusting to find in the solitudes of Pella some covering from my ever torturing thoughts. Oh, what a mere *thing of worthlessness* have I become, when compared with Artemas! I believe—wonder—tremble—repent—relapse, and sin as ever! The beauty of a Christian life doth charm my judgment,—and yet never can I imitate it! He who on Calvary perished I believe to be a great and most holy Prophet—and yet my inner eyes cannot behold him as the Shiloh that was to come. His resurrection I have no power to deny,—and yet I know not how to worship him as a crucified God! With my outward eyes I beheld him as a Man—with my inner eyes I have no ability to hail him as the only God. Vain are all my *beliefs*, and ruinous my *unbeliefs*, if what Artemas, in his parting words at Pella, said unto me be aright. The words of Artemas were, “Believe me, O Cartaphilus! the New Faith is *one*: and it admits of no mixture with thy *philosophy*—nor with anything foreign to its celestial origin. Remember, also, that the words spoken to thee near the Valley-gate, more than thirty and six years ago, do import in thee a life of more endurance than man hath ever known! ‘TARRY TILL I COME’ cannot be thy only curse: but, in thy *mixed faith*, thou wilt find one far greater unto thyself and others,—yea, possibly to nations yet unknown! Ponder this well; and give no reign to thy idle fancy that the *Paraclete* must yet come; and that thou art no *free agent*! The Paraclete, indeed, was to come—but hath He not come—and will He not abide for ever? Now, whether life in thee be long or short, Cartaphilus will ever be as much a free agent, as Artemas at this time surely is.” We then embraced, and unto Jerusalem I came.

*Cartaphilus  
returns to  
Jerusalem.*

Cartaphilus abandons Jerusalem.

SECTION XXXII.



MY stay in the City of ages was only long enough to collect my moveables of value, and send them with all haste and secrecy to Pella. My other large property had all been converted into talents of gold and silver, previous to my departure from Rome,—save alone the *burial-place* of my venerated family in the valley of Jehoshaphat, between the tomb of Zachariah, and the three Pillars that Helena, queen of *Adiabene*, erected to the memory of her son *Izates*; and in which lie his remains, those also of his brother *Monobazus*, and of herself. And this burial-ground of my forefathers, though it may not receive the remains of Cartaphilus, shall never be lost in his memory, even though the tombs of Zachariah and of Izates should perish. They are likely to remain in favour, when others in that valley may lie even with their parent earth: but, should all alike dissolve, and Cartaphilus survive, never can he forget the tomb's *place*, where now are sheltered his parents—though no son ever born hath been more wretched than he.\*

\* \* \* \* \* What I might prevent the seizure of my person or property, by the many factions within those walls, or by the Roman army, great was my caution in the city, and I further obtained a letter of safe-conduct, procured for me by Josephus from Vespasian; and speedily thereafter, I found myself far beyond the

\* Only one of the three tombs mentioned by Cartaphilus now remains; and, at the present day, is usually called *Abfalom's Pillar*—under the mistaken opinion that this is actually the monument of King David's third son! This notion is probably derived from the words in 2 Sam. xviii. 18. "*Now Abfalom in his life-time had raised up for himself a pillar, which is in the King's Dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name. And it is called unto this day, Abfalom's Place.*"

Now, if Cartaphilus, and his Editor, be not mistaken, this never was "*Abfalom's Place*;" but is that of *Izates*: who, with Helena his mother, embraced the Hebrew faith only a short time before the Crucifixion. Eusebius, in the fourth century, speaks of some splendid monuments by a queen of that name, and as being still seen near Jerusalem—which, at that time was still sometimes called *Ælia*, being so named by Hadrian, early in the second century. And Pausanias, also, mentions these monuments as existing in his day, but alluding to them as monuments of far greater antiquity,—yet not in such a way as to designate the structure now called *Abfalom's Pillar*. It is far more probable that this remaining tomb was raised by Helena, than that it is the one alluded to in the book of Samuel; which, had it been erected near a thousand years before Helena's day, and been truly "*Abfalom's Place*," must have been a monument of such remarkable antiquity and interest, as to have left no doubts as to whether it were his, or that raised by Helena to her son *Izates*.

## Roman Ceremonials of Adoption and of Arrogation.

doomed City, but with a heart full of sadness, and wended my solitary way towards Pella, still in perils from those who were leagued with the factions.

Arrived at Pella, my earliest care was to consult the happiness and wishes of the excellent friends around me, composed now of the families of Eben-Ezra, and of Artemas.

It was now to ally myself by *Adoption* to Thaddeus; and by *Arrogation* to Alcæus—conferring thereby upon each the rights and privileges, and imposing upon them respectively, the duties of sons—as first, and second born. The ceremonials on these occasions were performed mostly after the Roman, and, in part, after the Hebrew manner.

*Ceremonials of  
Adoption and  
of Arrogation.*

The first proceeding was to obtain permission from the public authority, in respect to Alcæus only; who being without parent, or guardian, could not be received in adoption (or rather in Arrogation) after the customary way of mere private freedom. Both ceremonials, however, are conducted in the presence of a magistrate. That permission being obtained, all the Christians at Pella, and in its vicinity, were invited to the public Hall: and those in attendance were arranged in a circle; in the centre of which was seated, at a table, the Roman Magistrate, arrayed in robes of office, and having by his side a portable metallic pillar, from which was suspended a small silver balance, with weights. One half of the circle was occupied by the bidden guests, and the other half by the Adopter, those to be adopted, and by their relations and special friends.

In front, on a small elevation, were seated Artemas and Cartaphilus—on the right of the former, stood Thaddeus—on the left was Alcæus; and, on the right and left of each, were seated Cornelia; her mother Drusilla, and Rebecca, then Julianus and Philotera—and finally, the youth Plautius, and the domestics of the two families.

To our much regret, Eben-Ezra and Priscilla were not present, as well from their age as from some indisposition, which gave to us no uneasiness at the time.

Each of the young men to be adopted wore a splendid girdle, richly and curiously wrought with golden and silver threads, and with others of various dyes—the one by Cornelia, for Alcæus—the other by Philotera, for Thaddeus.

Silence being proclaimed, the Magistrate arose, and received as from Cartaphilus, (handed to him by a youth fancifully attired,) a golden piece of money,—and from Thaddeus (through his father's hands) a small scroll of parchment, attached to a piece of brass;

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## Hebrew Ceremonials of Adoption and of Arrogation.

which together were of equal weight with the money : and upon the parchment was then written the name of Thaddeus, his parentage, and age.

In the one scale was placed the golden piece, in the like connexion with the name and age of Cartaphilus ; and in the other scale was deposited the scroll of parchment, and its brads appendant, as representing the Adoptee ; and, by supposition, thereby placing *him* in the scale, as something valued, and then to be sold ! The two sides of the balance being found equal, the scales were emptied ; and this formality was *thrice* performed,—whereupon Thaddeus was proclaimed by the Magistrate, to be the *adopted* son of Cartaphilus.

The like ceremony then took place in respect to Alcæus, with no other variations than that *permission* had been given, and also that the name, age, and parentage were written by Alcæus himself, and then witnessed by the magistrate ; who proclaimed him to be the second son of Cartaphilus, and by *arrogation*.

The ceremonials, under the Roman law, being ended, those more peculiarly of Hebrew requirement immediately followed. Rich perfumes were then burnt—and delicious odours were diffused around ; after which fruits and other refreshments were handed to all, and many rare and blooming flowers were presented to all present : and this was but *initial* of the proceeding.

Silence being once more proclaimed, all resumed their former positions. The Adopter then descended from his couch, received the hand of the Adoptee, and asked his father, if he were willing that his son Thaddeus should be taken by Cartaphilus in adoption ? An affirmative answer being given by Artemas, the girdles of Thaddeus and of Cartaphilus were *exchanged* by them ; and the upper robe of Cartaphilus being taken off, Thaddeus *passed through* it, and he was then declared to be the *first* born son of Cartaphilus, by adoption !

The like formality was observed in respect to Alcæus, with no other difference than that the Magistrate, instead of the parent, gave the assent ; and he was proclaimed as the *second* son of Cartaphilus, and by *arrogation*.

The whole ceremonies being now ended, we proceeded from the Public Hall to our own dwelling ; where, after prayers and hymns, at which Eben-Ezra and Priscilla were present, a banquet of simplicity, but great beauty, accompanied with the music of many instruments, received us. These were without ostentation,—in grace and plenty, without profusion, or any vanity : they were all in natural elegance, with no formal and studied particularity : in fine, the whole was but the just representative of Rebecca's truthful mind,—in which the

*The Hebrew ceremonial of Adoption.*

*The Banquet of primitive Christians.*

## The Banquet—Removal of Edeffa—The three happy Families.

bounties of Providence were gratefully used, and adorned by human art, and only so far as to manifest man's exalted respect for God's varied blessings. And thus did Artemas express himself to Rebecca. "Thy work hath been nobly done, my excellent Rebecca;—and, if this banquet may not be compared, as was that of more ancient times in Ecclesiasticus, to a *signet of carbuncle set in gold*, yet is it better suited to that Christian simplicity, which, whilst it discards not the rich gifts of Providence, abuses none, and is, moreover, most gracefully arranged by the subdued wit of a thoughtful woman,—and so that, the great excellence of the former hath not been obscured, by a too high value set upon the latter."\*

Having thus made our sons of adoption, and ourselves happy, we appointed an early day for the nuptials of Julianus and Philotera.†

As all things were hourly growing worse in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and no duty now bound us to continue at Pella—there being no hope that Israel could ever check the Roman sway, we yielded to the entreaty of our friends of Edeffa, to accompany them to that Mesopotamian city; and this was the more readily done, as the venerable Agbarus, Prince of Edeffa, urged his son-in-law's early return, and to bring with him permanently, those friends of his youth, on whom his happiness so largely depended. The journey was in every way delightful, as the land of Heber, Tirah, Abraham, Phaleg, of Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel, Leah, and of Balaam everywhere abounds with interesting and wonderful reminiscences,—Edeffa itself being anciently that *Rouba*, which is "Ur of the Chaldees."

SECTION XXXIII.—EDESSA, *Adar*, 13th. [February 26th, A.D. 70.]

We were not long in establishing ourselves in great comfort at Edeffa. Our three families were so strikingly miscellaneous, as to surprise me, that never before had I noted it: but, happily, there were no repelling differences, but only variety, which often is a source of delightful harmony,—and yet, with perverse minds, and especially in the Heathen world, is frequently the very fountain of abiding discord. First, there is Artemas,

\* The allusion made by Artemas to the "carbuncle-signet set in gold," refers to Eccles. xxxii. 6, 7. "Sigillum carbunculi in ornamento aureo, est concentus musicorum in convivio vini"—"Sigillum smaragdi in opere ex auro constructo, est carmen musicum ad vinum suave."

† The Editor omits the description of the nuptial ceremonies on that occasion, as a similar and more interesting one occurs so soon after.

## The three happy Families—Arrival of a Friend.

late of Cæsarea—pious, learned, experienced—*Drußilla*, his lovely wife, a princess of Edeßa—*Cornelia*, their daughter, as beautiful as the morning star, as sprightly as the young Zabi, and yet as docile as the much-cherished fawn,—and her brother *Thaddeus*, graced with every virtue of mind and person : and these reside as one family, in the palace of their father *Agbarus*, the only prince on whom a miracle hath ever been wrought ! The second family consists of the Rabbi *Eben-Ezra*, once a man of high consideration at Jerusalem ; and ever too virtuous for the times, and for his associates—*Priscilla* his wife, of Samaria, a bright exemplar of Hebrew matrons, as her Narrative doth show her—their daughter *REBECCA*, who must have proved Israel's greatest glory, had she lived in Israel's happiest days—*Julianus* of Rome, once a slave of Nero, but well educated, manly, and now much refined by all Christian graces—the soft-eyed, gentle *Philotera*, likewise once a slave, purchased by Rebecca at the mart of Ephesus, and now the wife of Julianus—and this family dwells near the palace of Agbarus : and lastly, there is *Cartaphilus* of Jerusalem,—whose life hath been and continues a riddle, astonishing unto himself, even more than unto myriads—*Alceus*, an orphan of Athens, born of Christian parents, educated by Dionysius, the famed Areopagite, whom Paul converted when first at Athens—and finally, *Plautius*, who, with Julianus, had been presented to me by Nero, shortly after his return from Greece,—emancipated at Pella, and now in course of education : and these form the third family !

**W**e are all in daily association ; and never were three more entirely one, in all feelings and affections,—which (so largely to mould even Cartaphilus, and so entirely the rest) could never have been, but for the heaven-inspired influences of the New Religion, so visible at the foundation, and in all the parts of that lovely domestic structure that now encompassed me in Edeßa.

**W**e had been established at Edeßa less than a month, enjoying the delights of this sweet communion, when, one evening being seated around the brazier in the palace Hall, the weather being less bland than usual, the venerable Agbarus entered ; and kissing his daughter, said, “*Cornelia* ! thy grandfather is growing older, and oftener seeks the couch than formerly ; do tell him, as he there reposes his head upon thy lap, what Solomon meaneth in his Song of Songs,—doth it truly import the *seven* days of his first week's marriage ?” *Cornelia*, who was then approaching the couch, caught the eye of *Alcæus* next her, and they both blushed deeply,—for they well knew the old man's sportive manner, and that he would now rally them both concerning their mutual love, and the seven days of festivity that would follow upon their coming nuptials:—but, at that instant,

*Joyful arrival  
of a friend.*

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The Reception of Melchior, the Fugitive Christian.

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Joanna (the damsel who keeps the inner gate of the palace) hurriedly entered and said, "There is a curious looking man who demands admittance; but I denied him passage, unless to report his name, and calling, and whom he desired to see. He gave me the name of *Melchior*—would see Rebecca, daughter of Eben-Ezra, and that his calling is as one of the Nazarenes!" All were instantly on their feet; and Rebecca rushed to the portal, clasped Melchior in her arms, and exclaimed, "Come in, my pious and suffering Melchior—God hath rescued thee from Tiridates, and guided thee by his star from Armenia, to this our abode of safety!" Melchior was indeed in a deplorable state; but his feet were soon washed by them—new garments supplied him—a ring placed upon his left hand: and when he returned to the Hall, thus renovated, and with ruddy cheeks, (for he is but middle aged, and of portly mien) he seemed a new creation! "Come, my Melchior, we'll have for thee the fatted calf, with music and dancing," said Rebecca cheerfully, "though truly thou art no prodigal returning to thy long forsaken home—still we will rejoice over thee, as one that's found; yea, as did the father for his lost son: how didst thou escape? sit down, and tell us all thy adventures." Melchior willingly complied; and it was late of night before the tale was ended. Melchior now resides with Eben-Ezra,—and adds another to the varied persons of our *three-one* family.\*

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\* The narrative of Melchior is omitted. The Chronicles of our extraordinary personage, who, of all mortals, has lived the longest, are necessarily so extensive and varied, as to render selection difficult. The Editor, however, in all the nineteen centuries, will endeavour to preserve some continuity in the personal narrative, as well as in the historical details; but still, with little regard to proportion between his selections, and the *centuries* respectively. Some periods are barren in our pages, though redundant enough in those of the original Chronicles: but, as these neglected portions consist often of matters, no less dark in philosophy, morals, religion, and history, than they are in interest, refinements, and in real utility, we have selected from the entire Polychronicon, only what may essentially portray the spirit and impress of the ages respectively, and also interest and instruct at the present time.

We here also perceive the continuance of that early fondness of the Orientals for story-telling—an occupation so customary before their sleeping-hour, whether such tales were fictitious or real. Their books and sources of amusement being few and meagre, compared with ours, naturally led them to these verbal narratives, either for instruction, or pastime. The Arabian, Persian, and Indian tales are often very delightful; and, like memoirs, letters, and biography, give us a better insight into the adyta of the heart, and of the manners and customs of domestic life, than any other sources we possess.

SECTION XXXIV.—EDESSA, *Nisan* 1, A.M. 3830.

[Friday, 12th March, A.D. 70; A.M. 4070.]



OW is the anniversary of that foul day, when first I breathed! Threescore and ten of *Nisan*'s earliest moons have been seen, since Mariamne and Seraiah so deeply mourned the ushering into life of him, as to whom nature then forely disturbed, and also portentous dreams, had symbolized a destiny so marvellous as mine; and which Calvary's mighty Victim left not unnoted!

*His Mufings upon Immortality.*

Is it so indeed, that the night vision, seen of my mother before I saw the light, and the Nazarene's dread words uttered to me, on the fifteenth of *Nisan*, near thirty and two years thereafter, do but shadow forth the birth, and sin, and fore destiny of Cartaphilus—the ignominious death, but immortal sovereignty, of that marvellous man? If each be indeed a revelation, why so mysterious and dark, that, after a pilgrimage of nearly seventy years, the destiny of that son of Mariamne remains as it was—both dream and curse (if such it be) still wholly unresolved—and the Immortal sovereignty of that Nazarene yet doubted, denied, and even scorned by myriads, among Jews as well as Gentiles? Its loveliness, and wonders, it were folly and wickedness to question: and yet, more *in embryo* is that sovereignty now, than when Judas believed, and the multitude shouted "*Hosannas to the Son of David!*" If "life and immortality be brought to light"—how, and when?—seeing that yet Cimmerian darkness covereth the earth! Oh, it is indeed most true, that Time is not measured by Abraham's God, as 'tis with man; most true it also is, that Nature was sorely shaken when Jesus expired, and that all was sweet repose and ineffable brightness soon thereafter! Doth this import life and immortality to the believer—eternal death to such as believe not, and even to such as Cartaphilus? If so, oh that Death would quickly come unto him: for, of terrene life, Cartaphilus is now more weary than the dungeoned captive,—and would welcome eternal death, even as King David unto his bosom drew the son of Saul! Eternal Death! what doth *that* mean? *death* means extinction; and yet, these pious Nazarenes speak not of *such* a death for the one class, and an eternal life of blifs for the other. If the one survives the grave, for happiness—may not the other, for misery?—eternal *death*, then, for the unbeliever, is not death, but *life*, and with it countless woes!—oh, 'tis a dogma hard to be received, impossible to be resolved! But *can* it be, at all, that the foul of either shall survive the grave's corruption, and be a *living entity for ever*? Shall any weal, or woe come unto man when

## Musings of Cartaphilus upon Immortality.

death hath here done its filthy work? Is Immortality aught but a wild and profitless figment? Who hath *seen* the soul at any time, but as with the body and life connected?—none, as I ween; and so my Sadducean teaching hath ever been. The ways of the Pharisees, moreover, do ill sustain their long preachments—and yet, who can deny or withhold his wonder and great admiration at the earnestness, and innocence, and marvellous unselfishness of these Nazarenes?—they look not to earth for any joy, they cherish here naught but of a pure conscience, and, as mere sojourners in a hasty tent, they covet no abiding place here, but set all their hopes on some eternal city in the skies! If not, like them, a believer, still I like them much—and no wit of man can ever rob them of their belief—and none but that of Beelzebul would desire so to do:—but *eternal woe* seemeth unto me an *eternal barrier* to that full belief the Nazarenes demand: *eternal bliss* (if an after-life there be) doth harmonize with all we can conceive of Abraham's God—the misery of sin *here* being ever as sure to follow, as the shadow doth its substance—but *that* is not *eternal woe* for *finite* sins!—ah, there is the deep, deep mystery that so confounds me!

The words uttered unto me in the Temple, when my eyes first rested upon that wonderful Being—and still more, those words that so astounded me at the Valley Gate, do yet ring loudly in my ears, and grievously bewilder me: as the sling before the stone is cast, so is my mind often thrown forward and backward, striving to cast aright its judgment,—and yet knowing not (as little as doth the stone itself) whether it shall ever reach the sought-for mark!

To *live*, at all, is instinct with many wonders—to live for ages in this nether world is more so, and full enough of misery,—but to live eternally, when disembodied, and the spirit is disenthralled, and when its artfully compacted tenement lies utterly resolved into dust, are indeed hard and dark sayings, baffling all human wit, and needing much of faith!

These thoughts do sometimes mantle my restless soul with a blush, when yielding to them a fitful credence; for the unwavering faith with which my beloved and honoured friends around me drink in all as celestial truths, seldom failed greatly to shake me; but anon, philosophy would awaken me—my feeble faith vanished, and the blush of shame for myself would mingle with the pride of human reason. But again, belief comes back—the soul, *in imo pectore*, is severely tortured; and, after fierce struggles with the invisible Satan, the blush of shame returns—pronounces Jesus a great and holy prophet, but not the Messiah—and *eternal woe* but a fancy, to scare men into virtue!

What is *faith*, and whence cometh it? Are not belief and unbelief alike resistless?—and if so, where the merit, or demerit of

He mourns the loss of Friends.

either? Whence cometh the glow of satisfaction in Artemas—the insidious blush of contempt in Cartaphilus? Is the one deceived by zeal, the other by the pride of distempered reason? Is the ardour of Artemas the offspring of divine truth, and is the agitating dubiety of Cartaphilus (though occasionally sustained by a seeming faith, and then anon by the glow of contempt) the offspring of fantastic artifices? In both ways have I often argued and resolved these vexed questions,—until, at length, thus have I interrogated myself. “Doth not Life uprise everywhere from Death, and is not all nature instinct with the mutations we call dissolution;—and yet, is there anything, in all her wide domains, and in all such numerous dissolutions, that expires *eternally*? Doth not even the crawling and loathsome caterpillar retire within its tomb,—and then uprising, with golden and purple wings, revel in a new existence, joyously scorning the very earth from whence it came, and gambolling in the boundless empyrean, seem to say, *aha!* unto the creeping things below? Are there not, moreover, numerous misshapen animals, that take unto themselves new forms, and seemingly as oblivious of their former existence, as if now a new creation? ’tis even so: and though the ambrosial flowers shed their petals, they perish not—and so likewise, the golden fruits may fall to the earth, and there decay—the varied foliage drop from their parent stems—the seeds innumerable be scattered all around, yet do the whole serve but as elements for new existences, teeming with varied life! Why, then, should Man, the perfectest of all, die for ever? Oh, no! Cartaphilus—no!—thy sure destiny, and that of man, is IMMORTALITY!”

The month I spent at Pella, and much of the time since my arrival at Edeffa, have surely been by far the happiest since first I breathed. Parentless, childless, and with none by blood allied to me, or by affinity, in all Palestine, (though still with remote, but unknown relatives in benighted Arabia,) the adoption by me of Alcæus and of Thaddeus, and likewise the nuptials of Julianus and Philotera, seemed to ally me, for the first time, to humanity—and gave me some hope that misery might not be my only portion. But alas! new wounds have suddenly come upon me here in Edeffa—for I mourn the death of the matchless Priscilla, and of my greatly honoured Eben-Ezra: these deaths have laid me very low—*death*, do I call their departure? oh no, but a triumphal entry into *life*, fresh and eternal in the illimitable heavens! \* \* \* \* And yet, Priscilla’s parting words unto me are as rivers of gall to my agonized soul! She took my hands, and bathed them in her tears mingled with mine own, then said—“Weep not for me, my Cartaphilus, but weep for thyself—weep for Jerusalem—weep for the wickedness of Israel’s flock—

*He mourns the loss of friends.*

He mourns the loss of Friends—Apostrophe to Conscience.

weep for the idolatries of the Heathen—weep for the miseries the Nazarenes must endure—weep for the troubles the world will suffer from Christianity—but only because of man's perverseness: for the New Faith is indeed a priceless pearl; which, if for a time rejected, or abused, fail not to remember, that the Prince of Darkness, the foul ARAZUEL, will make the times thou shalt witness tenfold more terrific than now; yea, like as the darkness grows deeper towards the morn, though so soon to be followed by the effulgence of the rising sun! But, my Cartaphilus, let not the blackness that shall first come, and which may so long endure, extinguish in thee thy small faith—and oh! let no part of these evils be the work of *thy* too fertile brain.”—And then gazing for a moment upon me, and with a fixed stare, Priscilla pressed my hand, and instantly expired!

That fearful and intense look—her sudden dropping of my hand in death—and yet more, her last mysterious words, filled my soul with dread and supreme horror. In all this, I saw something more prophetic as to my strange destiny, than ever before had occurred to my greatly belaboured mind: and motionless as a statue, I stood in the presence of her now lifeless body:—weep I now could not: oh, then would I have given many radiant pearls, yea, any gem that with inherent light twinkles, as do the stars in the blue heaven—yea, any possession within my imagination, for one tear! oh, *that* came not, but a sickening despair drowned all my will; and dismay so possessed my soul, that the very fountains which bedew sorrows were not only dried up, but inflamed as if with fires—for that revelation, given at the moment of her soul's flight, seemed far more clear and impressive than prophecy made in the fulness of life is apt to be; and to me it also seemed, as if her then purer spirit had rebounded with horror from longer communion with one whose soul was so hateful and corrupt as mine!—and moreover, is not all prophecy brighter, as life is ebbing fast—and are not dreams more veracious at the dawn of day?—so would it seem, and so it is said of old.

O CONSCIENCE, what a stern tormentor art thou! Enthroned in the heart, thou fittest the untiring witness and judge. There, in severe majesty, is thy never-forsaken abode, *Apostrophe to Conscience.*—and all the cunning arts of reason fail, at last, to hide man's sins from thee, or even to obscure abidingly any of them! No vacation hast thou, O Conscience, when once aroused! but, with unwearied toil, sentence dost thou pass upon every action; yea, upon every thought, be it of good, or of evil,—the first a balmy cordial, the other adder's poison to the soul! O fearful power! that, by day, amidst the glare of life, doth weigh us down, we know not how, save that our thoughts are then confused and leaden,



## Apostrophe to Conscience—Funeral Ceremonies.

—but which, in night's silence, or in our slumbers, come upon us in terrific clearness, and oft with thundering peals, exhausting all our energies,—and then anon, as some ugly hag, they sit brooding over us, hissing remorseful venom at us—or, with the lightning's quickness, they carry us into the endless regions of troublous fancies, and of visions, so instinct with horrors, that the morning dawns upon the exhausted mind, as on some diseased and fevered maniac, when reason and a slower pulse are just returning to him!

O Conscience, how creative are all thy energies!—thy softest whisper is often a fearful shadow upon the soul's sunshine—but thy sterner admonitions are as concentrated fires; and thy pictures, though ideal, are as hideous and varied as are scenes in Tophet's dread abodes! Thy innate tortures shame the artfullest devices of cruel man: for *then* the body, indeed, may *writhe*, and thereby mitigate the fierce contrivances of our fellows; but in the Soul's *shrinking*, Conscience takes no wing—is but augmented, and no chamber of retirement can it find, even for a passing instant, that it may escape its scorpion presence! Tremendous power!—faithful servant unto Him who sends thee!—thy vigils never cease; and sombre night, or garish day, is to thee alike! \* \* \* \* \* But, hold Cartaphilus!—no further must thou go in this matter of Conscience—to madness doth it lead, and no cure hath it but one—PRAYER—the soul's genial food and only medicament!

*Mourning of the primitive Christians. Funeral ceremonies.* When Priscilla breathed no longer, Eben-Ezra wept not—spoke not—sighed not; but, as a lamp without oil, he gradually breathed slower and feebler, until the last expiration was lost in the deep silence around him. Fare-thee-well, my earliest friend!—so sorely did I peril thy long and patient love; but even the great offence of Cartaphilus extinguished it not—nay, largely were his miseries tempered by thee, thou best of men! \* \* \* \* \* I had associated much with these Christian families; but little with others of the same faith. No marvel, then, that naught did I know of their dealings towards the *dead*; nor that greatly was I surprised and pained at what soon followed. Wonderful indeed are the changes effected by Christianity, even in the solemnest and ancientest of all our Hebrew customs!—these will I now briefly detail.

The preparation for the funerals in due time came on; and all with a silence and regularity, never before witnessed by me. I found that Rebecca, and Artemas, and Drusilla mourned not, as the Hebrews are wont to do; but in so cold and unearthly a way, as if their souls had been congealed, or had departed with the dead!

Funeral Ceremonies of the Primitive Christians.

—they rent not their garments, they beat not their breasts, put not their hands upon their heads; and upon them they cast no dust, nor ashes,—yea, stranger still, Artemas shaved not his beard! This abandonment of Israel's long venerated customs, for a mourning through the heart alone, and for a silent and nearly unseen weeping, seemed to me as if all regard for the dead had been lost in a one undefined thought, oblivious of the past and present, and only hopeful of that future which shall be beyond the grave!

Immediately thereafter, I perceived that they all had washed and anointed, as if death was nowhere within our borders: no sackcloth was to be seen, and only their customary garments,—save that their brighter ornaments were absent: but, during the whole customary period of seven days' mourning, they all conversed with mildness, and sometimes cheerfully, and even exultingly, concerning the two deceased! Sorely was I oppressed by these departures from our Hebrew ways. But Artemas, when he found the Christian spirit and mine own so much at variance, said, “Oh, Cartaphilus! more should we mourn at thy perverseness, than for the doings of those who are now *born anew*, and are striving that, when they also die, they may live eternally. Thy mind still cleaves to the outward forms, in aid of thy inward griefs: we Christians believe death is but the portal of life, opening to glories ineffable, and more suited for joy, to those who continue longer here, than for sorrow. In our mere humanity, indeed, we feel our loss; but the softening influences of our faith bid us suppress all selfishness, and drown our own misfortune in the firm assurance that *our* temporary loss is *their* everlasting gain. Why then torture the body—why rend our clothes, beat our breasts, and sadden our countenances and utterances, when the heart should banish self, and, with serene gratitude, contemplate the heavenly beatitude our departed friends must receive, in exchange for the beggarly elements of mere worldly enjoyments? Oh, no! my Cartaphilus; such griefs as sackcloth and ashes symbolize, do but sully the pure white robes with which the Christian heart is clothed.”

In this wise did Artemas argue that matter with me; until I saw my folly, in part at least, in supposing that Christianity lessens the devoted affection, and grateful remembrance of the living towards their dead.

After the few days of preparation, the funeral ceremonials closely ensued: and pleased was I to find that they differed but little from our Hebrew fashion. Perfumes were burnt over their bodies, which were laid each upon a bed filled with sweet odours, and with divers kinds of spices, all prepared with much art; and, after being carefully embalmed and cased, they were laid upon a stone tablet—that being part of the sepulchre itself, and, as is so usual with us, the

## Funeral Ceremonies of the Primitive Christians.

tomb was a cavity hewn out of the solid rock, in some shaded and retired spot.\*

After the remains, in a stone sarcophagus, were there deposited, a solemn hymn was sung, followed by a short prayer. The stone door was attached, and then slowly moved upon its artfully-carved hinges, part also of itself; and when closed upon them, that door seemed but as the everlasting rock, untouched of man—and there must the clayey remains continue, until that great day shall come, when the massive portals of every tomb shall be burst asunder, and the dead arise—some to never-ending glories—others to eternal shame—but all with new bodies suited to their respective states!—So say my Christian friends; and Cartaphilus knows not how to gainsay it.

The procession, at first, slowly and silently retired from the mansion of the dead: but, after a time, they chanted on the way a holy song, accompanied by the mournful sound of flutes: but there had been no weepers employed for the occasion—nor were those who had embalmed, or otherwise handled the bodies, regarded as unclean, or as at all needing the customary purification,—but all at once united with the rest in honouring the dead, regardless of the long-observed rule among the Hebrews of separation for a time! Rebecca's now solitary home received us—dignity and a sweet resignation were in her countenance; and all partook of some refreshments, in a calmness that betokened neither sorrow, nor forgetfulness.

Such, then, was the first Christian funeral witnessed by me: and, when all was over, I clearly saw therein, that Christian reason and sobriety had retained all the salutary feelings,—though it had parted with all of those obtrusive and clamorous features, that had marked all I had ever seen on such occasions from my youth up.

SECTION XXXV.—*Thamuz*, 15th day. Captiv. 658.

[June 24th, A. D. 70.]



**L**MOURNED over the loss of my two valued friends with an intense feeling, though outwardly controlled by the scene I had so lately witnessed. But this, and my other causes of deep sadness, were much abated by the unceasing kindness of Artemas and Drusilla; and truly may I say, equally by the delicate remembrances of my ever-honoured Rebecca. To these was added yet another cause, to restore me to a somewhat composed, if not happy mind, which I

\* 2 Chron. xvi. 14; xxi. 19; Jerem. xxxiv. 5.

Betrothment of Alcæus and Cornelia—Agbarus, Prince of Edessa.

found in the exalted love of Alcæus for the fair Cornelia: this was responded to with a woman's deep devotion: and this gives to her parents yet more joy, than it can raise in a heart so buffeted as mine—not by the usual cares of life, but by a nameless misery.

Alcæus, now more than twenty, is a youth of whom princes might justly be proud. Instinct with a noble heart, he has embellished an exalted intellect and refined feelings, with varied readings in the Greek and Roman authors. Before we met at Athens, his attainments were surprising for a youth of his then tender age; and during the past year and more, his devotion to Hebrew learning, and to all that relates to Israel's marvellous history, and to that of the surrounding kings and princes, hath been intense and unremitting. And here again, the New Faith shines out supreme over the mind of Alcæus: for though his love of Cornelia is a steady and ardent flame, his Christian conscience bids him lose no hours, but to toil the more incessantly, that he may become the more worthy of her.

The venerable Agbarus also, though aged, retains no remnant of his Heathen faith; and his affection for my beloved Alcæus is only equalled by that he bears towards Cornelia: and truly, never were mortals cast in moulds more suited for each other.

And moreover, though Cartaphilus be childless, knoweth he not of how great value are children held by all? Yea, when a son is born unto the family, do they not hang a bow and arrow before the gate, to symbolize that a new protector hath been added unto them?—for they all say that “as arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children,—and happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them.”

The nuptials of a grand-daughter to a prince so beloved as Agbarus—the daughter also of the wealthy and benevolent Artemas, one of the earliest and most devoted of the Nazarenes, failed not to excite in Edessa, and in all the surrounding country, the liveliest interest.

The ceremonial took place on Sivan's twelfth day at the palace,\* and, as this, as well as the marriage of Julianus and Philotera, are the only Christian nuptials yet witnessed by me, I shall describe the proceedings of the former with some minuteness, as they partake in some degree of the Heathen, as well as of Jewish and Christian formalities—the *Heathen* features being such as the New Faith hath not yet wholly shaken off.

\* The 12th day of the Jewish month *Sivan*, in A. D. 71, corresponded with *Friday*, 21 May—that being the day on which virgins usually wedded,—as *Thursday* was the one generally appropriated to the marriage of widows.

## Cereemonials of Betrothment and of Marriage.

**I** may here remark that Mesopotamia, in the western part of which is situate Edeffa, is yet but little Christianized. The presence, however, of not a few Mesopotamian Jews at Peter's sermon, on the memorable day of Pentecost,—the wonders that then *flashed* upon them, and others assembled from divers parts of the world at Jerusalem—the sudden conversion of many at that time, and also the miracle wrought upon Prince Agbarus, by the Apostle Thaddeus, soon after, and the conversion of him and his household, were all circumstances of great power to raise in Edeffa very favourable impressions concerning the Nazarene faith: and yet its actual progress continues but small, compared with the population of that city, and its neighbouring places.\*

The Christian Jews, moreover, are generally tenacious of their early habits; and will retain them, if not manifestly in conflict with Apostolic teaching: and even Agbarus, who was somewhat aged when the pious Thaddeus first visited him, did not see fit, at once, to break down among his subjects, some of those formalities so long used among the Heathens.

The Hebrews, as all know, make great rejoicings and festivities on nuptial occasions; and, when attendant upon the ceremonial, they fail not to be attired in their costliest habiliments. King David compared the appearance of a bridegroom to the sun's splendour: the marriage week is seven days of constant festivity;—but the youthful Tobias tarried with his father-in-law Raguel twice that number of days,—yet only because they were likely to part for ever. Now, as Alcæus and Cornelia will abide wholly with Agbarus, the Prince directed that the rejoicings should last but seven days.†

Agbarus, when he questioned Cornelia as to the "SONG OF SONGS," seemed to doubt whether it *truly* doth relate to the seven days of Solomon's festivity upon his nuptials with Pharaoh's daughter. And, if that famed Song refers neither to the marriage, nor to the seven days of his rejoicings, yet it clearly alludes to the beauty of virtuous Love—the excellence of Hope—and to the happiness of Possession: and moreover, it portrays the high worth of marriage, that consummates the hopeful love and its lawful joys, by mystical *allusions* to the far more exalted mutual love of God and of Israel for each other, as the Jews generally hold: or, possibly, it shadows

\* The day of Pentecost, next after the Resurrection, was on Sunday the 16th of May, which corresponded with the 7th of *Sivan*, A. D. 35 of the *true era*—that being just *fifty* days after Easter Sunday, or the Resurrection Day, inclusive—which occurred on the 17th of *Nisan*, or the 28th of March.

† "Jussit igitur Raguel servos suos celebrare nuptias diarium quatuordecim. Et edixit ad Tobiam, jure interpositi, ne liceret ei proficisci, priusquam quatuordecim nuptiarum dies absolverenter." TOBIAS viii. 19, 20, 21.

## Ceremonials of Betrothment and of Marriage.

forth the happy union between Messias and his Church, as many Christians now maintain. In either view, however, the "Song of Songs" manifests how honourable and profitable is marriage; and that it should be solemnized with the most impressive ceremonials, and with matters that gladden the heart of all—and so hath marriage ever been held in all Palestine, and wherever Jews are found.\*

A week or more before the nuptial day, the parties were *betrothed* in the usual way; which was performed by Alcæus delivering to Cornelia a small piece of silver, and saying to all present as witnesses, "*Receive this, O Cornelia! in solemn pledge that thou shalt be my future spouse:*" and, on the evening before the nuptial day, the betrothed bride was led to the Bath—accompanied by the harsh sounds of many culinary utensils, as is our strange custom,—though it be designed to remind the bride of two things—first, that all the matters of the *culina* are to be known and observed by her, as well as those of the *Atrium*: and secondly, that 'tis better, as the proverb saith, to rise from the kitchen to the Hall, than to descend from the Hall to the kitchen—*à summo dignitatis gradu ad infimum decidere*.

Upon the Bride's return from her bath, a marriage song was chanted by her companions; who, richly clad in white, stood near the second palace-gate, and within the inner-court,—where Artemas and Drufilla, as parents, and Agbarus as grandfire, received

\* The opinions entertained as to the true import of this "Song," have been various and extremely different; they are principally as follow:—I. that it celebrates the mutual love of God and his people Israel;—or, II. the alliance between Christ and his Church; of which opinion are *Lowth, Horsley, Good, Horne*, and many others:—III. that it is an amatory poem, setting forth a real history, divided into seven parts, which represent the seven days of Solomon's marriage; and of this opinion are *Bossuet, Dupin*, and several more:—IV. that it celebrates illicit love, and is not to be received as canonical: of which opinion was Theodoret, in A. D. 553; who was justly censured for that opinion by the Council of Constantinople: for not only the prophets Zechariah, Haggai, and Malachi, deal with this song as canonical, and as having a mystical and spiritual sense, but the Jewish nation have never doubted it; and the entire poem is at variance with the views of Theodoret,—but, nevertheless, this heterodox opinion was revived by *Whiston*, in the last century:—V. that though the poem is not strictly chaste in language, and deals with reciprocal love, still that it imports none of the preceding things, but alludes to the purest ante-nuptial mental love alone, and in association with the idea of monogamy alone; and of this opinion is Prof. *Jahn*, of Vienna. He regards it as in no degree spiritual and mystical,—and, of course, as not being entitled to its place in the Canon. Prof. *Jahn* seems to adopt his notion from the fact, that the name of God is not once to be found in it! but this can be of little or no weight: for it may likewise be objected to the book of Esther: and further that, as a mere *allegory*, (which the poem certainly is,) it would not need, and scarce would admit the insertion of that blessed name.

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 Ceremonials of the Marriage of Alcæus and Cornelia.
 

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the initiate Bride with tokens of great joy—embraced and kissed her, as also all her youthful virgin companions.

At length, the evening of the marriage day arrived; and Cornelia with all the family were assembled at an hour previous to the nuptials, that they might, in private, receive the *Marriage Contract*, that always follows as the last act of the betrothment, and immediately before the nuptials.

By the contract, written on parchment, and in letters of divers colours, Alcæus conveyed to his espoused Cornelia a certain dowry; and covenanted therein to maintain, and in all things to deal with her as his cherished wife—to take unto himself no other, nor any concubine—to preserve for her behoof alone all that she shall bring with her, and all that thereafter might be acquired by her, from himself, or from others. The contract, after being read aloud, was delivered to the Bride: but neither this, nor the previous betrothment, as I was much pleased to see, contained any allusion to the customary *pretium pudicitiae* of fifty silver shekels—that stipulation being now deemed unfitted to Christian purity of thought, and to all those more refined morals that mark so strongly the New Religion.

Night had now come: but Sivan's brightest moon was shining on the nuptial procession, then just forming within the palace-court—soon to descend through the broad avenue of the enchanting garden which adjoins, and in the centre of which, the ceremony was to be solemnized. As our custom is to wed in the open air, whenever the elements are genial, the clear firmament that now canopied the moving procession, was gratefully regarded by all as most propitious. The night was so balmy and delightfully sweet with odours, distilled from a thousand flowers, that it seemed as if Diana and Flora were *actual* goddesses, and had now united to form it all to our wishes! Such garden perfumes, moreover, fail not to salute the smell, if wafted through the air of night, far more palpably, than when blended with the warm and dry rays of the day; hence were we in the midst of the freshest odours,—though the delicate, or even gorgeous hues of the various flowers that poured them forth, were little visible by moonlight.

The music, from a long distance, stole upon our ears in delightful cadences—it being stationed at the extreme end of that avenue, in the centre of which we stood, where are three copious fountains pouring forth their ceaseless spray. The lofty trees that encompassed those playful waters, were in a blaze of light from many silver and highly burnished lamps, placed amidst their thick and varied foliage: these shed their gorgeous rays through transparent horn of divers colours,—whilst the moon-beams, in the open fountain-space, were reflected from the fleecy waters, dashed into the air by the soft fresh breeze of the night, and seemingly as per-

## Cereemonials of the Marriage of Alcæus and Cornelia.

petual showers of silver and of golden spangles ! This was the spot, judiciously chosen by Cornelia for her nuptials.

Upon a richly cushioned throne, erected near the fountain, were seated Prince Agbarus and Artemas,—next Drusilla and Carthaphilus : and over their heads was suspended a long and variegated canopy, brilliant with many small sparkling lights, also of various hues. In front of the throne were standing each upon a cushion, the other members of the triune family—save the groom and bride : and, on the right and left of the families, were stationed the invited guests—Christians, Jews, and Heathens—each in wedding garments, respectively fashioned after the manner of their nations and religions.

Across the spacious avenue, and in front of the fountain opposite the throne, were seated the chief Rabbins of Edeffa, and the Chanter of the Synagogue ; whilst, in front of all, and for the reception of the bridal procession approaching from the palace, were standing Melchior, as presbyter, clad in a white robe, and having on each side of him two deacons clothed in robes of black.

At a given signal, the music sighed forth in softest numbers, the air only of the Epithalamium,—whilst at the same moment were seen and heard the Nuptial procession, at the opposite end of the avenue from the music, chanting the *words* of the marriage song—which became increasingly audible as the procession descended from the palace steps, passed through the lofty portals of the garden, and then, with measured but joyous tread, came down the avenue until they reached near to the Presbyter and Deacons.

At the head of the procession were the twenty virgins in white gossamer spangled with silver ; each crowned with a light basket of choicest flowers :—next, were the like number of youths, in robes of byssus, of brightest and richest Tyrian dyes, fastened with golden clasps, and fringed with alternate tufts of pomegranates.

The procession now opened in front—the virgins taking to the right, and the young men to the left, disclosed to the view of all the Bridegroom and the Bride ! They walked beneath a magnificent and very light canopy ; the four corners of which reposed upon small silver rods, each supported by a virgin veiled in white gossamer, richly embroidered in silver, and studded with golden spangles : and from the four ends of the veil of each, were suspended tassels of blended silver and gold and purple.

The Bridegroom and Bride were each covered with a thin black veil, to obscure their entire forms—from the four corners of which were hung white tufts of silver, that nearly reached the ground. These dark veils were designed to conceal, for a time, the great beauty and riches of their habiliments beneath.

In the rear of the canopy, and of the mass of splendour around

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 Ceremonials of the Marriage of Alcæus and Cornelia.
 

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the happy pair, and their four attendants, were to be seen the numerous domestics of the three families—all in their best attire.

**A**t the moment of thus dividing the Nuptial procession, the song and music ceased; and the Presbyter, receiving from the Deacon on his right, a brittle goblet of small value, and from the one on his left, some wine, poured into it from a golden vase, the goblet and its contents were blessed by the presbyter six times; and after handing it back to the Deacon, he said to the Bride and Groom, with a gentle voice, "Remove thy dark robes, and thy veils"—which, being incontinently done by the virgins, for the former, and by the youths, for the latter, the Presbyter then proceeded. "We humbly thank thee, oh thou only GOD and his CHRISTUS, for the creation of the Sexes, and for the institution of Marriage—ordained alike for the benefit of Man and Woman—for the virtuous perpetuation of our kind—for the rearing and education of their offspring—for the increase of authorized love, and for the suppression of all incontinency: and these thanks we render in the blessed name of Jehovah—the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

"**W**herefore, O Christians! Marriage should be honourable among all men; and is forbidden to none that are of sound mind—who are not already wedded, and with consent of parents, or of others having lawful authority over such as are not *sui juris*; and moreover, if not within the forbidden limits of consanguinity, or of affinity. The Law, as delivered by our late Master Moses, hath in no degree been abrogated herein, by Him who now is our only Master.

"**T**he parties here before me, being in no way related by blood or affinity, offer no incestuous impediment: and, if any one present knoweth of any infirmity of mind, or of body, which by our holy law is an impediment to their union, let him or her speak forthwith." Here the Presbyter was silent for a time. "None being declared, I now would know, *who* giveth this man, ALCÆUS, to be wedded to this woman, CORNELIA?"

"**A**s his father, by arrogation," said Cartaphilus, "I do consent, and give him, Alcæus, in marriage."

"**A**nd who giveth this woman, CORNELIA, to be wedded to this man, Alcæus?" continued the Presbyter. "I, as her actual father, do consent and give her, Cornelia, in marriage unto Alcæus," answered Artemas.

**T**he Presbyter then proceeded. "Seeing no cause why these persons may not be wedded—art thou, Alcæus and Cornelia, willing to pledge, and do ye, each your faith?" "We are willing, and do so," said each: whereupon the Presbyter added, "In token of thy mutual pledge of faith, drink ye each of this goblet."—The

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 Ceremonials of the Marriage of Alcæus and Cornelia.
 

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Deacon handed the wine ; and when they had tasted thereof, he cast the brittle goblet and wine upon the earth, as a joyous offering, through God its Creator, to that prolific mother of so many blessings !

The Bridegroom then placed on the Bride's finger a golden ring, and said, "With this symbolic ring, O Cornelia ! I wed thee as my only wife, until death shall part us." The Presbyter then received the Contract of Marriage ; and, after reading it aloud, delivered it, at the request of Alcæus and Cornelia, to the venerable prince Agbarus, by him to be preserved in trust for his grand-daughter : this done, the Presbyter raised both his hands over the heads of the parties, and said, "Blessed be Ye, Alcæus and Cornelia—now man and wife ! Bone of thy bone, and flesh of thy flesh is she now : see Alcæus, that thou love and cherish her ; and Cornelia ! see that thou love, cherish, honour, and obey thy husband, from this hour, until death shall separate thee."

The CHANTER of the Synagogue and those with him then arose ; and sung from the "Song of Songs,"—"*Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon, with the crown where-with his mother crowned him, in the day of his espousals—and in the day of the gladness of his heart !*" And then all the twenty Virgins, and all the young men sang again the same words, with graceful motions, and with joyous hearts.\*

The happy pair now approached the throne, when Artemas and Drusilla arose, and the former said, "Our Children !—for so ye both are equally now unto us ; a crown hath Drusilla prepared for her Cornelia—and I one for my Alcæus. We pray thee, ascend unto us."—And thereupon both were crowned.

The Nuptial ceremonials were now ended ; and the procession was again formed, and proceeded towards the palace,—which shone in the distance with myriads of coloured lights. As the procession approached the vestibule, the virgins and youths (who had preceded the wedded couple, in sufficient time to lay aside their small baskets of flowers, and to receive in exchange wreaths of evergreen) then turned round, and descended from the palace-steps, welcoming the arrival of the canopied pair with the softest music, whilst each of the virgins and youths bore in their hands a wreath of myrtle and of palm, which they waved in the air, and then cast them upon the ground, saying, "Alcæus and Cornelia, once *twain*, are now *one* !—the earth yields its increase—may they likewise !"

The great portal now wide open, received the procession ;

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\* The *twenty* virgins, attendant upon this bride, were more than usual,—probably in respect to her princely condition : for we find that *ten* was the number more generally named, though the larger number sometimes occurred.

## The Epithalamiums.

which passed into the spacious hall—the walls of which were hung with garlands and fasciculi made of the richest and freshest flowers and leaves. From the hall were seen many brilliantly-lighted rooms crowded with guests, whose garments of diverse forms and colours, proclaimed the miscellaneous crowd to be Christians, Jews, and Heathens, and of different nations; all of which gave much beauty and variety to the festive scene.

Attention being asked, the Chanter of the Synagogue announced the *second* Epithalamium; which was then read by him, and afterwards sung by the virgins and youths, in voices of the sweetest melody. It celebrated the praises of matrimony—the virtues of the wedded pair—the solemnity and splendour of the ceremonies just ended in the garden—the order of the banquet about to follow—and especially that the happy couple might be blessed with a numerous offspring,—for that “*children’s children are the crown of old men,*”—that *Zeba’s* sons ploughed the lands of Mephibosheth—that *Rhehobōam* rejoiced in his threecore daughters, and in his eight-and-twenty sons—that King *David* had, in wedlock, nineteen sons—and *Abia* sixteen daughters, and twenty-and-two sons: but still that *polygamy* should now pass away, and that *monogamy* is far more happy and honourable than the evil example first brought in by *Lamech*: and finally, that *Jephtha’s* lovely daughter had wandered over her native mountains, bewailing her *unmarried* state, during quite two months before her father’s vow, that was for ever to withdraw her from the *outer world*—all of which do show how desirable were marriage and a numerous progeny, in the eyes of all Israel.\*

Such was this second Epithalamium; which was incontinently followed by the usual cakes of *Sesamum*, handed alike to all.† The

\* See Prov. xviii. 6; 2 Sam. ix. 10. It will be here observed that the expression used by Cartaphilus, in respect to Jephtha’s vow, clearly indicates the nature of the vowed sacrifice, viz. that it was not to *death*, but the dedication of his daughter to perpetual celibacy, and seclusion from the world. If that be the sounder view of this much mooted question, and no doubt it is, how much unnecessary sympathy has been for ages wasted upon the hapless maiden, and how fierce the execration against the parent for a sacrifice to the *tomb*, instead of to the *monastery*! If Cartaphilus be right, it is doubtless the first recorded instance of the monastic vow—possibly, then regarded as worse than death—but now, considered by so many as a voluntary offering, by myriads, meritorious of all praise towards parent as well as child!

† The *Sesamum Orientale*, called *Semsem* in Egypt, is a plant of high antiquity, and was much used in various culinary ways, both for its oil, and the farina of its seeds. The popular notion that it greatly promotes fecundity, occasioned its extensive use, in the manner stated by Cartaphilus,—and especially among a people the most devoted to the marriage institution, and the possession of a numerous progeny, of any in ancient times.—During the “*GREAT EXHIBITION*” of 1851, Cartaphilus there placed in my hands a small vial containing the seed of the *Sesamum Orientale*.

## The Marriage Feast.

Bride then was presented with a distaff—a sieve—a pebble and mortar,—and with other like things, as might admonish her of the domestic virtues.

The Marriage Feast was now revealed, in its splendour and abundance, to the numerous guests; and was conducted with great regularity and sobriety—the Governors of the feast being many, that all might be duly served, as also to check any disorder: for, on that night, no less than three thousand persons rejoiced at the princely banquet.

Whilst the guests were being arranged for the tables, the musicians chanted in delightful harmony these words of Solomon, “*Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments; let no flower of spring pass by us; let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they are withered!*” The sweet smelling frankincense and spikenard were then sending forth their clouds of perfume; whilst the unmixed wines became yet more luscious, as the banquet approached its close.\*

The feast being now ended, most of the guests retired about the middle of the second watch; whilst of those who remained, there were many of the damsels and matrons, and some of the young, and even of the aged men, who danced for a time, in different apartments, to the great delight of the domestics and others looking on. The hour for retirement having arrived, Melchior pronounced a benediction on those who had remained: and the Bride was conducted to her chamber by her mother, attended by the twenty virgins—who, as they approached the door of the nuptial chamber, strewed their flowers—the contents of their little baskets,—whilst six small youths, attired in scarlet and white tunics, shed clouds of incense from their censers.†

\* This giving out of the *best* wines towards the close of a banquet, was contrary to the usual custom, not only in the East, but in Judea; as we find from the surprise manifested by the guests at the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee, at which the like departure from custom occurred. See John ii. 10.

† The larger part of the guests retired at half-past ten o'clock—the others probably an hour later, until admonished that the prescribed hour had arrived for closing the palace gates.

In respect to the *dancing*, it may be remarked that our mixed way of blending the sexes seems to have been but little known among the ancients; and probably among the Hebrews, not at all. Homer, however, in the *Iliad*, book xviii, mentions the Dædelian dance; which corresponds entirely with our present mode—and which at this time is well known in Greece, under the name of *Romaika*. Homer thus describes it.

“A figured dance succeeds—

A comely band

Of youths and maidens bounding hand in hand;

The maids in soft cymars of linen drest,

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The Pastime of Ænigmas.

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In a short time after, the Bridegroom was summoned to follow: and, in an adjoining chamber, were two friends of the wedded couple—there to tarry all night, as willing and vigilant ministers, should their services be needed.

The festivities were continued during a week; the guests, however, gradually becoming less numerous in their daily and nightly attendance,—until, towards the close of the week, the young men and maidens most valued, were found assembled with the three families, in one of the smaller and more domestic apartments, amusing themselves, and greatly puzzling each other, with divers curious ænigmas and riddles.

“Come, it is now my turn,” playfully said Alcæus; “I will give to thee, Julianus, another riddle: and, as we are all somewhat *latine docti*, all may try. It shall be the much-famed ænigma, entitled *ÆLIA LÆLIA CRISPIS*: and he or she who shall justly interpret it, during the remaining day of our seven days, will receive from me a tunic of the finest byssus, with clasps of gold and of precious stones, and with fringes of Tyrian purple, and borders of rich embroidery—provided, he or she who fails, shall pay only a silver shekel for the poor!” “Now for the Ænigma!” cried they all. “Well, here it is,” said Alcæus.

*The pastime  
of ænigmas  
and riddles.*

DIIS MANIBUS.

Ælia Lælia Crispis!

*Nec vir, nec mulier, nec androgena,  
Nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus;  
Nec casta, nec meretrix, nec pudica,  
Sed omnia.*

*Sublata*

*Neque fame, neque ferro, neque veneno,  
Sed omnibus.*

*Nec cælo, nec aquis, nec terris,  
Sed ubique jacet.*

LUCIUS AGATHO PRICIUS,

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The youths all graceful in the glossy vest.  
With well taught feet, now shape in oblique ways,  
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:  
Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,  
And undistinguished blend the flying ring.  
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tolt,  
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost!”

Among the Hebrews, the sexes not only never danced as partners, but most usually in different apartments: the customary dance was then what now would be named a *pas seul*, but never in the fashion of a *pirouette*!

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The Pastime of Ænigmas.

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*Nec maritus, nec amator, nec necessarius,  
Neque mœrens, neque gaudens, neque flens,  
Hanc  
Nec molem, nec pyramidum, nec sepulchrum,  
Sed omnia,  
Scit et nescit cui posuerit.*

"Oh, surely, good Alcæus! thou art jesting—it is full of contradictions and impossibilities," exclaimed many voices, save the Roman. "No, I have heard of it, and it hath ever puzzled wiser heads than ours," said Julianus, "and therefore rashness would it be in any of us to try, though the penalty be only a shekel:"—so they all agreed to leave *that* riddle unessay'd.\*

"But I, in turn," said Julianus, "will give thee Alcæus, another, and belonging to the same Ælian family: and you must all try this,—otherwise our crumena for the poor will shame us."

"We are afraid of that "Ælian family," soberly and mildly said Melchior; who, seated with Drusilla, had joined but little in the sport. "Nevertheless, we will hear thee, and try."

"Well, my Melchior, the terms with this are the same, as with that by Alcæus," said Julianus—save that it must not be abandoned, but by the payment of a silver shekel for our abnet—and here it is.

*Hoc est sepulchrum intus cadaver non habens,  
Hoc est cadaver sepulchrum extra habens,  
Sed cadaver idem est et sepulchrum sibi.†*

Some held it to be a shadow—others that it was love—others Friendship—and some again that it was a cloud!—but these all were promptly rejected; and the forfeits cheerfully paid into the crumena of the damsel that keepeth the gate, she to distribute them in alms.

Melchior then spoke; and, with no small confidence, said, "Surely, O Julianus, naught can it be but *Lot's wife*; who, being changed into a pillar of salt, is a sepulchre without a corpse; and

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\* This celebrated Ænigma may be thus rendered.

"Ælia Lælia Crispis! who was neither male nor female, nor both—neither a little damsel, nor a young woman—nor an old woman—neither chaste, nor unchaste, nor a modest woman—but all these. She died neither by famine, nor sword, nor poison—but by all these. She exists neither in air, nor in water, nor in the earth—but everywhere. LUCIUS AGATHO PRICIUS, neither husband, nor lover, nor relation; neither sorrowful, nor rejoicing, nor weeping, erected this,—which is neither a heap, nor pyramid, nor tomb—but all these: yet to whom raised, he knows, and does not know!"

† This ænigma may be thus translated: "This is a *sepulchre* having no body within it: this is a *body* having no sepulchre without it,—but the same body is also a sepulchre unto itself."

## The Pastime of Ænigmas.

being thus wholly converted, is a corpse without a sepulchre : and yet are her body and sepulchre one and the same. All insisted that the true solution had surely been given : but Julianus said, "No ! excellent as are the words of Melchior, it is but *a* solution ; and yet not *the* solution :—so that the question now was, whether the forfeit was due by him : " and Julianus held that, in any other case save that of charity, there would be none,—and Melchior smilingly gave unto the damsel the silver shekel.\*

"Oh, here comes our beloved father Cartaphilus," said Alcæus ; "he will also give us a riddle :"—whereupon, I joined their innocent sport, and this was my puzzle. λ "In very ancient days, sat an aged man at table, before the door of his cave : and there were with him, at an evening repast of wine and figs, his wives, and his two daughters—his two sons and their two sons,—there being father, uncle, nephew, wives, daughters—and yet but *five* persons in all ! Who was this man, and how can this matter be ? "

λ laugh ensued : "doubtless, venerable Cartaphilus !—*nine*, at the least, hast thou named as present at the table ; this larger number may include the less,—but never heard we of the less including the greater : we cannot be content with thy five,—else would thy riddle vex us like the Ælian ones." Many and long were the trials at this ; but the eyes of the janitrix sparkled as her crumena was swelled by the successive forfeits of all.†

¶ The hour now being late, they were about to retire, when the unlooked-for presence of Agbarus delighted us all ; and they prayed that he might for a moment unite in their harmless sport, and favour them with an ænigma.

\* In all Oriental countries, nothing was more usual than for damsels to be the *ostiariae*, or keepers of the doors and gates, no less for princes and even kings, than in humbler dwellings. When King Ishbosheth, Saul's son, was slain by the sons of Rimmon, and his head brought to David, it is said there was only one damsel at the gate of the king's mansion. So again, "*Et ostiaria domus, purgans triticum, obdormiuit*—" "and the damsel at the gate, threshing wheat, fell asleep." 2 Sam. iv. 5. These words are, however, from the *Vulgate*, which received them from the LXX ; but they are not to be found in the Bibles generally known in Protestant countries. Also in John, xviii. 17, we see another proof of the custom. "Then saith the damsel, that kept the door, unto Peter, 'Art not thou also one of this man's disciples ?'" Recent travellers in the East inform us, that this practice is still often found there. How much light is daily shed upon the sacred Volume by the researches of modern travel, is well known to those who addict themselves to the contemporaneous reading of the Scriptures, and of the admirable books from travellers of the present day.

† This ancient riddle seems to have travelled down the stream of time, almost to our own day,—for we find it among the Anglo-Saxons, in the sixth century. The solution has no difficulty, compared with the first Ælian ænigma ; and consequently the Editor permits it, with others, to remain unresolved—that the youths of our time may exercise themselves therein ; and happily show more astuteness than did Alcæus and the rest.

## The Pastime of Ænigmas.

In one so princely and aged, his prompt and cheerful compliance was valued as a loving condescension. "But, my young friends," said the venerable Agbarus, "my ænigma is a deep and solemn mystery, to Jew and Gentile alike; and better suited, perhaps, for our learned Cartaphilus, than for these our children. Before I give the remarkable words, ye should all know whence they proceed. Learn, then, that in a very remote country at Asia's extremity, where the sun darts forth in glory from his watery couch, dwells a great Nation of extreme antiquity, peopled moreover by hosts as numerous as heaven's stars—and, like the Egyptians, most wonderful in their government, institutions, arts, and stupendous works: but remarkable, above all, for their curious and mystical learning! To those people doth Greece, and possibly even Egypt, owe much of their philosophy: for 'tis obvious that the great Pythagoras and equally renowned Plato, and also the wisest among the Romans (if, indeed, *they* ever go beyond the Grecian track) derived most of their occult wisdom.

"It so chanced, good friends, that a learned Magian traveller gave unto me lately a priceless volume from that far distant land, written by the great LAO-TSEU, a philosopher of that country, who lived about the time of the famed Pythagoras—now quite 600 years ago! and in this ancient work I found the words, which I propose as my offering to thy instructive pastime. Do thou, my Julianus, first try these mystic words.

'That for which man looks, but fails to see, is called J,  
That towards which he listens, yet hears not, is called Hi,  
That which his hand seeks, yet feels not, is called Wei,  
These THREE are inscrutable; and being united form ONE!  
Of them, the superior is not more bright, nor the inferior more obscure!  
This is form without form—Image without image—  
An indefinable Being!—Go before it, and ye find not a beginning—  
Follow it, and ye discover not its end!'"

Julianus mused for a moment, and then said, "These indeed are strange words, and are seemingly as contradictory and impossible as what Alcæus proposed: but, however, it evidently alludes to the ineffable God—but in what manner I wot not."

"My Lord Agbarus!" said Alcæus, "it seemeth to me that the *letters* named in thy curious riddle, import the Hebrew mighty name *JEHOVAH*, as it may be pronounced by the people of that remote country spoken of; but further of thy ænigma I venture not."

"Thou hast well said, good Alcæus," replied Agbarus, "for truly it doth unfold the three letters J. H. V. of that adorable name. In other languages that blessed word, *divined to the Jews*, (or



## The Pastime of Ænigmas.

derived from a yet more primitive revelation,) hath undergone similar variations: but 'tis plain that the Hebrew Jehovah, or *Jé-ho-wa*, is found in this *Jé-bi-wei*, revealed to us by Lao-tseu! and yet, my Alcæus, not with more disfiguration than is found in many other words that have passed from their original source into various other languages. Thus far, good son, thou hast unravelled a part only of my ænigma, and by far the least interesting and mysterious portion of its full import. Do thou, O Cartaphilus, speak *thy* mind."

"I have read, and ever with astonishment," said Cartaphilus, "what the 'divine' Plato saith in his Epistle to Dionysius—where he seems to speak of a THREE-ONE-GOD! To find, therefore, this sublime mystery of mysteries *confirmed* in this very ancient work of Lao-tseu is, indeed, as marvellous as interesting. But, my venerated Prince, this great mystery came, doubtless, both to Lao-tseu and Pythagoras from the same original source: for, without doubt, some Hebrews reached the remote land named of thee, soon after our first captivity: and Pythagoras, as we all know, sought knowledge in the far Oriental countries, as well as in Egypt,—and much about the same time: so that, as to me it seemeth, oh Agbarus, that the wonderful dogma, which some say is revealed in the very *nature* of the Christus, also by the words of his Apostles, and which others plainly find throughout the Jewish Scriptures; and further, which as a *tradition* hath been brought down among the Gentiles, even from the origin of man, may, as I believe, be found in the *words of thy ænigma*: for they surely reveal a THREE-ONE-GOD!"

"I agree with thee fully," replied prince Agbarus, "and, as thy exposition of those pregnant words and letters admits of no doubt, there hath been no forfeit whatever—since Julianus and Alcæus and Cartaphilus have, each, rendered a part of the just solution of our ænigma. But, my children, the hour waxes late, and I pray thee all to retire."\*†

\* The ænigma given by Prince Agbarus, may be found in the Work of *Abel Rémusat*, entitled "*Memoir sur la Vie et les Opinions de Lao-tseu, Philosophe Chinois du vi siècle avant notre ère, &c.*—Paris, 1823"—and also in the very interesting Lecture of Dr. Wiseman, of Rome, entitled "Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion." It is highly interesting to the Editor of these Chronicles, to find so many collateral proofs of the "Wanderer's" accuracy, as are gradually disclosed in the progress of his career; but especially that modern history and travels, and the enlarged philosophy of our day, so often harmonize with his pages—showing that Cartaphilus, passing through the revolutions of so many ages, still permitted not his Curse to render him indifferent to the oracles around him, and to the perpetual evidences that nature, art, tradition, and all human knowledge afford, of the infallible truth of the revealed Word.

† The amusement of striving to resolve ænigmas, and the like ingenious

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The Pastime of Ænigmas—He returns to Palestine.

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\* \* \* \* \* Some months had passed in various domestic enjoyments. The happiness of those dear friends around me, and our remoteness from the scenes of misery then hourly passing in Judea, had beguiled me into comparative repose. But alas!—

devices, which closed the marriage week of Alcæus and Cornelia, was in perfect harmony with the custom of those early days. We find, indeed, this species of pastime usual in all ages and countries, prior to the spread of literature and science through the medium of the press. This afforded a far more extensive and intellectual means of social intercourse, and gave to man a more elevated tone of thought, than when knowledge had but poor facilities for its diffusion. The practice, however, of solving riddles, charades, ænigmas, and all such cognate puzzles, is extremely apt to continue, wherever knowledge from any cause is but partially spread; and, though a very ancient custom of a primitive state of society, it still is a pervading one in most segregated communities, and in some classes of the same community, whose means of enlightenment are less ample than those of others. Recitations from memory—story-telling—proverbs—apophthegms—fables, and such-like means of diffusing knowledge, or amusement, belonged to all the societies the world ever knew, before the great æra of printing.

Solomon was wise and learned, and myriads before and after him were so; but since that noble invention, the condition of the popular mass, relatively to the learned few, has wholly changed—all have now the means of gaining knowledge; and books, so often beyond the reach of the wealthy in former days, are now the commonest things in life, next to air and water! As the world once stood, and still is in some places, amusements became a necessary study of domestic life,—else its *ennui* would have become intolerable: and such must have been the dearth of acquirements to grace and enliven society, that even the higher classes were compelled to resort to means of entertainment, quite despicable now in their eyes. When Samson, on the occasion of his great Feast of seven days, put forth his celebrated riddle, “Out of the eater came forth meat—and out of the strong came forth sweetness,” it was obviously in conformity to a then well-known custom; and the unfair manner in which the solution was ultimately obtained, after seven days of trial, shows as clearly a crude state of society, as does the riddle itself. Solomon also, from the vastness of his knowledge and wisdom, not only favoured their popular use, but became himself very skilful in their solution,—and the practice passed from the Hebrews and Egyptians, to the Greeks and Romans,—and long after, made no small figure among all the nations and tribes that appeared after their downfall, coevally and progressively with the growth of Christianity, until at length we perceive its almost total disuse, in the presence of all those enlarged and more refined views of modern days—and especially of our own century of steam presses—anastatic printing—and of a hundred other facilities, that have placed among the masses a means of knowledge, that emperors and kings and popes of former days possessed not!

Nevertheless the riddle, charade, and rebus, likewise the laconic Sayings of the Wise, and, indeed, all Proverbial Philosophy, ought not, and never will be wholly banished from even the most refined and intellectual society, by reason of the now never-ceasing devices of a teemful steam press! These remnants of former days are still somewhat in favour; they often are pregnant with brief and deep thought—are ingenious and amusing; whilst they test the nobler faculties of the understanding, and even the varied knowledge of the learned—and,

## Mount Olivet—The Lament over Jerusalem's ruins.

sickness came, and then the Angel of Death once more ! Still, these private griefs must not engage me now.

**O**TH JERUSALEM's lowliness on the earth—her masses of smoking ruins, bid me hence in judgment, as well as in feeling?—are the now terrors of my mind, and its consuming fever, for her sake ? Was the Holy City forsaken of Cartaphilus—did *he* peril life and property in her cause, or proved he recreant in the hour of her greatest need ? \* \* \* \* Oh no—no ! myriads perished fruitlessly in her defence ; and I must not thus solely accuse myself, seeing that Flavius Josephus hath so placed that matter, as to assure all that Jerusalem could have been aided by no mortal hand ! Though fallen, I will incontinently see thee again, O thou City of Ages !—yes, in thy tomb will I behold and bewail Jerusalem—that *was* !

SECTION XXXVI.—MOUNT OF OLIVES, *Thamuz*, 10th day ; A.M. 3831.  
[Friday, June 19, A. D. 71.]

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**T**HAT this burning head, and these aching eyes were wrapt in Ætna's eternal snows—and that the raging volcano within my own bosom were quieted, if but for a moment !—then would I the better survey from these heights Jerusalem's fearful desolation, and drink them in as woes, more penal than all my private griefs—and these now are many. Oh that, oblivious of myself, I could freely drain my eyes for thee alone—thou once most favoured of all the cities !—Jerusalem, the beautiful, is indeed utterly fallen—the Holy City of ages is blotted out—it hath been hurled from its giddy eminence, and no more is it God's cherished abode, no longer a home even for his little flock,—all are forsaken, save the Nazarenes, who were warned !

*His Lament  
over Jerusa-  
lem's ruins.*

when seasonably introduced, must ever possess a great charm, and are far more salutary and absorbing, than very many fashionable pastimes of our age of profound knowledge—and also of superficial acquirements. In their hours of relaxation, even the learned of the present day would be more intellectually engaged in solving some of the better ænigmas and the like, of ancient and modern times, than in poring over exaggerated caricatures,—or in divining the tricks of mere jugglers, or in pondering over the funny wood-cuts of the popular herd of living authors—or finally, even in solving the vexed questions of Philidor and of Hoyle ! We do not regret, therefore, that Cartaphilus permits his few ancient puzzles to remain *unresolved* ; as possibly they may afford some of our youths a means of testing their cleverness, and superiority to the ancients.

## The Lament over Jerusalem's ruins.

Oh, how extreme the sin that caused all this ! Behold the TEMPLE ! so late the world's delight and wonder, but now a smouldering ruin—leaving naught behind that may declare unto the doubting nations of after ages how great were its many glories—and how all, all were swept away, as with a becom of the Almighty's vengeance ! Salem's proud towers—her strong walls—her stately palaces, are prostrate before me,—and, as a huge unseemly mountain of crashed fragments, and of smoking ashes, they are mixed with the blood and bones of many myriads of her people ! At last, Jehovah's terrific anger, so long delayed, hath truly come—and, within the walls of a single city, it hath consumed a Nation !—yea, His untiring ministers were Pestilence and sore Famine, and Civil Feuds *within* those walls, whilst, *beyond* them, the Sword and Fire of strangers completed the terrific work !—and yet, of all these appointed means, none proved so rancorous and fatal, as the treason and faction and mortal strife that Israel waged against her own,—for truly, Self-Immolation was our deadliest foe !

“ Oh weep, Cartaphilus—weep for Jerusalem buried,—and let thy loud lament cause Hermon and Tabor and the distant Libanus to echo back thy griefs ! Oh let thy *tears* now flow, Ye sons and daughters of Israel, till Kedron and Jordan swell therewith—yea, even until the broad waters of Tiberias rise, as so late they did, with the *blood* of thy people !

“ But alas ! Israel hath now few sons and daughters left to weep—they have perished fiercely in all ways,—and myriads are scattered widely into remote lands, some unknown of them by name ! Those who breathe no longer are countless indeed—the ravens of the valley are even now plucking out their eyes, and feasting *deliciously* on them : the young eaglets eat of their tenderest parts—the beasts that roam at night, though *tamed* of man, return as sluggards at the dawn of day, to their now forsaken and ruined homes, oppressed greatly by their unmeasured surfeit, after the long and sore famine that went before ; nay, even the faithful house-dogs are thus gorged with the noisome remains, perhaps of those on whom once they fondled ! Hath not the Lord, then, who giveth to the wild beasts of the wood their food, and to the hawk the vulture and the eagle their daily prey, now summoned all from their clefts and high hills, that, in the valley now before me, they may feed upon the carcases of our parents and children, our brothers and friends ?

“ O Jerusalem—Jerusalem ! how sweet was once thy air with incense—how fragrant were the perfumes from burning spikenard, and myrrh, daily floating in thy pure and thin clouds ! but now is thy air thick, and more foully tainted than a hundred Hinnoms !—poisonous is it to man ; but to the unclean birds inviting, even from the far distance !—yea, so it now is, the breezes that play

## The Lament over Jerusalem—Self-Contemplation.

around the still verdant heights of Olivet, are no longer scented with the delicious odours of the surrounding trees and flowers,—but are most vile from those that issue from the festering masses that crowd thy streets and avenues, oh thou most wretched and ruined Salem ! And so must it needs be, as more than a million of Israel's offspring poured out their blood, or were famished, within thy towering walls !

“**B**ut the *dead* are not our sole cause of grief ; the *living* claim our bitter tears : many wretched captives are doomed to galling slavery in strange lands—to degrading toils in the Egyptian mines ; others are made to grace the triumphs of our conquerors, or become poor victims destined to destroy each other in savage combats as gladiators, or to be cast to ravenous beasts, for the amusement of cruel, or of giddy multitudes !

“**A**nd what is thy own condition now, O Cartaphilus ! What miseries have rushed upon thee since, for a time, thy heart at Edeffa was lulled into peace ! During that brief period, Jerusalem and all there who knew thee have perished—but oh, my Artemas, ever dear and honoured friend ! thou also art in the tomb of thy desire, and thy Druvilla with thee ! Agbarus' oil will endure but a few days more ;—and my long-cherished REBECCA sighs to be with her fainted mother, and admirable father :—but death comes not always at our liking ; and Rebecca's time may be yet far off. Years however, be they few or many—health or disease—the dread of death, or courting of it, seem all alike deceptive as to the grave's near or slow approach—each being equally in nature's course. Alas ! 'tis so with all, save Cartaphilus ! Strange ! that the most worthless, wretched, and sinful of mortals, is left a withered trunk, shorn of its verdure, and yet *cannot* die, though as thirsting for the tomb as is the fevered tongue for some cooling beverage ! Oh Death ! how thy grim and ghastly messenger doth avoid me, though I would smile on, and hug him unto my inner heart ! Thou, O Death ! canst depopulate cities—yea, whole regions, and yet dost flee from him who so anxiously woos thee ! Myriads of youths and of virgins—most rebellious to thy summons—are, in the very flower of their lives, yea, in the bursting and rich bud of all their hopes, torn rudely by thee from home and friends—hurried from off the world, as things most worthless,—and many are for ever tomblefs—save in the hungry maws of dogs and vultures !—whilst Cartaphilus, so covetous of thee in any form, and were he given to the voracious ravens, is doomed instead to see Death everywhere around him—slaying those whom most he loved, but quitting him !

*He surveys  
his own melancholy condition.*

“But why, O Cartaphilus ! say death cannot come to thee, if really fought ? Art thou indeed without *volition*, or power to *execute* it ? Art thou no free agent, and is thy *own hand* tied down, so that thou canst not let out the living current, and thus sever soul from body ? Alas ! so it would seem to be, if that the dying words of Artemas be indeed *prophetic*—and they were these ;—‘ Have patience, O Cartaphilus !—tarry thou *must*, until thy destiny be accomplished. If *wise*, be thou an unmixed and firm believer ; if *foolish*, blend thy own wild conceits with the true Faith, and be thou then as fickle as the winds : then, of all mortals, wilt thou be the most wretched—of all that yet hath lived, the most mischievous,—yea, the most famed of all execrable heretics !’

*His doubts of free agency.*

“These pregnant words of Artemas, together with the mystery that so weighs me down, even from my natal hour, make life unto me most odious. Oh, how like a blasted oak on Hermon’s summit do I now stand !—firmly rooted in its deep soil, yet, with all its branches and leaves withered and falling, that oak is destined to a slow but sure decay, through long—long ages !—but its fellows, and their numerous scions all around, shall continue to flourish under heaven’s dews,—and all with unminished glory live out their destined times ! Not so with me :—already hath the blighting Curse begun its work—my soul is sunk—my body is a sore burthen to self and others—my faith is become an odious mixture ; and age, with more than wonted infirmities now, is still with no monition of a timous death ! How many long-cherished friends have left me for brighter realms, whilst the black clouds of that loathed mystery were rapidly gathering around, and poisoning all my peace !

“But still, the Doomed One is not yet wholly forsaken : Thaddeus and Cornelia and Alcæus and Julianus, with Philotera and Melchior and the young Plautius, yet remain. REBECCA, dearest of all, I may not count—for, though present with us, she is strongly wedded to the skies. Oh that, with Job, I could now say to corruption, ‘ Thou art my father,—to the worm, thou art my mother, and my sister !’—These few friends *pity* me with great tenderness ; but Rebecca also mourns over me as a fallen spirit—she alone seemeth to make the future present !

“Come, then, *O Solitude* !—Cartaphilus now no other refuge hath—if that *can* be one : for ever must the world be shut out ; but agonizing thoughts still must be his ceaseless tormentors—worse than Bildad and the rest, who so wrongfully accused the pious Arabian. To some unknown cave, or forsaken ruin will I wend my way : I am a man that would not live, and dare not die,—and, should neither faith nor death come unto me soon, oh that

Of Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-witness.

Gehenna would quickly do its work, and become in me as incarnate, as was Heaven, they say, in Joseph's son !”\*

## LETTER XXIV.

MELCHIOR TO AQUILA [*of Ephesus*].

EDESSA, *Marchesvan* 12th, A.M. 3832.  
[October 17th, A.D. 72.]



**M**ORE than five years have passed, most excellent Aquila, since my escape at Artaxata from the murderous hands of King Tiridates—after which, as thou knowest, I have resided mostly here in Mesopotamia, in the pious families of Prince Agbarus, of Eben-Ezra, and of one Cartaphilus; with all of whom thou hast acquaintance, save with that wonderful man Cartaphilus, as to whom doubtless thou hast heard something from Artemas and others,—and concerning whom I shall write to thee at a more convenient season,—the object of my present letter being, according to thy request, to deal largely with the destruction of the Holy City, and of its Temple, as seen of me—all surely in fulfilment of predictions,—and not of misfortunes, or through mere human agencies. Oh, it is indeed a tale of woe, such as neither historian nor poet hath ever told—and such as my pen recoils to narrate,—it being that of Jehovah's long-declared and long-deferred, but now consuming vengeance! Let me then conceal nothing, and yet be brief,—for the soul must grieve and sicken at the contemplation even of its outline.

**H**elavius Josephus, as we all know, was an eye-witness of most of the complicated miseries of our people in Jerusalem and elsewhere. Now at Rome, he is greatly in favour with Vespasian,—and, as is said, will prepare a faithful narrative of all those terrific wars—a history to be sanctioned by the Emperor and his son, as also by Herod Agrippa. My mind pants for further acquaintance with

\* This tremendous malediction on himself seems to have been only morbid and temporary; for had Cartaphilus really been as diabolical, as those words might indicate, these Chronicles, if equally faithful, must have been only an odious and terrific record. Fortunately, however, if the mind, when powerfully excited, may impute to itself virtues it possesses not, so likewise may it act and speak more impiously than actually belongs to its particular nature; nor are even infamous actions *always* the result of thoroughly diabolic intentions—God alone is able to see the heart; and nothing but pure and omniscient justice can ever arrive at a perfect decision.

## Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-witness.

those scenes; but what I have seen I should like for ever to forget, as truly, my good Aquila, very many fights during the siege of the Holy City were beyond mortal endurance, and greatly disturbed not a few, even among the Romans.

During that fearful period, often was I in the Roman camp with Josephus—such being the earnest request of that marvellous Cartaphilus—so long a favourite with Nero, and whose letters of safe conduct, obtained for me, bore me harmless into the presence of Titus, and at length into the afflicted City,—all affording me occasions to behold, and to hear of many things, without a parallel in all the chronicles of all the ages!

I know, good Aquila, thou wilt have thine eye ever intent upon the prophecies, when contemplating Jerusalem's fate: and though these were necessarily clouded during all the previous ages, they are now as clear to our mental vision as are Orion and Pleiades to the natural eye, when seen through the brightest empyrean—for the prophecies fulfilled, may now be read as history!

THE HOLY CITY, from the time of Melchizedek, its founder, to the present hour—now more than two thousand years ago,—experienced more vicissitudes, and a larger amount of human sufferings, than any other the world hath known; and yet it was the favoured spot upon earth of the MOST HIGHEST! There *must* be an adequate cause for this; and *that* is found throughout its awful chronicles—being a truthful picture of God's providence towards man, which is one of sure love and protection for faithful *obedience*, and of an equally fearful and exemplary punishment for persevering *wickedness*.

Hollow me, then, dear Aquila, through the miseries I am now to unfold as an eye-witness: they shall be veraciously set forth: for, it is not meet, but sinful, to blend the fictions even of a truthful imagination, with the dread realities of such a narrative.

The Jewish war with the Romans broke out in the 12th year of Nero's reign; and more than thirty-and-two years after Christ had *propheesied* (though amidst all the massive grandeur of the Temple, of the walls and their towers) that the calamities *should* come upon them; and that, too, before the then generation would pass away!

The war in Judea endured somewhat less than five years,—and the siege of Jerusalem somewhat less than as many months: \* but, as to the horrors and varied cruelties that preceded Jerusalem's

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\* The war commenced 8th May, A. D. 65, V.E., and ended with the progressive fall of the Fortress of Herodian, then of Machærus, and lastly, in the total destruction of Masada, late in — A. D. 71—the whole embracing the period of five years and some months. The siege of Jerusalem commenced on Saturday, 1st April, or the 23rd of *Nisan*, A. D. 70, and ended, with the destruction of the



## Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-witness.

agonies and her total destruction—also the progress of that war elsewhere, under the procurator *Florus*, and under the yet more infamous *Gallus*, of Syria, I shall pass them by: nor have I need to detain thee with the proceedings of the great Vespasian, and of his illustrious son, before the awful event I now have so specially in hand: for thou knowest how well appointed were all their forces,—and that they hoped to bring the war to a speedy close; nor need I remind thee, in all those previous doings, how severely tested were Roman power and valour, by Jewish desperation and fertility in stratagem,—until, at length, all Palestine had yielded to the bloody conquest, save the Holy City—the Fortrefs of Herodian, and the cities of Masada and Machærus,—so that, not long after, the concentrated energies of the now greatly enraged Romans were brought to bear upon the City of Ages, under the hope that, if she fell, the other three would speedily surrender.

Vespasian's wonderful successes and toils in Palestine, chiefly at *Jotapata*, *Tiberias*, *Tarichæa*, *Gadara*, *Gamala*, and at *Gischala*, had occupied him nearly three years: at Jotapata, Flavius Josephus became his captive, and accompanied him in irons to Cæsarea: but at Gischala, the notorious robber JOHN escaped him, and fled to Jerusalem,—where he and the other factions maintained their wicked power during several years: and thus were matters when Vespasian, then at Alexandria, was proclaimed Emperor, upon the death of Galba, and Vitellius, when he hastened on to Rome, and received the Imperial diadem, more than six months after the death of the former. Titus, then also at Alexandria, succeeded to the command in Palestine, Josephus being with him, freed of his chains, and in high favour with the Imperial forces at Cæsarea,—but in great odium among the Jews.\*

After the arrival of the Gischalite at Jerusalem, and also for more than a year after the arrival of Titus at Cæsarea, Jerusalem was left to herself—a repose more fatal to her than would have been thrice the force of the besieging army that afterwards came,—for her streets flowed with the blood of her children—blood shed by each other's hands; and to this were added countless robberies and private murders, with all the horrors of pestilence and famine!

Within her lofty and proud walls and gorgeous palaces, ah!

Temple, on the 12th of August, —, the whole embracing the period of four months and eleven days.

From the commencement of the war in Judea, on the 8th May, A.D. 65, to the destruction of the Temple, August 12th, A.D. 70, embraced exactly 5 years, 3 months, and 4 days.

\* Probably from June, A.D. 67 to early in March, A.D., 69, VÆ, or, A.D. 75 of the true æra.

even within her long venerated and once Holy Temple, were now found such discordant and inflammatory materials, as failed not to cause, at all hours, the most ferocious and murderous strifes! Union of purpose and of action among such elements, though against a common enemy, was quite impossible. In one direction might be seen the friends of the Gischalite—in another, those of Eleazar, equally robbers, but not friends of John, nor indeed of any person or thing that was good: then came Simon, son of Gioras, no less desperately wicked than the rest,—and he the champion of another faction, some of whom were the reckless Idumeans, or Edomites; and these under Simon held the Upper City, and likewise no small part of the Lower: to these divisions must be added many Jews of that class, who, despairing of eventual success, therefore somewhat favoured the Romans,—and again, some Christians, who, from pious motives, had not yet fled to Pella, or other places of refuge, and were hated alike by all: and still further,—there were some very moderate Jews; who, though not on the Roman side, and despaired not, were yet in great terror of all the factions, and hence incapable of any action for the common weal. These believed that all the factions might eventually come to their merited end; and that Jerusalem, in time, might rise above her sore calamities: but, being few in number, and grievously alarmed, were chiefly occupied in preserving their own lives and property. And lastly, among the Pharisees and the Sadducees, were perpetual and cruel strifes as to succession to the High-Priesthood; and among the rich and poor arose continual quarrels as to the rights and duties of each!

But great as was the misery occasioned by all of these jarring and wicked elements, the whole was fearfully heightened by the myriads of *foreign* Jews assembled there, with no other ties than as attendants upon the then Passover: these had become desperate for food; and, though weakened and hunger-bitten, some would not abandon the city, and others were forbidden by the factions so to do. Without arms, moreover, and unacquainted with war, they had come to worship at the Temple—but found it a polluted fortress, and that they were now doomed to pestilence, as well as famine,—or to be slain, alike by domestic and foreign foes!

These numerous factions, whether of war, of schemes for plunder, or of perverted religion, grew daily more fierce; and they either robbed and murdered one another, or set fire to each other's property—or, as was the case with some, became the quiet and unresisting victims of the rest,—so that the broad avenues that led to the very gates of the Temple—to its Cloisters and its Courts, were made slippery and nearly impassable with human blood and flesh!—and, whilst the more pious and adventurous few would still press

## Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-witness.

forward to make their offerings and prayers to Abraham's God, they often were shot down by insidious arrows, or hurled to instant death by huge stones, cast upon them from roofs and other heights!

Many of those foreign Jews had implored the factions for permission to escape; but the infatuated people of our doomed City said "No;" for *they* saw not that an avenging God included these *Strangers*, also, in what was to come: they had entered the City regardless of prophecy, and of all the signs of the times; many had witnessed, or heard of the cruel scene upon Calvary,—probably with unbelieving, cold, and unrepentant hearts. They had not come to the Temple to make amends for that foul deed; but were part of that people who had said to Pilate, "BE HIS BLOOD UPON US, AND UPON OUR CHILDREN!" and hence was it that the marauders, and others, *could* not see the folly of forcibly retaining within their walls these countless strangers,—whose presence gave no strength, but greatly augmented the general misery!

But those previous horrors will now be passed over, that we may at once contemplate the siege, and its fatal issue.

Vespasian's great son advanced from Cæsarea towards Jerusalem scarce a week before our Passover;\* and encamped near the *Hill of Saul*,—having then with him only four legions, and a strong body of auxiliaries,—but expecting further supplies, in all, scarce threescore and ten thousand men—to destroy a City whose army within their walls greatly outnumbered their foes, and who were far more desperate—a City, whose inner, second, and outer walls, deep sunk in the earth, and rising towards the skies, were guarded by numerous lofty towers of matchless masonry, all as solid as the eternal rocks—a City, whose then population of quite three millions, feared not death (except the strangers) in any form,—and in fine, a City, the strongest and best fortified of any in the world, and which, under other circumstances, must have defied the concentrated powers of the Empire!—and yet that City, JERUSALEM, hath fallen, and is swept from off the earth, as a proud forest of goodly trees is sometimes laid prostrate by a rush of mighty winds! How cometh this, O Aquila, save that strength vanisheth into weakness, when the God of Hosts frowneth?—truly, then, did the victorious Titus exclaim, "*From these fortifications, the Jews were expelled by God alone—from such strongholds, man never could have driven them!*"—and the triumphant Roman never would have made that speech, but that his own comparative weak-

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\* Titus probably sounded his fourth trumpet for their departure from Cæsarea, five days before the Passover of the 24th—that is, on Wednesday, 29th March—or the 20th of Nisan; and seems to have struck his first blow in the siege, on Saturday, 1st April, or 23rd Nisan.

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ness, and the surprising strength of those walls, and the wonderful bravery of the besieged, and the reckless indifference to life of myriads, made it quite manifest that the overthrow of all was the work of an Almighty hand!

In thus viewing as miraculous the total destruction of this ancient City—the slaughter of *eleven hundred thousand* of her people, and the making captive of nigh an *hundred thousand* more, I give due allowance, and no more, for the work of death through the pestilence, the famine, and the civil feuds! Independently, then, of all *prophecy*, I am forced to regard the assailing power as quite too weak to have effected what they did, had not the Omniscient Ruler of battles taken strong sides with the Romans! Yes, Jerusalem's days were numbered, and no human prowess could have saved her.

When the Romans were advancing on Jerusalem, the numerous factions became in a great degree united, sufficiently so to manifest the excellence and great strength of union, and the certain ruin that must come to a divided people. But, my Aquila, were not these destructive *factions*, in themselves, as miraculous, as the famine, the pestilence, and the sword's appearance at the same moment? And all these would surely not have come upon them thus, had not they been maddened by extreme wickedness! And here, again, their unnatural impiety seems also to have been within their curse, and as superhuman, as their blind incredulity doubtless was; and both were designedly *penal*!—for, where, in the history of any other people, do we find a judicial blindness so supreme—a wickedness so monstrous—a thirst of plunder so motiveless—a factious rancour so fiend-like—a self-slaughter so fatuous—and an abandonment of natural feelings so truly satanic? I think you will agree with me, then, that Jerusalem's desolation is a solitary instance, excelling those of Nineveh and Babylon, and even the Cities of the Plain—its crime being *DEICIDE*, like its punishment, unknown before!

The operations on Jerusalem were as early as on the Sabbath, the 23 of *Nisan* [Saturday, 1 April, A. D. 70.] But, on the fifth of *Iyar* [Thursday, 13 April] a rash act of Titus must have cost him his life, had he not been, as Cyrus was, Heaven's protected minister! He had approached the walls with 600 of his cavalry, to inspect more closely their strength: and being near the tower of Psephinus, a party of Jews rushed suddenly out upon him from the gate near Helena's monuments, and separated him from his little force. Escape seemed impossible,—the darts and arrows flew about him from every side; and though without armour or helmet, he broke through the thick array of his enemies, and found himself in safety, and but little injured! Some of his attendants were killed, and

*Titus wounded  
and in great  
peril.*

many wounded. And yet, canst thou credit the strange infatuation? the Jews greatly rejoiced and exulted over what they called *Cæsar's flight*,—seeing in it, moreover, the presage of a sure victory! Titus, when he made this perilous adventure, was encamped about thirty furlongs from the city: but, in not many hours after, his forces were stationed at *Scopus*, distant from the walls only seven furlongs; and having removed all the beautiful trees and fountains, as also every other obstruction on the plain that intervenes between *Scopus* and the City, he once more removed his camp, and came in safety to almost an arrow's throw of the gates, close to Herod's tomb, and to the Pool of Serpents.

During those various removals, and preparations for the siege, some sallies had been made by the reckless Jews from their gates, and generally with success: but still, if they destroyed a few of the common enemy beyond their walls, their occasional destructive conflicts with each other, in the very heart of their city, more than countervailed all their gains in those impetuous sallies.

The first great desire of Titus was to gain the outer wall, at a certain point of its least elevation, and where it was known to be least strongly connected with the second wall. But, before he would make the attack, he instructed Nicanor, his special favourite, to accompany Josephus to the walls, there to ask of the besieged a friendly colloquy—hoping to persuade them to save the City and themselves by capitulation.

The kind offer, so well intended by the Roman, and honestly declared by the zealous Jew, was rashly met only by a shower of missiles,—one of which wounded Nicanor! and this was on Sabbath day, *Iyar* the 5th. [April 13th.] No time now was lost; instant orders were given to set fire to the suburbs; the huge battering rams were soon after set in terrific motion against the selected wall; enormous stones, each a talent in weight, were hurled with destructive force: the people, enclosed by that portion of the outer wall, were struck with horror; for the siege was indeed begun with an awful violence, that presaged an early wretched future—the wall gave way before it—the Romans rushed through the breach—the gates of this wall were soon wide open, and the New City instantly came into the full possession of the besiegers! This occurred on the fifteenth day of the siege, and on the *seventh* day of *Iyar*. [Saturday, April 15th.]

And here, my Aquila, the humanity of Titus was again manifested: for, instead of sorely pressing the Jews within the range of this first wall, he proceeded to nearly demolish it, and to remove his camp into the New City, regardless of the Jews' withdrawal into the Inner City, through the gates of the second wall.

Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-witness.

The next early object, however, of Titus was to attack that wall with great vigour,—to resist which, the Jews fought with marvellous bravery and skill, and making several desperate sallies on our foes: but, in the short period of five days, that second shield of our countrymen no longer afforded any defence; and the Lower City seemed already vanquished. But this apparently easy conquest was promptly followed by a dreadful battle. Titus was again humane; he had entered the breach in the second wall with a thousand chosen men, on the 12th of *Iyar*; [Thursday, 20 April;] but he greatly desired to spare the City and the people: hence he permitted the second wall to remain uninjured, save in the breach made for his entrance. The sturdy resistance now made, and the terrific battle brought on by the Jews, compelled the valiant Roman to retreat within the first wall! and my countrymen were again in full possession of the breach, and of the Lower City; which they retained with all the exultation of victors—but alas! only for a few days.

Tespassian's illustrious son soon restored perfect order within the bounds of the first wall; and then renewed his resistless attacks—the Jews were again driven from their posts,—the second wall was now regained and wholly prostrated; and the Roman eagles once more waved in triumph over the Lower City! [*Iyar* 16th—April 24th.]

The condition of the Holy City was now indeed most alarming, not only to all within the remaining wall, but especially to those who defended its many towers, against which the tremendous instruments were to be set in motion. But Titus once more yielded to the influences of his nature, and suspended all further hostilities during four days—hoping and believing that, as so much had been gained with comparative ease, and also as the famine was daily becoming more severe, these would induce our brave and obstinate people to surrender, if not from wisdom, yet from exhaustion.

On the fifth day, however, after the Lower City had been gained, finding no intimation from the people, or from any of the factions, as to the hope of surrender, Titus renewed the siege,—which he commenced by raising a vast embankment against the Tower of Antonia! The battle now raged with fatuous desperation on the side of our countrymen, and with a steady perseverance on that of the Romans. [*Iyar* 22d—April 29th.]

Titus, nevertheless, still continued anxious to rescue the city from destruction,—but specially our noble Temple—alike the wonder of the Gentiles, and the glory of the Jews—and therefore again sent Josephus near the gates, that he might reason with his distracted countrymen on the matter of submission.

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With that view also, Titus permitted vast numbers, especially of the foreign Jews, to escape : whereupon many sold their property hurriedly for a little money—others swallowed small pieces of gold, or silver,—and often that they might rescue it from the robbers that surrounded them,—and then the Roman camp presented the remarkable spectacle of some thousands of those miserable beings, seeking a temporary asylum among their foes, that they might no longer witness the horrors within the walls !

The daring and infamous John of Gischalâ, and the wily Simon of Gioras, slaughtered many who thus attempted to escape ; famine, pestilence, murder, and robbery were still everywhere within those walls, whilst beyond them Titus had daily become strengthened,—and now finding that clemency was of no avail, he scourged and crucified all who ventured beyond the gates. The Jews on their walls beholding some hundreds of the famished deserters almost daily slain, and by newly invented modes of crucifixion, yet proudly continued to ridicule the admonitions of Josephus, and madly cried out to him, “ We fear not death, nor care for Israel, nor for the Temple’s safety—the World is God’s Temple, and more worthy than that which the Romans seek to destroy ! ” They had, some time before, slain their good high priest *Ananus*, and placed in his stead the ignoble *Phœnias*, so that these three acts (had an hundred others been forgiven) seemed to fill their cup of iniquity to overflowing—they had become as demons, consigned to a sure and fearful destruction.

The embankment and other preparations for the great assault upon the Tower of Antonia, were now completed, after seventeen days of immense toil : and Titus being re-enforced by a large body of auxiliaries, armed after the Macedonian fashion, and under the command of Epiphanes, king of Comagna, the attack was made with great confidence,—but was followed by a most destructive slaughter of those forces,—and a like success had attended John and Simon in the destruction of one of the embankments, and also by the Gischalites’ subterranean works, setting fire to all of the coverings made by Titus for the protection of his battering-rams and other dreadful machines, then in operation against the tower ! The Romans were compelled to retreat to their camps, by the missiles, the fire, and sulphurous smoke all around them ; and were even hotly pursued by the enraged and now victorious Jews : but again, our countrymen were soon driven back within their wall,—and yet, only after a bloody and rapid conflict on both sides.\*

The next resort of Titus was a bold and effectual one. He

\* Probably from the 2nd to the 10th of May, as the Embankment may have begun about the middle of April.

## Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-witness.

surrounded the City with a wall of no vast extent, but of great strength,—as its main purpose was to prevent escape, so that famine and pestilence might the sooner accomplish a work, which human power seemed scarce able to effect. Now this wall of circumvallation, though quite forty-and-nine stadia in circuit, was all completed in *three days*!—which, if not miraculous, was surely a work that none but Romans would have thought of, and none but they could have effected. And oh! dear Aquila, can even imagination take in, much less my pen describe, the accumulated miseries that early ensued! The dead bodies no longer could be buried even in the rudest way: the Angels of foul disease and of mortal hunger were now too rapid, even had any spirit remained with the people for the sepulture of their dead,—so that the emaciated and nearly expiring corpses were cast over the walls, in loathing and appalling numbers! The sickening miasms of death, of moribund life, and of odious putridity, then within the Roman eye, aroused even their sympathies,—and Titus called Heaven to bear him witness, that he much desired to save the maddened people, and their City, but that they would not—and therefore that the Jews, not the Romans, were the authors of all those terrific scenes.

And here, good Aquila, I ask thee to remember that our Feast of Pentecost took place only two days after the completion of that wall of circumvallation, that is, on *Sivan's* 7th day! [Sunday, May 14th.] And oh, what a Pentecostal day! The work of casting over the walls the loathsome bodies, destined for Hinnom, still continued, when Titus again summoned Josephus to invoke our crazed multitude to accept of their lives, their City, and their glorious Temple. Flavius promptly obeyed; but he well-nigh had lost his life thereby,—for the Jews so detested his presence and voice, that they instantly hurled upon him a shower of missiles: he was seen to fall senseless on the earth; and was rescued only by extreme peril. Great and long continued were the shouts from the walls, as they supposed Josephus slain; whereas, in a few hours thereafter, the zealous and honest friend of his country again appeared, and urged his cause upon them,—but alas! only with an increased rage against him, and their foes. I know not how to unfold to thee the sights that followed: these I often witnessed until my soul was so filled with horror, that, had I been in the presence of Moloch in the abyss of Gehenna, I could not have been more overcome! The ditches were yet full of the pestiferous bodies—the dogs and birds of prey were gorged with them—the miasms being too great to be thus devoured,—but fresh ones would come, and they likewise were fated,—for their once craving maws being filled, I found them reposing at a distance, as if awaiting the return of appetite! The air was poisoned with the foul effluvia, and the heart and eye of hu-



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manity shrank from the sight with involuntary horror. It seemed as if the loathing particles were visible and palpable, and as if they forced themselves upon the very taste—and yet, O Aquila! man's love of *mammon* conquered *all this*,—for, canst thou believe me? my eyes rested upon a crowd of Arabian and Syrian soldiers, deeply engaged in cutting open many of those vile and putrid bodies—and then fell upon some hundreds of the yet living and famished deserters, who shared the same fate—and all this was done, my Aquila, in search of small pieces of gold or silver, yea, possibly of ruder coin, swallowed by the wretched beings! To the honour of Titus, he instantly forbade it, and under penalty of death: but, so strong is avarice that the practice still went on in secret; and very many continued thus to perish, not for the sake of any dangerous life within them, but truly for the gold, which the love of it had placed there, as depositories of safety, and which had thus awakened in their enemies a stronger longing for their death, than for victory over them in open warfare! Should I attempt to enumerate, even nakedly, the hundredth part of the dreadful forms in which man's wicked selfishness was permitted to carry out God's vengeance upon our guilty people, I should weary thy heart, without adding the least strength to thy already perfect faith.

In less than three months after the siege commenced, no less than 116,000 bodies had been carried out of even one of the many gates of our once prosperous and holy Salem; and it is believed that quite half a million more had passed through the other gates! Those cast over the walls, or disposed of in divers other ways, can only be conjectured from the miserable remnant of the three million, believed to have been within those walls—an increased population caused by reasons familiar to thee.

*The Tower of Antonia gained.* The assault upon the Tower of Antonia (which had been so unsuccessful, and which caused the wall of circumvallation) was renewed soon after the wall was completed, and immediately after the new mounds were raised at that tower. And now a fierce conflict took

place on the 1st of *Thammuz*, [Wednesday, June 7th,] and, in four days more, at the ninth hour of the 5th of *Thammuz*, the Tower of Antonia was fully gained—her sentinels slain, and the Romans, in hot pursuit, passed into the very presence of our once holy, but then greatly defecrated Temple! [Sunday, June 11th.]

But nevertheless, the remaining forces on both sides pressed into the area between the Tower and the Temple; and there ensued a most terrific slaughter that lasted ten hours! The area being too small for the use of darts and other missiles, the parties were compelled to come into dreadful contact—the Jews became as raving hyænas; and the Romans were once more compelled to re-

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tire within the walls of the Antonia: but, *mark*, O my Aquila! that, on the 17th of *Thammuz*, [Friday, the 23rd June,] Titus demolished a part of the tower walls towards Bezetha—and, on that same day the *Perpetual Sacrifice to God was ended!* The people's grief at this knew no bounds,—but only because they now began to see God's sure vengeance; and that the MOSAIC LAW had then expired! Come with me, excellent Aquila, and contemplate, for a moment, this astounding fact—and we shall see therein the completion of a most ancient *system*—the fulfilment of a long pending *prophecy!*

Remember that, with only three interruptions, the institution of the Perpetual Sacrifice had endured quite fifteen hundred years, counting from the time when our Master Moses first offered it, until now. Forget not that the Law from Sinai ordained “*two lambs of the first year, without blemish, to be daily offered for a continual burnt offering.*” Now, as all Jews do well know, that sacrifice, twice a day, failed not from that time until now, save when heinous sin brought in the oppressor thrice—first, in *Ahaz*—then *Nebuchadnezzar*, and lastly, in *Antiochus Epiphanes*: these three, and now Vespasian's son, are the avengers of God's greatly violated law. Promises of restoration of the Perpetual Sacrifice attended the three first—and those promises were fulfilled: but, my Aquila, I find no such promise to be now ours: and do not we now find the “*Sceptre departed from Judah?*”—also, is not the “*Temple with scarce one stone upon another*”—and the “*Nation scattered, as with a sieve?*”—and these were the *prophecies* of ancient date, which now are *history!* And finally, O my Aquila, remember the marvellous *coincidences!* the Perpetual Sacrifice was performed in the first crude tabernacle, on the same day of the week as that in which Titus, so many ages after, ended it in the gorgeous temple!—and here, engrave it upon thy heart, my friend, those “*two lambs*” never failed to come forth, and in all perfection, down even unto the last moment—though Jerusalem, for months, had been famished more sorely than was ever within man's memory!—But no more lambs, *for ever*, will now be needed; the great work hath been accomplished—and no restorer shall ever come, until all shall be of *one fold!*

And now, my Aquila, let me proceed with this narrative of woes. The little that remained to be done was not yielded to the Romans, with the care they looked for, by Him who guideth all things. The Antonia was, indeed, fully gained; and the victorious army was in the midst of the City: but still the Jews of the Upper City were powerful: they rallied, and turned upon their foes with great fierceness, and sustained themselves with a lion-hearted valour.

After the battle, moreover, that had followed the ruin of the Antonia, the forces needed repose, and Titus also needed counsel.

**I**t was soon perceived by Titus that access to the Temple was wholly impeded by its connection with the Antonia: he consequently ordered, as previously stated, its immediate destruction, which occupied seven days; and in the mean while he prepared for a vigorous assault upon the Temple, not however without assuring the Gischalite of his still earnest desire to save it, and also that the daily sacrifices might be renewed: this communication was made by Titus in person, though at some distance—Josephus being the interpreter. John, however, proved inflexible, and tauntingly replied to the great Roman, as he had previously to Josephus,—so that hostilities soon after were renewed.

**T**he removal of a part of the Antonia, and the construction upon its site of the necessary mounds, paved the way for a direct and easy operation of the battering-rams upon the Temple. The night was dark, and the attack commenced at the ninth hour [3 o'clock in the morning.] The battle raged with unabated fury till the noon of the following day,—but without decided success on either side. During the first hour of attack, the Jews had suffered greatly, especially from not being able to distinguish friend from foe: but the Romans had taken special care to give each other the watch-word.

**A**bout this time, a party of desperate Jews left the city, and attacked the tenth legion stationed at Mount Olivet—whilst, in the city, the Zealots had set fire to that cloister of the Temple which adjoins the embankment so recently erected upon the basement of the Antonia; and this was on the 22d of *Thammuz*, [Wednesday, June 28th,] and, in two days thereafter, the Romans followed their example, and burnt down another cloister: this was followed, on the part of the Jews, by the destruction of the roof of the cloister, by all of which means, the area became much enlarged for the action of the Roman forces.

**O**n the 27th of *Thammuz*, [Monday, July 3rd,] the whole western cloister was filled by the Jews with inflammable materials inside and out—and they then feigned to abandon it: by this the Romans were entrapped—they ascended to the roof in large numbers and with ignorant confidence,—when the Jews rushed forward and instantly set fire to the combustibles—the whole cloister was destroyed, and the loss of the enemy, by fire and sword, was very great! The Northern cloister shared the same from the Romans, on the following day.

And here, my Aquila, I will for a time leave the proceedings against the Temple, that I may detail a terrific personal event: for, though it relates but to an *individual* known to me, it seems that, by some law of our nature, even a deeper excitement of sympathy may arise towards an individual, than is often manifested, under other circumstances, where thousands are slaughtered or famished! A few similar cases are found in past history—but only where the general wickedness of the people had become satanic—for such cases do not necessarily involve the individual in supreme guilt. This case I dwell on, as it so clearly falls within the very words of a most ancient prophecy.

*Individual Mission. Prophecies fulfilled.*

But, before I relate the sad story, permit me to remind thee of the language of our prophets, so well known to all during so many ages,—and now so visibly accomplished, as to leave no doubt that prophecy has thus become a terrific reality.

Every Jew, from his infancy, hath deeply impressed on his memory that wonderful catalogue of blessings and of curses, detailed by Moses in the Book of El-Hadebarim\*—the one in reward of diligent obedience—the other as sore affliction for persevering wickedness. I shall state only a part of the curses.

“And the Lord shall bring a Nation against thee, from afar, from the end of the earth, AS SWIFT AS THE EAGLE FLIETH—a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand—a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young—a nation that shall eat the fruit of thy cattle, and the fruit of thy land, until thou be destroyed—a nation which shall not leave the corn, nor wine, nor oil, nor the increase of thy kine, or of thy flocks, until he hath destroyed thee. And he shall BESIEGE thee in all thy gates, throughout all thy land—and thou shalt EAT the fruit of THINE OWN BODY—the flesh of thy sons, and of thy daughters, in the siege, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee—so that the tender man that is among you, and who is very delicate, he shall have an evil eye towards his brother, and towards the wife of his bosom, and towards the remnant of his children, so that he will not give to any of them the flesh of his own children, which he shall eat, because he hath nothing left in the siege, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates.”

“THE TENDER AND DELICATE WOMAN among you, who would not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil towards the husband of her bosom—and towards her son, and towards her daughter, and towards her young one, and her children that she shall bear; for she

\* The Book of Deuteronomy.

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*shall eat them, for want of all food, SECRETLY in the siege and straits wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates. And ye shall be left FEW IN NUMBER, whereas ye were as the stars of heaven for multitude. And the Lord shall SCATTER THEE AMONG ALL PEOPLE, FROM ONE END OF THE EARTH EVEN UNTO THE OTHER; and among these nations thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy feet have rest.\**

More than fourteen centuries have passed since this alarming prophecy was uttered; and how long and variously God hath borne with us, all Jews, and divers other people, do well know.

Again, O Aquila, I would remind thee, for the times now demand it, of Leviticus. "*And I will make your CITIES waste, and bring your SANCTUARIES into desolation—and I will bring the LAND into desolation, and your enemies who dwell therein shall be astonished at it—and I will scatter you among the Heathen: then shall the land enjoy her sabbaths, as long as it lieth desolate; and Ye shall be in your Enemy's land.*"†

And moreover, Micah declares thus; "*Therefore shall Zion be ploughed as a field—and Jerusalem shall become heaps.*" Ezekiel, also speaking of these times, saith, "*The sword is without, and the pestilence and the famine are within; he that is in the field shall die with the sword, and he that is within the City shall be devoured by the famine and pestilence*"—"My face also will I turn from them, and they shall pollute my secret place; for the ROBBERS shall enter into it, and defile it."‡

These latter prophecies, my Aquila, are now more than six hundred years old; and are only a few among numbers, which vividly paint these very times of unutterable desolation: now are they no longer prophecies, but fearful truths, accomplished before our astonished and mourning eyes! And these prophecies, fulfilled, have awakened in me, now for the first time in my life, the wonders of an all-seeing eye, that beholds, as actually existent, the minutest facts, centuries before they become revealed in time!—oh, how wonderful is that foreknowledge, which yet ordaineth nothing,—but leaves to man his perfect liberty! Come we now to glance at the present as it was foreseen so many ages ago! Are not the Romans a nation from afar, and have they not possessions in the remotest ends of the earth, as now known to man?—did they not bear upon us with Eagles as their ensigns?—came they not upon us with swiftness?—is not their's a strange tongue unto Israel's people?—is not their countenance most fierce?—at Jotapata, at Gamala, at Gadara, and all the other cities which they levelled to the earth, did

\* Deut. xxviii.

† Levit. xxiv.

‡ Ezek. viii.

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they not disregard the *persons of the old*, or did the *young* find with them *any favour*?—have they not eaten up the fruit of the *land*, and of our *kine*, leaving to our afflicted people neither corn, wine, nor oil?—did they not *besiege* the cities in *all their gates*?—are not our sons and our daughters made, comparatively, *few in number*?—are they not become *captives*, and are they not *scattered* from the one end of the earth to the other?—are they not daily sent into remote places, having there *no rest for the sole of their feet*?—are not our *lands* desolated by our foes, and after they have destroyed our *cities*?—is not Jerusalem in *heaps*?—hath not the *sword*, without the walls thereof, destroyed its thousands in the *field*, and have not the *famine* and the *pestilence*, within those walls, caused the City to be an *aceldama*?—hath not God *turned his face* from his Temple, yea, from his *secret place*?—and have not John and Simon and Eleazar, with their hordes, been *robbers*, who entered into it, and *polluted* and *defiled* it? have not our *sanctuaries* fallen into desolation, and did not our sacrifices cease, even before the Temple vanished?

But, my venerable Aquila, we have not only these very ancient prophecies fulfilled to the letter; but we have those explicit ones of our Great Master, who, scarce *eight-and-thirty years ago*, proclaimed the fate of Jerusalem in these clear words, "*Take heed that no man deceive you, for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ—and many false prophets shall arise, and deceive many. When ye shall see the ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the HOLY PLACE, then let those who are in Judea flee unto the mountains,—for there shall be great tribulation—such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time—no, nor ever shall be.*"

*The modern prophecies fulfilled.*

Again, when the disciples were expressing their wonder and admiration at the great solidity and magnificence of the Temple, their Master said, "*Seest thou these great buildings?—there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be cast down!—But before all these things,*" said he at another time, "*they shall lay their hands upon you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and in prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for my name's sake.*" And again; "*When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies—then know that the desolation thereof is nigh! And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled—Verily I say unto you, THIS GENERATION shall not pass away till all be fulfilled!*"

Now, good Aquila, mine own eyes have seen these things accomplished, as thou well knowest—yea, also, unto the exact letter! Remember that, soon after the dreadful event upon Calvary, and the third of a century before the marvellous siege, as likewise during

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Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-witness.

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its continuance, greatly were we troubled with *false Christs*, and many were deceived by them to their ruin. I have seen the "*Abomination of Desolation*" (truly the Jewish robbers, and the Roman heathens) standing in the *Holy Place*! I have seen thousands of the faithful  *flee unto the mountains*; for is not Pella, and all those countries, filled with those who sought refuge from Jerusalem? I have seen the sword in the field, and the pestilence and famine within the walls,—likewise the self-slaughter and civil wars! and these are the *tribulations*, such as the world saw not before, great as miseries sometimes have been among men! Mine own eyes have beheld the solid magnificence of the Temple levelled unto the ground,—and soon will there be *no stone left upon another*—Jerusalem is now *trodden down* by the Gentiles! And, oh my friend, how many Apostles, Evangelists, Presbyters, Deacons, and converts of every degree, have I beheld persecuted in the synagogues, and cast into prisons by kings and rulers, and all for his *name's sake*! I have seen Jerusalem *compassed by armies*, myriads sent as captives into *all the nations*! and every tittle thereof, as we all do know, hath come about before *that generation* had passed away, unto whom those sad words were uttered! Yes, Aquila, all hath been verified, vindicating thereby, in substance and in exact form, Christ's concluding words, "*Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away*"—by which, as I understand Him to mean, it is declared that the *visible universe hath its period; it will end at its appointed time*; and in the like manner, will His words be as surely accomplished, at their appointed time.\*

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Now am I the better prepared to relate to thee, my good Aquila, the melancholy tale I promised, and which is so close a fulfilment of the prophetic words in Deuteronomy just given, and which during so many ages have been constantly read in all our synagogues.

In the fourth month after Titus appeared before Jerusalem's

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\* Early after the date of Melchior's letter, the prophecy cited by him was additionally fulfilled, in the fact of Jerusalem's being actually *ploughed up*, as Micah declared it should be! Terentius Rufus, acting under the orders of his government, performed this remarkable act,—doubtless, without any suspicion by him, or any Roman, that it was in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy! And we may now add that then, and up to the present hour, the *lands* continued to become more desolate, and to enjoy their *Sabbaths*, as predicted,—and that the Gentiles have ever since expressed astonishment at their comparative sterility. In fine, all modern travel daily affords new proofs of the literal truth of all the oracles uttered as to Israel and their country—the ancient ones being now quite 3300 years old; and those called new being more than 1800 years!

walls, the famine had become so grievous that, even those of the highest rank and greatest wealth, were perishing for food. [*Ab*, 9th—July 15th.] Corn was then selling at sixteen *manehs* the bushel; [about 120*l.* sterling ;] and, in a few weeks after, could not be had at any price. Their sword belts, and the leathern coverings of their shields, their shoes, and various articles of apparel, were eagerly devoured. All the sinks, and every other receptacle of vile things, were searched with avidity and raked up with care, under the hope of finding something to serve the purposes of digestion ! The people everywhere were seen frenzied, and were often found reeling through the streets, as if drunk with the sore disease of famine !

During that calamitous state of things, certain robbers, in the recklessness of their wanderings, passed close by a splendid mansion, and were astonished and ravished with delight, at the savoury smell of food, and of such as they supposed was nowhere to be found at that time in all Jerusalem. They rushed into the house, and with threats accosted a “*delicate lady*,” who was then solitarily brooding over her misery. They demanded the instant surrender of the dish of savoury meat she must have feasted on. With a feeble voice, and an eye of maniacal indifference, she said, her good friends had come in time, for that she had just ate one half, and placed the rest aside—and then uncovering the dish, behold the remains of her roasted infant !

The robbers gazed on the food, and then on the mother, with horror, wonder, and pity—they were wholly speechless ! “*Eat !*” cried the distracted lady, “*for I have eaten !—and are ye more delicate than a woman—more tender-hearted than a mother ?—or, if ye are too devoutly scrupulous to partake of such fare, leave the rest to me—and begone !*” The robbers withdrew in awe and silence.

DOOR MARY OF PEREA ! I knew thee well, in the day of thy might—in the day of thy luxury—of thy great beauty—and of thy delicateness. Oh, thrice wretched daughter of my valued friend Eleazar of Bethzob ! thy youth and loveliness and wealth, and even thy devoted love towards thy first-born, could not save thee from the loathing act thou hast done. Thy husband, too,—more fortunate than thou, went before thee and thy tender offspring, and escaped this terrific sight : but thou, maddened by accumulated woes, and daily robbed of the wretched pittance of food that remained to thee, could yield no longer to thy suffering infant the least of sustenance. In vain did the little innocent strive to extract from thy parched bosom its wonted supply—no moisture was there—the fountain had wholly ceased to flow even for the sinless—*sinless*, but that it was the offspring of one, too fond of life, not to be forgetful of her God ;—for, by the parent’s shadow the child is darkened ! And so it was, that, in some moment of thy sorest grief and desolation, after the



## Jerusalem's Destruction—Story of Mary of Perea.

marauders had oft despoiled thee and it of sustenance, or, in some moment of revenge towards them, and of overwhelming hunger in thyself, thou didst achieve this most unholy thing! But, O my Aquila, I will not, must not accuse any one—let me be humble and judge not; for little doth a stranger to the unceasing pangs of hunger, and to the madness of withering thirst, know what he may not do in such straits: oh, rather let every one shed tears of pity and forgiveness over the many griefs that environed poor Mary of Perea!

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Her sad story (for she was well and kindly known) was spread abroad, and excited the languid eye and desponding heart of many famished Jews: even in the Roman camps, the melancholy tale was told, and roused the sluggish sympathy of not a few. Dear Lady! Fare-thee-well. Now art thou also numbered with those that breathe not, and thou art where thou wouldst be! Surely, the grave cancelled for thee all earthly griefs,—and we must hope none will follow after. In that great day alone, when all shall be revealed, can the true measure of thy guilt be known: but countless Mothers, in all after times, will hear thy story in sadness; and from the inner heart, yield thee a sigh—from the expressive eye, shed thee an abiding tear.

I doubt not thou art now willing, my Aquila, to return to the awakening events that concern the Temple—and yet, sure I am, thou hast no regret at my so long dwelling on the prophecies; or that Eleazar's hapless daughter hath so greatly roused me. I know thy heart too well to suppose, it hath not duly responded to both.

*Siege of the  
Temple re-  
newed.*

The full possession of the Antonia, and the destruction of some of the cloisters, soon left the Romans in the almost undisturbed occupation of the Court of the Gentiles, that encompassed the Temple's four sides; but, as the Temple itself was now a strong, if not impregnable fortress, and as the Upper City yet remained in the hands of the three chief Factions, under John, Simon, and Eleazar, there still was much to be effected before the labours of Titus could end. The assault upon the Temple, especially against the massive walls that encompassed the Holy of Holies, was vigorous, and of some days' continuance,—but with small effect—undermining also failed—the walls were then scaled,—but with an awful slaughter to the Romans, and with loss of their standards! Fires were then applied, by our greatly enraged foes, to the magnificent gates of the Holy House—the heat whereof became so intense that the massive silver coatings flowed in streams; and the cedar wood burst forth in vast sheets of flame, that continued to rage all that day and night of the 7th of Ab. [Thursday, 13th July.] The gates

## Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-Witness.

were now prostrate, and the agonized Jews appeared then, for the first time, to fear that God had forsaken them! The orders of Titus were strenuous for the extinguishment of the fires, and this was effected: whereupon he summoned a council to decide the fate of the Holy Building—but little did even Titus know how wholly he was but an humble instrument of the Most Highest!

The council of war was divided in opinion; three of the fix urging that now it was no Temple,—but had become the Fortress of a mutinous and most desperately wicked people; and, as such, ought to be levelled to the earth; but Titus, having sided with the other three, ordered that great exertions should be continued for its preservation.

At length, on the 10th of Ab, [*Sunday, July 16th,*] (surely a memorable day in our Jewish chronicles) our second Temple (as did Solomon's under the king of Babylonia) became a prey to Roman fury! Oh, how marvellous are the ways of Abraham's God!—Yes, my good Aquila, this same *tenth* day of Ab was the last of the existence of both temples!

This second beautiful House of God, raised by Zerubbabel, nigh unto 600 years ago, and to whom the Medo-Perfian Cyrus gave no less than five thousand and four hundred sacred vessels,—and which Temple, scarce a century ago, was so highly adorned and added to by the Great, but most wicked Herod, is now a prostrate ruin; and, like Solomon's, it perished for our sins—and on the same day of the same month!

Strange coincidence!—both the abode of the only God—JEHOVAH—both raised to His glory, and for his worship through successive ages—both defecrated by Israel's people, and by Heathens also—and both perished by *idolatrous* hands—so that, even thus early, scarce one stone remaineth that hath not been cast down, and removed from its fellow!\*

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\* There seems to be much confusion, and even contradiction, as to the true dates of these two remarkable events, both as to the name of the Jewish month—the day of that month, and also as to their correspondence with the modern name and day of the month. The months of *Ab* and *Elul*—those of *July* and *August*—the ninth and tenth of *Ab*—the third of *Elul*—the 10th of *August* and the 10th of *Ab*, are all indifferently given,—as if respectively of the same import! and yet there can be no doubt but that the destruction of both temples was in the *fifth* Jewish month, which is *Ab*, and on the 10th day of that month,—which cannot agree with the same day of the month, at periods so distant from each other. The high authority of Dr. Jarvis (in his "*Church of the Redeemed*," p. 585, which has just come to the Editor's hands) gives *Saturday, July 14th*, B. C. 586, V. *Æ.*, as the date of the destruction of Solomon's Temple—and *Sunday, July 16th*, A. D. 69, V. *Æ.*, as the date of the destruction of the Second Temple—but that, in both cases, these dates do correspond with the 10th of *Ab*. Josephus gives the 10th of the month *Loüs* (the Greek name for

## Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-Witness.

Thus perished the Temple by fire: but, let me now say a word as to *how* that marvellous event happened, seeing that Titus so greatly desired to save it. Now this, my Aquila, was obviously God's own doing;—the Roman had given strict orders for its preservation, and had retired to rest—nothing doubting but that Holy House would be fully gained without further injury. A rash soldier, however, applied the fatal brand; Titus instantly arose from his couch, and gave many signals for its relief—but the soldier also had his followers, and the orders of all in command were, in the madness of the moment, of no avail.

Titus and those in high command then entered the Holy of Holies! Great were the riches there—gold and silver in vast piles—robes of surpassing splendour—costly stuffs of every dye—vessels of precious metal,—and all things of such surpassing magnificence as much wondered them all, and increased greatly the desire to save the Temple. But the deed was already done—the fires soon ascended to the very heavens,—and, looking around me, I beheld at a distance (for my eyes now loathed the sights around me) the myriads of anxious gazers upon Olivet's heights, who stood with searching eyes and agonized hearts, witnessing the red and terrific glare of the raging element, that then lighted the summits of all the hills,—yea, even upon Mount Tabor and the far Libanus, were masses of people, invisible indeed to us, but gazing with the like horror on the fiery clouds, and black curling volumes of smoke, that pierced aloft, and illumined the remotest regions!

Now the massive cedar roofs, seasoned by so many ages, were dissolved into wide sheets of furious and darting flames—coming, as if from the mouths of angry Ætna, or the enraged Vesuvius! The nine lofty gateways, their ponderous doors, their posts and lintels, each richly carved in all places, not covered with plates of gold or of silver, were all seen by me successively falling into mingled ruin

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the 10th of Ab) as the same date for both events: and Melchior, in his letter to Aquila, hesitates not to confirm the *coincidence*,—and to give the 10th of Ab (which was Sunday, July the 16th) as the day of the final burning of the Second Temple: and, as the Jews commemorate the event by a fast on the 9th of Ab, Buxtorf accounts for the discrepancy by supposing that the conflagration commenced on Saturday the *ninth*, and was total on the *tenth*.

The curious subject of these and other *coincidences* is mentioned in various parts of these Chronicles, by Cartaphilus, as well as by others—and also upon authorities that cannot be questioned. The coincidences are many; but those chiefly alluded to are the five following:—1st, the declaration that no one than an adult should enter the land of promise, except Joshua and Caleb—2nd, the destruction of Solomon's Temple—3rd, the destruction of Zerubbabel's, or the Second Temple—4th, the ruin of Belshazzar and the slaughter of Balthazar—5th, the ploughing up of Jerusalem in the time of Hadrian: these and several more are said to have occurred on the 10th of the month Ab. See Note on the same subject, *post* Section LI.—and also Note \* p. 441. 458.

—and tumbling in all directions into the billowy flames ! And lo ! soon thereafter, from them all, I beheld the now liquid and blended metals pouring down in torrents, mixed with the living coals and bursting fragments of the snow-white columns, on whose polished surfaces the Sun, during so many ages, and the soft Moon, had loved to shed their richest and mellowest rays—which, in turn, were cast back upon the burnished gold and silver, or shining Corinthian brass, that encompassed many of those columns. But alas ! all of thy glories, O Temple of the living God ! are gone for ever : no sun nor moon, for ever, shall visit them—they are consumed by the fiercest of all the elements—made yet more potent by the breath of offended Deity !

**A**s I stood for a moment hard-by the Gate of Shushan, and under the porch of Solomon, surveying the scene around me, almost in a trance of stupifying terror, my eye became fixed upon that supreme glory of man's most skilful art—the “*BEAUTIFUL GATE* !”—I watched with feverish anxiety the progress of the maniac waves of fire about to encircle it, and I beheld those flames suddenly enveloping the much-famed *GOLDEN VINE* of that Gate ! In a minute after, speechless and pale and nearly breathless, I leaned, as it were for life, against a column of the Eastern Cloister : the blood within me, which, from the excessive heat, had coursed my veins with unnatural haste, was now so chilled with horror, that greatly I feared I should not escape,—for then I distinctly saw, and also heard, the rich and vast clusters of golden grapes, with all their luxuriant foliage, suddenly fall, and with a hideous crash upon the marble steps beneath the gate—and there, with a hissing noise, were they quenched in the deep streams of blood that gushed from thousands slain within the Temple ! So impetuously ran that blended stream, as to bear with it many of those wretched beings down the steps, and even the ponderous grapes and vines and foliage of that long-admired wonder of our Temple !

**B**ut this scene became to me still more overwhelming, from the piercing cries of those perishing in the flames—from the thundering noises of falling walls and columns and massive timbers—from the shouts of foes and of friends—from the lamentations of those at a distance upon the highest walls—from the roarings of the infuriated flames—from the harsh sounds of the catapultæ and battering-rams in levelling the proud and solid masonry—also from the deep-toned reverberations of these congregated noises, as they rushed from the surrounding towers and fragments of the Temple and the Antonia—and still further echoed from the hills and valleys that encompass the city !—Surely, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God !—for, if his Love be boundless and of long continuance, is not his Vengeance most terrible ?

*Destruction of  
the “Beautiful  
Gate.”*

*Individual Miseries.* On leaving my dangerous position near the Gate of Shushan, my attention was again suddenly arrested by a most appalling sight, within the Temple's other end! The slaughter had become very great within those walls

most remote from the raging element:—there, in blended heaps, lay the deluded pious, and the once daring wicked—the aged and the young: here also were found women of distinction, and those of low condition—mothers, daughters, and children,—and, mixed with all these were the dead, or half-expiring corpses of the Zealots, and of the haughty Romans!

The impious, and now more than ever reckless Gischalite, had just headed a few of his infamous horde; and found his way from the outer court of the Temple in safety, until he reached the Upper City! The news of his escape had astonished all, both friends and foes: and, whilst musing for an instant as to what should be his fate, I was roused from my thoughts by a body of most rash and frantic priests, perceived by me standing upon the loftiest parts of a roof, not yet reached by the flames!

These priests, with the unnatural strength of raging passions, and yet with the exhaustion of long famine, and wakefulness, were seen struggling to wrench off certain gilded spikes, of no small weight, that they might hurl them in defiance upon the enemy below!—but, being driven from the mad attempt, and compelled to take refuge upon a narrow wall, beneath which the flames were roaring, they were seen by others, and were summoned instantly to surrender. Now, though their escape was just as hopeless, as was their ability impotent, to sever those spikes, or to injure with them their foe, yet they remained silent for a moment,—and then suddenly two of those wretched men preferred death; and, to my inexpressible horror, I beheld *Mair*, the son of Belga—and *Joseph*, son of Delai, plunge headlong into the flames below! Such desperation roused the attention of many, even amidst the accumulated terrors around us; and we watched, with keen interest and curiosity, some other of those priests still lingering on the fearful heights, seemingly irresolute as to their course—and *we* not well assured they could descend in safety, if disposed. For a time, I observed them looking upon vacancy—then upon the fiery furies, and anon, their huge sorrows yielded to a flood of tears! A sight like this appeals to the heart, by a law of our nature, far more strongly, good Aquila, than when even many are slain before us in the usual course of warfare; and hence I found a more lively interest in the fate of those solitary priests, surrounded as they were on those fearful heights, by smoke and flames and falling walls, than as to some hundreds, who had clung around the altars before the conflagration raged—they found not mercy!

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Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-Witness.

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**A**t length a little boy, with haggard eye and emaciated frame, was seen by me on the summit of a lofty wall. He was strongly urged to descend, and with promise of life and safety: he complied; and soon was found alongside a fountain in the court—drinking as if, for the first time in his life, he was then conscious of *water's worth!* This done, he hurriedly filled his vessel to the brim; looked piteously on the companions he had forsaken,—and, with an arrow's speed, we found him on the same alarming heights, sharing liberally with them the cooling beverage; and, no doubt, as willing to partake of all their desperate fate!

On the following day, however, these priests, nearly famished by hunger and thirst, craved permission to surrender with pledge of life: but Titus then replied that the hour of mercy had now passed; and that, as the *Temple* was destroyed, the Priests, for their obstinacy, must perish with it—they came down, and instantly were put to death!

**A**lready have I alluded to false prophets and Messiahs, predicted for these times, and as a warning by the only true Messiah, that we should have no trust in them. Such false ones did appear in our Jerusalem during the whole siege. These were sustained by the Zealots, by which means the people were taught patiently to await deliverance, by some mighty temporal Shiloh! Strange infatuation! this wild notion brought into the Temple vast crowds of deluded persons: and, near the close of the conflagration, more than six thousand of them, chiefly women, and youths of both sexes, were found concealed in retired spots of the Temple and cloisters—they all perished amidst the flames of the Outer Court!

**T**he treasures collected from the Temple, and elsewhere, were indeed immense.\* When the fires had nearly subsided, the soldiers marched in procession round the smoking ruins, and with their idolatrous standards flying! When opposite to where the Gate of Shushan so lately stood, they offered sacrifices, and there saluted Titus as *Imperator*—a title which, as it seems, the Roman army may at any time lawfully confer! Wonderful Nation!—when shall thy empire cease—when shall Daniel's clear vision be accomplished?

**T**HE TEMPLE OF JEHOVAH—the only House on earth in which for ages He had deigned to dwell, being now no more, all that should follow in the dread scene of Jerusalem's men, I looked on with comparative indifference—yea, with a soul memorative only of her former glories, but nearly regardless of any further miseries in store for Abraham's afflicted seed.

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\* It is related that these treasures were so immense, that gold and silver depreciated in Syria to one half its former value!

## Jerusalem's Destruction, by an Eye-Witness.

More than a year hath passed since all was finished : reason, the child of time, but far more, our New Faith (built upon Calvary's rock, and made certain by the *empty* tomb, in which the Arimathean had laid the body, and the Jews *sealed* that tomb) now assures me that the Great Nazarene is ever with his Church, and in all places, and that now all the Earth is his Temple—and that wherever truth and sincerity are found, and faith in Him, *there* are his temples : surely the outward and visible temples may also, in time, arise—and they will as infallibly come, as the dews of heaven seek for the parched earth ! Hence is it, dear Aquila, that I shall mourn no longer over Jerusalem's fate : once so holy, it became so foul and defecrated, that its overthrow was doubtless as necessary, as was the destruction of the old world by the raging waters, or the Cities of the Plain by the subterranean and celestial fires !

What now remains to be told as to Jerusalem's utter ruin, may be shortly said : for, though full of stirring events, and of galling miseries, no Jew nor Christian can remember Solomon's prayer of dedication of his Temple, and also the weeping of those who witnessed the raising of the second one by Zerubbabel, without knowing that no other temple will ever supply its place—and that the Wall of Separation is now cast down for ever,—so that the rest of Salem is but dross, and must so remain until the times of the Gentiles be accomplished. Judah and Benjamin, and also the other Ten Tribes, must now alike be wanderers : Zion and the valleys around shall be desolate, and false gods will abound therein ; and the House of Jacob will nowhere be found in strength. Marvel not at these my words, O Aquila ; for so is it written in all the chronicles of the past, and in all the horrors of the present.

The Lower City was next consigned to the flames,—so that the Upper City alone remained the refuge of the wretched multitude, and of the few robbers that now had arms. Titus nevertheless, had some kind wishes in regard to that portion of Jerusalem, and would have saved it, and ended the slaughter : but the wicked folly that still guided the Sanhedrim, was the same as that which condemned Jesus : the blindness that yet sealed their eyes against the truth of the Resurrection—the obduracy that still closed their ears to the wonders of the Pentecostal day—and the madness that gave them hope for the Temple, until it lay in ashes, make them to the present hour still hopeful of a temporal Messiah ! Oh folly, that hath no name !—the beasts that roam and famish upon sterile mountains, are not more fierce and helpless than Man, when heart and mind are without the only God.

## Jerusalem's Destruction—Fate of the Gischalite.

On *Tisbri's* second day, [*Monday, 4th September,*] Titus became master of the Upper City—then the only portion that had resisted with hope, after the destruction of the Temple.\* When I beheld the Roman standards floating on the towers of that part of the city, the now very mixed horde of Jews, Romans, Syrians, Arabians, friends and foes—the pious few, and the desperately wicked many,—when all these were seen of me, I experienced a sensation of repose unknown to me for months past; for then the conflict was over, and all were seeking quietude; and an almost deadly silence reigned around! As birds of various and hostile natures are sometimes rudely dashed about by a long tumultuous hurricane, and sink together upon the earth, panting and exhausted, are then happy there to repose in harmony, so were now all these people, after a common danger, disposed to forget the past, and not to think of the future.

The conquest of the Upper City, as being the last mighty struggle, was gained only by a tremendous slaughter—so much so, that blood and fire were seen contending for the mastery!—and, when night came on, and the slaying ceased, the fires were observed to rage more fiercely! This, if in part a fancy in the multitude, shows nevertheless a prodigious waste of life, and that copious streams of blood—and the fury that urged each side, were both awfully great. And now the many vaults and passages under ground teemed with the living, the dead, and the dying—likewise with countless treasures, secreted there by a still hopeful and infatuated multitude: and, at that expiring moment of Jerusalem's existence, lo! in one of those loathsome vaults was seen John of Gischala!—and oh how fallen! He so famed for daring and haughty prowess, for artful stratagem, for undying perseverance, for indomitable wickedness, now lay motionless, toil-worn, and a wretched sufferer by famine, and now by hopeless despair! John feebly sued for life—which Titus granted,—but on condition of being doomed to perpetual chains!

All that remained of Jerusalem was then destroyed—save only a part of the Western Wall, and the towers of *Phajaelus*, of *Hippi-*

\* The usual date given for this event is the 2nd of *Tisbri*, and, by the moderns, the 7th of September: but the 7th of September corresponded with the 5th of *Tisbri*. It is also said that the Upper City was gained just one week before the Great day of Atonement: but, as that day is the 10th of seventh month, *Tisbri*, a week added to the 2nd of *Tisbri* would bring the day of Atonement to Monday the 9th of that Jewish month. If, then, the Upper City fell just one week before the day of Atonement, the 3rd of *Tisbri* must be received as the day: and, if the 2nd be taken as the undoubted day of conquest, it was not one week, but just eight days before the Atonement, as that was then on Tuesday the 12th of September. In either way, the day of Atonement could never come,—for God had destroyed all before that day arrived! See ante p. 433—435, and Note \*.



cus, and of *Mariamne*,—these being preserved as memorials to after ages of the sure existence of a City, which now numbers two thousand, one hundred, seventy and seven years—that is, since Melchisedek, the righteous king of Jebus, or Salem, first laid its foundations !\*

I must not end this letter, long as it is, good Aquila, without informing thee of the fate of that other renowned robber, Simon of Georas.

Nigh sixty days had elapsed since Jerusalem had become as “heaps ;” and yet nothing was seen or heard of Simon ! All sought to learn his fate ; but every search proved vain.

When all hope of further resistance in the Upper City was abandoned, Simon had assembled a number of persons, among whom were stone-cutters and other mechanics : they descended, with their tools, and with provisions for a long time, into one of the subterranean passages. Their plan was to continue mining there, until they could rise to the surface in some remote place of safety ; and thus effect their escape, after the Romans should have evacuated the ruins. The difficulties, however, encountered by them proved greater than were expected ; and they began to suffer from hunger. Simon resorted at length to a curious stratagem ; which he hoped to make effectual through the superstitious fears of the Roman soldiers on guard ; and that was, to rise from the ground under such circumstances as should alarm them, as being the appearance of some one rising from the grave ! With this view, Simon was clad in a pure white robe ; over which was buttoned a small purple mantle. Whilst the guards were reposing among the ruins near the city bounds, and as night was approaching, a tall figure was seen to rise from the ground, silently and with the most imposing dignity ! The white raiment and thin purple cloak—the haggard visage and sunken eyes—the long flowing beard, and curling locks, all so indistinctly seen through the evening gloom, failed not to rivet for a moment to the spot the soldiers’ attention : but they being too long familiar with scenes of horror, also with the artifices of war, and even with the supernatural agencies that seemed to mark Jerusalem’s downfall, soon became composed, and gradually approached the marvellous figure, demanding what it was, or wanted ?

Simon was silent, and in his demeanour mysterious ; but being further interrogated, and pressed for his name, he refused to give one—but bade them instantly call their captain. Terentius Rufus thereupon appeared,—to whom he surrendered—as Simon of Georas !

At that time, Titus was at Cæsarea Philippi, disposing of his

\* The tower of Phœbael yet remains, though nearly 1800 years have passed since the days of Titus—and Jerusalem now numbers nearly 4000 years.

## Triumph of Vespasian and Titus.

numerous captives, and casting to the wild beasts such as were unfaleable ! The news of Simon's capture was sent to Cæsar ; who, when he passed over to Cæsarea on the Sea, ordered Simon to be forthwith sent to him, and in bonds. This was done, that he might be reserved for the great Triumph expected to be soon celebrated at Rome, in honour of the victories in Palestine, and of the termination surely of the saddest of all the Roman wars.

I still cannot end my letter, without informing thee that the Triumph decreed by the senate to Vespasian and Titus, was perhaps the most magnificent ever exhibited even in Rome ; and that it was the first in which father and son were thus jointly honoured ! Of course, I witnessed not that Triumph ; but must detail it as received by me lately here from a friend, who was an eye-witness.

*The Triumph  
of Vespasian  
and Titus.*

The extraordinary variety, rareness, number, and richness displayed in that vast triumphal procession, must indeed have been wonderful,—embracing things curious and exquisite in art, and most scarce and admirable in nature—the whole selected from nearly every region of the world, and from people of all degrees of civilization ! Countless treasures of gold and of precious stones—some of the sacred vessels, and many of the splendid priestly robes, spoils from the holiest and ancientest of all the temples—a long procession of the rarest wild beasts—truthful pictorial representations of the sieges and destructions of cities effected by Roman arms, some of those pictures being so wide and lofty as to obscure the spacious palaces and temples that grace the Forum, through which the Triumph passed !—also the like delineations of slaughtered armies—likewise of the aged and young of both sexes, lamenting the desolation of the loveliest regions—also those that displayed the rarest beauty bereft of every solace, and these striving for life amidst streams of commingled blood and fire !—temples in conflagration, and vast masses in the act of falling, and wide-spread ruins abounding upon the earth : in fine, pictures that vividly brought to the eye of the myriad beholders, all the horrors of War, of Pestilence, and of Famine, as contrasted with all the loveliness of Peace !—such were the many and varied objects that composed only a part of that great triumphal procession. Next to all these came, in due order, the Book of the Jewish Law—the lofty Seven-branched Candlestick—the Golden Table—the Centers—the Trumpets, and other costly sacrificial instruments of our famed Temple !\* These were followed by a long train of

\* The famous Seven-branched Candlestick, above-named, is computed by

## Triumph of Vespasian and Titus.

Jewish captives, each selected with special care as to venerable old age—to the exquisite beauty of Hebrew virgins and matrons—and as to the lofty bearing, high distinction, and eminent prowess of Jerufalem's Defenders: others were from Jotapata, from Gamalà, Tiberias, and from divers other cities of Palestine, now no more. Such an assemblage, in its completeness, caused this Triumph to be, of all others the world hath known, the greatest, and, doubtless, the most awakening.

**A**t the head of the train of captives was SIMON OF GEORAS!—and, as the gorgeous procession passed down the Forum, then filled with a living mass of proud and exulting victors—for each Roman feels himself a portion of his country, and individually seems a patriot—the shouts of the excited multitude can only be compared in loudness, to that astounding cry that shook the very heavens, when Israel first beheld the flames of her Temple from the heights of Olivet!—but oh, how different the feelings that caused the vociferations of the two multitudes!—the one, of unutterable grief—the other, of an exultation such as Roman victors alone can show.

**A**t length, the Procession stopped at the Capitol—there to be instructed that Rome's glory was now to be completed, by the execution of Israel's bravest General in their presence; and that this distinction was the lot of Simon,—who, with a halter round his neck, was then scourged, as the Procession again slowly moved; and, being dragged along the Forum for a short time, he was then put to an ignominious death!

**I**t is said that a noble Triumphal Arch will be erected in honour of Titus,—and will portray his great exploits in Judea, and also contain the forms of the more valuable among the sacred spoils of our Temple. It is further said, that Vespasian will also build a magnificent Temple to Peace; in which he designs to preserve all the Jewish and other spoils. The Veil of the Temple, and also the Books of Moses and of the Prophets, are now deposited in the Imperial Palace.\*

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Cumberland to have been worth, from its gold alone, 576*ol.*—equal to about 28,000 dollars. It seems that this candelabrum was not *cast*, but wrought with the hammer: and it is certain that this was not one of the *ten* candelabra of the First Temple—but that it was the *only* one ever assigned to the Second Temple. The usual *drawing* of it is, no doubt, sufficiently accurate,—it being taken from the scriptural and Josephine descriptions, probably aided by the rather crude picture of it on the Arch of Titus.

\* The Arch of Titus, which yet remains nearly entire, is the most interesting of all the monuments of those early ages of Christendom. The Temple of Peace in the Forum (if, indeed, that fragment be the remnant of that temple) is now an utter ruin. The spoils of Jerufalem's Temple continued to be preserved with great care by the Romans: but they were taken by Genferic, after

## The Spoils of Jerusalem—The Arch of Titus.

And now, O Aquila, the promise I made thee hath been performed, and the sad story of Jerusalem's fate been faithfully detailed. Hoping soon to hear from thee all that concerns thy own doings, and much that respects the Ephesians, I have only to say that, when more at leisure, I shall also be mindful of my promise to tell thee more as to our wonderful Cartaphilus; who, of all men I have known, is to me the greatest ænigma—exciting in me love, fear, respect, and hatred, so often as we meet!—love for his undoubted intellectual, and perhaps moral, greatness—fear, at the awful mystery that hath ever environed him—respect for his dignity—and hatred, for his early life, and present obduracy amidst so much light as surrounds him! FARE-THOU-WELL. MELCHIOR.

## LETTER XXV.

## CARTAPHILUS TO FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS—AT ROME.

EDSSA, *Tebeth*, 17th, Anno *Seleucide*, 385.

[December 15, A.D. 73.]



WONDERFUL are the events, my Flavius, the world hath seen since I left Rome, soon after Nero's death,—now but little more *Successors of Nero.* than five years.

During that short period the Roman Empire (now almost the only one) has been ruled by several—first by GALBA, who (though not of noble family, but an experienced Warrior, and of the people's choice even before Nero's death) could maintain neither his power, nor his head, much beyond seven months!—then came OTHO, full of vices and debauchery, also with the murder of his prince fresh upon his head: and, though his government was very mild, he lasted but three months! After him we had the infamous VITELLIUS—the popular and triumphant Vitellius; whose entry into the Imperial City was with voluptuous pomp, mounted on his prancing courser, with the senators and Roman people before

the siege of Rome, in A.D. 455, and were shipped by that notorious Vandal, with other valuables, to Africa. Procopius affirms that Belisarius recaptured them,—and they, having reached Constantinople, were returned to Jerusalem, there to be preserved by the Christian churches. If this be so, it is certain that all further account of them is lost. In the church of St. John Lateran, they still profess to have the Ark of the Covenant!—but it is to be remembered that Josephus makes no mention of this among the spoils of Titus; nor are we aware of any other author that does; nor is it to be found upon the Arch of Titus,—and the Romanists, moreover, have ever had a wonderful proclivity to imagine they possess whatever they desire to have; and often make assertions touching such matters, without a shadow of historical or other proof.

him—himself encompassed by numerous waving standards—colours fluttering in the breeze, and his marauding army following in the rear!—but this *Nero-redivivus* lasted only eight months, his end being yet more disgraceful than that of his wicked prototype,—and quite as rapid as the Astrologers had predicted before they were banished! In an obscure corner of the Aventine, this beastly voluptuary was discovered, after concealing himself from the enraged populace. They tied his hands, placed a halter round his neck, tore his clothes from his back, with savage violence; and, in that state, the loathed wretch was dragged through the Via Sacra into the Forum naked! With a sword pointed against his chin, and his hair screwed back in the fashion of the vilest malefactor, this dainty Emperor, after a shower of mud and filth, received the blows of a thousand enemies,—and his vile body was indignantly cast into the foulest part of the Tiber.\* And thus, in less than eighteen months, three of Rome's emperors perished.

But now a word, my Josephus, as to thine own shrewd guess—yes, thy admirable political sagacity, in respect to Vespasian, so quickly verified upon thy promise to the then seemingly incredulous, but still flattered General in Palestine. In due time, after the death of Vitellius, the Senate unanimously proclaimed thy friend Vespasian, and all thy words were fulfilled in about twenty-and-eight months after thou hadst first declared to Jotapata's suffering people, that thy Conqueror would surely be supreme in Rome! Four years have now gone by, since thy prediction was accomplished—and Vespasian continues "Lord of the Earth and Sea—and Ruler of the Human Race," as thou, when his prisoner at Cæsarea, didst declare unto him would infallibly come to pass!

Much pleased am I to hear, O Flavius, that thou art now occupied (of thy great experience and research) in the writing of our Jewish wars and antiquities. I doubt not it will be a faithful history of our always wonderful, and now ruined country: And as thou hast asked of me a

\* This probably occurred in December, A.D. 68. The *gourmanderie* of the emperor Aulus Vitellius was so extraordinary, as to form in itself a volume in the history of man's physical vagaries, were the subject worthy of the toil. His appetite was so preternatural that, as Dion relates, besides four regular meals of appalling magnitude, he would regale himself at any hour or place where any good cheer might be found! His numerous favourites were severely taxed in preparing for him the most sumptuous prandia and coenas,—none of which cost less than 2000*l.* ster.! And though Vitellius reigned only eight months and five days, so excessive was his profusion, that he not only ruined many rich families, but some cities; and he is said to have cost the Empire about 6,000,000*l.* ster., or nearly twenty-nine millions of dollars! Hence Josephus says that, had Vitellius reigned much longer, the wealth of all the Roman people would scarce have sustained his table. A nation that could tolerate so *beastly* a man, even eight months, may be well suspected itself of a pervading brutality.

Cartaphilus and his Friends at Edeffa.

detail of such matters as I witnessed, or have heard of upon good authority, since I departed from Judea up to the present hour, and that I should also hereafter note for thee such Jewish matters as may be of interest, I yield a willing compliance,—and yet with humility, as I confess, O sage Josephus, my pen moves slower than once it did—admonishing me that life burns feebly in me,—that the dregs of my oil are prematurely shown, and that my many excitements, of late, have caused the now sluggish drops (as with my clepsydra) to tell me the hour is late, and that time may soon end with me, as no ability have I to renew my strength, as we can at any time renew the force of that convenient noter of the hours.

Thy first letter, written to me, as thou wilt remember, early after my departure from Vespasian's camp, found me at Pella. How deeply my mind was then set upon returning to Jerusalem, there to dedicate body and soul to our country's service, thou wilt bear me witness. But thy wise counsels, and thy sad details awakened me as from a dream; and I perceived, for the first time, the awful truth of Israel's lost condition,—my friends at Pella, and those of Edeffa, also, thinking wholly with thee, urged me promptly and for ever to abandon Jerusalem. This I did; but with feelings almost of agony, and with a heart overflowing with mysterious and terrific forebodings—all of which, as thou knowest, were more than realized—thy eye fully, and mine, in part, witnessing.

*His Friends at  
Edeffa.*

After thy departure from our ruined Jerusalem, for Cæsarea Philippi, and thence to the other Cæsarea on the coast, and thence to the Imperial City, I found myself at Edeffa quite too wretched, from causes thou hast heard, to remain with the afflicted families. Agbarus early followed his daughter and his son-in-law to the tomb; and was deposited alongside his forefathers, with a magnificence suited to his princely character, but subdued somewhat by his well-known Christian humility,—which was faithfully regarded by me, on whom most of that sad duty devolved.

Melchior is still with me; Julianus and his Philotera are as prosperous as they could wish to be, having two lovely children—a son and daughter,—whilst Alcæus and his Cornelia are equally blessed. REBECCA yet lingers a noble monument—ever lovely and intellectual,—and unaffectedly pious; therefore doth she sigh to follow her Christian friends. These private matters must now be parted with,—though thy generous nature, my Josephus, doth yield me a willing sympathy.

My hope was that Jerusalem's awful fate would have ended the miseries of our deluded people; and I was not prepared for the sturdy opposition so daringly made by Machærus and Masada! The Fortrefs of Herodian had wisely submitted without an effort; but Machærus trusted to her

*The destruction  
of Machærus.*

## Destruction of Machærus.

inaccessible heights—to her rocky battlements—her deep ravines—her craggy summits, and to her wonderful fortifications—all good defences, indeed, when the strife is only between contending earthly foes,—but most impotent, when the Lord of Hosts takes sides with the invading party! And so Machærus found them all,—her resistance being scarce proportioned to her apparent strength and boasting confidence, which would have been all real, but that the Roman arm was directed by a power far more than Roman, or even Human!

**A** short time after the fall of this city, which yielded to the arms of Lucillius Bassus, successor in command when Titus departed, I visited the ruins of that once powerful fortress, and beautiful city; and there I learned a number of details respecting the forces employed and the defences made, which I now send to thee in a separate parcel,—being unwilling to disturb my brief narrative by their insertion here.\*

**H**ad this strong fortress been situate upon a plain, Bassus would have entertained little doubt of early success: but the deep ravine which separates it, on the West, from the Jordan, near the entrance of that river into the Dead Sea, distant from Machærus about sixty stadia, rendered an attack upon that side hopeless. So also, on the South and North, are similar though less extensive ravines—and on the East is a mountain, between which and Machærus is still another ravine, but of less difficulty,—so that Bassus soon determined to form the siege on this eastern side. Strong embankments were then raised against the fortifications, and the battle raged with great violence, and with severe slaughter on both sides.

**A**t length the citadel capitulated, by reason of a circumstance so remarkable, that I must not omit to state its particulars. It appears, then, that a youth named Eleazar, of high standing as belonging to a numerous and much beloved family in the besieged city, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Romans. Eleazar was wonderful for skilful boldness, and had greatly signalized himself in the various sallies that had recently taken place. It so happened, however, that during a short suspension of hostilities, he was standing without the gate; and so deeply occupied was he in conversing with some friends who stood upon the lofty walls just above him, that he perceived not the danger that was nigh,—for, an Egyptian prowler from the Roman camp, suddenly rushed upon the unsuspecting youth, and bore him off bodily with his entire armour on, and so quickly too, and with such gigantic strength and strides, that no resistance could be given before both were within the Roman lines!

\* These statistical and other details of Cartaphilus are omitted from our Selections, as unsuited to the purposes we have in hand.

## The Youthful Warrior Eleazar.

Those upon the wall looked upon the act of the wily and powerful Egyptian with deep astonishment, and great alarm for Eleazar, whom they so much valued. How great then was their dismay and grief, when, in a short time, they beheld the youthful warrior rudely dragged out, naked, and surrounded by scourgers, in order that before the eyes as it were of all the city, he might be whipped in that sad condition! The fate of the hapless Eleazar excited a mournful sympathy over all Machærus, and the deep lamentations of many were louder than had been shown when many lives during the siege had perished—for they had met the wonted fate of war!—and so it often is, good Josephus; our feelings, in a multitudinous calamity, are often drowned; and yet they are seen to gush forth in unimpeded sway, over the more glaring and peculiar fate of an individual!

The Roman general was quick in perceiving this anomaly in man's nature, and hoped to profit by it further. He therefore resorted to the stratagem of more deeply aggravating their grief, by erecting a cross distinctly in view of all from the walls, or any of the heights,—at the same time giving out, that it was raised for the immediate execution of the youth! The plan had its intended effect—the people of Machærus uttered loud cries of horror and vexation; and the warriors even of the citadel could not restrain their grief: so great and pervading had become the feeling in his behalf, that it roused the whole city as to him; and assured them at the same time of their own wretched condition, should the city fall. On every side, they found themselves encompassed by appalling difficulties: all Israel, as they well knew, now was conquered, save alone themselves, and those of Masada!—both might, indeed, hold out for a time—yea, for a long time, but finally, the siege must prevail: and, thus forced into reflection, they again raised their eyes upon the cross, and the ignoble fate of their brave countryman, and promptly offered to capitulate, on terms of saving Eleazar! The conditions were accepted—the citadel surrendered, and the valorous youth, much exhausted by the severe scourging inflicted on him, was borne off with joyous hearts!

The strangers in Machærus, and the people of the Lower Town, not being within the capitulation, were left to Roman mercy—many of the more desperate effected their escape,—but Bassus slew about seventeen hundred, and made captives of the women and children.

Many of the fugitives from Jerusalem, and now those from Machærus, had concealed themselves within the dark and tangled forest of Jarden: thither Bassus pursued them, surrounded the forest, and succeeded in putting three thousand to the sword, with a loss on the Roman side of only twelve! It is, however, to be borne



## Destruction of Masada.

in mind, that famine and pestilence (added to their other miseries) had nigh wasted them to the bone; and that their leader, one Judas, son of Jairas, was early slain. This Judas had commanded a band during Jerusalem's siege, and was one of those who, more fortunate than Simon of Gioras, had escaped through a subterranean passage.

**A**t this time, Maximus was the Procurator of Judea. Orders from the Emperor were received by him and by Bassus, to sell the lands of all Judea! and further, that the *didrachma*, or half shekel, formerly paid annually by all Jews, for the Temple's use at Jerusalem, should henceforth be appropriated to the rebuilding at Rome, of the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter; which, as you remember, was consumed nigh the same time with ours! Oh, my learned and excellent Flavius, how wonderful and far-seeing are the counsels of Abraham's God—how narrow the vision of all his creatures!

**I**n a short time thereafter, Bassus died, and was succeeded by Flavius Silva, who lost no time in attacking Masada, which was sustained by an immensely strong fortress, and by various circumstances that gave promise of much difficulty to our foes; for it was not only under the command of the great leader Eleazar, a descendant of the famed Judas, the Gaulonite,—but he and all under him, as their fathers during seventy years before had been, were equally as firmly resolved now, that the payment of any tax, or the least submission to the Roman yoke, was ignoble and sinful, as being violative of the Mosaic institutions! which opinion, as thou knowest, lay at the very root of nearly all the revolts, and sturdy oppositions of the Jews against the Roman sway.

**M**ASADA, if possible, was even more strongly fortified by nature, as well as by art, than Machærus—from which it is distant, to the south, about ten parasangs,\* and lies on the western side of the Dead Sea.

**P**erched on a mass of cragged and lofty rocks, begirt with deep chasms on nearly all sides, through which even the Zebi and the wild Goat dared scarce to venture, the Fortress of Masada in proud defiance overlooked the Roman forces, then actively engaged in building a wall around the entire citadel, to prevent the egress of any of the besieged. The Masadans also beheld their foes on the White Promontory, towards the west, similarly occupied in raising a mound, not less than twenty-five Arabian poles in height,† which was followed by another embankment of ponderous stones, upon which were placed their battering-rams. On a small and beautiful

\* About forty English miles.

† Equal to about 350 feet!

## Herod's Palace at Masada.

plain of singular fertility, in the rear of the fortress, stood Masada, encompassed by a wall the fourth of a parasang in circuit\*—defended by thirty-eight strong and lofty towers, each fifty cubits high. From this small and once lovely city, runs a narrow and rocky path down to the shores of the sea, pursuing its tortuous way, quite four Roman miles, along fearful precipices on either side,—and which, from its narrowness and perpetual windings, hath well been called the Serpent.

The palace on the western side of the city, built by the first Herod, is connected with the fortress by subterranean ways; and was a structure of surprising magnificence. *Herod's magnificent Palace.* In all its glory was it, when first I saw it a short time before my earliest visit to Rome, now nigh thirty years ago; and well do I remember that, when I afterwards compared it with some of those even of Imperial Rome, its splendour and admirable union of all the strength of a fortress, with the gorgeous richness and comfort of a palace, forced me loudly to applaud the taste of that Herod, whose character, in all other respects, I so much abhorred. Its four towers, sixty cubits high, one at each corner,—the extensive cloisters, supported by pillars in single shafts, and of astonishing magnitude—the vast rooms and halls paved with marbles of divers colours—the beautiful fountains and baths—the lengthened and devious and narrow passages of access—the deep and solid reservoirs, ever filled with copious supplies of living water—and, moreover, the abundance of rich furniture that garnished all the chambers and apartments of this great castle-mansion, caused me now to mourn deeply over the sad calamity that befell them all!

I remember, also, the vast stores of provisions treasured there by the ever-provident Herod—the wine and oil and pulse and dates, which I then beheld, all in perfect preservation, though nigh seventy years had passed since that careful Idumean had placed them there! and my surprise was much increased when informed that the Romans found the same in great abundance, and still well preserved, though thirty more years had elapsed since my first visit to Masada! I likewise bear in mind the almost countless weapons of war—the quantities of brass, of iron, of tin, and of other valuable metals,—and, in truth, of everything that could render the fortress beyond the reach of human destruction: and yet, O Josephus, all, all have utterly perished, and fallen a prey to what they call Roman prowess and arms,—but which, doubtless, was the resistless might of the only God of Armies!

Now the war raged between Flavius Silva and Eleazar, I will not here recount: but the matchless and wonderful address of this

\* About one mile.

## Eleazar's Speech to the Masadans.

Eleazar to the chief men of Masada, whom he assembled in the palace, after all hope of effectual resistance was gone, urging them all to *self-immolation*, I now will endeavour to give thee,—and in the most authentic form I am able, since it is most worthy of preservation—worthy of so great a man—worthy of a crisis such as no other captain ever experienced, and as it is more perfectly adapted to its end, than any other that ever hath met my eye!

**A**midst the terrors that overhung Masada, Eleazar still abhorred the thought of submission, of flight, or of capitulation upon any terms! In the presence, then, of his chief men, he craved their silent and patient hearing; and thus he spoke.

“**M**y valiant and generous friends! since we resolved, long ago, never to be the slaves of Rome, nor submissive to any power, save that of God, who alone is the true and just Lord; the time hath now come that compels us to put in practice this our firm resolve! Let us not at this time, bring upon ourselves reproach for self-contradiction; since, when we made the avowal of abhorrence to slavery, we were then in little danger, but now have to fear, not slavery only, but the most intolerable of punishments—I mean, my friends, *if we are taken alive*! Ye all remember, We were the very first to raise the standard of revolt, and We are now the last that fight against them; and I cannot but esteem it God's special favour, that still it is in our power to die bravely, and as freemen,—which hath not been the case with others. It is now quite manifest we shall be taken, and that we cannot hold out more than a day longer; but we have the choice now, to die in a glorious manner, and with our dearest friends. Of this, even our enemies cannot deprive us, though ever so anxious to take us alive. Better, indeed, would it have been had we earlier conjectured respecting God's purpose, when we were so desirous to defend our liberties, and when we experienced such fore treatment from one another, and yet worse from our foes; better, I say, would it then have been had we been sensible of the fact that the same God, who of old had taken our nation into his favour, had then condemned us to a sure destruction; for, had he either continued favourable, or been in a less degree displeased with us, he had not overlooked the destruction of so many Jews, or delivered his Holy City to be demolished by our enemies. We, indeed, have vainly hoped to preserve ourselves—yea, ourselves alone, and in a state of freedom, as if we specially had not sinned, nor been partners with those who had! Wherefore, consider ye, how God hath assured us that our hopes are idle, by bringing upon us such complicated miseries, so much without our expectations!—for, the nature of our fortress, in itself unconquerable, hath not proved a means of deliverance; and even whilst we have abundance of food, of arms,

## Eleazar's Speech to the Masadans.

and of all other necessities, we are *openly deprived by God himself* of all hope of escape ; for, ye all did see that the fire directed towards the enemies, turned back upon our walls, and not of its own accord, but through God's anger for our manifold sins against Him and our countrymen, and which punishment, let us now receive, not from the Romans, but from God himself, *as executed by our own hands*—for these will be more moderate than the other. Let our wives die before they are abused, and our children before they have tasted of slavery ; and after we have slain them, let us bestow that glorious benefit upon one another mutually, and preserve ourselves in freedom, as an excellent funeral monument for us all ! But first, let us destroy all our treasures, and the fortrefs by fire ; for I am well assured, this would be a great grief to the Romans,—that they should fall upon our *dead* bodies, and likewise fail of our *wealth* ! And, let us spare nothing but our provisions as a testimonial when we are dead, that we were not subdued by want of necessities ; but that, according to our first resolution, we have preferred death to slavery."

This speech of Eleazar produced a wonderful effect—many were eager to seize upon death as a great good ; but the remembrance of their wives, and daughters, and infants, rushing upon their minds, brought with it a flood of tears, and with them great dejection ; and, at length, *dissent* to the proposal. Eleazar, however, was not dismayed ; and, knowing how great is the power of the *Soul's immortality* to subdue the terrors of death, he fixed his eye upon the weeping assembly, and thus renewed his speech.

"Truly was I much deceived, in thinking thus to assist brave men struggling hard for liberty, and resolved to live with honour, or else to die. But, I find ye are people no better than others, either in virtue, or in courage ; and that ye fear death, though delivered thereby from the greatest miseries, whilst ye should neither have delayed this matter, nor awaited any one to give ye this advice. The laws of our country, and of God himself, have ever taught us ; and our reason, confirmed by the opinion of our forefathers, and by their practice, has sustained the doctrine, that life, not death, is a calamity to man—for, this last affords liberty to our souls, and sends them, by a removal from earth, to their own place of purity, where they shall be insensible to all sorts of misery : for while souls are tied down to a mortal body, they partake of its miseries—and really, to speak the truth, they are themselves dead, for the union of what is divine, to what is mortal, is disagreeable. It is true, the power of the soul is great, even when imprisoned in a mortal body ; for, by moving after an invisible fashion, it causeth the body to be a sensible instrument, and makes it advance further in its actions, than mere mortal nature could otherwise do. However, when it is freed from that weight, which draws it down to the earth, and is there con-

## Eleazar's Speech to the Masadans.

nedged with it, it obtains its own proper place, and doth then become a partaker of that blessed power, and of those abilities which are then every way incapable of being hindered in their operations. To the eyes of men, indeed, it remains invisible, as does God himself; for certainly, the soul is never seen whilst within the body—being there after an invisible manner; and, even when freed from it, it still continues to be unseen. It is the soul which hath one nature, and that an incorruptible one; but yet is it the cause of the change that is made in the body—since whatever the soul toucheth, that will live and flourish; and, from whatever it departeth, that must wither away and die!—so great is the degree of *immortality* that is within it! Suffer me to produce, as a proof of what I now utter, the state of sleep—wherein souls, when the body doth not distract them, have the sweetest rest, and hold sweet converse with God, by their alliance to him! Souls, *then*, go everywhere, and *foretel* many futurities, long before they become realities. And, why are we afraid of death, while we are so much pleased with the repose we have in sleep? And how absurd a thing is it to pursue liberty, while we are briefly alive, and yet to withhold it from ourselves, where and when it will be eternal! We, therefore, who have been brought up under a discipline so much our own, should become an example to others of our readiness to die. Yet, if we do stand in need of *strangers* to sustain us in this matter, let us look upon those of *India*, who profess the exercise of philosophy; for these good men undergo the period of life but unwillingly, and look upon it as an unavoidable servitude; and, therefore, hasten to let their souls loose from their clayey tenements! Nay, when no misfortune presses upon them, nor drives them upon it, these Indians have such a desire of immortal life, that they tell other men beforehand that they are about to depart; and there is none to hinder them, but all think them most happy, and give them letters to be carried to their familiar friends who have preceded them,—so firmly, and certainly do they believe that souls converse with one another in that other world! So also, when these men have received all such commands, they deliver up their bodies to the fire; and, that their souls may be separated from the body in the greatest purity, they yield them up in the midst of songs of commendation, made unto them by those around them: for their dearest friends conduct them to their death, more readily than do many those who are departing on a long journey. They weep, indeed, on their own account, but regard the others as most happy, being so soon to be made partakers of the order of immortal beings.

“**A**re not we, therefore, ashamed to have lower notions of Death and the Soul, than the Indians?—and thus, by our own cowardice, to leave so base a reproach upon the laws of our country,

## Elcazar's Speech to the Mafadans.

which are so much desired and imitated by all mankind? But, suppose we had been brought up under another belief, and had been taught that life is the greatest good of which men are capable, and that death is a real calamity—the circumstances which now surround us, ought to be a sufficient inducement to make us bear the calamity of death courageously, since the will of God, and necessity, would now bring us to die. God hath aforetime, as it doth now appear, issued his decree against all the Jewish nation, that we are to be deprived of this life, knowing, as he did, that we should not make a due use of it. Ye do err, if ye ascribe our present condition to ourselves, or if ye suppose the Romans are the occasion of this war being so destructive to us all. All this hath come to pass, not from their power; but a stronger power hath intervened, and caused us to afford them the occasion of seeming to be our conquerors. What Roman weapons, I pray ye, were those by which the Cæsarean Jews were slain? On the contrary, when they were in no way disposed to rebel, and were keeping their seventh day festival, and did not so much as lift up their hands against the other people of Cæsarea, yet did these Cæsareans rise in might against the Jews, and cut their throats, and murdered their wives and children, and this, too, without the least regard to the Romans, or their authority, by whom we were never before looked on as enemies. But some among ye may say that truly the people of Cæsarea had ever some quarrel against those that lived among them, and that this was but an outbreak of that rancorous spirit. What then will ye say to those of Scythopolis, who ventured to wage war on the Jews, on account of the Greeks? Nor did they do so through revenge upon the Romans, when they acted in concert with our countrymen. Wherefore, ye may plainly see how little our good-will and fidelity to them profited us—our people were slaughtered—our families slain in the most inhuman manner. But time permits not a detail of the destructions brought upon us; and ye cannot but know, that there was not one Syrian city which did not slay their Jewish inhabitants, and were not more bitter enemies to us than were even the Romans. Nay, even the people of Damascus, when they were unable to allege any tolerable pretence against us, most barbarously slew not less than ten thousand of our people, with their wives and children. And, as to the multitude of those slain in Egypt, and with torments, too, no less than sixty thousand fell: they, indeed, were in a foreign land, and without protection, were slaughtered as I have mentioned. As for those of us, who have waged war in our own country against the Romans, had we not sufficient reason for sure hopes of victory? We had arms, and walls, and fortresses, so strongly prepared, as not to be easily taken—and courage, also, not to be moved by any dangers in the cause of freedom. But then, these advantages suf-

## Eleazar's Speech to the Mafadans.

ficed but for a time, and only raised false hopes, which really seemed the source of our greatest miseries—for all we had hath been taken from us, and all hath fallen to our enemies, as if these advantages were only to render their victories the more glorious, and were not for the preservation of those by whom all these ample preparations had been made.

“**A**nd as for those already *dead* in our wars, it is reasonable we should esteem them blessed—for they died in defending, and not in betraying their liberty : but, as to the multitude who are *captives*, who would not pity their condition?—and who would not make haste to die, before he would suffer the same miseries with them? Some of them have been put upon the rack, and tortured with fire, and whipped so that they have died. Others have been *half* devoured by wild beasts, and yet have been reserved alive, to be devoured in the *whole* ; and this, too, for the amusement of our foes ! Some, again, that are yet alive, are the most wretched of mortals—being desirous of death, and yet cannot reach it. And where now is that goodly city, once the metropolis of the Jewish nation?—a city fortified by so many walls—which had so many fortresses, and large towers to defend it—a city that could scarce contain the arms of defence, and the multitude of its defenders ! Where is now the city that was believed to have God himself dwelling therein?—it lies low on the earth—demolished to its very foundations, and having no other monument than the camp of its destroyers, guarding there its ruins, and keeping out those, if any, who would raise it from its degradation ! There, also, may still be seen some unfortunate and devout old men, and a few women ; who, reposing upon the ashes of our Temple, are permitted to remain alive, and there in solitariness to dwell, that they may be to our nation a bitter shame and reproach. Now, who among ye that revolves in his mind the things I have uttered, can yet bear the sight of the sun, though he may live free of all danger ? Who is there so much the enemy of his country, or so unmanly, and so adhesive to life, as not to repent that he yet breathes ? For my part, I cannot but wish we had all died, before we had seen that Holy City levelled by our foes, or the foundations of our Holy Temple so profanely rooted up ! But, since it was a generous hope that hath deluded us, causing us to think we were able to avenge ourselves—but which hope hath now become a vanity, and hath left us alone in our distress, let us hasten bravely to die : let us pity ourselves, our children, and our wives, whilst yet we have the power to pity them—for, *we were born to die, as were those whom we have begotten*, nor can the happiest of our race avoid it. But miseries, slavery, the loss of wives after an ignominious manner, the destruction of our children, these are not such evils as are natural, and necessary among men. And yet, those

## Effect of Eleazar's Speech.

who prefer such miseries to death, when the choice is theirs, must suffer through their cowardice even both. Our revolt against the Romans was with high pretensions to courage; and when, at the very last, they invited us to preserve ourselves, we would not do so. Who, therefore, doth not plainly see how great their rage against us will be, if they succeed in taking us alive?—miserable then will be our *youths*, whose vigour will enable them to endure long-continued torments!—miserable, also, will be the condition of our *old men*, who will not be able to endure such calamities as our children can bear! Here will be heard the voice of the son imploring help of his father—and there will be seen the same father with his hands firmly bound! But, my friends, our hands are yet unbound—and we have each a sword; let them all be willing ministers to assist us now in our glorious design;—let us die, rather than be slaves to our enemies—and let us depart from this world *freemen*, together with our wives and our young ones. This is but to redeem our obligation to the laws—and this, even our wives and children now crave at our hands—nay, God himself hath brought this necessity upon us! our foes looking anxiously on, lest we should die before we are made their captives! Hasten, then, and instead of affording them so much pleasure, as they hope to reap from our being their captives, let us leave them an example that shall at once cause them astonishment at our death, and admiration at our valour.”\*

No sooner was the venerable Eleazar seated, than, quick as lightning reaches the earth, or the sound of its thunder affails the ear, the assembled auditors were seen vying with each other, in eager preparation for the deadly work! Nor did their ardour (as if moved

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\* The Editor has not hesitated for a moment, as to the propriety of retaining in his Selection, this famous speech of the last of the Jewish Warriors, though it has extended through some pages. It seems to him one of the most remarkable in thought, eloquence, and occasion, of any speech recorded in all history; and is probably the most intensely interesting. Nowhere else do we find recorded so clear an expression of the Jewish crude opinion, at that time, as to the soul's immortality—the Oriental philosophy of those days, on the same point—the true ends of life—the just contempt of death—the deep conviction, which came at last, that divine protection had then abandoned them! Nowhere do we find such an eloquent expression of exalted human courage—such a masterly appeal to the conflicting springs of human action—such a thrilling invocation to terminate at once every human tie, to dissolve every relation that binds us to earth, and such a resolute determination to render to God, and not to the Roman, the sole honour of perfecting the terrific punishment, decreed by the Most High, against the destroyers of the long-promised Messiah!

How this speech, as recorded by Cartaphilus, differs in some particulars, rather of language than of thought, from that given by Josephus, the reader may easily see; and we doubt not, he will greatly prefer that given by the living Cartaphilus, to the one so ineloquently rendered by Whiston, in his translation of the Works of Josephus. Vide Jew. War, Book viii. § 6, 7.



## Effect of Eleazar's Speech.

by some sudden demoniacal fury) fail them in the least, when the work itself was begun!—tenderly they embraced their wives—bedewed the cheeks of their infants with hasty and burning tears—kissed their blooming and lovely daughters—bade farewell to their noble sons, and loving friends—and, with a nerved arm, and, as it were, a passionless heart, stabbed them to the very centre of all life! Not one shrunk from the murderous office!

The wives, and daughters, and youths, and infants being now all slain, the survivors tarried not a moment to deal, in like manner, with themselves!—they seemed to think they would wrong the dead, should they in the least delay to follow them;—and, heaping the bodies together, in numerous piles, to which they added their costliest treasures, they set fires around the hideous masses, and quickly all were consumed!

Ten, only, had been selected by lot, to conduct this horrid and loathing deed of self-immolation;—and now those ten were to be disposed of, the miserable remnant of the once happy Masada! and they cast lots as to who should be the survivor but for a moment, and he, then, to slay himself! Nine fell by each other's hands—and the remaining one (nothing doubting but that the work had all been done) instantly seized a lighted torch, and hastened to Herod's palace, which he fired in numerous places,—and then, with unflinching arm, thrust his sword deep into his own heart!

On the following morning early, the Romans entered the city, and oh, how deep was their astonishment, when they found all things there as silent as the grave! Not a sound was heard, save from the dripping waters of the fountains and the reservoirs—and the occasional falling of some parts of the gorgeous palace, not yet quite consumed!

At length, a loud shout was heard in the distance, uttered by some Romans, at the sight of two women, and five children, who suddenly had appeared from an aqueduct, where they had concealed themselves—they, the only living testimony to the dread transactions I have detailed! These were women of high note, and of great prudence and learning,—who, disapproving of all that had been proposed, succeeded in effecting their escape. From them were collected by me, with much care, the painful relations already given.

And now, O Flavius! my soul is full of wonder, and recoils at the strange coincidences I am about to mention—and the first coincidence is found in the terrific destruction of Masada, which ended with the self-immolation of nine hundred and sixty of her remaining people—the last, so to speak of our *Nation*, though not of our people! (for, Israel is no more—this war of calamity—this war of desolation, and of unexampled punishment, is now quite over)

Masada, I say, perished at the *ninth* hour of Nisan's *fourteenth* day—the very day, yea, the very hour, in which the dreadful tragedy on Calvary occurred, then just thirty-and-seven years before! Mark it well, O Flavius, for it is pregnant with much *meaning*, and can be no casual thing. Israel though still a numerous multitude, is no longer a Nation—on that day and hour, scarce a generation ago, the decree of ages began its fearful execution, and the remnant of God's once favoured people is now an outcast over Earth's wide domain! A vengeance hath gone forth against a whole people, more fearful than that against Cain—a vengeance, not delayed for seven generations, as in his case, but visited upon the *same generation*! Our last hope was in Masada—it was our only fortress—Jacob's feeble remains, as a united people, were wholly within her walls; and all perished there on that fatal day—a day, by Cartaphilus, never to be forgotten—a day, engraved for ever, on his memory—a day, eternally present to his mind, and so must remain, though he should mix his sighs and tears with ages upon ages!

But, good Flavius, there is another coincidence I must not pass by, one equally solemn: for, never can we forget that our Holy Temple, desecrated as it was by me, and yet more by the Gischalite, and by him of Gioras, our Temple, I say, was destroyed on the very same day of the month of Elul, in which our first Temple, so many centuries before, was destroyed, by the like decree of Abraham's God! Strange, that Solomon's great Temple should perish, and our Nation be led captive into a distant land for seventy years; and that, after many ages, on the same day of the same month, our second Temple should likewise perish, and our Nation be scattered abroad, even unto the twelve winds!—and all this, too, in so short a time after that wonderful Nazarene had openly declared that it soon should infallibly come to pass!

I know not, O my Josephus, whether thou hast ever seen them, but I have lately read some wonderful Narratives, written with great simplicity, and evident faith, by three of the Nazarene's disciples, whose names are *Matthew*, *Mark*, and *Luke*. In these narrations, each doth detail many particulars concerning the birth, sayings, deeds, death, and resurrection, of that very wonderful man; and, in them I find the following prophetic words of this Jesus. After declaring that the massive and goodly stones of the Temple would all be cast down, so that one should not remain on another—that Jerusalem, and even our Nation should perish, he then says, "*Verily I say unto you, THIS GENERATION shall not pass away till all be fulfilled!*" Here, then, are his words,—and we all now know their perfect and terrific accomplishment!

I, my Josephus, saw not his miracles—nor the resurrection of that mysterious man; and, because no eye-witness of them, I could

Cartaphilus seeks an unknown Solitude.

not yield to the arguments of those who were. Artemas—Priscilla—Aquila, and others pleaded in vain with me. But, no longer can I now doubt as to the wonders recorded of him—nor as to his resurrection; for, I have been compelled to witness a miracle that hath in part, endured continually on, ever since the hour he was slain on Calvary, and which, in the sad fate of Masada, is not completed!—for, where now is Israel?—shaken as dust in the air, among the Gentiles! But all this belief in me, Artemas calls an *unsaving* and mere *historical* faith, that avails nothing, and must prove my ruin!

And now, my Flavius, I must end this long epistle. Should life and health remain, look for me shortly at Rome, though now in my sixty-and-ninth year. Edessa and all Mesopotamia, yea, even all Palestine, have become painful, nay odious to me—and it may be the same even in Rome, should I ever reach it; for, much do I fear the cause is nowhere, save in my own distracted and ruined mind. Should this become my conviction, expect me not; but do thou then inquire after me in some gloomy cave—or in some such place as Hinnom,—as better suited to my hideous thoughts!—possibly, among the ruins of Jotapata, or of Masada, thou mayest then find the wretched Cartaphilus. FAREWELL. CARTAPHILUS.

## LETTER XXVI.

ALCÆUS TO THADDEUS.

ANTIOCH, of Syria. *Nisan*, 18th day; Creation, 3837,  
[A.D. 77. April 7th.]



IGH three years have passed, my beloved brother of adoption, since our excellent Cartaphilus suddenly disappeared from among us, in a state of unutterable mental agony,—and whither he fled has escaped our long-continued and ever-anxious search.

How generously ample were the provisions he then made for us both; as also for Julianus and Plautius, and not forgetting the good Melchior! These endowments, so thoughtfully and nobly bestowed on the five, (in whose veins flow not a drop of his blood,) must for ever command our gratitude; and these, together with the large sum so feelingly and delicately appropriated by him, (in melancholy anticipation for a splendid tomb at Ramoth-Gilead to the memory of Rebecca, when the skies shall receive that of her which perisheth not,) were found to exhaust quite two-thirds of his great possessions:—but, as he left Edessa with the residue, we still nourish the hope that he yet lives,—possibly in no very distant land, but one

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more genial to his gloom. Still, should his noble mind be spared to him, his few remaining years can never fail to be marked by an enlarged beneficence,—the more lovely now, as his earliest friends inform us, is so different—the habit of his youth was wholly different: for they say he then loved Mammon overmuch!—but they likewise say he was then very poor, and sorely dealt with by his kindred. No doubt, dear Thaddeus, thou dost well remember how special were his instructions in regard to the spot of Rebecca's future interment: for Ramoth-Gilead was most sacred to him, no less from her vows of undying affection towards him—being there first revealed, than from her fixed resolve, also there unfolded to him, never to wed with him, or other, for reasons to us wholly unknown and painfully mysterious. And yet, my Thaddeus, we both know that her resolution in this regard diminished not his tenderness towards her! such ever being the unselfish and immaculate nature of genuine love.

**B**ut the matchless Rebecca still continues to bless us with her presence; to cheer us with her counsels,—and to astonish and delight all who witness the loveliness of her example. And oh, how deeply doth she yet mourn her loss, and ours,—often giving no let to the gushing torrent of her tears! Can time, even with its slowest abrasions, ever wear from our memory the now bright remembrance of Rebecca's grief, when first we read to her the parting words of Cartaphilus the hour after his astounding departure. Oh, never! She seemed to drink in their sounds with ravished, though agonized ears, and wholly to yield up her heart, dissolved in the melting influences of her grief—and then, anon, with the rapture as of a youthful maiden, she dwelt with oft-repeated kisses upon the Claudian papyrus that contained his sorrowful words! And, dear Thaddeus, remember with what timid bashfulness she then hurriedly enshrined herself in the ample folds of her veil, seeking to hide from us her suffused cheeks, and flooded eyes, exclaiming, “heed me not—look at me not, for weep I must!” Ah, never can we forget a devotion such as hers—a holy consecration, that none but woman knows how for ever to cherish! How tenderly did she urge upon us, and Melchior, and Julianus, to speed instantly in search of Cartaphilus—and to dispatch messengers in haste in all directions, after the lost one! This hath been faithfully done by us all—and yet no intelligence have we had, nor the least clue wherewith to guide us, save at this very hour, in a letter received from Flavius Josephus; which reveals the fact that, in the month of Tebet, more than three years ago, Cartaphilus had closed a long epistle to Flavius, with an intimation that, if his gloom should mitigate, he would visit him at Rome, though then so far advanced in age—but, if otherwise, he should then for ever leave the haunts of

## The Search after Cartaphilus—Antioch on the Orontes.

men ; and possibly, that he might then be found for burial among some forsaken ruins, such as those of Jotapata, or of Masada ! Do thou, then, O my Thaddeus, hasten to the former place ; and I will to the latter,—for he may yet be living, and in great misery, though he departed with some comforts, and also with ample treasures.

And now, my good Thaddeus, as I have been in Antioch several weeks, and thou hast never seen this great city, nor the lovely country that environs it, I will endeavour to gratify thy anticipated curiosity, by devoting the rest of my letter to some account of what I have seen and heard during my brief sojourn here ; the imperfections of which, however, thou must in some part lay to the charge of my truly miserable papyrus ; which, I assure thee, is neither the *Liviana*—nor the *Fanniana*—but, doubtless, something far more like the vile *Emporetica* !—but, such as it is, I must fill it with a few matters in regard to this most famous of all the *sixteen* cities, having that illustrious name !\*

\* The Romans were accustomed, at this time, to use a paper manufactured from the plant, now botanically known as the *Cyperus Papyrus*—a species of rush that grows on the borders of the Nile, and also on some of the low grounds of Syria, near the Euphrates. The small thin layers of this rush, that lie between the outer bark and its pith, were carefully separated ; these were then spread out upon tables, and were moistened, pressed, and sun-dried. Upon this were laid several other layers ; to which was always added some gelatinous mixture,—and all being well pressed and dried, formed the usual papyrus sheet for writing, and other uses,—which varied in quality and size, according to the excellence of the materials selected, and the care with which they were combined. There appear to have been *nine* varieties of this species of paper. The first, in chronological order, was the *Hieratica*, in use from the earliest period of the City,—provided the story recorded by *Pliny* be true,—which is, that certain books were found by one Tarentius, in his vineyard upon the Janiculus, deposited in a marble chest ; and that in this chest were likewise the bones of *Numa Pompilius* ! If this be so, then *Varro* must be in error in ascribing the invention of the papyrus paper to the age of Alexander the Great, which was four centuries later than that of Numa,—for the books discovered by Tarentius are admitted to have been of that material. This first species of papyrus continued in use up to the age of Augustus ; but seems to have been applied only to the making of *sacred* books. In the time of that first Roman Emperor, however, some one manufactured this hieratica in much greater perfection ; and having dedicated it to the monarch, it then took the name of *Augustana*, and came into very general use.

It was eleven inches broad, and of any length required. The third sort was known under the name of *Liviana*, from that emperor's wife, Livia ; and was essentially the same article, but enlarged to thirteen inches in breadth ; and was also somewhat superior in quality. A fourth sort was the *Amphitheatica*, so called from the locality where made, near the Flavian amphitheatre, now known as the Coliseum. It was much inferior to the two preceding, and probably was little else than a restoration of the hieratica. It was, however, only eight inches wide ; but, a certain Fannius having somewhat improved it, and given to it two inches more in breadth, it then took the name of *Fanniana* ; and forms the fifth sort. The sixth was the *Saitica*, so denominated from *Sais* ;

**A**ntioch is beautifully situate on both sides of the Orontes, distant from the Great Sea about twenty miles; and owes its name to the filial regard of Seleucus Nicator towards his father Antiochus. But this "Queen of the East" is, in truth, four cities combined in one—and hence is also justly called by many, *Tetrapolis*,—for each hath its distinct wall; and around the four walls (each enclosing a city) is a great wall that encompasses the others at a convenient interval, and which is flanked with numerous towers of great strength. The first city, only, was built by Nicator—the second by the founders of the Syro-Macedonian empire—the third by Callinicus—and the fourth by Antiochus Epiphanes. In consequence of the *jus civitatis* conferred by Nicator upon all who dwelt there, the Jews early flocked to Antioch; so that the Greeks and Macedonians and Armenians, as also those from beyond the Euphrates, are here seen dwelling with the Syrians and the Jews! About 220 years ago, as their chronicles inform us, a certain Demetrius, a most cruel and

in Egypt, the city where it was first made. It was coarser than any of the others, and was only seven inches broad. Another, yet more vile, and of the same width, was known as the *Teneotica*, and was made of the rougher parts of the papyrus reed, near the rind: this seventh variety was sold more by the weight than quality, and comparatively at a very low price. The eighth in order was the *Emporetica*, only six inches broad,—a species of wrapping paper, and often used in making the covers of books; but seldom, if ever, for writing upon. The best qualities, thus far, of their paper were the *Liviana*—*Augustana*—and the *Fanniana*. But, in the time of Claudius, some polite and flattering paper-maker succeeded in manufacturing the papyrus in a manner greatly superior to any previously known; as it retained all the whiteness and smoothness of the *Liviana*, with far greater firmness and substance,—a matter greatly needed, especially for public documents, and indeed for all who desired to be particular with their papers. This last kind, therefore, which took the name of *Claudiana*, became the fashionable paper; and failed not to be used in all tender addresses, or where the person written to was particularly regarded—and hence is it that Alcæus takes care to mention that the farewell letter of Cartaphilus was of the *Claudian* papyrus. But the *Augustana* was still much used for Imperial letters, and the *Liviana* kept in demand among the plainer people, or for the ordinary letters, &c. of the day.

If Cartaphilus will pardon a seeming digression from his chronicles, the Editor (in connection with these remarks upon the Roman paper of those Imperial days) will now detail the other various means adopted for the recording and preservation of writings.

Before the invention of the papyrus sheet, and long after its adoption, there were many other substances used for this purpose, and for other objects than the *literal* transmission of thought; and among the earliest, for all those purposes, was the *palm leaf*: then came into use the thin and inner rind of various trees, such as the elm, sycamore, ash, and the alder. This rind, which lies between the cortex or bark, and the lignum or wood,—that thin rind having previously the name of *liber*, the paper made from it was also called by that name; and hence the written book itself, in the Latin language, became universally known by the word *Liber*. This species of paper (the thin rind of trees) being in long rolls, the book formed from them was also called *Volumen*, or a volume. The

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licentious Syrian king, compelled the Antiochians to a revolt. The king sought aid from your Jonathan, one of the Maccabees—and, with no great force, attempted to gain the city for himself, and to chastise the revolters: but he only inflamed them the more; so that no less than 120,000 flew to arms, and invested the royal palace, in order to destroy the king. The Jews, however, soon came to his rescue, carried destruction everywhere, destroyed with fire and sword nearly 100,000 of its people, and laid in ashes a large part of this splendid city.

When Syria was conquered by the Romans, Antioch, of course, became the abode of their governors—and shortly after, as we all know, the Gospel, which never for a moment had shrunk from the light, or hid itself in small places, came boldly forth; and, in this most populous city, its propagators invited the learned, and the refined of all nations to examine its claims. In Antioch was it that this Gospel forced conviction upon the Heathen mind—*there* an infant Church was soon established—*there* Barnabas and Saul, directed by the Holy Spirit, commenced their travels through Heathen lands, to publish the glad tidings to a benighted world—and *there* was it that the disciples of the Great Messias first took the name of CHRISTIANS, instead of their former names of Galileans and Nazarenes,

other substances chiefly used for writing on, were thin *sheets of lead—waxed cloths*—and the thin skins of animals, called *Pergamenum*, (because first so used at Pergamus, in Asia,) which now is called parchment, and the finer sort vellum. This, which is of very ancient use, eventually triumphed over all others, until the invention of *rag-paper*, by the Arabians, in the eighth century. In the eleventh century, this invention of rag-paper passed with the Saracens into Spain; and, in the thirteenth century, it came into much use in Italy, France, and Germany; from which, spreading itself over the world, it became the only article for *printed* books, and nearly so for an infinite variety of other uses.

In very ancient days, besides the palm—the papyrus-leaf—parchment, vellum, &c., nothing was then more usual than writing upon thin *wooden* tablets, as is found in the few *Runic* books that have reached us, as also in some of the earliest of the Chinese books. The Greeks did the same, and also upon *lead*en tablets; and the Romans, having coated their wooden plates with a slight covering of wax, wrote upon them with an instrument called a *stylus*—and hence the expression “*Sape Stylum Vertus*”—and hence also the origin of our word *Style*, from the fact that the *Stylus* was easily turned for the *erasure* and *correction* of errors in composition. Instead of this instrument, other nations used small reeds, particularly that of the *calamus*; and with this they used some liquid, and wrote with more rapidity than with the stylus upon wax—and hence the expression “*currente calamo*.” The thin plates of wood being laid upon each other, the whole took the name of *codex*, from its resemblance to the layers of the *trunk* of a tree, in Latin called *codex*; and from this we derive our word *code*. In like manner, the “*leaves*” of a book take that name, from the fact that the leaves of various trees were often used to write on; and our word “book” is itself but an expansion of the Saxon word *bōc*, which was their name for the Beech tree,—the thin bark of that tree being in great use by the Saxons for that purpose.

## Antioch on the Orontes—Grove of Daphnè.

used by many then, and even now,—more, however, as names of reproach than of honour.

The walls of Antioch are of great solidity, and have much surprised me by their 400 square towers, each furnished with a cistern! Now that Jerusalem lives no more, Antioch is probably the *strongest* of all cities, as it is certainly, next to Rome, the most *populous*, enlightened, and magnificent of any in the whole Empire, it being now fully two parasangs and a half in circumference, and the resort of the wise and learned of all lands! Here lived Theophilus, to whom the Evangelist Luke, not long since, addressed his writings respecting the origin of our holy faith—and some report that Luke was *born* here,—but with what truth I have not yet heard.

Antioch claims, and perhaps justly, a much higher antiquity than the 370 years that have now elapsed since Nicator's days; for, it is said that, nigh three hundred years before that time, it was called *Riblath*, in the land of *Hameth*; and even further, that it is the same place in which Nebuchadnezzar tarried, before he laid siege to Jerusalem! Be all this as it may, Antiochia Epìdaphnes, as it is likewise called, is quite old enough to have within its walls all the varieties conferred by great magnificence, a large population, extensive learning, vast wealth, much wickedness, some Heathen, and many Christian virtues,—and all these are found in sufficient extent to make a residence therein extremely awakening, and to cause me to rejoice and to mourn alternately!

The surrounding country is beautifully verdant, and garnished with many flowers of various hues, and with many goodly trees—as the cypress, mulberry, and olive; as also with the most luxuriant figs. But I must not fail to tell thee of an excursion I lately made to that most famous place in its vicinity, called DAPHNÈ. Often had I heard and read of this Daphnè—but my mind had never realized the existence of any place on earth, so entirely dedicated to the voluptuous pleasures, as this truly is. Let not the gentle Cornelia, however, or even thyself, good Thaddeus, fear for me the seductive influences of this earthly Paradise—for, if man belong to Earth alone, then surely this place might so be called—but, as he truly doth not,—as he aspires to far higher joys—to those that pall not, and which being wholly without sin, are therefore wholly different from those of the infamous Daphnè, I have looked upon all I there examined, only as means of learning how the more effectually to avoid, and heartily to loathe them all. I acknowledge, dear Thaddeus, the danger and extreme difficulty of greatly admiring the beauties of nature and of art, when they happen to be intimately associated with many seductive moral deformities—for when the recipient is

*The luxurious  
Grove of  
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## The Luxurious Grove of Daphnè.

lovely, the poisonous contents are too apt to be considered as innocuous.

**D**APHNÈ, then, is situate somewhat more than a parasang from the city, and nigher to the sea. It hath many lovely villas and gorgeous palaces and gardens of supremest beauty. I passed through many endless windings, infinitely variegated with man's most curious and beautiful devices in statuary, and with nature's choicest shrubs and flowers. These meandering paths often led me through dense ambrosial groves, where the Laurel and the Cypress—the Balsam and the Rose-tree invited me to repose under their shades, and to quaff the delicious perfumes that everywhere environed me. I then gazed with delight upon the rich and diversely coloured foliage of the *Terebinth*, whose leaves of green, red, and purple, blended with its juicy fruit that hung in luxurious bunches, reminded me of Israel's prophetic benediction, when to his sixth son he said, "*NAPHTALI is a spreading Terebinth, producing beautiful branches!*" My eyes next rested upon the lofty Firs—and then I thought of the great Psalmist, who sang of the fir-trees, as inviting the flocks to make in them their habitations,—and seeing that hundreds of those birds were then seeking also the umbrageous oaks, the green poplars, and the lovely elms, under which they might rest their weary limbs, I found, in the words of Hosea, that it was truly "*because the shadows thereof are goodly.*" Indeed, the infinite variety of trees and shrubs and flowers which abound at Daphnè, was not fully impressed upon my mind, until I ascertained that this much-famed grove is nothing less than two and a half parasangs in circuit, and that in it are to be found all the *trees* that may delight the eye with their beauty—refresh the senses with the riches of their perfumes—and charm the palate with the delicacy, or lusciousness, of their fruits;—whilst also from its *flowers*, in endless profusion, the air was redolent far and wide—abounding in varied and exquisite odours, much beyond all the sweets produced by man's most artful distillations! Amidst these cool and sweet-scented and delicious shades (the sultry summer, elsewhere, being here perpetual spring) is erected a most gorgeous Temple, dedicated to Apollo and Diana,—with both of which deities, as thou hast heard, I had the misfortune in early life to be more familiar than I even then desired—and until, at Athens, our much-honoured Cartaphilus rescued me from them, and placed me among those who worship Him whose Temple is the Universe, and who demands no other sacrifice than faith, and a contrite heart!

**F**rom the hills which surround Daphnè are brought, in wonderful concentration, a thousand streams of the purest and coolest waters, which diffuse their influences through all the soils—giving to everything that grows therein their utmost perfection—and to

## The Luxurious Grove of Daphnè.

the scented air around, a freshness and a softness of temperature surpassing all conception. Music, which seemed to commune with the furthest planets—sounds that, issuing from the fountains and cascades, seemed of themselves to be cool, because the waters, that cause these gentle noises, are so—the sweetest notes from every tree, made vocal by all of the feathered tribe that sing—aromatic odours from shrubs and fruits and flowers, all heightened by incense from the cassia and myrrh and frankincense, and from the other precious gums, which the numerous votaries of the shrines are ever offering, so intoxicate the senses, and bewitch the imagination, that the youthful judgment is early dissipated in delight—the waning lustihood of mature age is there soon restored—and even the privations of senility are in a measure renovated! Here dwell *Venus* and *Bacchus*—here reign luxury and love; here pleasures, under the garb even of religion, are made to fascinate beyond the reach of abstract imagination; here the *processional pomp* of many devoted victims decked with garlands—generous libations from golden vessels—clouds of incense curling in the air from jewelled and carved censers—the dignity of manly beauty, habited in flowing vestments of finest texture, and of many gorgeous colours—the witchery of female loveliness in thin robes of spangled white,—and finally, the joyous concourse of countless people, display a scene that bewilders the soul—inflames the passions—and turns the stoutest mind from the pure *spirit*, to mere earthy and sinful *matter*! And, to so great an extent hath this splendid and refined voluptuousness advanced, that DAPHNÈ is now famous, and infamous, too, even to a proverb—with those only, however, who still have shame; and even *that* endures not long with those who visit its groves more than once! To live after the fashion of Daphnè—“*Daphnicis moribus vivere*”—is equivalent to the reproach of living most dissolutely and debasingly. Well, therefore, did the Roman Cassius proclaim to his soldiers, under the severest penalty, that they must *never* be found within its limits:—and yet myriads from all nations resort to its seductive bowers—to its boundless seats of love and maddening joys—all more perilous to age as well as youth, than are storms and quicksands to the benighted wanderer,—and yet these, so called, *holy* grounds are at this time, perhaps, more largely sustained by Imperial and other munificence, than at any other period—and, doubtless, it far excels in enervating and debasing, though pompous luxury, any known resort of pleasure, either of ancient or of modern times. Surely Aſter, and haughty Elam (had not their proud wings been clipped) might, from Daphnè, take lessons in artful and in lavish sin!—nor would the famed doings at *Baia*, nor even those at the *Milvian* in Nero’s days—nor at the Canopus of Alexandria, have been to their people half so fatal, as

## Genealogy of the Goddess Daphnè.

are the excesses in these bewitching groves of Daphnè,—not to the Antiochians alone, but to the votaries flocking there from places, reaching from the rising to the setting sun!

Now, it is quite possible, my good Thaddeus, that, as Judea and Mesopotamia have been the boundaries of thy narrow wanderings from the spot of thy nativity—and as the volumes of Greece and of Rome are not as familiar to thee, as they were to thy learned and accomplished father, this goddess *Daphnè*, to whom the spot is dedicated, may yet remain to thee somewhat, if not an entire stranger. Educated as I have been from infancy in a Heathen land, these gods and goddesses, of human creation, are old, though now discarded, acquaintances of mine:—and, as I since have learned to detest them all very heartily, I do not regret my thus knowing them, as it enables me the more effectually to caution others against them. Know, then, that Daphnè, as the fable goes, was a nymph, the daughter of *Pineus*, king of Thessaly, and of the goddess *Terra*! An arch little god named Cupid, taking some offence at Apollo's presuming to despise his darts, (for Apollo, 'tis said, was then exulting in his conquest over the great serpent Python,) caused him to become greatly enamoured with this Daphnè—who, rejecting Apollo's love, avoided him by rapid flight! This silver-bowed, and golden-haired son of Jupiter and Latona, would not endure the thought of her escape, but pursued the timorous and flying nymph so closely, that, in danger of being caught, she earnestly implored the aid of all the other gods; who, as she stood upon the river banks in flight of Apollo, kindly changed her, instantaneously, into a *laurel*! The disappointed god at once crowned himself with its leaves, and commanded that the *Laurel* tree should be for ever sacred to *his* divinity—and so this consecration hath remained in many countries, even unto this day!

But, dearest Thaddeus, I would by no means have thee suppose that the numerous strange stories connected with nearly all the Heathen divinities, mean literally what upon their face they import. Oh, no: sinful as is the worship of any other than the One only God, I still learned a somewhat better lesson in beauteous Greece, than rank idolatry! Many of these stories are doubtless merely allegorical—many had their origin in *facts* of very ancient times,—which, through the lapse of ages, have been much perverted and greatly misunderstood,—others may have been the inventions of ingenious men, mystically to convey some hidden philosophy, some great moral or physical truths:—and the whole, as a system, I cannot but think, has within it more of wisdom, and even of divine truth, traditionally and corruptly handed down, than may be at first apparent. But, whatever all these *once* may have been, the scheme, as now known and practised, is idolatrous, and often extremely and sometimes odiously corrupt,—so much so, that the truly wise and learned

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The Plain of Esdraelon—The Region of Lebanon.

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among nearly all the people, can now scarce suppress their ridicule even of this their only and *national* religion!—a state of things, my Thaddeus, than which nothing can be more lamentable, unless, indeed, it be regarded as the *dawn* of a change, that shall bring in a lustrous day of far greater purity—one that shall command the veneration and love of man, as well as their salutary fears. It is this state of things, my Thaddeus, which inspires me with a strong hope, that the present follies and corruptions of the old religion (attended as they are, only by the half-suppressed *ridicule* of the wise among them) may soon prove a broad foundation upon which we shall raise the superstructure of Calvary's faith!

Now, before I end this long letter, I must tell thee that my searches after our honoured Cartaphilus brought me through the *Plain of Esdraelon*, and also over the whole region of *Lebanon*. How great is the renown of Esdraelon! Upon its broad surface, what deeds have been done there by the nations! Hath not that great plain in all the ages been sought by kings and princes, and by all the powerful and ambitious, that they might achieve thereon their victories, or there meet destruction? Oh, what blood of myriads hath been poured over its lovely surface! On Esdraelon it was that Sifera waved his banners, and marshalled his hosts—there the deep mourning of Hadadrimmon was uttered—there Joshua perished—there did Judæa twice yield to her sad destiny—and there also was it that the loud shrieks and cries of embattled armies, and the fierce rejoicings of the victorious were heard, whilst the rocks and forests and shades of Hermon and of Tabor re-echoed the loud and mixed sounds.\*

And now a word, in conclusion, as to Lebanon. Great and majestic and lovely is all this mountain and valley region! What words can set forth the beauty of its varied glories? Lebanon's towering heights, white with eternal snows, mingling with their native skies; and, nearer earth, for ever green with the heaven-piercing cedars of Noachic days—Lebanon's blooming and flowery valleys, the softness and sweetness of its airs, that come laden with the richest perfumes—the purity and freshness of its waters, and the varied garniture of all nature there, yield to the whole an ex-

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\* But Esdraelon (as Cartaphilus now holds) will see far more portentous events than all these—a conflict must yet be witnessed upon its broad and lovely extent; one more awakening and deadly and glorious than all before: for there, in that same plain also called Megiddon, is to be waged that great and final war, that shall arise between the hosts of Eternal Darkness and those of the Ever-enduring and Ineffable Light! Then and there will the strife be ended between the Anti-Christ and the Lamb: and then Esdraelon will shine in glories, the renown of which must cause to vanish all that heretofore hath given it so great a name.

## The Family of Alcæus.

cellency and power far beyond language to portray, and which brightens into a dazzling mass of light, compared with the sinful and vaunted beauties of Daphnè upon the Orontes.—Which of the two, thou, and my Cornelia would prefer, I will not ask.—FARE-  
THEE-WELL. ALCÆUS.

## LETTER XXVII.

## ALCÆUS TO CORNELIA.

BETHLEHEM, 26th *Nisan*; Creation, 3837.  
[April 15th, A. D. 77.]



HUS far only, am I on my anxious journey homeward; and much doth it grieve me to tell thee, oh jewel of my heart, my fairest Cornelia, and all who at Edeffa loved Cartaphilus, that my diligent search for him among the ruins of the devoted Masada, proved wholly bootless! Nothing could I even hear as to our beloved father by adoption; who, as I fear, is for ever lost to us. Write instantly, however, I pray thee, my priceless pearl, should our Thaddeus, at Jotapata, happily prove more fortunate. And now, as to all who call *thee* mother—the tenderest of names!—and *me* father—which to them is next in value, say unto them, my thoughts are ever on them.

*The family of Alcæus.* **N**ow are our *three* best gifts that God bestows on man—our three good and healthy and sensible children?—our two daughters, so like their mother from top to toe! and our only son, so true a little copy of his princely grandfather, the ever-venerated Agbarus? As the violets, that dip their tender buds in the living fountains that grace the palace gardens at Edeffa, and rise therefrom in watery freshness, and in all the loveliness of full expansion, so will our daughters blessed by thy tuition, bloom gradually from the modest budding virgins they now are, until they become the freshest and brightest of Mesopotamia's fair ones!—and our son, as an eagle piercing the clouds with his yet tender wings, will rise at last, far, far above the dross of earthly deformities, until he attain the loftiest excellencies of all the Christian virtues! And *thou*, my sweet Cornelia! whose face is yet as like the rose and jasmine combined, as when first we wedded—whose soul is now as cheerful, as on the night we so joyously spent the hours in resolving *indissoluble* ænigmas—and whose form and stature are still so like the graceful cypress! thou, and these all, will unite to make our loves perpetual. *Will* they—*can* they ever dwindle? oh no—they will grow ceaselessly on; and, at life's faint-

est ebb, will be just as fresh as dewy hyacinths, in the morning of their bloom!

Tell my gentle *Drusillina* that, although her eyes may become as the flowers of the narcissus—her lips as red and shining as rubies—her teeth as snow-drops—her form as the unused javelin;—yea, that if she grow altogether lovely in things external, it yet will avail but little with truly wise men—and far less with God, unless to them be added, in strict proportion, every virtue of heart and of mind. And, to my son, the noble little *Dionysius*, please say to him, he can only equal his loving father's expectations, when similar in all things to his name-fake, the Areopagite:—and to the infant *Cornelia* (she being now too young to be counselled) say nothing—but look everything—as, with such tender ones, mind communes with mind, before language gains its power; and also as, I am quite sure, she will prove to me as inestimable as her mother is—a consummation perfect, only as my wishes are ever modelled after thee!

Thou, my *Cornelia*, hast been a lovely flower known only to thy natal soil, but spreading there a fragrance as sweet as musky odours—as delicious as roses and marjoram and sweet basil, borne upon a gentle evening zephyr! In foreign lands thou hast never travelled; and hence I would now, in continuation of my former letters to thee, and to *Thaddeus*, say something further as to what I have seen during our long and painful separation. I now write to thee in sight of the Lord's manger!

BETHLEHEM!—thou holy spot, where Jesus in his humanity first saw the light—who can behold thee, “*though thou be little among the thousands of Judah*,” without feeling that now thou art the greatest, since from thee came forth the RULER, that is from everlasting? I declare to thee, my beloved *Cornelia*, this little village, six Roman miles from Jerusalem's ruins, afforded me far more delight in rambling through its humble streets, than ever I experienced even in the proudest of all the cities of my native land—yea more, than even in the much-famed Athens!

The very name of this place seems to announce, prophetically as it were, its destined glory,—and that from it would come the bread of everlasting life: for this word, Bethlehem, signifies the “*house of bread*”—and in it were born Israel's king, David,—which name imports “*well beloved*”—and likewise Christ-Jesus; which words announce the “*Anointed-Saviour*!” Strange coincidences! that David, an evident type of that Messias, and also his earthly progenitor, should have been there born in obscurity, and then become a great and glorious *earthly* king!—and yet more wonderful, that the son of Joseph and Mary, both then so humble, but of the same

*Bethlehem,  
then, and in  
prospect.*

## The Glories of Bethlehem.

royal line, near one thousand years after David's time, should have had for his infant dwelling, nothing but a rude stone manger, and yet hath become a great and glorious sovereign over a *spiritual* kingdom, whose beginning is now, and whose end shall be only with the end of time !

**Y**ou may be sure, my Cornelia, I was not long in seeking out the rocky and cavernous tenement, which the Virgin-Mother was compelled to seek ; that, from its damp and gloomy recesses, she might give to a benighted world, Him, who would enlighten all dark places in the human heart ! I found it a house for *beasts* to dwell in, being an excavated rock, as is usual in this, and in other warm countries ; and in it are stone mangers—in one of which had laid the infant Jesus !

**B**ethlehem is yet, indeed, a place of humility ; but I tell thee, dearest Cornelia, the days may well come, when this little one, among Judah's thousands—and this lowly house, will be more honoured—more sought after by Principalities and Powers, by Kings and Emperors—yea, by an admiring and grateful Christian World, than are the now proud mausoleums of the greatest among the mighty dead ! CHEOPS may crumble to the earth, CEPHRE-NES become unknown, and MEMPHIS, with her myriads of devices for perpetuating the memories of those who were born, and who died, may all dwindle away as the morning dews, till no particle shall remain—and yet, the little rocky dwelling, and rude manger of *Bethlehem* will rise in endless glory, shielded from time, by the undying affections of a Christian world ! This is no ardent fancy of mine, excited by the holy spot I lingered upon an hour ago ; oh, no—for, if God's *vengeance* hath been lately shown in laying the mighty walls, and towers, and palaces, and tombs of the once holy Jerusalem level with the earth, will not his *glory* raise the humble Bethlehem to the highest honour ?—surely it will—and *that* honour may lie, not in making a gorgeous city out of a poor little village, but simply in the holy rays cast around it, and in the outpourings of millions of thankful hearts that shall visit it, and love to utter *there* their adorations !

**W**hen next I write to thee, it will be from Ramoth-Gilead, where thy letter will reach me—and then for Pella !—these two spots will have many charms for me, since the excellent Rebecca, and the lamented Cartaphilus spent their early years at Ramoth ; and found a refuge at Pella, when Jerusalem forsook her holiness, to become the abode of robbers ! From thence, on the wings of love, I will hasten to Edeffa ; and, until then, FAREWELL.\* ALCÆUS.

\* The Editor would gladly have made a larger selection from the letters of the accomplished Alcæus to his wife Cornelia, and his brother Thaddeus, had

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 Roman mode of Dating—Love of our Natale Solum.
 

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## LETTER XXVIII.

JULIANUS TO PHILOTERA.

ROME, U.C. 850. VI. Idus Martiæ.\*

[March 10th, A.D. 97.]

**L**ANGUAGE would fail me, were I hereafter to recount in thy dear preference, and still more would my pen now refuse its office, were I to attempt a description of the crowd of agitating emotions that have pressed upon me, since my arrival in the City of my fathers, after an absence of nigh thirty years! Oh, my Philotera, how sweet is even the slavish air of our native land! Can the soul

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he not feared that the voluminous Chronicles of Cartaphilus, through so many ages, though greatly curtailed, would still be swelled beyond convenient bounds.

\* The reader will here observe that this is the first instance in these Chronicles, of *dating* according to the Roman mode: and, as some may not be familiar with that method of reckoning, the Editor presumes that a brief explanation of it may not be unacceptable, especially to his more youthful readers. The Roman or Julian year is precisely our own, as to months, days, and names; but there is something very peculiar in their fashion of dating. It is to be observed then, *first*, that they did not reckon the days of the month in an uninterrupted series, as we do,—that is, from the *first* of any month, and so daily on to its end—whether the 30th, 31st, 28th, or 29th—but each month was divided into three *fixed* points,—the first of which had the name of *KALENDS*—the second was called the *NONES*—and the third the *IDES* of each month; and all the other days of the month were reckoned in reference to one or the other, respectively, of these three points. They begin with the *Kalends* of the current month, then to the *Nones* of that month, then to the *Ides* of the same—and finally again to the *Kalends* of the *ensuing* month.

In the *second* place, the reader will observe that the *Kalends* (now more usually written with a C than a K) was always the 1st day of every month—but that the second point, or the *Nones* of each month, was either on the 5th of the month, or on the 7th,—and that the third point, or the *Ides* of the month, was either on the 13th, or on the 15th. In eight of the months, the *Nones* was always on the 5th of those months; but, in *March, May, July, and October*, it was on the 7th: and so likewise, the *Ides*, in the same eight months, was on the 13th of the month, and in the same four months, on the 15th.

The word *calendar*, as also *calends*, is derived from the Latin *calare*—to call; because, on the first of each month the people were called, or summoned, to the Capitol, to hear the proclamation of the appearance of the new moon. Upon that day, also, the payment and execution of contracts were usually made. The word *Ides* is supposed to be derived from the Etruscan word *idare*, to divide, because the 13th or 15th of a month nearly divided it into equal parts. Hence the Romans, by the use of the three fixed points, of *Kalends, Ides, and Nones*—and also by the use of the expressions *pridie calendas, pridie idus*, and



ever be won from the thousand associations allied to those thrilling sounds—"my country?" Though born a slave, and under Nero, too, Rome's greatness then filled my young heart to overflowing,—and, though I hated the *man*, I loved the *emperor*—for, in that office are seated the majesty and empire of the world! And, now that I have returned after so many years, my soul clings yet more unto even the mountains and the valleys—the rivers and the streams—the glorious monuments of art; yes, my excellent Philotera, these all, and every grove in which I had wandered, every tree that had shaded me in youth, every pillar in Nero's palace, against which I had so often reclined when a boy—yea, every shrub and flower that now graces the borders of its avenues, seemed to rush upon my heart with numerous melting influences, and caused me to exclaim, "Oh, surely that country alone is great and glorious, in which every man is a patriot!"

Hear me not, my gentle dove, if Rome henceforth be my only country—for thou shalt ever be to me the only *Eden* in all this land. Quickly shall I be with thee at Edessa, to bring thee here. Now, as a *freedman*, and with many honoured relatives around me, all of wealth and of power—yes, kindred, who, like me, have gradually become emancipated, and blessed, moreover, with what these

*pridie nonas*, obtained six specific names whereby to designate so many days in each month. By simply mentioning the word *Calende* it defined the first of the month—so *pridie calendas* was always the *last* of the month. *Idus* gave with equal certainty the *thirteenth*, or the *fifteenth*; and *pridie idus* the *twelfth*, or the *fourteenth*; and so *Nonæ* gave the *fifth*, or the *seventh*, and *pridie nonas* gave the *fourth*, or the *sixth* of the designated month.

With these preliminary remarks, it will be easy to understand their mode of reckoning the days of each month, in reference to either of the three fixed points of a month, and also how our mode of counting all the days consecutively on, may be made to correspond with the Roman calendar. Thus, whenever the Romans had to refer to any day other than the three fixed ones, of *calends*—*ides*—and *nones*—or the three others that preceded them, when the word *pridie* was used, they then counted *to* one of the three fixed points *in future*,—whereas, we reckon from a *past point*, evenly onward to the end of the month. We say, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c. of January; but the Romans said *Calende Januarii*, meaning the 1st—*Quarto ante Nonas*, meaning the 2nd—*Tertio ante Nonas*, meaning the 3rd—*Pridie Nonas*, meaning the 4th—and *Nonæ*, meaning the 5th, where the *Nones* are not of the four months we have named. Having now passed the *Nones*, they counted prospectively on *to* the *Ides*, and the 6th of January was the *Octo ante Idus*—the eighth before the *Ides*—because, from the *Nones* or 5th of January, to the *Ides* or 13th of January, were eight days; and having passed the *Ides* of January, they then counted on *to* the *Calends* of February; so that the 14th of January was the 19th before the *Calends* of February; and the last of January was called *pridie calendas Februaria*.

With the foregoing explanation, the following Table in the *Appendix D*, will be easily referred to for the Roman dates of all the months, correspondent with our own.

Heathens would call *Fortuna's* kindness—but which we, Christians, love to name as the providence of *JEHOVAH*, or the only One-God, let us all now unite in serving Rome in the best, and only way we can—for, with our religion changed, our *worldly power* must vanish, for a time at least,—and no wealth can here give influence, if Rome's gods be not ours—which can never be. For, my Philotera, we know that Rome hath no gods—they all are false ones, or rather, they exist not! Let us, then, water and nourish in this Imperial City, the seeds of Christianity, however few they be that now are sown here—let us, even to the peril of all that life possesses, prove to Romans that, if hitherto in Athens and in Sparta, and likewise in the once kingly, then republican, and now Imperial Rome, *patriotism* hath mostly been associated with deeds of arms and of murderous war, its highest and most enduring office, now, is that of universal kindness—yes, dearest Philotera, of that Christian love of country, whose “*ways are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace!*”

But, my soft-eyed, and ever love-inspiring Philotera, if sunbeams play around the gilded portals of my present imagination—if visions of brightness dance among the turrets of the lovely palace of my now *warm fancy*, think not that the *dangers* we must encounter have had no entrance there. Oh, no, I see them all, my love, and count them but as drops of wo, amidst a sea of joys! Good *must* eventually flow in upon this glorious, though now Heathen land, from such Christian toils as will hereafter every where abound.—*We*, indeed, may ungratefully perish as supposed worms of mischief—hundreds more may share our *earthly* fate,—but, will they not likewise share our *heavenly* destiny?—will they not yield up their lives, in the highest and most patriotic of all endeavours, that of reforming the religion and manners, not of Rome alone, but of a fallen world?—doubtless, this must be the case. I argue thus with thee, not from any doubt of thy firm piety, or of thy Christian courage, even unto martyrdom;—oh no; for thou wilt come with me in *this*, as thou hast ever done where *virtue* was the star of thy hope, and the admirable Rebecca thy daily exemplar. I sometimes think that dearest of women is permitted thus long to remain with us, that she may be an angel of brightness, in the dark and dangerous paths that may yet environ us; for, in Calvary's cause, she hath already proved as indifferent to life, as the proud and famished steed is of the grass beneath his feet, when the battle rages!

What I may prepare thee for thy coming here to Rome, I will now briefly relate the more striking events that have taken place, from the time *Vespasian* was made emperor, until the present hour, I think about seven-and twenty-years.

*Narrative of  
Roman affairs.  
VESPASIAN.*

No sooner had the legions proclaimed him, and his general Antonius fully gained Rome, and also, whilst his son Titus was waging his deadly war in Judea, the new emperor was sorely troubled by violent commotions in the German and Gallic provinces, and by the traitorous designs of his son Domitian; who, hating his brother Titus for the lofty fame he was hourly gaining, would now have turned the arms entrusted to him for the suppression of revolt, against his father's empire! And, at this very time, a fierce and powerful horde of people, called *Sarmatæ*, passed with hasty strides over their boundaries, into Mœsia, where they destroyed some Roman garrisons, and laid waste the surrounding country with fire and sword\*.

But Roman arms prevailed everywhere with equal celerity—Jerusalem was laid low, and the victorious father, elsewhere, and the son, in Judea, returned from their conquests to the Imperial city; and they both triumphed there, in a manner unequalled even in Roman annals!

These being ended, Vespasian reformed many abuses and corruptions—cultivated the arts of peace—reformed the armies—corrected the evils that had disgraced the courts of judicature; and, whilst he moderated the expenses of his government, he failed not to embellish Rome with many sumptuous buildings; and among these, my eyes have just reposed with delight upon the great *Temple of Peace*,—which is close upon the main Forum,—and there, my Philotera, I beheld, with gloom and joy combined, many of those sacred vessels and rich spoils brought by Titus from the greatest of all temples.

I likewise dwelt, but with unmingled pleasure, upon the *Claudian Temple*, on the Cælian Hill; which the empress Agrippina had commenced, but which that monster Nero had nigh demolished. By the liberality and taste of Vespasian, it is now, however, finished; and it is indeed a lovely structure. I next visited the *Temple of Pallas*, another name for the goddess Minerva, who is fabled to have slain the giant Pallas, and covered herself with his skin! This, of course, is only an allegory; for Pallas is said to have been the son of Tartarus and of Terra; and, as Minerva is the goddess of wisdom, it may import that wisdom's province is to conquer the many evils that flow from those two sources of all sin—Hell and Earth!

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\* This was among the earliest of those eruptions of the Northern barbarians, which, in some ages after, were destined to overrun and destroy the most extensive and refined empire the world has ever known. Little could Julianus have then imagined (when so incidentally noting this event of the crossing of the Scythians over the river Ister, into the Roman province) that this was the first link of that vast chain of events, destined to dissolve Roman supremacy; and which laid the foundation of the gradual uprising of those numerous powers, that now form civilized and Christianized Europe!

The temple of Pallas, now scarce finished, is one of almost matchless splendour. Its workmanship is so rich and exquisite, that it reminded me strongly of some things I witnessed in Jerusalem's Temple. The surpassing excellence of the inlayings—of the carvings, and of the paintings that abound in this temple, the latter unknown to the Holy Temple of Judea, has made this one of Rome so famous, as to attract daily thither men of distinguished taste and science; who come from all parts of the earth, that they may not only delight their eyes, but improve themselves by copies taken of it, so that they may compare this triumph of the arts with all that may be seen in other lands.

Nor must I fail to mention the stupendous *Amphitheatre*, probably the most solid and enduring structure of human art, saving the Egyptian pyramids—and which are only so by reason of their peculiar form. In conversing yesterday with Flavius Josephus, he assured me that this massive pile was well nigh finished by Vespasian and Titus, in the wonderfully short period of four years; that it was commenced immediately after the triumph—was designed to commemorate their successes in the Jewish war—and that, when not quite complete, Titus, at its bloody dedication, exhibited games and gladiatorial combats, during nearly one hundred days,—in which no less than five thousand wild beasts were slain; and that many of the Jewish captives were forced to combat there, some unto death, for the amusement of the myriads present!\* In addition to these vast and brilliant works, Vespasian restored very many of the Registers of the Empire, which had fallen under the recent fires. Three thousand Tables of Brass, containing the senate's decrees—the ordinances of the people—the treaties with foreign nations, and the *privilegia* of the corporations and of individuals, together with most of the remarkable chronicles from the foundation of the city, were restored, and thus perpetuated, as derived from all of the best attainable sources.

Vespasian, however, was not regardful of his Roman subjects alone—but extended his fostering care to even his remotest provinces. He built many cities; repaired others, made extensive roads, pierced the Flaminian mountains, so as to give a safe and commodious passage through them. Nor was his generally estimable son Titus less active all the while. He successfully repelled the invasion

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\* From this account of the building of the Flavian Amphitheatre, now more generally known as the *Coliseum*, the opinion of the French architect *Desgodetz*, that the solid parts alone occupied 15,000 men during ten years, is incorrect. So likewise, the idea of *Evelyn* that 30,000 Jews were set to work upon it, is still more improbable; as but few of the captives reached Rome, beyond the seven hundred brought by Titus to grace his triumphal procession.

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of the *Alani*, another Scythian nation that invaded the provinces of Media and Armenia, and were near destroying King Tiridates, (the same ferocious prince who perilled the life of Rebecca—put thee in jeopardy of perpetual slavery, and who saw the venerable Meifalcus perish, after the fortunate escape from his hands of our dear Melchior!) I cannot but think that, had the good Vespasian and his worthy son known this wicked Tiridates, as well as thou dost, and had he also known Rebecca and thee, my Philotera, only half as well as I do, he would have suffered the Barbarians to cast him headlong into the den of lions, among the bones of the ill-fated Christians, cast by him into that den of lions, as was also his first design to do with our honoured friends, then of Pella, late of Edeffa. The clemency and even tenderness of Vespasian, are Josephus' delight to dwell on. He lately told me an interesting anecdote of the emperor, witnessed by himself, which I must tell thee; as it suits no less thy own soft heart, than my own love of elevated patriotism. There was a certain notorious rebel, named Julius Sabinus, who was so audacious as even to proclaim himself *Cæsar*; and appealed to arms in maintenance of his title! Being brought a prisoner, however, to Rome, some intercession was made for the Emperor's pardon: but chiefly by his wife, who appeared at court in deep mourning, attended by her two young sons; and thus briefly pleaded for her husband's life, and the safety of herself and family—all of whom were involved in the effects of the daring treason. "*Oh Cæsar! I have given birth to these two infants, and have nourished them, to increase the number of thy supplicants—and to enlarge the bounds of thy clemency.*" The Emperor in tears replied, "Thou and thy infants, and thy property are all safe—but thy husband is *Rome's* enemy, not mine; him I cannot save." Noble sentiment! he would not enrich his treasury, nor go one iota beyond the law's essentials, in remembrance of his personal wrongs: but, that his country's welfare and honour could never be lost sight of, appears in this case, and in others, also related to me by his admiring Josephus. Among these, I may mention that the Prætor, Helvedius Priscus, would never salute the Emperor, but by the bare name of Vespasian; and this, too, even in his official edicts! He went so far at last, that proceedings were had against him, but without the emperor's knowledge; and, when made known to him were instantly countermanded: for, to Vespasian's noble mind, these were but idle littlenesses in Priscus, and such persons, that sullied in no degree the Imperial lustre. And so, again, when the Parthian king thus addressed our Emperor, "*Arfaces, KING of KINGS, to Flavius Vespasian.*" Rome's sovereign took no offence, but replied to the saucy barbarian thus; "*Flavius Vespasian to Arfaces, KING of KINGS.*" Now these, and very many others, related of Vespasian,

## Death of Vespasian—Titus Emperor.

are naught but what every virtuous and high-minded man should do; but, in kings and emperors, they are really higher virtues, because such displacency towards absolute power and plenary dignity, is a higher insolence than usual—and also because monarchs have so rarely been able thus to curb their passions. To me, moreover, who, from my earliest infancy witnessed the bloody deeds of Nero, and heard so much respecting those of Claudius and Caligula, the generous acts of Vespasian and of Titus seem like gushing streams of living waters, passing through some foul avenue, leaving all things sweet!

Eighteen years have now passed since Josephus lost his friend Vespasian,—for his reign endured only about ten years. The Emperor being in Campania, and apparently but slightly unwell, he was heard suddenly to cry out, after the fashion of his Heathen education, "*Metinks I am going to be made a God!*"—and then retiring to his summer estate near Reate, his complaint grew constantly worse. At length, rising one morning from his couch, he exclaimed, "*An Emperor should die standing on his feet,*" and instantly expired in the arms of those around him! Vespasian, the *tenth* emperor, was the *second* who died a natural death—and the *first* who was succeeded by his son!

In the arts of war, he was second only to Julius Cæsar—in those of peace, superior to Augustus!

The Roman people unhesitatingly, though not joyfully, received Titus as his successor: and no one thought of disputing his high claims, but his wicked brother Domitian; who impotently attempted to question Vespasian's Will, in favour of the eldest son, Titus, by alleging that the will had been *forged* by his brother! No one gave the least credit to the accusation; but a slight coldness towards Titus was somewhat visible in the people, who feared him, not only on account of his recent voluptuousness, but from some acts that favoured of cruelty. But all apprehension vanished soon after he assumed the imperial diadem; and even his devoted passion for the illustrious Jewish beauty, *Queen Berenice*, whom the people hated, was voluntarily and promptly abandoned! Such, indeed, became his virtues and winning manners, that all hearts were soon his own—he was hailed as the "*Love and Delight of mankind,*" and seems well to have heeded the sage advice of that wonderful man, *Apollonius*, of Tyana; who bade him, would he be good and famous, "*merely follow Vespasian's footsteps, as then he could not fail.*"

As women are apt to feel a peculiar interest, either in the way of admiration, or of censure, towards those of their sex who have been remarkable for virtue or for vice, I will detain my gentle Philotera, only

*Titus succeeds  
to the Em-  
pire.*

*Queen Berenice  
and her fate.*

## Titus and Queen Berenice.

for a moment, with one, whom I am sure she will not admire—I allude to the much-spoken-of BERENICE—but in whose fate there is still, for tender hearts like thine, much to awaken deep regrets. Like all of her Idumean race, this Jewish Queen was highly gifted. Her beauty was so matchless and enduring—her manners were so fascinating and irresistible—and her intelligence was of so high an order, that although she had been married to her uncle Herod, king of Calcis—then to Polemo, king of Pontus, whom she abandoned—and was then, I fear, too justly suspected of an habitual incestuous connexion with King Agrippa II. yet Titus had become so enamoured of her, (and Vespasian likewise,) that, although some years had elapsed since their first acquaintance, they could not resist receiving her at their imperial court with the most distinguished honours—and the son even promised marriage, and would have made her empress! Berenice was the daughter of Herod Agrippa I.—the same who beheaded the Apostle James and imprisoned the holy Peter; and she is the same Berenice who, with so much pomp at Cæsarea, united with the procurator Festus, in hearing Paul's noble defence, when sent down for trial from Jerusalem.\* Her brother, Agrippa II., who joined Vespasian and Titus during Jerusalem's greatest peril, accepted from the former an increase of territory, and also a prætorship,—but resided mostly at Rome—a base and splendid vassal of the empire—as indeed were all of that Idumean family; which, with all their magnificence, were ever Israel's bane, and worst of enemies: but this last of the royal House of Herod died, about three years ago, as he had lived—a refined voluptuary, and an ignoble recreant to Israel's cause; which he forsook, not from any worthy principle, as did Josephus, but as a selfish parasite of power, and a wicked imitator of all the vilest institutions and fashions of foreign lands!

As for his beautiful and dissolute sister Berenice, she had nigh lost her life some years before Titus first saw her. It seems that, with better feelings towards the Jews than Agrippa often had, she undertook to interfere with the cruel proceedings of Florus; whose love of plunder and blood, however, were not to be stayed even by the petitions of so much dazzling beauty, and though coming from queenly lips! The cause she espoused greatly endangered her life; for the soldiery hated the Jews; and they also knew that Florus could not endure them. It so happened that, at this time, Berenice was engaged in the execution of the Nazarite vow at Jerusalem, which required of her, during thirty days, to go with naked feet and shorn hair—to offer many sacrifices, and to abstain mostly from food, and wholly from wine. She then heard of the merciless

\* A. D. 63. Acts xxv. xxvi.

The extreme beauty of Berenice—Anecdotes of Titus.

ravages of this brutal Florus; and promptly hastened, in her then weak and miserable condition, before the tribunal, and implored the Procurator to spare the Jews! But the obdurate Roman had no ear for pity, no reverence for her dignity, no regard for her surpassing loveliness, no sympathy for the state into which her vow had brought her. He dismissed her with coldness; and she was then most happy to escape with life from the rude treatment of his barbarous men of arms!

When Titus and Berenice first met, she was older than he by several years; he being then nearly forty: but those who saw her at the time inform me, that her eyes still beamed with all the lustre of a sprightly fawn, when seen through the dark foliage of Mount Soraete—that her curling hair shone as burnished and carved ebony—that her cheeks yet glowed as with the transparent ruby-blushes of life's freshest aurora—that her teeth vied in snowy whiteness with the purest ivory; and that her polished neck and swelling bosom caused even the pearls, placed there as garnishment, to sigh with envy that they were so little seen! And yet, dear Philotera, Titus, in after times, great as was his infatuation, was prompt to surrender, at his country's bidding, all this little world of personal loveliness; and, that he might secure his own faithfulness to this great self-denial, she was sent by him forthwith from Rome, together with many others, who had been the chief instruments in promoting this and other destructive passions in him.\*

By numerous acts of public and of private beneficence, Titus soon became the people's idol; and he was so constant in doing and promising good, that he was sometimes reminded that he might have promised more than he would be able to perform; to which he modestly replied, "*This may possibly be so—but no subject ought to depart sorrowful from the presence of his prince.*" And it is farther related of him that, on being told one night, he had done no act of kindness that day, he deeply sighed, and exclaimed, "*Amici! diem peridi*"—"my friends! I have lost a day." Upon entering into the office of Pontifex Maximus, he earnestly declared he did so, "*that he might keep his hands pure and undefiled from blood; and that he would greatly prefer death to himself, than inflict it upon others.*"

*Anecdotes of  
the Emperor  
Titus.*

But the exemplary goodness of this emperor was no shield against the treasonable plottings of his brother Domitian; whom

\* The caustic Juvenal, who flourished about the date of this letter, satirises Berenice, not only for her incestuous amours, but likewise for her rigid observance of the severe Jewish penance she had voluntarily assumed. She is also alluded to by Suetonius, by Tacitus, and by Sextus Aurelius. When she came to Rome, she must have passed her fiftieth year, but was still wonderfully beautiful!



## Anecdotes of Titus—Eruption of Vesuvius—Pompeii.

he would not banish, though greatly urged so to do: on the contrary, he conferred upon him the title of Associate and Successor—and with much feeling said to him, “*Ob Domitian! attempt not to gain by treason and fratricide, what so shortly may be wholly thine without a crime,—but let us now live as brothers.*”

The short and brilliant reign of Titus was not, however, exempt from those calamities over which man can exercise no control. In the very year that he came to the throne, ix. kal: Sep.—[24 Aug. A. D. 79] and in the year of Rome 832, the sad intelligence was brought to him that the fire-mountain, Vesuvius, had suddenly burst forth with terrific fury in flames, and melted stones, and boiling waters, blended with sulphurous smokes and burning ashes; that these dread elements had spread themselves far around, and overwhelmed many of the Campanian cities; that *Pompeii*, one of the largest, situate but a small distance from the mountain, between the river Sarnus and the sea, had been entirely covered by the fiery ashes and the boiling waters,—but, happily, that most of the population had time to escape, though several thousands had perished, not only by the continual showers of scorching ashes, and the thick masses of sulphurous smoke and boiling waters, from the mountain itself,—but chiefly by the raging sea that flowed in, and also by the troubled waters of the Sarnus, that could not keep their channels, but raised a barrier against the people’s flight!—all of which, in mid-day, had so darkened the air for a time, that escape in any direction, so easy at first, now seemed impossible. Eighteen years have passed since this great calamity happened—and yet we know a city is there entombed—the loftiest houses now lie buried beneath a sea of ashes—all is still a wide waste, and for ever may so remain, though curiosity and the hope of plunder do sometimes invite a few to the task of unveiling the mysteries that are below! But, my Philotera, I must no longer speak of *Pompeii*; as a far greater calamity, at least to human life, soon after occurred to the imperial city itself; the effects of which are even yet severely felt. I allude to the dreadful pestilence that broke out in Rome, and destroyed, nearly as rapidly as Vesuvius did, far more people than were contained within all the walls of *Pompeii*; for, as I am assured by my good friend Josephus, in some of the days, not less than ten thousand of her people perished by this raging malady! And, to these miseries were still added a most terrific conflagration, which raged with violence during three days, and as many nights! Well do I remember, though then quite a youth, the horrors of that greatest of our conflagrations, in Nero’s time, and doubtless, too, by his contrivance, which destroyed the larger part of Rome.

These complicated miseries, of cities overwhelmed in the adjoining region—of a loathsome and mortal plague, and then a

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Britannia, or Albion—Cornelius Tacitus—Agricola.

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devouring fire, at home, greatly agonized the feeling heart of Titus : but his sympathies were promptly made known by actions, instead of mournful complaints ; and he at once assumed upon himself the whole loss occasioned by the *fire*,—and, as to the *pestilence*, lives could not be recalled ; but I should only weary thy ears and thy affections, were I to enumerate even the tenth of those generous decrees to which the Emperor resorted, for the mitigation of the daily horrors, and for eventually expelling from the city the foul destroyer !

But, if Titus had many causes of grief for his country at home, he derived great satisfaction from the noble achievements abroad, of his renowned lieutenant, AGRICOLA, then in the beautiful island called Britannia, and by others *Albion* ; which, you my Philotera, as being a Greek, may understand how to derive from *alphon*—white,—there being many high and *chalky* cliffs upon its border :—and it may also be taken from the Hebrew word *alben*, which imports the same. This extensive island was discovered by Julius Cæsar, about a century and a half ago ; but was not known to be an island until recently ; when Agricola sailed entirely round it ! I have been much interested in the accounts given me concerning this Agricola ; who, only about four years since, died at the rather early age of fifty-four, leaving a name of surpassing lustre ;—one that must grow brighter and brighter in all coming ages ; as then, it will be compared with those of his contemporaries, with more impartiality than now—and likewise with those who lived before, or who may live after him.\*

It was my good fortune soon after my arrival here, to become acquainted, and intimately, with the illustrious CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS, who married the lovely and only daughter of Agricola. My friend's beautiful portrait of his distinguished father-in-law, puts to the blush the happiest efforts of the painter's, or of the sculptor's art—yea, of these combined ; for *they* may moulder, be broken, and lost to us for ever,—but the "*Life of Agricola*," from the pen of Tacitus, will pass through all time—will be infinitely numbered—will repose in every library—will be pondered upon by minds of every form ; and then will be still as fresh, as in the hour it first saw light ! Delightful privilege of the pen of genius ! Tacitus will live in that, and his other works, when bronze, and marble, and even golden statues and other sculptures, have wholly perished ! The charming *apostrophe* to Agricola, which Tacitus read to me with deep feelings, and a moistened eye, I will now transcribe for thee,—knowing how responsive thy tender heart ever is to all the noble sympathies of our nature. To me, this pathetic lamentation was

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\* Cneius Julius Agricola died 24th Aug. A.D. 93.

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 Apoptrophe to Agricola.
 

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extremely absorbing—and, when I know that my Philotera shares that interest with me, mine will be doubled—for I live in her! And now for the Apoptrophe,—which I will not put into Greek, as the Latin is now somewhat familiar to thee.—“What aggravates mine, and your daughter’s sorrow, besides the loss of you, is, that we have not had the opportunity of sitting by you in your sickness, supporting you in your faintings, and enjoying the satisfaction of your last looks and embraces. Then we should have received from you those commands and counsels which would have been perpetually fixed on our memory. This is a great cause of our regret: you were lost to us by four years’ absence from us. It is certain that you, best of fathers! wanted nothing suitable to your character and circumstances, since your tender wife was present with you; but you should have been lamented with other tears than hers; and in your last moments your eyes were bereaved of the sight of some who were very dear to you. If there be any residence for the manes of the virtuous; if, as philosophers think, the souls of the great are not extinguished with their bodies—may you rest in peace, and recall us your family from too weak and womanish lamentations for your death, to the contemplation of your virtues, which it is very unreasonable to regret. Let us rather honour you with a just admiration. This is the true honour, and the best instance of piety which we your nearest relations can show you. This is what I shall represent to your daughter and your wife, that the former would revere the memory of her father, and the latter that of her husband, by revolving all his actions and words in their minds, and reflecting more upon the character and idea of his soul than those of his body. Not that I would, in the least, oppose erecting to you images of marble or brass; but as the bodies of men are perishing and mortal, so likewise are their statues: but the form of the mind is eternal, and can never be preserved or expressed by any foreign materials or art, but only by the real character and behaviour of the person who imitates it. Whatever we loved or admired in Agricola still remains, and will for ever remain in the minds of men, and in the everlasting fame that attends noble actions. Many of the ancients will be sunk in oblivion, without the least remain of fame or reputation, but Agricola will be transmitted to posterity, and survive in immortal honour.”\*

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\* It will be seen, in the above extract, that the Editor has chosen to adopt the well-known beautiful translation of this charming apotrophe, in preference to the original, or to any version he or others could give, or have given. With the exception, then, of some very unimportant variations, it will be found to be Mr. Murphy’s translation. How soundly Tacitus judged, in saying that neither brass nor marble can outlive the written delineation of a virtuous character, is conclusively illustrated in this very case.

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Julianus and Tacitus converse.

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After the reading by Tacitus of this beautiful address to the departed spirit of the virtuous Agricola, (undoubtedly the greatest captain of his age, since duty, not ambition, ever swayed him), Tacitus said to me, "My dear Julianus, all loved his noble spirit—every Roman honoured him in their deepest affections, save one, and he was Rome's unworthy Emperor! Domitian loved him not, being more jealous of Agricola's vast reputation, than of the danger of his power or ambition: and we accordingly find that, in a very few years after this cruel and ridiculous 'Fly-Catcher' came to the throne, he recalled his admirable governor from his splendid and useful career in Britannia, under the specious pretence of favouring him with the appointment of Præfect in Syria! So cautious, however, was Agricola to add no more fuel to the idle jealousy of Domitian, that he entered Rome with marked humility; and even visited the Imperial palace by night, so that the people should not lavish honours upon him, which might prove unpleasant to his ungrateful sovereign! The Emperor still received him coldly, and allowed him to mingle unobserved, if possible, among the crowd of courtiers—and then to retire for ever into unnoted privacy." Here Tacitus ceased speaking for a moment, and seemed much agitated; the cause I knew not then, and now 'tis but my conjecture, which I will presently mention. "Had Agricola," continued Tacitus, "during the twelve years of seclusion which followed, been in the least imprudent, he must have fallen a sacrifice to Domitian's filly jealousy—but such was his severe caution that, when the proconsulships of Asia and of Africa were to be disposed of even by lot, and matters were so that one or the other of them must have come to Agricola, great was the satisfaction as well as surprise in Domitian, when Agricola came forth and solemnly requested to be excused from the honour of being a candidate, pleading as his apology the great love he had for retirement!" Here Tacitus was observed by me to heave a sigh, and then said—"but death, in three years after this, removed the excellent Agricola, and thus quieted the ignoble fears of the wicked tyrant." The truth, as I afterwards learned, is, that Domitian hath been violently suspected, by some at least, of having had foul recourse to poison! and this thought may have disturbed my Tacitus, whilst thus communing with me.

The kindness of this excellent friend towards your Julianus, hath been occasioned by his fondness for my father; who, as I have often told thee, was truly learned; and, when a slave, often was most kind to the youth Tacitus. In his great old age, and the freedom enjoyed by him for some years, he gradually became the admired counsellor of Tacitus; who, at this time, is scarce my own age, being little more than forty.

But now to return to my narrative concerning the late emperor Titus; which will occupy me only in a few words more. The ex-

## Domitian's character and reign.

plots of his governor in Albion had greatly pleased Titus ; and, as Agricola had reaped much fame, so the emperor failed not, on his account, and by that reflexion known only to sovereigns, to receive therefrom the highest honours ; and, for the *fifteenth* time, the people hailed him as Emperor ! But, after a reign of only two years and a few months, the spirit of Titus was summoned away, and he ceased to rule in the forty-and-first year of his age. Now, though this good Emperor declared that, "*in the whole course of his life, he knew of no action but one that he ought to repent of,*" yet, such is man's instinctive recoil from death, that *even he* grieved at its approach, and mourned that "*he should be taken off thus early, and so undeservedly !*"—and such, O Philotera, are the narrow views, even of the wisest and best, among the Heathens !

When speaking of Titus, as the friend of Agricola, Tacitus further remarked to me thus ;—"Yes, my Julianus, this truly good emperor belonged not to an age so corrupt as ours,—*he* was all light—*Domitian* all darkness : the elder brother was capable of any kind of dignity, as even his sweet and majestic countenance showed,—but the younger brother was for ever grovelling in the earth ; and his countenance, at least for some years past, was as devoid of sweetness, as his actions were of true dignity."

If, dear Philotera, I have delighted myself in thus detaining you with some account of Roman virtues, and especially of that Titus, who, whilst we were at Pella and Edeffa, caused us all so much grief and terror, as God's messenger and avenger on a most guilty nation,—I now shrink with abhorrence from the details I must give you of his successor, the infamous Domitian ; who came to the throne upon the Ides of September, in the year of Rome 833.\*

There can be no doubt that Domitian's wicked ambition when he was a mere youth, would have prompted him to the sacrifice alike of father and of brother, to hasten his own attainment of the supreme power ; this fact, and some recent circumstances, have caused the belief in many that the untimous and unlooked-for death of Titus, was of Domitian's procurement ; and the grounds of the ugly suspicion are even stronger than in the case of Agricola's death : for, if we even wholly disregard the personal motives he had for their removal, what, O Philotera, may we *not* justly impute to Domitian, whose innate love of cruelty was so great, as to have daily led him from the *throne secured*, into a private chamber, there to *amuse* himself for an hour or more—in *catching flies, and piercing them with a sharp and tiny bodkin !* Smile not, my sweet and gentle spouse, at a wickedness so supremely ridiculous—for such is only the preface of

\* Sept. 13th, A.D. 81.

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Domitian's character and reign.

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a far more weighty and terrific slaughter,—and he who can revel in the agonies of a poor insect, would not be slow in torturing his own species, even to the utmost verge of Satanic conception!—and doubtless, the humorous old Crispus so thought of Domitian; when, with more fun than fear, he ventured to reply, upon being questioned whether anybody was then with the Emperor? “*No—not so much as a fly!*”

It is now eight months since this monster ceased to live; and, upon my arrival at Rome a few days after the happy event, I saw so many *Domitian remains*, that I could scarce help thinking his reign must have endured quite fifty, instead of only fifteen years!—for his vanity, like his cruelty, was so unbounded, as to cause his statues, inscriptions, and name, to be ceaselessly in view; and to appear in such truly imposing forms, as made him as *omnipresent* in Rome, as he vainly supposed his *Godship* was in all other places! Great, however, was my satisfaction in soon finding, as if by sudden magic, that Domitian's memoranda of himself were nowhere to be seen! for the Senate's joy at his death was so excessive, that they quickly assembled, and decreed that his images, scutcheons, and names should forthwith be torn down and utterly destroyed: and further, that no more honours should be allowed at his funeral than to any common ruffian—that his name should be erased from all the Registers of Fame, and that his memory should be for ever abolished!

Having thus briefly stated how he became emperor, and how he ceased to reign; I will now shortly recount his actions *Epitome of Domitian's life and actions.*—from which thou wilt perceive that even Nero and Caligula have had their equal! Such was the inordinate arrogance of Domitian, that he did not hesitate as his earliest act to declare, in full senate, that the sovereign power he now wielded was merely a restoration on the part of his father and brother of his own unquestionable right; and which they had enjoyed only by his permission! He then caused himself to be appointed consul for ten years,—that, by adding these to the seven consulships under Vespasian, he might vaunt of an honour hitherto unknown, of being seventeen times consul! He also increased his lictors from twelve to twenty-four—caused himself to be proclaimed, during his reign, Imperator twenty-two times, though in fact he had been almost always defeated—uniformly appeared before the Senate in his triumphal dress—assumed the surname of *Germanicus*, though continually unfortunate in his battles with those hardy people—gave the same appellation to the month of September, *that* being the one in which he had come to the throne—ordered the month of October, in which he was born, to be called *Domitianus*—inscribed his name upon all the edifices he had rebuilt after the great fire of the

## Domitian's character and reign.

preceding reign—but without the least notice of their previous founders—filled Rome with his statues, allowing none to be erected to himself in the Capitol, unless of gold, or of silver—crowded the streets, forums, and avenues with triumphal arches of victories, never achieved by him—haftily retreated from the German people called the Catti, and yet claimed a triumph, appearing at that time in vast pomp, and with *hired* persons suitably habited, to personate his captives—assumed the surname of *Dacius*, and had a further triumph for a war with the Dacians, but which, in truth, was ended by a disgraceful peace and treaty—was conveyed from place to place during his wars, in a litter, and was likewise then attended by a most ridiculous and effeminate luxury. But these were not even the chief Domitian follies,—discontented with the titles even of “Lord,” and of “Master,” so modestly rejected even by Augustus and Tiberius, he impiously assumed that of divinity itself,—causing temples to be erected to his honour, and divine worship to be therein paid to him as a God; and was most wickedly accosted by the licentious and shameless poet Martial, as *Dominus Deusque*—Lord and God! And finally, that he might derive to himself a peculiar fame, and to his reign an infamous notoriety, he delighted to resort to unknown, or wholly obsolete punishments—such as the burning to death of Vestal virgins!

These are some of the cruel, blasphemous, silly and ostentatious acts of this monarch, more than my Philotera can endure to think of; and, were his other follies and enormities merely enumerated, many rolls of my papyrus would be filled by the loathsome catalogue. A few particulars, however, and then let us leave Domitian to the execration of a far more virtuous posterity than will people Rome in our brief day.

Witness, good Philotera, his mercilefs conduct at a late sea-fight, which he exhibited in an immense lake that he caused to be made adjoining the Tiber! The crowd was unexampled, and had convened to flatter the emperor, more than to amuse themselves: and yet, when a driving rain came on, Domitian amused himself with forbidding any one to seek the least shelter,—so that many perished from the severe colds which their long exposure had given them! But his diabolical character is further revealed by his favourite maxim; which, strange to say, some have ascribed to thy countryman, Demosthenes; and that hateful maxim is—that “*distrust is the people's safeguard against tyrants—and the tyrant's safeguard against all!*”—truly a saying of infamous origin, and of most devastating influence, if much practised. Witness still again, his murder of many Stoic philosophers, and of some astrologers—and likewise his decree to banish them all from Italy:—among these, as I remember, were the great *Epictetus*, the philosopher—and *Tele-*

## Domitian's character and reign.

*sinus*, the poet. I may also mention his putting *Lamia* to death, merely for using some old and innocent jests—also *Lucullus*, for permitting some new sort of lances, called by him *Lucullians*—and yet further, the senators *Priscus*, *Rusticus*, and *Senecio*, who were executed on the most idle suspicions, such as their being possibly cognizant of Antoninus' rebellion!

Civility from Domitian was often an alarming presage of some coming evil! as, for example, in the instance of his kindly summoning to his chamber the Comptroller of his household, causing him to be seated in his presence, conversing most frankly with him, dismissing him most cheerfully, sending him that night a favourite dish from his own table—and then *crucifying* him on the next morning!

These enormities, great as they are, still seem to fade into unimportance compared with his cruelties practised upon the harmless Christians, without regard to age, sex, or condition. This, my Philotera, is the *second great* *Second General Persecution of the Christians.* persecution of the followers of our Faith. The causes of Domitian's special ire against them are said to be two; first, as he would not, or could not distinguish between Jews and Christians in general, there having been, unfortunately for the latter, some withholding by the Jews of the tributes due to the national fisc, and, in matters of revenue, Domitian was never lenient—and secondly, as he had listened with jealousy to some vague rumours concerning a Messiah, who would rule over all, and who was to come from Judea; which caused him to fear that some of the lineage of King David might arise to dispute with him the throne! Upon that idle surmise, so little understood by him, that man of supreme power and of no conscience, decreed that all of King David's line should be diligently sought after, and slain: whereupon, two grandsons of the Apostle *Jude* being brought into his presence, their humility and poverty were so evident that, added to their declaration that Christ's kingdom was not, and never would be, one of this world, he dismissed them with obvious contempt! But the persecution raged on, and an order was issued that, "*No Christian brought before the tribunal should be exempt from punishment, unless upon renouncing his religion.*" Should the captives refuse to take the test-oath, death followed; but if they confessed themselves Christians, at all, how little, my Philotera, could Domitian expect from them an abandonment of their faith!—but he learned to know them better. During the few years of this persecution, very many perished. DIONYSIUS, the Areopagite, an early friend of our Alcæus, became a martyr at Athens. At Mediolanum we hear that *Gervasius* and *Protasius* met the like fate; and at Ephesus, our dear and honoured TIMOTHY, as I learned only within these few days, was cruelly slain by the votaries of Diana. The account I have of that matter is, that



Domitian—St. John's Book of Revelation.

whilst the Heathens were celebrating their festival called *Catagogeon*, the venerable bishop Timothy met the proceffion, and warmly re-proved their absurd folly; this so exasperated some of the lower order, that they instantly fell upon the pious old man, and beat him to death with their batoons! This news cannot yet have reached our cherished Rebecca; who, from her long residence at Ephesus, became much attached to this excellent man. It seems, however, that the good Aquila still lives there in safety, in his now greatly advanced age; for, though Timothy thus perished, our holy faith hath made no small impresson at Ephesus.

**I**n the persecution under Domitian's decree (which I suppose is now wholly ended even in the provinces, his successor during the past eight months being quite friendly to our people) there also perished many others known to thee, at least by name. Among these were *Simeon*, once bishop of Jerusalem,—and he was crucified; also *Nicodemus*, who was beheaded at Rome,—and *Clemens*, even though a cousin-german of the mad emperor! Domitian also banished *Domitilla*, wife of Clemens, to the island of Pandetaria,—also *Flavia*, daughter of a Roman senator, to Pontus.

**I** need dwell no longer on this terrific proceeding, than to mention that *JOHN*, the apostle and evangelist, who is now greatly advanced in age, also fell under the early operation of this decree, but only to the extent of his banishment to the island of Patmos, where he remained during the whole persecution. It seems, however, that he has lately been released; as some Christians here with whom I have conversed, have a rumour that John, upon leaving Patmos, went to Ephesus, and there hath given to the Church a wonderful "*BOOK OF REVELATIONS*," concerning things that are to come to pass, from the present time, even unto the end of the ages! This most interesting volume I have not yet seen, there being scarce time for it to have reached Rome. Melchior promised to be here as soon as he can well leave Athens,—which may not be for a year or more; and doubtless he will bring the Book of Revelations with him, or sooner send it, as he is in constant communion by letter with Aquila at Ephesus.

**I** am pleased that I may here end what I had to say of this odious persecution; but I cannot yet part with its author, as some strange things are said to have preceded his death,—which, whilst they show the terrors of his guilty conscience, equally manifest either the powers of Satan, or that God sometimes permits to Heathens, as well as to Christians, a faint insight into futurity—or lastly, which is the more probable, in the present case at least, that what I have to relate has more of fabrication than of prophecy.

**T**hou must often have heard our good and now fainted friend Priscilla, and others, speak of that remarkable man Apollonius of

Domitian—Apollonius of Tyana.

Tyana, not only as a philosopher and magician of great note, but so great, that some have impiously likened him to the Messiah! It seems, then, that in spite of Domitian's aversion to the astrologers, magicians, and philosophers, he could not resist giving an audience to Apollonius; who, as the story goes, performed many wonderful feats of magic before him—and then instantly vanished clean away! Now, this same magician happening to be at Ephesus, at the time that Domitian was slain at Rome, was heard by many suddenly to cry out, "*Strike the tyrant home—courage my brave Stephanus! Strike him home. All now is well; the Tyrant is no more—he is just now slain!*" And all this was said, as was afterwards ascertained, at the very instant that the mortal blow was given! This, dear Philotera, is surely wonderful, if it be a truth. It is further said that the Chaldean astrologers continued their predictions respecting Domitian's death, which greatly tortured him: whereupon he sent for one of them, named Aseleterion, and demanded of him whether he had published any prediction respecting his death; and the astrologer replying in the affirmative, Domitian said, "*O Aseleterion! dost thou know thy own fate, and what will be thy death?*" and his instant reply was, "*Yea, Domitian, I shall be devoured by the dogs!*" The Emperor ordered him to immediate execution, hoping to convict him of imposture, by slaying and burning him with all possible care; but, whilst his officers were actively engaged in performing their trust, a sudden tempest arose, which blew down the funeral pile, and cast off the body—when lo! some dogs that were prowling about, quickly seized upon the lifeless body, and devoured it!

That there is some foundation for this tale, I question not; but, my Philotera, how easily are falsehoods blended with some truth—all may have occurred, except the two predictions; and indeed, as to the first, had Aseleterion pronounced even confidently on Domitian's death, there surely was enough in the then political atmosphere to enable him so to do; and, at most this would have been but a shrewd guess from pregnant circumstances—and, as to the second, it is far more probable that Aseleterion made some general remark thereon, which Domitian designed to falsify.

Thou dost remember a certain *Epaphroditus*, of whom Cartaphilus so often spoke as being Nero's secretary? This man, grown old in the service of emperors, was at last cruelly murdered by Domitian, for no other cause than that he might impress upon those around him, the danger of aiding royalty to die, even should death be coveted! for this Epaphroditus had been faithful to his master Nero, and merely assisted the feeble stroke that the timid monarch desired to inflict upon himself,—and yet Domitian, after twenty-and-eight years' silence thereon, basely slew him, that he might teach a

## Domitian's Presentiment of his death.

lesson to his own domestics, never to meddle with royal blood, even should it be weary of life, and to save it from the ruder stabs of his foes !

But, whatever may have been the power of the astrologers—their falsehoods, or the additions and after-thoughts of others, it still is undeniably true that Domitian himself had very strong *presentiments* of his approaching fate ! PRESENTIMENTS ! What, dearest spouse, is this mysterious glance into futurity—whence doth it spring—and to what extent doth it really exist ? I will not argue, nor resolve these questions,—but only say that, he is no philosopher, who, taking the many authentic cases of persons whose death speedily followed their strong anticipations of it, should in all such cases blend the sentiment with the event, and regard them all as divine premonitions !—and he, on the other hand, is perhaps still less of a philosopher, and no Christian, who habitually rejects all alliance between the soul's impressions and their accomplishment, and coldly ascribes the feelings and their realization to naught but chance, or possibly to the mere operation of a strongly agitated mind upon a feeble and then perishing body !—to me, each of these seems alike an extreme, for, who can doubt but that the soul, when upon eternity's verge,—yea, even when the body is not diseased, is sometimes permitted to see dimly through the thin veil that divides the present from the future ? I cannot doubt it, my Philotera.

In Domitian's case it is quite certain that, during some flashes of lightning more terrific than usual, he was heard to cry out, "*Let Jupiter strike whom he pleaseth ;*" and soon after, having ordered some choice fruits to be prepared for his use on the next day, he also said with much feeling, "*If it be my fortune to use these fruits then*"—and it is equally true that he said to his attendants, "*To-morrow some fatal thing will happen, and that will prove the discourse of all the world !*" Now, this seemingly dreaded day, was that upon which he was assassinated !

Before midnight of that day, Domitian leaped out of his bed in great terror ; and asking the hour, was falsely told by his attendants that the Clepsydra had already noted midnight. This being an hour later than his *presentiment* had counted on, the emperor was greatly relieved thereby, and considered his danger as now past, upon which he hastened to refresh himself with a bath—but, in going thither, was met by *Stephanus*, who plunged a dagger into him, which was followed by many others, inflicted by conspirators of his household !

Thus perished Titus Flavius Domitianus,—a man odiously illustrious, whom no one loved, save the Prætorian Guards—so often the wicked instruments of his cruelty, and the only beings upon whom he had lavished kindnesses ! These Prætorians, with an

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Nerva's reign—Authors of this Century.

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equally wicked consistency, were the only ones who now desired to do his memory honour—and *they* would have canonized him as a God! With Domitian expires the Vespasian family—he being the twelfth of the Cæsars, and the ninth of them who came to an unnatural end!

**M**ARCUS COCCEIUS NERVA, now in the seventieth year of his age, hath been emperor during the eight months since I am here; and what he may eventually prove must yet be hoped for, as the beginning is no sure presage of an emperor's reign: but it rejoices me, dear Philotera, to say that thus far he has given strong indications of great worth; and having been much honoured by Vespasian and Titus, and hated by Domitian, who banished him to Tarentum, give me great assurance that Rome in him will have repose. Great must have been the joy to hear, that the first act of Nerva's reign was the revocation of the edicts against the Christians, their permission to return to Rome, and freely to exercise their religion.\*

*Nerva succeeds to the Empire.*

**A**lthough Domitian liked not the Historians of his time, since he would have no one praised but himself, and he feared their censures far more than he expected their approbation, yet *Flavius Josephus* had the good fortune to retain his favour, and to be permitted to finish his “History of the Jewish Antiquities,” which appeared near four years ago,—that is, in the early part of the xiii<sup>th</sup> of Domitian's reign. His first work, as you well know, is entitled the “Wars of the Jews,” and appeared about four years after the destruction of Jerusalem.†

*Roman authors of that age.*

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\* Nerva's reign continued a very mild and equitable one; but endured only about eight months after Julianus thus writes of him; and, in all, just sixteen months and nine days. The Prætorians gave him some trouble, and convinced him that more energy of body as well as of mind were now required than in one of his age, which caused him to adopt *Trajan* as his associate and successor—a most fortunate selection, as will be hereafter seen, for the glory of Rome, and the repose of the Church.

† As Julianus makes no mention of but these two works, the first of which was published A. D. 75—and the second A. D. 93, it is probable that the others appeared a few years after. His autobiography doubtless was given to the world at the close of his eventful life; which was probably in the 14<sup>th</sup> of Trajan, A. D. 101; when Josephus was in the 65<sup>th</sup> year of his age. His two books against *Apion* are an appendix to his “Antiquities;” the second only of which is responsive to the calumnies of Apion—the first being a masterly vindication of his main work, and designed as a reply to the incredulity of the Greeks respecting all Hebrew history! and both were probably published in the year preceding his death. It is supposed by some that this work was written in Judea, he having retired, in the early time of Trajan, to those Palestinian estates that had been made to him tax-free by Domitian. The Discourse addressed by Josephus to the Greeks, concerning the nature of *Hades*, is as curious as interesting. In

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Seneca—The Plinys—Josephus—Quintilian.

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My present wish, dear Philotera, is to bring to your notice only some of the many works of the great philosophers—poets—orators—and historians, who have adorned Rome since my departure upon Nero's death. This must be very shortly done; for their works will be better recommended to thy regard by their careful study, than by my most elaborate praises; and, when thou shalt be with me here in Rome, how delightful will it be for me to advise and consult with thee, as to what shall be nourished, and what avoided—for all, truly, may not be read by chaste minds, be they Heathen or Christian.

Let me, then, first mention the numerous writings of the younger SENECA, in Nero's time—all of which are for the *heart*; and also the works of PLINY, whom Vesuvius destroyed, about eighteen years ago, when Pompeii was overwhelmed, and all of whose writings are for the *mind*, as they treat chiefly of corporeal things, in all their boundless varieties and riches, but in which this Pliny could see no evidences of a God! Born at Verona, he became one of the most learned of all the Romans, as is deeply shown in his History of Nature, in xxxvii books, replete with all the wonders of creation—and yet without their chief use, those marks of design and of providential goodness, which Pliny could not see! He is also the author of one hundred and sixty volumes of Annotations upon various authors! So boundless, indeed, were his acquirements, and so great the value of those Annotations, that, as I am informed, a certain Lubinius offered him no less than five golden talents for them! which, not needing money, he promptly declined.\*

I must also specially recommend QUINTILIAN; who, like the elder Seneca, was a Spaniard, and a famous rhetorician. Domitian suffered him to enjoy a peaceful retirement; and there he wrote his admirable "Institutes of the Orator;" which even young maidens

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fine, the writings of this distinguished Jew are an inestimable treasure as works of great research in Greek authorities, many of which have perished; they should be found in every library, and especially of those whose faith in the Jewish and Christian chronicles, whether political or religious, is, from any cause, feeble and wavering,—for *he* must be an inveterate sceptic, who can resist the mass of testimony given by Josephus—testimony, not by any means derived from Jewish sources only; but mainly from profane authorities then well known; and, as to the exemplary destruction of the Jewish nation and institutions, derived from his own ocular evidence; vouched, likewise, by Vespasian, by Titus, and, not to forget, by Herod Agrippa,—all of whom were so prominent in effecting that wonderful catastrophe.

\* These five talents amount to 3,240*l.* sterling—or about 14,500 dollars. None of the works of the elder Pliny are now extant, except his Natural History; of which there is a French translation, in 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1833—and in 11 vols. 8vo, after the original, edited by Lemaire. Paris, 1832.

would read with great advantage,—but which every Roman and Greek mother should not fail carefully to study ; for Oratory, my Philotera, is truly a divine art,—and its seeds should be planted in the mind during its tenderest infancy ; for words and their intonations, and all the graces of gesticulation that give force to artificial language, may be imparted to children at a very early age. In this delightful work there is much that unfolds the elements of speech, its philosophy, and the sources of those feelings which energize and give expressiveness to diction. Hence is it that I now recommend this work to thee ; for, when our little family are established in the Imperial City, you, my Philotera, though a Greek by birth, will be a Roman matron, in all those virtues of heart and of head, that so usually have distinguished the daughters of Rome ; and to these thou wilt add, as I know, the much brighter and more enduring principles of our holy religion.

Since the time I left Rome with our lamented Cartaphilus, there have also been some *poets*, of no little note ; and among these I would mention only two ; namely, SILIUS ITALICUS, whom I well remember as a lawyer of some eminence, and as Consul at the time of Nero's death. His poem relates to the Second Punic War ; and though not a production of a very high order, is much superior to many we now read,—for his poetical descriptions are faithful to nature ; and the narrative is not only highly veracious, but is replete with vivid and extremely interesting delineations of men and things.

The other poet is PAPINIUS STATIUS ; who was born at Neapolis, and is now resident, as I believe, in Rome. I was made known to him by Tacitus, and also by Josephus,—neither of whom, however, admire him much, either as a man, or as a poet,—not as the former, ever since his venal adulation of Domitian ;—which also manifested impiety—and not as a poet, because their own taste is too pure to admire his singular affectations—his bombast—his declamations—and his too often departures from the imaginative regions of poetry, into those of the dull realities of mere narrative history : and yet Statius is now a very general favourite,—which either speaks not well for the pervading taste of our age, or shows that favour may be purchased by circumstances, little dependent upon real merit. Still, the THEBAIS, in xii Books, and his ACHILLEIS, in ii Books, or rather, in one book, the second being quite incomplete—and lastly, his SYLVÆ, in vii Books, are by no means to be disregarded.\*

\* It seems that the poet Statius died only a few months before the date of this letter, in his 35th year : but of which, it is, perhaps, not surprising that Julianus was then uninformed.

But, my very goodnatured Philotera, I must now end my very long epistle; which, I fear, hath sufficiently tried even thy boundless patience; and only assure thee that at Edessa will I be in a few months hence: until then, think of me always—kiss our beloved children often in my behalf—and fail not to read the Seneca, and the Quintilian,—which I am now so fortunate as to have it in my power to send to thee, by the trusty tabellarius, named Catiline.—  
FARE-THREE-WELL.

JULIANUS.

## LETTER XXIX.

MELCHIOR TO AQUILA [*at Ephesus*].

ATHENS, Elul 3rd; *Seleucida*, 412.  
[Aug. 13th, A.D. 100.]



WAS happy, my venerated Aquila, once more to behold thy well-known signet to a few lines from thee, giving me assurance that, though now in thy ninetieth year, the infirmities of age do not yet press sorely on thee: and I have rejoiced to hear that the Church has had peace ever since the melancholy fate, three years ago, of our justly beloved Timotheus. I am sure it was in him a most holy zeal that prompted the indiscreet admonition of the people, at the moment they were engaged in their idolatrous feast of the *Catagogion*, then so ill-timed, because of Domitian's decree against the Christians, then only proclaimed in Ephesus; and also as the people always endure admonition better in private than in public, especially when they happen to be occupied in their own religious and superstitious exercises.\*

The fifteen years that have passed since I parted from Edessa, have been spent by me, as a wanderer in far distant regions, seeing what small good I might effect in the Church wherever found: and though I have endured great calamities, and some perils of life and limb, during quite thirty and eight years, yet none have grieved me so much as the fearful persecutions by Domitian in the last year of his terrific reign: for in it, I lost many precious friends.

\* At the time of Timothy's death at Ephesus, in A. D. 97, it is probable he was in his 69th year; and had survived Paul about thirty years. His age is inferrible from the date of Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, (the ascribed dates of which have been either A. D. 58, or 64) at which time the age of Timothy is very generally admitted to have been about 30: and if of that age in A. D. 58, (the more accurate date of the First Epistle,) Timothy was in his 69th year at the time of his martyrdom at Ephesus.

When I cast my eye through the vista of the last twenty or thirty years, I am astonished and shocked to find how much thinned by martyrdoms are the ranks of those *Early martyrs and confessors.* holy messengers who commenced our great cause; and yet, my Aquila, neither toils, nor persecutions, nor deaths, stay it in the least!—but the modest star of Calvary is becoming a warm and bright sun—Calvary will surely rise far above Pisgah; and the greatest of all revolutions the world hath known will spring from the labours begun by a few obscure, despised, and now persecuted and slaughtered Galileans! Scarce any of them, indeed, remain to encourage us; but we know they have reared a numerous progeny—destined, as we believe, to fulfil every promise made by Israel's God to our great father Abraham.

Of the crucifixion of our honoured *Jude*, at Lunie, of Persia, thou hast doubtless heard; as also of *Simon Zelotes*, who, after having proclaimed the Gospel in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, Lybia, and in Persia, was there slain, with his beloved companion Jude! It has been strangely rumoured by the ignorant that *Simon Peter*, whom Nero destroyed, had visited the remote Albion: but this I believe to be not possible: that benighted island is said to be peopled by a fine race; and from the genial fertility of its soil, and its many insular advantages, it may become one of the greatest of all the Roman provinces.

It was my misfortune, O Aquila, to witness the death of *Dionysius*, one of Domitian's victims; and the melancholy news I promptly detailed to the excellent Alcæus, at Edeffa,—the great Areopagite having been most kind to him, when Alcæus was a poor orphan at Athens. As to *Luke*, the physician, and great Evangelist, no doubt he died a natural death in Achaia, in the 84th year of his age,—so that the rumour we heard of his being suspended by the neck, on an olive tree, by certain idolatrous priests in Greece, is quite fabulous.

JOHN, whom Jesus so much loved, I am rejoiced to hear, is living with thee at Ephesus, full of years, and honours. Old age, good Aquila, seems to border upon eternity,—it is then that the spirit of prophecy is clearer, not in the Seer only—but possibly in all good men. Marvellous, indeed, are the “REVELATIONS” vouchsafed to him, when an exile at Patmos! The copy just received of thee has been read of many; and in all of us with a fearful wonder: what it imports, in many parts, we wot not—but coming ages will doubtless know. The interesting narrative you also sent me, respecting John's tenderness towards that amiable but misguided youth of Smyrna, had been previously rumoured here; and thy confirmation of it gave us all great joy—making that most venerated Apostle yet more dear to us. I doubt not but that

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## Education among the Primitive Christians.

the youthful robber himself (so strangely rescued by John) will now remain not only steadfast to our cause, but, in time, may prove a great captain of salvation to others.\*

**B**ut, venerable Aquila, if the account of the reclaimed youth heightened our affections towards that aged Apostle, *Education of Christians.* we were yet more grateful to him from the detail in thy last letter regarding his great exertions in the matter of *educating* our Christian youths; and especially for his daily toils in building up at Ephesus a school, wherein are taught, not only all that belongs to sacred erudition, but equally all that is useful in mere human learning:—so that, whether its pupils be destined to serve at the altar, or only in matters of worldly concernment, they may each be well qualified for their respective duties. That great Apostle, taught from on high, and, before his *call*, but little versed in human knowledge, now knows that such exalted gifts as were vouchsafed to himself, and to the other founders of our holy religion, are not destined to be thus miraculously given and continued to all who shall follow. Man must still continue, as before, to toil for knowledge of both kinds; and John doubtless remembers that before his preternatural illumination, his own mind needed much even for his own daily wants: and that had he remained so, he must have proved, at his then age, an unprofitable teacher, even of the simple and beautiful truths of Christianity—which, though level to the minds of infants, is yet so boundlessly expansive that the wisest will never exhaust it; and which in the hands of bad men, is by their cunning artifices, and false views, so presented to young or ignorant minds, as shall need educated men to refute them: and such, for example, was the late Apollonius of Tyana. Hence John's dedication of his few remaining days to the great matter of Education, shows his deep regard for the growth of the newly-planted Tree; and his conviction that *human* knowledge ought to be made a powerful auxiliary to the *sacred*; and that, as allies, they are effectual against ingenious infidels; and become an exhaustless source of convictions, a copious fountain of eloquence,

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\* Melchior here, no doubt, alludes to an affecting story recorded by Eusebius, in Book III. chap. XXIII. The Apostle John died about a year after the date of Melchior's letter,—in the third year of Trajan—the Saint being then in the 100th year of his age. The narrative concerning the Smyrna youth seems to have been extracted from *Clemens Alexandrinus*, who lived only about a century after the Apostle's death, and about another century before Eusebius. The exalted character of Clemens for piety and scholarship is strong voucher for the authenticity of the story, so confidently relied on by himself as true. Clemens thus commences the interesting narrative. "*Listen to a story that is no fiction—but a veracious history, handed down, and carefully preserved, respecting the Apostle John.*"

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 Apollonius of Tyana.
 

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and of impressive oratory, and plant our religion deep in the *understanding*, as well as warmly in the *heart*. And that our holy cause is by no means destined to repose alone upon the pious zeal of an *unlearned ministry*, is not only thus demonstrated by John's care for education,—but also by the like regard manifested by the excellent MARK; whose early zeal prompted him to establish at Alexandria the Catechetical School. So also the learned Paul, in all of his labours, never avoided the due use of human knowledge; for surely the teachings he received at Tarsus (a great city, and afterwards at the feet of the illustrious Gamaliel) caused his teachings to reach alike the head and heart; and imparted to his words great delight, as well as power. And moreover, now that the emperors Nerva and Trajan have revoked the wicked decrees of Domitian, I cannot but joyfully anticipate the revival and establishment of many such schools in Rome, and in all the other great cities of the empire—being firmly convinced that, as *Satanus* will not fail to avail himself of all the artifices of a perverted human and sacred learning, the duty of all *Christians* becomes the more imperative, that they be well fortified to meet these artful subtleties—and this can be done only by a thorough union of divine and human learning.\*

And this view of the matter has been still more impressed upon my mind, by reason of my frequent interviews with that dangerous man *Apollonius of Tyana*; who died very recently at an advanced age—and whose eventful life has been decidedly mischievous, no less to true philosophy than to sound religion—he having been highly gifted, and deeply learned in all human things—both of which he shamefully abused, by dedicating himself, with no small zeal and eloquence, to his own selfish purposes of mere worldly and temporary fame.

*Apollonius  
Tyaneus.*

As I have seen and also heard a good deal of that extraordinary man, (but with whose proceedings, whilst at Ephesus, I must ask of thee, my Aquila, the particulars,) I shall now briefly detail a few of the events of his life elsewhere, as known to me during his last twenty years.†

When Domitian came to the throne, Apollonius was in Egypt: and having ever been a great admirer of Vespasian, and of his son Titus, but an equal hater of Domitian, (whose jealousy of his elder brother, and whose meditated treason against his father, caused

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\* That the views of Melchior were also those of the primitive Christians generally is obvious, from the early establishment of seminaries of Christian philosophy, and of secular learning, which, in a short time were found at Rome, Antioch, Edessa, Nisibis, Cæsarea, Seleucia, and at many other places.

† For the early history of Apollonius, see *ante* page 358, in Priscilla's Narrative; and also in Letters xxvii—xxxv.

Apollonius very justly to detest the morals of this Domitian,) he took so active a part in exciting a sedition against Domitian, and in favour of Nerva, that it had nearly caused him the forfeiture of life. As to his participation in that sedition, there can be no doubt: but, by what artfully-contrived magic he was rescued from the fangs of Domitian, it is not easy even to conjecture: his thorough knowledge of human nature, however, and his deep acquaintance with the mysteries of the occult sciences, and of the strange arts in the remote East, together with his winning manners, and likewise the prevailing hatred against that tyrant, were doubtless the chief causes of his wonderful escape: for, when Apollonius was ordered to be seized and brought to Rome, he promptly repaired thither of his own accord; and appeared so little to dread a trial, that even Domitian might have deemed him innocent of the charge, and himself grossly deceived by his informers! The examination of the case was entrusted to the prætor Elian; who seems to have speedily acquitted him!

But Apollonius was too experienced in mankind generally, and knew Domitian too well in particular, to continue in Rome: and in a few weeks thereafter, I met him in Athens—it being there I first saw him; and, as might be expected from his character, I then found him, and almost ever, a zealous attendant on some one or other of the numerous Temples, Gymnasia, Lycæums, or other seats of education, or of religion, with which Athens so much abounds.

It so occurred that, shortly after I reached Athens, I was standing close to the portal of Pan's Grotto, then conversing with *Epictetus* of Hierapolis, the great Stoic philosopher, who had just been exiled from Rome by Domitian. Our conversation respected the soul's immortality; in which Epictetus, in common with his sect, is a firm believer. "But how comes it, O Epictetus!" said I, "that the *Stoics*, who value the soul as an ever-enduring entity, and, consequently an emanation from Deity, and hence placed within the body by Him, for some *fixed* purpose,—how comes it, I say, that the *Stoics* should still regard the soul as so far within *man's* control, that he may sever it from its earthly residence, when, and as he listeth?"

"In this, good Melchior," replied Epictetus, "I differ from my associates—*Suicide* I deem unlawful; for I cannot but think that, if the body hath been so artfully contrived, and wonderfully fashioned as the soul's tabernacle, and yet perisheth in due time, and not of its own accord,—the man who, by self-immolation, hastens its destruction, and thus dares to return to its Maker the disembodied spirit, before HE hath called for it, commits an act of supreme impiety: for surely, the body hath been given *in trust* to the soul; and whilst the health and perfection of the former are to be studiously

## Philosophy and Religion of Apollonius.

guarded by the latter, the soul's affections are to be equally watched—nay with a much livelier care, lest the mere troubles of life, designed to make us grateful, should make us but cowards and ingrates.”

At this moment approached APOLLONIUS of Tyana, whom Epictetus well knew; and having named me to him, as Melchior, of Jerusalem—that was, Apollonius joined in our conversation with a cheerful dignity—and, at length, he musingly, and in a whisper, said, “But why do we abide here so long before PAN’S GROTTO?—doth the like fear of that God, whom Domitian seems to dread more than all others, bring us three here at his very portal, and to do him homage?”—and then, with a raised voice, he further said, “Thou and I, my worthy Epictetus, are in no good grace with that mad tyrant of the Roman world.” “Nor is Melchior in any better plight,” rejoined Epictetus, “who, as a *Christian*, hath special cause to fear him much—and far more than he doth the god, whose image is above us.”

*Apollonius discourses upon the God Pan.*

“And yet, if PAN be rightly understood,” added Apollonius, “none is less *truly* a worshipper of that universal god, than Domitian: doubtless, he *fears* him greatly, as do many others whose consciences make cowards of them; but fear is no just worship of even Pan.\* Behold the statue of the god, which is here over the entrance! It doth represent him as, in part, a goat—he hath horns—his face is vivacious—his complexion ruddy; and on his breast is a star, and with stars is his robe bespangled: he holds in his hand a pipe of seven reeds—his legs are hairy, and his feet are also those of a goat! There is much, O wise Epictetus, and thou, O Christian Melchior! that is *hidden* beneath all these, which are but symbolic of his true nature,—and yet the impious and foolish world have grossly perverted them all—they seeing in Pan little else than the chiefest among the *Satyrs*, and the cause of terror in every country!

“Permit me then, good Melchior,” continued Apollonius, “to raise for thee the thick veil, which time and ignorance and wickedness have cast over Pan: for thou art from Judea; and, like other Jews, may possibly view all this as foul idolatry and coarse superstition—but Epictetus needs no counsel in this wise from Apollonius, and knoweth how sadly corrupted the glorious worship of Pan hath become.

\* The *fear* of the god PAN has passed into a proverb, as indicating that causeless alarm, which often seizes upon multitudes, as well as individuals,—and which wicked, or nervous men experience without sufficient reason: hence a “*panic*,” or “*panic-fear*” signifies to this day, an inordinate apprehension or terror, from ideal or inadequate causes.

## Philosophy and Religion of Apollonius.

“**N**ow then that, in all nature are only *two* eternal principles—the *Active* and the *Passive*: the former embraceth all *mind*, and is called the *Demiurgic Intelligence*—the latter all *matter*, and is known as *Chaos*, otherwise *Rhea*. Both principles are necessary, and, of course, *eternal*. But all matter hath been *fashioned*, not merely *CREATED*, by the Demiurgus—whose five attributes, viz. *wisdom—power—activity—goodness—and justice* still maintain it.

“**I**n the great work of *fashioning* the rude elements of *Chaos* into the most skilful and beauteous forms, the *Active Principle* is represented by those whom we call *Vulcan, Minerva, Vesta, Hecate, and Nemesis*: and Epictetus will join me in assuring thee, O Christian, that the Greeks regard not these five, and other subordinates that might be named, as distinct and substantive gods; and that, whatever may be the crude opinion of the inconsiderate and vulgar *many*, the philosophic and considerate *few* admit not *polytheism*, strictly so called,—but see God everywhere; and that, so far from worshipping these as distinct deities, we receive them not even as agents of the great *Demiurgic Intelligence*; but merely as names of his varied modifications, in the great formative processes, whereby beauty and order arose out of *Chaos*.

“**I**t is indeed true, O Melchior, that to each are ascribed numerous acts of power, of wisdom, of goodness, and of justice; and that to them have been attributed marriages—amours—and progeny: it is true likewise, that the religion of the first ages hath been much allegorized and corrupted by fables, through the lapse of time, and in various countries,—but still, I declare unto thee that *VULCAN* can import nothing but the formative *power* of the *Active Principle* operating upon inert matter—that *MINERVA*, who is said to have issued in full maturity, and in perfect armour, from the brain of Jupiter, (which is but another name of the *Demiurgus*), and also to have been sought in marriage by *Vulcan*, still can signify only the perfect *wisdom* with which all things are fashioned out of the *Passive Principle*!

“**I**n like manner *VESTA*, whose temple is ever without an image, and in its own form doth represent the world, and within which temple is ever burning a pure flame that can be approached by the immaculate alone—*Vesta*, I say, whose priestesses are the chafest of virgins, and who remains in her temple immoveable, whatever revolutions may disturb the universe, and though all the Gods and Demons should attend the summons of Jupiter—this *Vesta*, I say, still continues the source of all *motion* that impresses matter—and to her are ascribed all *life* and *heat* and elementary *fire*—and thus doth She aid *Vulcan*!

“**B**ut the *power, wisdom, and activity* of the *Demiurgus* are further made efficient by his *goodness*; which is represented by *He-*

CATE. From her are said to spring all the blessings of heaven and of earth—and the avoidance of all the evils of the infernal world—and hence is she called *Diva triformis*, she having the three names of *Luna*, in the heavens—of *Diana*, on the earth and sea—and of *Hecate* in hell!

“Still, my Melchior, all these attributes would have been imperfect, were there not a fifth,—and that is *justice*, which is represented under the name of NEMESIS; whose province is to punish impiety, and to reward virtue, in this life, as well as that after death. In these five deities, O Christian, thou mayest recognize but the modifications of the Demiurgus *personified*; and, when freed from the corruptions of ages, resolves itself into the worship of a Supreme God!”

“But, my learned Apollonius,” said I, “thou hast spoken of VESTA as remaining in her temple immovable, though Jupiter himself should summon all the deities of heaven and of hell! Is not this too strong a personification; and will not man necessarily regard such personifications as substantive existences, co-operating with a God, who *needs* their services, and who is not *omnipotent*, if any one dare neglect his summons?”

“Thou, good Melchior, hast ingeniously said,” replied Apollonius; “but still, those who more closely reflect will only find, that *this* can import nothing more than that the Demiurgic Intelligence respects his *own nature*, and the various forms thereof; and also that every attribute of that Great Intelligence is often exerted to counteract man’s wickedness, flowing from the operations of the Passive Principle—for *matter* is the source of all evil, and of all sin!”

“And now again, O Apollonius,” rejoined I, “if inert *matter* be the source of all evil and of all sin, how can Jupiter, or the Demiurgus, be *supreme*? there then would be two gods—one the source of good, the other of evil!” The philosopher, however, seemed not to listen; and proceeded.

“But, my Melchior, I must now say a word respecting this *Passive Principle*,—and then of the *union of both*,—which will bring me round again to PAN, who hath caused me thus to discourse concerning the true import of the religion so prevalent over the world.

“Men have not been content,” added Apollonius, “with thus personifying the modifications of the Active Principle, but have equally done so with the various forms of the *Passive*: and these are represented by LATONA, or night, by RHEA, or chaos, by VENUS, or order and beauty, and by LOVE, or the cause of perpetuity! These, all, flow from the Passive Principle, or rather, constitute its essential nature.

“NIGHT, whom the Romans call *Nox*, and the Greeks *La-*

## Philosophy and Religion of Apollonius.

*tona*, is coeval with Rhea, or Chaos; and is the mother of all things. RHEA signifies matter in its primordial or confused state, before the Active Principle dispelled darkness, through the agency of Vesta, and before Latona found a resting-place in her long wanderings through the wide universe, from the time she first came from the frigid and gloomy regions of the remotest Hyperborean! It was only after she had found repose that Latona (brooding with extended wings over Rhea) deposited the Great Egg of Night in Erëbus—which was fecundated by the igneous goddess Vesta,—and from which egg sprang the World in matchless beauty! Light then burst forth in torrents—life was diffused throughout illimitable space—day and night succeeded each other with inflexible regularity—the heavens were garnished with their ever-shining jewels—earth and sea teemed with living wonders—and over all this mass of loveliness presides VENUS, who, contemporaneously, gave birth to LOVE! In Venus and in Love we find the source of all order—of all beauty, and of the ardent desire to perpetuate *like for like* through universal nature! In those golden days, beauty had no alloy—love no satiety; and all was innocence, so long as man saw in Venus only the source of elegant thoughts, of orderly pleasures, and of deep gratitude to the Demiurgus for all the bounties and beauties with which the Universe teems!—and likewise, so long as man saw in Love (her charming son, who is called Cupid) nothing more than the sweet protector of legitimate indulgence, and for the only wise purpose originally designed by that mother and son, in obedience to the will of the great Demiurgic Intelligence!

“Now, my Melchior, having said thus much as to the Active Principle, or Mind, and of the Passive Principle, or Matter, I would have thee behold the Universe—now, as it were, a *living being*, by reason of the *union* of these two principles—for, in this GREAT WHOLE, thou wilt find the GOD PAN! Look again, I pray thee, at the Image over this portal! His goat feet and his hairy legs denote the rough earth, with its rocks and mountains, its woods and its herbage: his horns indicate the sun’s rays—his vivacious and ruddy complexion portrays the brightness of the heavens,—the star upon his breast, and his spangled robe represent the splendid canopy above us—his seven-reeded pipe symbolizes the beautiful order of the seven planets—and the music those reeds may utter, denotes the harmony of the spheres! In Pan we also see the emblem of fecundity; and in him are assembled (by this perfect union of mind and matter) all that is found in nature, after Rhea or Chaos had sprung into life, light, warmth, beauty, and love!

“But my too indulgent Melchior, and thou, my excellent Epictetus, I must crave thy pardon for so long discoursing. The sun now waxes dim in the heavens, and soon will be lost behind

yonder blue waves." Here ended Apollonius; who then bade us farewell.

**I** confess to thee, O Aquila, I was charmed by his voice and words—but in nowise deceived thereby: all that he said may have been, in some sense, true; but to little purpose is it now to establish that the Greeks and Romans, or other Heathen nations, were not originally *polytheists*; since, whatever the scheme may import to a philosophic mind, in our day it is a most impious and corrupted religion, and a vast system of senseless idolatry. Nay, even if it could be brought back to that purity of which Apollonius spoke, it would still be a poor substitute for what is now offered—not by numerous symbols, but by the unerring word of Holy Scriptures—no line or tittle of which will ever fail.

**I** saw much of this Tyanæan philosopher for several months, in various parts of Greece; but lost sight of him when we parted at *Ægea*.

**W**hen next I heard of Apollonius, it was, that on his leaving Athens he went to Olympia, there to consult with the priests of the Temple of Jupiter; from thence he departed for the cave of Trophonius in Arcadia—next, that he was for a time established in Ephesus; and there, as thou knowest, he established a school, and taught much of the Pythagorean and Heraclitean doctrines, blended with some of his own peculiar views. It is stated here in Athens, and by some believed, that he had predicted in the presence of his scholars at Ephesus, the death of the emperor Domitian, and at the very time, too, that the deadly blow was inflicted by Stephanus! But far more probable is it that he was in some way connected with that event. In one of my last colloquies with him, I remember he urged upon me his favourite doctrine, that the infinite varieties in nature are but modifications of the one Universal Essence—and that all things are so necessarily and immutably allied by a fixed law, that a wise man, carefully observant of nature, can *predict* future events!

**B**ut, my venerable Aquila, no longer will I detain you with Apollonius; as I have yet some things to say, and despair of visiting thee at Ephesus: and, moreover, as I must hasten hence for Rome, to join my valued friends Julianus and his wife Philotera; who now are there settled, and probably for their lives.

**I** have not forgotten your strongly-expressed desire to hear from me of matters in Rome, as they have been detailed to me in many letters from Julianus, and especially since the death of Domitian. I now will hastily detail them, and in fewer words than by Julianus.

**T**he transition of the Roman people, on the xiv. Thal. Oc-



## Nerva's Administration and Character.

tober, u. c. 849—[18th September, A. D. 96,] from the wanton and merciless reign of Domitian, to the orderly and mild sway of Nerva, was like the genial repose of nature after a terrific storm. The black clouds charged with awful lightnings—the quick succession of crashing thunders—the impetuous torrents of rain and hail that followed every peal—and the insidious occasional sunshine that inspired fallacious hopes even from Domitian, had now all suddenly subsided when the tyrant fell—and gave place to clear skies, and a balmy atmosphere, in which even the minutest insects were seen to revel, fearing nothing! And now, O Aquila, whence is it that the world hath been so perpetually cursed by tyrants—why do rulers delight in the misery of their subjects; and was there ever one of those despots who reaped either peace or security for himself? Not one! and yet, age succeeds age, no vicious monarch ever profiting by the fate of his predecessor! for policy and wisdom and experience seem but poor preservatives against the passions.

Marcus Cocceius Nerva was sixty-four years of age, when the Senate invited him to the throne, and by acclamation. Having been several times solicited to take Domitian's place, he had thereby encountered great peril, though his refusals were no less prompt, than manifestly sincere. No marvel then is it that, a few days after the tyrant's death, an idle rumour that he was alive, and had only adopted this as one of his murderous artifices, caused even Nerva to tremble in each limb! But the silly tale, of course, soon passed off; and Nerva's first act was one of mercy and kindness, even to the hated Christians—his next was one of almost boundless liberality to the poor—and this was soon followed by the repeal of all odious taxes—the encouragement of learned men—the restoration of divers things to their respective owners who had been forcibly robbed by Domitian to grace his palaces—and finally, by the making happy of very many decayed citizens of worth, by bestowing on them suitable possessions! These acts of genuine beneficence were followed by a solemn declaration that “*no senator of Rome should ever be put to death by his command, though ever so just an occasion should be given!*” and this he so religiously observed that, when two senators had conspired against his life, the Emperor used towards them not even strong reproach, but merely summoned them in attendance at the theatre, where he placed each by the side of himself—presenting to them each a dagger, saying, “*I have heard of thy traitorous designs; prove now the goodness of these weapons upon my body!*” And such were the continued acts of clemency shown by Nerva, that, canst thou believe it, my Aquila, the people began to actually mourn over his leniency—seeming to imagine that much looseness and corruption must ensue—though they could not say why, nor point it out—and even FRONTO, a man of eminence,

## Nerva's Death.

went so far in this notion, as openly to upbraid the good Emperor, in these words,—“*It is surely a great misfortune to live under a monarch where all things are FORBIDDEN—but yet still worse to be under one who ALLOWETH all things!*” This, though in the abstract philosophically true, is most false in the concrete as to Nerva; who was not angered, but diligently set himself to finding the causes, if any, of just complaint, and the means of quickly remedying them.

Among the wise laws enacted by Nerva during his very short reign, I shall note only a few. He prohibited marriage between uncle and niece,—which was first permitted by the emperor Claudius:—he prohibited the making of eunuchs—he took the privilege from slaves of becoming *informers* against their masters, as it tended greatly to sustain the suspicions of tyrants, and to weaken the trust that should ever exist in that relation—he forbade any statue to be erected to his own name—and removed every gold and silver statue of Domitian, so far as they had been spared under the prompt decree of the Senate—the proceeds of all which were disposed of by the confederate Emperor to various useful purposes.

At length the infirmities of age, and other causes, admonished this good Emperor of his duty to seek for a successor; and in this, he consulted only the interests of his country, disregarding equally the ties of relationship, and the urgent solicitations of friendship!

*Death of  
Nerva.*

Nerva made choice of ULPIANUS TRAJAN, a stranger to him and his family; but a man of such lofty character, as forbids all apprehension. Trajan was summoned from his government of Lower Germany; and was at once adopted by Nerva, publicly in the Capitol, and made Cæsar by him in the Senate. In a few months thereafter, Nerva died, after a reign of only sixteen months and nine days; but before Trajan had reached the city. The late Emperor being deified after the customary form, his remains were deposited, alongside of other emperors, in the magnificent Mausoleum of Augustus.\*

\* The ruins of this vast and splendid mausoleum are still visible, near the *Piazza del Popolo*; or, as Suetonius says, “*inter Flaminiam Viam ripamque Tyberis.*” The extensive grounds around the tomb of the first of the Augusti, were full of groves and of shady walks and of fountains, dedicated to the use of all the people. These grounds occupied much of the sites of the present churches of *S. Maria di Monte Santo* and *S. Maria de' Miracoli*, as also of portions of the three streets called the *Corso—Babbuino*—and the *Ripetta*, which branch off from the *Piazza del Popolo*. This circular Mausoleum was composed of three lofty stories,—each, after the first, of diminished diameter—leaving a broad belt, or circular platform, around each story; upon which flourished perpetually the most beautiful evergreens! On the summit was a colossal statue of Augustus. The basement story is 220 feet in diameter, and contains the sepulchral cham-

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Trajan.

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**T**rajan has been emperor now about two years; and never hath any one given to Rome such large assurances of a prosperous reign. He was born in Spain, at a place bordering upon Seville; and is at present in his forty-and-fourth year.

*Trajan's life  
and character.*

**H**is first act was to summon to his Court, as his confidential counsellor, that great and virtuous philosopher and biographer, PLUTARCH of Chæronea; who, from his extensive learning and varied travels, is most worthy of the exalted trust.

**T**he admirable letter addressed by Plutarch to the Emperor, in reply to the summons, is worthy of preservation in letters of gold; and should be treasured by all virtuous rulers to the latest posterity. Thus far, Trajan hath proved to Rome an equal blessing with Nerva; and being still in the vigour of manhood, and deeply skilled in war, the Empire will have no cause to fear any diminution of her power during his reign: nor need she apprehend any evil from inordinate ambition,—for Trajan is as virtuous, as he is wise and skilful.

**T**he Emperor has just returned to Rome, from among the *Dacians*, after having borne the victorious Eagle far beyond the Danube. He entered Rome in glorious triumph, and received from the Senate the surname of DACIUS; which the vanity of Domitian had rather plundered, than earned, from the Senate.

**A**nd now, my venerable Aquila, my papyrus whispers me to close this long letter—and so FARE-THEE-WELL.\*

MELCHIOR.

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bers, disposed entirely around the wall: and in the centre was a splendid rotunda of 130 feet in diameter, the sides and vault of which were rich in gorgeous paintings. In front of the entrance were the two noble Egyptian obelisks of red granite; but which now are to be seen, the one near the church of *S. Maria Maggiori*—the other in the *Piazza di Monte Cavello*. This once proud structure is now reduced to its basement story; the sepulchral *camerae* have been desecrated as stalls for horses; and the rotunda has become an amphitheatre for the rudest spectacles! The commingled ashes of the Imperial families are said to be deposited behind the Palazzo Coréa, near the church of *S. Rocco*; and the splendid marbles which encrusted the entire building, have been either made to figure in the *façades* of various palaces and mansions of modern Rome, or have been converted to the more ignoble uses of ordinary time!

\* The further great doings of Trajan, to the close of his illustrious reign, will be found in the Rabbi Isaac's Narrative, *post*.

## LETTER XXX.

## REBECCA TO THADDEUS.

EDESSA, 2nd Tifri; *Seleucide*, 412.  
[September 10, A. D. 100.]

**T**HY last absence from Edeffa, so long extended, has much grieved us all, my good Thaddeus: thy sister Cornelia, and her valued spouse Alcæus greatly deplore thy roaming life, which scarce hath known interruption since the sad and mysterious departure of our Cartaphilus, now nigh unto twenty-and-six years! And yet I confess unto thee, I do not (aged and infirm as he then was) realize his death, for reasons quite unknown of thee, but well known unto thy fainted mother, and ever honoured father, many years before they reposed in their tombs.

I am now near my eighty-fourth year; and can write to thee but sparingly; and that, too, only somewhat to chide thee for three things—all within thy power; first, for thy now uncalled-for absence of more than five years, counting from thy last departure from Edeffa—secondly, that thou hast so seldom written, and ever as if thou wouldst conceal from us the cause of that absence, the nature of thy doings, and the place of thy now abode; and lastly, that thou hast so strongly disregarded the urgent solicitations of all who love thee here, to return to us, and to *wed*—as is thy *duty*: for, when the furrowed brow doth come, and the dark locks begin to blanch—as soon they will even with thee—it is no time for man, or woman to wed; and a single life is one as little in harmony with our own nature, as with the command of Him who formed it.

Much do I rejoice, nevertheless, O Thaddeus, at thy steady Christian faith, and that thou hast escaped through all the perils that environed thee during the severe persecutions under the wicked Domitian!

It would seem from thy occasional letters, that much of thy time hath been spent somewhere among the cities of Campania—one of them bearing date from *Neapolis*, and another from that now ruined city of great antiquity, called *Cumæ*,—and thy last, from a place unknown of me, called by thee Possidonia and Pæstum. The account, moreover, given of thee concerning a place once known as Pompeii, which twenty years ago was buried by the fiery ashes of Vesuvius, greatly interested us; and especially where it tells of a portion of that ill-fated city having of late been rescued from its covering, by the removal of the ashes, where light and not very deep,

## Thaddeus and a Stranger's Arrival at Rome.

and of the wonders thereby revealed ! From thy narrative it would seem much to be feared, that the people of that devoted place were as deep in sin as were those of Sodom and Gomorrah—Admah and Zeboim ; which, in the days of Abraham, were in like manner wholly overwhelmed,—but yet in a more obvious way of God's fearful vengeance—as those fires descended upon them from the very heavens ! and then they sunk into a profound abyfs of falt and fulphurous waters ! Their destruction, likewise, was expreffly declared unto Abraham to be on account of their exceeding wickedness. But, as to Pompeii, our Christian hope still is, that their calamity doth not import an equal amount of sin.

My pen, dear Thaddeus, moves now but fluggifhly : and, whilst there is small ability to hasten it, I am admonifhed that I am myfelf hastening to the fweet repose of the tomb. Be quick therefore, wouldst thou fee me again ; and hasten to cheer us all with thy prefence. FARE-THÉE-WELL.

REBECCA.

## LETTER XXXI.

## MELCHIOR TO ALCÆUS.

ROME, U. C. 856, XII Kal. Jul.  
[June 18th, A. D. 103.]

**T**IME here in Rome, my good Alcæus, hangs not so heavily on me, as when last I wrote to thee from Athens : for, upon my arrival here, a few days since, judge of my surprise and delight at meeting our greatly beloved Thaddeus ; who will now hasten home to Edeffa ; and will be accompanied by our equally dear Julianus and Philotera ; who, with myself, so ardently desire again to behold the ever admirable Rebecca, and thy Cornelia ; and from all of thy warm hearts to receive the glad welcome that awaits us. We count the hours that must yet intervene : and we should not tarry a day longer, but that the strong affection Thaddeus nurtures for a most interesting and learned person, scarce of middle age, and surprisingly handsome, who weds him here : for, as it seems, they have been of late much together ; and we marvel not at his deep affection towards the stranger, whose winning manners have indeed enchained all our hearts.

Thaddeus is most urgent that his friend should join us in the visit to Edeffa—and we have earnestly united in the persuasion ; but I fear with no success—his heart being now set upon some remote land, and even upon the little known Albion ! The devotion of Thaddeus to him, and the warmth with which it is returned,

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 Their Departure for Edeffa.
 

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grieve us much ; but only as we dread their separation, as Thaddeus will not delay his hastening to Edeffa : and why *Tacasulriph* (for that is his very strange name) should thus stoutly hesitate, doth much surprise me, seeing that his parents no longer live, and that Thaddeus hath promised that if he will but sojourn with him a year at Edeffa, he will thereafter travel with him the world over, should he require it !

\* \* \* \* I have delayed my letter to add the joyful intelligence, that we have at length prevailed on our new friend to journey with us,—so that we all shall be with thee early in the month of Elul, [*August*,] as our journey will probably consume nigh two months. FAREWELL.\*

MELCHIOR.\*

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\* The result of that visit to Edeffa must be deferred, until Cartaphilus has detailed his own adventures, from the time he wandered from Edeffa, until those various parties met at Rome, as above stated, and resolved to hasten on to Edeffa—a period of nearly thirty years, which is embraced in the following *Retropective Memoir*.



CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

**Wandering Jew.**

I.

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BOOK THE SEVENTH



CHRONICLES OF  
**Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.**  
BOOK VII.

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His Wanderings from Edeffa.

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RETROSPECTIVE MEMOIR OF CARTAPHILUS, FROM  
THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

SECTION XXXVII.—From *Sivan* A. M. 3834 to *Iyar*, 25—3863.  
[From June, A. D. 74 to May 10, 103.]



WENTY-and-eight years have gone by, since I abandoned home and loving friends at Edeffa, and became, for a time, a Wanderer in misery, and then a melancholy recluse from all the haunts of men!

*He wanders  
from Edeffa,  
and reaches  
Nicephorium.*

Now those years were spent, until I lately reached Rome, and now am bound for Edeffa again, not as Cartaphilus with hoary locks, but as the unknown youth Tacasulriph, must now be faithfully chronicled.

\* \* \* \* In the seventy-first year of my age, I became a nearly maddened and voluntary exile from Edeffa, and from those so dear to me there—not knowing whither I was going—my mind then raging as a troubled sea, and without a ray of hope that one so deep in wretchedness and in sin, could ever find repose, I hastened recklessly onward, heeding and seeing nothing, until the gates of *Nicephorium*, at the close of night, received me.

This city, on the southern banks of the Euphrates, is situate south of Edeffa, a long day's journey. Exhausted by mental agonies, I had forgotten all nouriture since the early dawn; and my strength being now nearly gone, I suddenly bethought myself to seek only a night's shelter with the worthy *Artaxias* of *Nicephorium*.

With him I had often communed, during his frequent visits to

## Nicephorium—Artaxias, the Magian.

Edeffa,—when his deep learning, especially in the philosophy of the Magi, had greatly won me to him. Being, moreover, at the time I abandoned Edeffa, tormented by many new and unsettled faiths, among which were some inculcated by the great Artaxias, I felt insensibly attracted to his dwelling, he being also the only person known to me in all that region.

**A**rtaxias had resided some years in that city, much engaged in teaching the dogmas, science, and peculiar arts of the Magians : and there being a great Temple there, dedicated to the hateful *Venus-Tanais*, he was sometimes involved in dangerous conflicts with its priests,—in which cases, he had been accustomed to consult me at Edeffa ; who, though in nowise a Magian, at that time, was well known by him to be most hostile, as he truly was, to the rites and religion of that voluptuous temple.

**A**rtaxias was among the strictest of the disciples of Zedhurst, also known as *Zoroaster*, the great reviver of the Magian faith ; and he being, moreover, an Archimagus of that religion, I had always experienced great satisfaction in converse with one so deeply instructed in its mysteries : for surely that faith is one of the most ancient and wide-spread of all the religions found in the eastern countries, and Artaxias was one of its most illustrious teachers.

**M**y friend, on perceiving my approach towards his mansion, was alert in opening wide his gates to my heavily burdened vehicle : and, as I sluggishly entered his vestibule, he fondly embraced and welcomed me,—but instantly, his surprised and anxious looks revealed, even to my then hebetated senses, that his observant eye had been quick in perceiving that, to the infirmities of my age, were now added a deep gloom, that fitfully ranged upon the very confines of madness,—nor was he slow in the kindest endeavours to minister to body and spirit such solace, as an hospitable roof and the most varied wisdom might afford.

**I** had departed hastily and furtively from my dear friends of Edeffa, as one who desired never more to see the human face : but Artaxias discoursed so sweetly on the wonders of the starry world—on the researches of his great Master in the philosophy of mind and of matter—on the mysteries revealed by the four elements through the profound arts of the Magi—and chiefly on FIRE, as the great emblem of the Supreme Being—yea also, on the influences of night's shining orbs, that my mind was much refreshed thereby ; and having previously been strengthened by his simple though ample repast, we retired at a late hour—each greatly more pleased with the other, than upon my arrival within his gates.

**A**t the morning-dawn, however, I sought to resume my journey, though I knew not *whither*,—for the current of my unhappy

*Magian Philosophy and Religion.*

thoughts had returned upon me : to this, Artaxias would in no wise consent,—so that, instead of a night's shelter, I tarried with him many days—enjoying the bounties of his rich and varied stores of knowledge, which seemed nearly visible and palpable from the thorough intellectuality of his soul—for that soul would pierce the most recondite of nature's wonders, and would remove the thick crusts that so often envelope them, with seemingly as much ease as if every mental operation were with him but as an infallible manipulation !

The marvels and glories of the Magian philosophy and religion were the frequent topics of our discourse. My acquaintance with them was then small ; but, in the history of the Medes and Persians, I well knew it had exerted a great and enduring influence ; and that at *Bactra* the priests of the great Magian Temple there had, for many centuries, maintained a faith that bound myriads to a far purer worship than that which obtained in any other of the Gentile nations. From Artaxias I learned that the inferior priests guided the popular ceremonials of their religion—that the next in dignity presided over the sacred Fire ; whilst the High-Priest, or Archimagus, exercised over the whole a supreme authority,—his throne being visited by crowds from far and near, and with great solemnity ; so that every one failed not to repair thither certainly once during life ; and those in the vicinity attended with exemplary constancy. No images or statues were known to the Magian worship ; but prayers and sacrifices only.

Their supreme divinity is MITHRAS ; and two subordinate and *derived* gods exert conflicting powers—the one called *Oromasdes*, being the Active or Good Principle—the other, known as *Arimanius*, being the Passive, or Evil Principle. The emblem of Oromasdes is Light—the symbol of Arimanius is profound Darkness.

In the perpetual and violent contests between matter and mind—between the passive and active principles, Mithras is the great and controlling *Mediator*. Nature is greatly mixed ; the power of Arimanius is held to be great ; but the time will come when he shall be wholly destroyed—then will a Golden Age, or that of universal happiness, come forth, and mankind will form but one society—all languages will then be resolved into one—aliment will no more be needed—the ethereal body will become supreme,—so that no man will even *cast a shadow* !—and then will MITHRAS become all in all !—Such, in substance, were the words of Artaxias.

“ But, my venerable and most learned Artaxias,” said I, “ when shall these things be—for the Jews have a very like tradition ? ” “ To Mithras, ages are but as hours,” responded Artaxias, “ but to man, they seem very long—scarce two thousand years more, and

Again wanders—Reaches Palmyra. Its then Condition.

all will be accomplished!" "Much do I approve thy rejection of male and female gods, worthy Artaxias," rejoined I, "but I have to wonder at, and abhor greatly, that mother and son are permitted under thy law to wed!" "O Cartaphilus!" answered the Magian, "thine is the error—for what natural tie is so holy and tender as that of mother and child,—and why, therefore, should they not render the alliance closer, and more enduring?" We argued this strange matter, after the sun was veiled by night, and until the stars began to grow dim by the midnight moon—but with no change of opinion: and intending to pursue my journey by the morning-dawn, the weary eyes of the "Curfed Wanderer" were soon closed by sleep—for even the bitterest gall of sin must sometimes yield to that sweet balm.

#### SECTION XXXVIII.



ON leaving Nicephorium, I remembered the condition upon which I had promised Flavius Josephus to visit him at Rome: but, as my mind, though somewhat calmed by the good Magian, still involuntarily shrank from the haunts of men, and especially from so teeming a metropolis as Rome, and where I was so extensively known; I at once abandoned all thought of going thither. I also bore in mind that my valued friends of Edeffa would not fail to seek me among the ruins of Jotapata, or of Masada, as my possible going to the one or other had also been intimated in my letter to Josephus, and hence those Palestinian ruins, though so genial to my soul, were no fit place for me, would I evade all search.

PALMYRA, known to me only by report, lay but a short distance south of Nicephorium; and thither I wended my solitary course, I knew not why! Now, though this "*Tadmor of the desert*" is a far more goodly city than Nicephorium, I thought, on reaching it, I should be easier there, as knowing and known of none:—and moreover, it seemed as if it must be a solace that the deserts were so near and would, at least, be all around me; for my then morbid soul was panting for the sterility of those arid sands, within my daily reach; and I then longed for them, as doth the parched body for refreshing streams; or, as the fever-worn limbs, in a sultry morning, sigh for the mountain moisture,—or as the yet blooming flowers rejoice amidst the crevices, to be there shaded in their solitary places!

IN an obscure and yet lovely abode of Palmyra, I was sheltered for a time; but I could not then value it according to its worth—for, to the soul, the outward world is only of that colour, of which

His retired Life there.

the veil is through which it is seen ; and *that* to me then was pale, and yellow and dingy,—so that, in all Palmyra, nothing could arouse me—save its *great antiquity* ; and upon that I loved to muse ! Strange ! that this love of antiquity doth thus pursue me : for, in these my Chronicles, the like hath often been noted ; and yet, till now, never with a suspicion that *this* doth symbolize that I, alone among mortals, am destined ever to have antiquity and actuality and futurity before me,—and these all so thoroughly blended, that my very nature seems to rebel against their separation ! Oh truly, none can fathom the depths of man's mysterious being, but the Supernal Intelligence ! yea, the Universe is but a series of ænigmas—and, of them all, Man is the least resolvable !

**L**ittle suited for inquiry after men—their doings—and things, was the mind that brought me within Palmyra's walls,—and hence nothing have I now to chronicle as to this most ancient city. Books were my abiding and only companions there ; in them I sometimes found a thin veil to subdue the odious light of remembrance : for happy is the sinner when he *can forget* !

## SECTION XXXIX.



UT there was no long rest for a solitary outcast—a miserable wanderer, more guilty than Cain, and more cursed than he ! Palmyra, in turn, had become odious to me, though an alien to every being within its ample

*He retires to  
the ruins of  
Pestum.*

walls, and though I had seldom crossed the vestibulum of my lonely abode. No sharer in its toils or pleasures, yet, even from the distant hum of busy life, which obtruded upon my ears, my mind involuntarily recoiled !—still, whither to fly—where to seek another refuge, I knew not.

**B**ut oh, how strange is the law of mental associations !—if indeed, in that fitful, vagrant, and most wonderful of intellectual operations, there can be any *law* that guides them. Yet thus the matter was. \* \* \* A sweet youth (assigned to minister to my wants) entered my apartment ; and respectfully, but joyously presented to me many fresh and blooming roses, wet with the dews of morning, and rich in their own delicate odours. These, tastefully bound together, he handed me, saying, “ I pray thee, my venerable master, receive these—they are fragrant as beautiful,—and will refresh thy too drooping spirits—they shall often be renewed for thee : and, shouldst thou tarry with us six months hence, I will have for thee some that will be yet more lovely, and from the same stock—as they fail not to bloom for us *twice* in the year ! Instantly, there

## Why he abandoned Palmyra—Reaches Pæstum.

rushed through my mind the "*Biferique rosaria Pæsti*" of Virgil; and suddenly, as doth lightning descend to the earth, the *thought* also struck me that I might find a secure shelter, if not happiness, among the long-forfaken temples of that ancient ruined city of Lucania—by the Greeks called Posidonio, and now by the Romans *Pæstum*! The thought was most consolatory to me. I remembered its balmy air—its clear blue skies—the beauty and freshness of its *roses*, that bloom twice a year, and die unseen amidst its numerous ruined habitations, and time-worn temples! I also remembered the happy hours I had spent among these majestic and ancient temples, when Nero, in one of his sportive humours, set me to chasing the harmless and brightly spotted lizards, as they basked in the glowing sun; or as they gambolled from one fragment to another of the fallen-in roofs!

This musing upon the solitariness of Pæstum, so strangely revived in my mind by the fasciculus of roses the youth had just given me, also brought with it a thousand other remembrances of yet brighter days,—which, as a flood, filled me for a time with cheering hopes that *this*, of all earth's retired spots, was indeed the best suited to my then urgent wants!

I dallied not a moment longer in Palmyra; but hastened on to Heliopolis—thence to Berytus,—and stopped not until I reached Joppa,—there to take shipping for Neapolis, so nigh unto Pæstum, that a few hours more would then realize my longing hope: and all this was done by me with such speed, as my then age and infirmities permitted.

I remained at Neapolis only sufficiently long to procure some few comforts, in addition to those I brought from Edessa; and likewise to purchase (and then secretly to manumit) a young and active slave, who might faithfully serve me. This was soon accomplished; and with the aid of the kind and sensible youth, named JULIANUS, our travel was early ended; and I found myself at Pæstum the absolute monarch of the vast Central Temple! A portion of this was, in a few days, partitioned off into three apartments; each comparatively small, and therefore an ample range was left within the walls, to be used by us during the heat of the day, or other weather that demanded shelter.\*

\* It will be perceived that Cartaphilus merely calls this the Central Temple. The ruin, now arbitrarily called the *Temple of Neptune*, together with the other two, at short distances upon the same line, and which are also gratuitously called the *Temple of Ceres*, and the *Basilika*, constitute the chief remains of this ancient city of the Sybarites and Lucanians. Though these temples were interesting and forsaken ruins, even in the time of Augustus, they are yet among the best preserved remains of such remote antiquity, to be found in all Europe. They are, however, probably in a far more dilapidated state at this time, than when the unhappy Wanderer of Centuries selected one of them for his lonely abode.

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Julianus, his Slave—Their life at Pæstum—Study and Prayer.

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Happily, we found the roof of this temple yet in tolerable preservation; and the wide plain, once so populous, and not now wholly forsaken, yet could furnish us with no comforts: but various small towns in the distance, especially *Salernum*, were sufficiently contiguous to enable Julianus to obtain our needed supply.

In this deep seclusion, so congenial to me, several years passed on—to me, generally in sadness, and often in pain; but to my Julianus, as fleetly as the roseate hours of a festal day; for he loved study, was young, healthy, and cheerful—and above all, *innocent*!

My library, though not extensive, was extremely choice; but the volumes had been mostly pondered over by me—some of them during more than thirty years, at Jerusalem, Rome, and Edessa; whilst others of more recent date had been nearly exhausted, during the *four* years that now had elapsed since my coming to Pæstum. I resolved therefore, though then in my seventy-and-sixth year, to make a somewhat secret visit to Pompeii, to Herculaneum, Neapolis, and to other adjacent places—there to replenish, and largely, my thus diminished stock of books—*they* being now my only friends, save the faithful Julianus—a slave of more value than a scrinium of many volumes: All past experience, moreover, had assured me that *books* (to one that cannot *pray* with fervency) are the only available means to mitigate, in any degree, the pangs of a wounded, though uncontrite spirit. PRAYER is, indeed the soul's natural aliment; and he who *doth* pray, if even mechanically, hath yet some life within him; he is not utterly famished: but he who quite forsakes such food—he who saith he *cannot* pray, and acts thereon, is sure to languish in extreme misery; and soon becomes *dead* in trespasses and in sin! But, Cartaphilus! both these blessings are still thine in some degree: these aliments of happiness—*study* and *prayer*—have never quite abandoned thee; and remember that happiness is for ever comparative only; and that its very nature is to be on the *increase*, or on the *decrease*; for, like sin, it can never be stationary! Be grateful, therefore, for what thou hast; and know that, if happiness may be constantly enlarged in this world, and infinitely so in the one beyond the tomb, so, in both, may it be infinitely diminished!

Thus did my expected visit to Pompeii, feeble as I was, greatly agitate me, and cause me to ponder deeply, and earnestly to sigh for some fresh volumes—especially the great work of Flavius Josephus, on the Jewish Wars; which, as I doubted not, was by that time published. But, fearing I should not find it at Pompeii, or, indeed, any very solid or even moral work, I despatched my Julianus forthwith to Rome; as I would not now venture there,—being unwilling to have the least communion with those, at one time so highly in my regard, and I in theirs.



They visit Pompeii—Events there—Vesuvius.

The faithful Julianus accomplished this mission for me in a few weeks ; and delivered the precious volumes to my eager grasp. How I devoured them, can only be likened to the ravenous appetite of a famished lion, that hath suddenly pounced upon a fresh slain leopard !—but happily, I had much the advantage of the royal beast ; for my viands, unlike his, were not those *quæ ipso usu consumuntur*,—so that, when I had devoured all, I readily returned to them after no long pause, and with uncloyed appetite ! and this detained me for some months after the return of Julianus, from my desired journey to Pompeii and the Campanian cities.

#### SECTION XL.



At length, on the *third* day of the month of *Elul*, and of the Creation, 3839—which answereth to August 22,—U. C. 832—[A. D. 79.]—I left Pæstum, before the stars of the morning were dimmed,—and reached Pompeii on the night of that day—having on my way passed through *Salernum*—a town of the Picentini, on the shores of the Tyrrhenian sea, but not of sufficient note to cause me to tarry, or to chronicle any of its particulars. Whilst passing through that town, I was forced to remark, and with some uneasiness, occasional slight tremblings of the earth, and that this was also observed by the people of *Salernum* : and, as I gained the country, I also noted that various animals, browsing in the surrounding fields, seemed conscious of some disorder in nature, and gazed with a vacant stare, and timid aspect, as if *they* possessed better means of anticipating danger, than those vouchsafed to man !

At first, I was unhappy that I had not left my poor Julianus at Pæstum, should any calamity happen during our absence : and this was increased as I journeyed onward : for, as I came nigher to Vesuvius, I doubted not that the more remote we were from its smoking and fiery mouth, the safer we probably should be—as white and red and black masses of sulphurous smoke, with occasional terrific bursts of melted lava, rose into the air to a great height !

The sun was now buried in the waters of the Great Gulph, as I entered the eastern gate of Pompeii. A black and heavy cloud hung over the western horizon—the waters of the Sarnus were much swelled—the Great Sea was more agitated than had been known for many years—and the numerous vessels in the southern and western harbours, were with difficulty kept to their moorings.

The night, however, though passed in safety, gave us dreadful prefaces, and was full of terrors to many. The multitude, never-

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Pompeii as it then was—The Christians there.

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theless, were keen as usual in the gratification of their darling pleasures; and though nature scowled with angry threatenings, I found the streets filled with crowds in pursuit of gain, of vice, of folly, and of voluptuous enjoyments—whilst a few were seen, furtively, as it were, creeping into the temples, and offering to the gods a feeble lip-service, or a hideous outcry, from excessive alarm.

On the morning of the fifth of Elul, the sun rose with his usual lustre; the black and pregnant cloud had nearly vanished; the sea was greatly calmed; and the angry mountain was giving but an occasional moan—a fitful and much diminished volume of smoke and fire:—but alas! all this was only the forebodement of an insidious and awful outbreak!

During some hours of the past night, and several of the following day, I traversed through most of the streets of this modern Sodom, in my narrow and clumsy vehicle. I found in them not a little magnificence—much squalid poverty—and some odious and galling misery,—with occasional evidences of learning, and of a still more sparse and feeble piety,—both of which were truly as grains of wheat amidst many ephahs of chaff,—so that, when found, we saw them encompassed by such daring profligacy, such crude superstition, and gross ignorance, as to be quickly lost sight of.

“Here is the much famed *Temple of Isis*,” said the loquacious but intelligent guide, who had attended me from sunrise; “and many vile doings are had therein, if we may believe those strange people called Christians, or Nazarenes: nay, even our own rabble declare so; and they sometimes desire to pry mischievously into such things; for they ever hate what is forbidden to them; or which if revealed, are little understood of them.”

*Pompeii, as it then was.*

“The Nazarenes in this matter, and even the rude people’s suspicions,” replied I, “are doubtless not without just cause: for this sister and spouse of Osiris—at times called Serapis—hath of late much degenerated,—and now shows her mere earthy nature, if ever she were anything better. This Isis, by the Greeks called *Io*, hath, as I remember, a temple in the island of Philæ: and there, as everywhere, have I heard of her doings, that suit only man’s most beastly nature; and which, if report be true, would find special favour in Pompeii—lost as it is in all vileness!”

My surprised guide was silent for a moment, and then said, “Art thou a Nazarene? if so danger attends thee here—never from me, good stranger: for, of these people called Christians, I know much good, and no harm; but there are people now in Pompeii, who would hunt thee out as a savage beast, and slay thee with slow tortures!” “*Bene, ductor mihi, carpe viam*,” rejoined I, “and now, let us hence to other spots.”

We then proceeded to all the other temples, to the theatres, baths, fountains, tombs, and statues; most of all which are in the usual manner of provincial towns—often costly, without taste—voluptuous, without refinement, and extensive, without much occasion for such expansion. The private houses, in many instances, occupy far more space than in larger cities; for the soil costs less, and the magnates of such towns have a power, and display a pretension, greatly more than is correspondent to their real wealth; and, having fewer occupations, they often indulge in a coarse luxurious life, that might surprise an Agrippa; or which the like Roman purse could ill sustain, seeing that all things are far more costly in the gigantic Metropolis, than in any of the secluded and little frequented towns of Southern Italy.

My guide now rested before the portal of a goodly house: and as we entered the *pothyrum*, the strange admonition there was, “*Cave Canem*”—“Beware of the Dog!” This was kind,—but, methinks, more hospitable would it have been had the dumb beast not been there at the very entrance—for the stony delineation was that of a very fierce black and white dog, with a red collar, in the act of springing upon the incautious guest! The owner, however, of this stately mansion was generous; and promptly furnished our guide with all the facilities as to which he had made the call: after which, we carefully examined the pictures that graced his walls. One which particularly commanded my admiration, was that of *Achilles* surrendering *Briefis* to the Heralds, that she might be conducted to Agamemnon. The original is a work of extraordinary merit,—this one being a beautiful copy, that might challenge a place on any wall of even Imperial Rome. So, also, the *Leda* and *Tyndaris*—the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, and likewise the *Venus* and *Cupid* fishing, are all most pleasing pictures; the walls were also richly decorated with tasteful designs, and the house everywhere manifested wealth and elegance.

We next proceeded to the largest collection of *Scrinia* that Pompeii affords; and made purchases of books to a small extent; for a provincial town, and so dissolute an one, yielded but a stinted choice of the class that was sought of me.

The many beautiful tombs and cenotaphs, in the midst of life’s realities, so usual in Pompeii, is a custom of doubtful utility, and less to have been expected in Pompeii than elsewhere; and yet was more needed there, than in more decent places, could such memorials lead the minds of the living to contemplate the fate of the dead. But those people were accustomed to think of all things, rather than of the *Manes*, of *Mors* and of *Pluto*, of *Minos* and *Æacus*: and, though they lived under the eternal threats of *Vesuvius*, which had sometimes poured its fiery clouds over greater distances, and then seemed

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Pompeii destroyed—His subterranean life—Its wonders.

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more angry than ever was known before, yet these Pompeians seldom permitted their eyes to rest upon any of the numerous tombs around them; but perpetually gazed upon all the sensuous pictorial delineations and statues, that everywhere met their gaze.

Night came on, and with it an hour was dedicated to my Chronicles, in obedience to my long habit, as well as from the gloom that had nearly overcome me: for the condition of the Mountain was now becoming very alarming, and our great desire was to hasten on our road that night, if possible, or by the early dawn of the morning. \* \* \* \* \* Wearied became my eyelids, and unto my couch I repaired for rest, *Vesuvio volente!*

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PÆSTUM, Idus Sext. U.C. 838. [August 13th, A.D. 85.]



NEED not recount the manner in which I became buried quite fifteen cubits beneath the ashy showers of Vesuvius,—which ceased not entirely to pour down during several days; nor can I describe my agonies when

*His life under  
the ashes of  
Pompeii.*

the incumbent weight increased upon me, and as I gradually became more and more conscious that life designed *not* to leave me; but that I was destined to exist under a load of unimaginable tortures—how long I could then in nowise conjecture!

Happily for me, all this was preceded by a marvellous change of all that was corporeal in me, and with little, if any, *note of time*; for the years I lay there were, as to *time*, but a dreamy existence; and yet, in all other things, with the same vivid sight and consciousness, that often belong to man during the brightest visions of the night!

At first, all around me was black and palpable darkness—but soon, great was my wonder when a mild and comparative light, if such it might be called, slowly beamed in upon me, and more as if it found its source within me, than anywhere without!—for all things, after a while, seemed to become *parts of myself*—attended, moreover, by such a preternatural increase of my vision, that even nature's minutest objects—their most intimate organization, and their very essences, were glaringly before me, and soon thereafter became to me, either odiously, or delightfully familiar, according to their very diverse natures!

How mighty and perfect and varied are even the smallest, yea, the wholly invisible things of earth, of fire, of water, and of air, when contemplated with the eyes of man's inner, unseen, and mere *ethereal* body!—and so was it now with me: then, things wholly unknown

to the outward and visible eye of man, suddenly start forth, as if by a new creation!—then, doth the ethereal body (which, with the soul, is immortal) cause the world of minute things to rise before us in their infinitude—claiming fellowship in size and fashion, even with the beasts and birds, the fishes and insects and reptiles, that are hourly known and studied of man! Wonderful indeed are the works of thy hand, O God of Nature!—and doubtless, when all shall be distinctly revealed to the *utterly disembodied spirit*, then everything that mortals, in their now ignorance, regard as “small” and “great,” must become co-equal; and the, so-called, tiny-invisible world, will then display the same marvellous perfections, as everywhere meet the eye in the, so-called, great visible world—thereby teaching man that with the Creator, nothing is really great, or small; but that all is formed in matchless wisdom; and hence to be valued and preserved with care, as co-equal proofs that all things are “very good,” and that the minutest of them are full of wonders and of greatness!

To my then ethereal and piercing vision, all nature around me teemed with *life*; and the astounding fact was revealed to me that nearly all *matter*, which, to the natural eye is so inert and lifeless, is perpetually quickening into animation, and bursting into active existences—or, sinking into death—there to assume other mutations, again springing into, or sustaining life! Here was it that I first learned to know that, in all creation, there exists a vast connected chain of being—an infinite progressive series of animation—filling all things, and giving breath, yea *thought*,—and hence, the power and duty of *praise* to Him, who alone is the Fountain whence they spring, and whither they must all return—each at its appointed time! These countless breathing existences, so infinitely minute to usual vision that man knows them not, were now found by me revelling in their various and appropriate, though tiny enjoyments, each equally tenacious with other entities, by man called small, of all their habits—also preservative of life—industrious—methodical, and cautious in their toils; having, moreover, a fixed dominion, laws, public as well as private—and each enforcing those relations, often with a more inflexible exactitude, than man is wont to do!

These existences, so unknown to, or little regarded by our presumptuous species, were also found by me most provident, and so regardful of the future, as seldom to perish by famines—storing up their nouriture for times in which, as they well know, neither they nor their helpless young can toil,—also cultivating attachments—manifesting dislikes, and even waging fierce wars, or individual revenges—the same as do beings familiar to us—yea, as we find them either when proudly roaming in the forests, or diving in the ocean depths; or, as we see them on wings, piercing the boundless skies!

## The Minute World revealed.

All around me was *life*, and in forms innumerable—each little crevice, to the world invisible, being filled with myriads of moving things so wonderfully small, that, even in the mass, our keenest and most assisted vision would in no way have grasped them!—and yet each particular insect, reptile, or other breathing entity, was found by me perfect in organization—studious of its assigned nature and pursuits, regardful of its daily toils, and occasional enjoyments! Nay, even the solidest lavas and flints, and other stones that pressed around me, were not devoid of their own moving and peculiar living existences—if not in actual life, yet in embryo: so that, at last, the voluntary, or involuntary motions everywhere seemed to me as if *all matter* were naught else than *life*! The incumbent ashes were momentarily disclosing to my marvellous vision their crowd of wonders; and if my then *inward* eyes so largely served me, how much greater would the revelations be, were they wholly freed of matter, like unto His who fashioned them! then, possibly, the boundless *matter*, so familiar to us, would nearly vanish, or become secondary only, and the Universe be found *primarily* naught but a congeries of *living, breathing, and thinking* existences! Oh, who shall unfold the wonders of *creative* energy—who fathom the minute world, and place it alongside the interminable regions filled with things called vast, and the totality of which doth take the name of Universe!—for then Cartaphilus came to know, what Solomon probably did not know, that, if we have forests abounding with leaves and seeds and fruits, and all these instinct with organized living entities, in relative proportions, and all these even upon the *soft down* of things we daily eat, consuming thereby a world of little beings, how shall Cartaphilus ever again presume to call a visible atom *small*—or even the glorious sun *large*?—for that SUN may be an invisible atom compared with God's universe!

The years I had thus unconsciously passed, as to time, beneath those ashes, were often occupied by me in contemplating all those awakening things that then encompassed me—also in reminiscences of the hateful past, and in forebodings of the yet more odious and terrific future! These musings flitted through my mind, exciting it to the keenest curiosity—and then subduing it with wonder. At other times I found myself earnestly engaged in noting the habits and fashions of life, among the infinitely various and small beings that moved and gambolled and died around me! And, as I now remember, when Vesuvius was casting forth more than its wonted volume of fire and smoke, I perceived that the earth was everywhere penetrated with a most odious and pestiferous *aura*, charged

with sulphurous and arsenical particles, and with other metallic poisons ! But great indeed was my wonder on beholding that, when these noxious, though extremely attenuated effluvia, were piercing thoroughly the earth, accompanied with sudden and tumultuous motions, far and wide, these were followed by a rush from the earth, into the air, of countless myriads of those inconceivably minute insects, then so hideously augmented to my vision, but which to man would continue unseen, were even an hundred million of them united into a single mass ! These little beings, nevertheless, were intensely venomous for their volume ; and when breathed in by man or beast, have often proved the cause of many foul diseases—of plagues, and of numerous unknown maladies, to baffle the skill of every Hippocrates, and prove so mortal to our species ! Those life-killing insects are often wafted to great distances by sudden and resistless currents of air,—causing sickness, or death, even in the remotest regions, and ever in the ratio of the density of their numbers ; and in places, too, where Vesuvius, or Ætna, is yet utterly unknown !

But I found also, that it was not the invisible insects, and other living creatures around me, which alone were thus expelled from their abodes by the foul airs generated within the deep caverns of those fiery mountains. On such occasions (but how long after my interment I wot not) I also beheld ants, of the usual form and size, in countless numbers ; sometimes locusts—the canker-worm, and the palmer-worm—the beetle and the caterpillar,—and at other times, hordes of small land-crabs, scarce larger than small spiders ; and all these, oppressed by the airs of Vesuvius, would seek the surface in haste—some soon to perish there, but the most to return and dwell again in their dark abodes, so soon as the sulphurous effluvia had subsided.

So again, on another occasion, my attention was powerfully awakened by numerous *fiery* phenomena ! The earth would nauseously quake ; small lines of variously-coloured fire would rush in devious courses with the rapidity of thought, and seemingly as the shooting and irregular lightnings : subterranean detonations would then ensue, and these be followed by crashing sounds in the air above me !

Now many days, or months, or even years, had elapsed since the awful night that witnessed Pompeii's burial—and mine own, I could not conjecture : many of my own species were around me—but none breathed, save Cartaphilus, many moments after the heated ashy showers flooded upon us. In a short time, as I now suppose, my consciousness of existence became far less dreamy than at first ; and, to my excessive surprise, I perceived that I was manifestly deriving constant *sustenance* and *health* from the encompass-

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The Minute World revealed—His Escape from the ashes.

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ing earth! Every pore of my body seemed actively engaged in absorbing the earthy nutriment! Then was I reminded to ask myself, "Were we not formed originally mere earthy tabernacles, into which was breathed the divine *afflatus*,—and have we not ever since been nurtured by these *terrene* products—are they not the source of all *aliment*, of all *disease*, and of all *healing*?—nay, is there not the closest alliance between the animal economy and functions, when in full life and health, and all *dead* things whatever? And must not death resolve them all into mere *matter*, ere they *can* be nouriture?" So I now think and comprehend!

I then also, for the first time, came fully to know and experience the reviving and purifying qualities of certain virgin earths: and from my long and healthy abode amidst those ashes, and other soils, I have learned, not only the *antiseptic*, but the *alimental* qualities of all pure earth; and thereby I also learnt that *diseased living* bodies may be wholly purged of their foul humours, by the partial interment of the body, for a time, in some pure soil—leaving the man or beast freely to inhale the surrounding air! In the like manner was I taught, by the lessons I then received, to know that dead and *spoiled* flesh, yea, *living* and diseased flesh, may be restored to perfect sweetness, if buried some feet beneath the ground! for then will the earth absorb therefrom the putrescent airs, that dissolve its texture, and destroy its sweets!

And here I must further reveal (all as the results of meditation on the teachings I had when under the ashes) that those labouring under the malady called *phthisis*, may have their moaning lungs infallibly restored, by thus daily breathing and absorbing, for a time, the *aura* that cometh from some cavity in the earth: and likewise that many putrid sores, leprosies, dropxies, scrophulas, and the like diseases, may thus be made to vanish, if the body, in such cases, be preserved from unequal temperatures, and the selected earth be of no vegetable decay—neither loamy-black, nor clayey-white, but quite pure, and retentive of its own sweet odours! Much other experience, or principles, did those soils vouchsafe unto me, during that wonderful imprisonment at Pompeii: but these will be no further chronicled here.

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Now I eventually escaped from my earthy strong-hold, and emerged once more to hail the blessed light of heaven, and to inspire its balmy air, with a more freshened spirit than when I entered Pompeii's walls, need not be told further than that some plunderers came and sedulously dug over the very spot beneath where I lay; but having searched in vain, after removing much of the earth above me, they left my body almost visible! As night approached, the

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 His return to Pæstum—The Slave Julianus.
 

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moisture, and the rush of fresh and vital air into my lungs, so long a stranger to it, gave me an awakening sensation, and soon a consciousness of a returning power of locomotion! The blood now began to course rapidly through my veins; and suddenly arousing myself, as with a convulsive struggle, I bounded upon my feet into the open air—where all around me were silence and the darkness of a moonless night!

My usual vision was instantly restored; and early did I experience a longing for food! Vesuvius, as usual, had a few small streams of burning lava down its sides; and by this was given me the direction I would go,—so that, before the dawn of day, Cartaphilus was again among the living, and suitably clad, at the "*Otiōsa Neapolis*"—where, after nourishing the outer man during some days, he procured a small vehicle, and hastened on to his beloved abode at Pæstum, after an absence of just six years, less ten days! And here in Pæstum, three days thereafter, I recorded this portion of my Chronicle.

## SECTION XLI.



UT the story of the marvellous past is not yet quite told. \* \* \* The fate of my Julianus after his hasty departure from Pompeii, at my request, on the first cock-crow of the morning of that ever-memorable day that buried cities, continued to occupy my thoughts intensely during my journey towards Pæstum; and with alternations of hope and of despair as to his safe return.

I doubted not that the shower of ashes that had fallen in torrents during several days and nights, must have reached even far beyond Pæstum, though in greatly diminished quantity, and of less destructive nature: for, on the whole road, as I hastened from Neapolis, continual proofs were given me of this. My soul was greatly agitated by ruminating upon the chances of his escape, and the strong probability that he had sought some other home: but my heart well-nigh ceased to beat, when, on reaching Salernum, I was told that the Central Temple was still inhabited! by whom, my informant could not say. A few hours more, however, brought me into the arms of my faithful Julianus!—whose astonishment and delight at seeing me knew no bounds, and scarce can even be imagined.

He had escaped from Pompeii uninjured, and also with my sealed Polychronicon, as was my wont: and after some difficulties, he reached Pæstum, with little hope of ever beholding me again—but where he continued a solitary dweller in the Temple during those many years—being all that while the conscientious guardian of my

property, mourning over my almost certain loss, and yet with fleeting hopes, at first, for my safe return, but which gradually yielded to despair as the years rolled on.

During that long period, my Julianus (I was most happy to now find) had indulged to the full his love of reading, and of solitude; which, in the four years we had been together, with those added fix of our separation, had made the youth a man, and somewhat a scholar. The truth is, I had taken no small pains during my years with him, to make him as like myself, as possible, in all things but sin; and hence his devotion to solitude as well as to books. Great, then, was my now delight at the signal proof I found, no less of his keen love for both, than of his elevated morals, in thus watching over my possessions—fighting for, and then hopefuls of my return!

\* \* \* \* In a few days after Pæstum had thus received me the second time, and when my marvellous escape from the volcanic covering had been pondered by me, until my brain was fevered; my own indomitable longing for *books* returned upon me in full force—and Julianus was charmed to find me again in my museum, composedly unfolding the volumes—dusting some of the *Scrinia*—and sometimes indulging in a taste of my favourite Quintilianus, or Flavius Josephus. At length said Julianus, “Dear Master Cartaphilus, some years have more sluggishly rolled on than Lethe’s stream, since last thou wert on that seat: I pray thee to inform me of thy perils, and escape, and as to where thou hast so long been?”—and with intense curiosity, he began to question me closely of matters unsuited for me to answer, nothing doubting but that replies to all would follow—but my deep silence, so much at variance with my known love for him, and my usual confidence, did greatly puzzle him: and finding himself the only interlocutor, and that my lips seemed likely to remain sealed upon all that matter, he renewed it no further.

“Ha! my good Julianus,” said I at length, “great is my delight to find thou didst not only rescue thy dear self, but all these volumes we procured at Pompeii: tell me more of thyself—how didst thou get on with that cumbrous vehicle that brought *us* thither, and *thee* homeward—did it serve thee throughout?”

*The Books  
brought  
from Pompeii.*

“Excellently well, venerable Cartaphilus; for the vehicle, though ill adapted for flight, proved often an excellent *screen* to me, when the ashes in more than usual thickness flooded the skies—for then, hugging the earth, and beneath the vehicle, I was safe, but sorely pitied the poor animal, as he patiently endured the great an-

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Books from Pompeii—Julianus sent to Rome.

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noyance :—but this subsiding, we reached home through many toils, and often with perils of suffocation !

“ I well knew, I confess to thee, that if *thou* wert not spared, these volumes, to which I had so fondly clung, would greatly comfort me ; for I felt as if my heart would break.”

“ Thou didst rightly judge, my faithful Julianus, as to the drowning potency of books, when the soul doth mourn :—but, let me now hastily examine some of these volumes, *mirabiliter recuperati, quasi ex flammis et cinis* !—doubtless by this time thou hast well digested them all. \* \* \* Here is ‘ *Philodemus de Vitiis atque Oppositis Virtutibus* ’—his subject is truly a good one—but, my Julianus, I know him not : for surely, it can scarce be *that* Philodemus whom Horace mentions, and, as I remember, Cicero likewise, in his treatise de Finibus ; for that one was a lascivious poet, and would be little inclined to write of the Vices, and of their antagonist Virtues !—and here is ‘ *Crispippi De Providentia* ’—and ‘ *Epicuri De Natura* ’—both strange books to be found at all in Pompeii ! and so I *then* thought, and more so now.—Ah, here is ‘ *Colotis in Lyfidem Platonis* ’ ! I do remember one of that name : but Plutarchus accuseth him of *ignorance*, which, in nowise will do for a *commentator* upon the divine PLATO : but, my Julianus, I do now remember me to have heard of another Colotis, a wise disciple of the young, though wise Epictetus, as to which Colotis I knew not, until thy occasional gatherings of knowledge at Salernum brought him to us—and *that* Colotis may well have been this commentator. *Lyfis*, moreover, was himself a Pythagorean, and a bright man ; as he it was who formed Epaminondas ; and some do even say he is the author of the famed ‘ Golden Verses.’ What Plato hath said of him is well known ; but what this *Colotis* hath to unfold of him, and of Plato likewise, we presently must see.

“ But, my Julianus, we now must to other business. I would have thee instantly depart for Rome, and fetch me intelligence whether Flavius Josephus yet lives : and be sure that thou write to me from thence, by the messenger that comes to Salernum, as to the many things there done since Titus hath the reins. Do thou address me by the name of *Tacafulriph*—and as of Salernum.” And here our conversation ended.

Julianus was soon on horse ; and a few weeks thereafter brought me the following letter :—\*

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\* We find Cartaphilus elsewhere explicit in stating that the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum in A.D. 79, was consequent upon that great eruption from Vesuvius—and in this all modern opinion, with but one exception, has

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Were Herculaneum and Pompeii destroyed at the same time ?

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## LETTER XXXII.

JULIANUS TO TACASULRIPH.

ROME, III *Nonæ Sept.* U.C. 838.

[September 3rd, A.D. 85.]

**T**HIS letter I send by the Nuntius for Salernum—there to await thy presence, in obedience to thy request. I found no difficulty in ascertaining all that relates to Flavius Josephus ; who (during the short reign of Titus, which lasted but a little more than two years, as also of his wicked brother, Domitian, who hath now been ruling just four years) hath enjoyed an enviable distinction ; and is residing at Rome in perfect health ; but much occupied in the preparation

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concurrent. It has been doubted whether Herculaneum and Pompeii suffered contemporaneously, or indeed whether Pompeii perished at all in A.D. 79,—and the sole ground given is the omission, by the younger Pliny, (who so eloquently records the death of his uncle,) to notice either. It is certainly somewhat strange ; but surely far from being sufficient to justify the opinion advanced. We shall not controvert it by any elaborate argument—but we regard the following *hints* as quite sufficient to restore entire confidence in the correctness of our Chronicler.

1. The manifest, and perhaps only object of Pliny, and indeed his natural feeling, (especially in a letter,) was to record merely the circumstances of his uncle's death.

2. The *fact* of the destruction of those cities at that time was too notorious to need any record of such a fact—and particulars of that kind would be somewhat foreign to the purposes of his letter.

3. The omission to record an *escape* of those cities, had that been the case, would be just as surprising as the failure to state their *destruction*.

4. The destruction that ensued from the eruption, was, no doubt, occasioned by ashes and water only : the inhabitants had mostly escaped ; the town of Pompeii was one of little note, and of no great interest in Imperial Rome. For these reasons and others, that might be stated, Pliny may justly have adhered to a naked statement of those circumstances essential to a faithful account of the calamity that befell his relative—the letter, naturally assuming that all else was known.

As to Herculaneum, if it perished at the same time, (and it will be observed that Cartaphilus here makes no mention whatever of Herculaneum, possibly for the like reason that actuated the younger Pliny,) it is quite certain that it also then perished by ashes and heated water ; and that the *lava* now found there was by subsequent eruptions. If the destruction of Herculaneum was by lava, and contemporaneous with that of Pompeii, the little or no lava at the latter would be altogether marvellous, and indeed impossible, as it is so much nearer the fiery mountain. It is therefore quite probable that both perished by the same cause,

## Josephus and his Works—His Wives and Sons.

of another work ; which, as I learn, concerns the *Antiquities* of thy wonderful country.

Thou dost remember that Josephus, though a Jewish priest, was yet induced by Vespasian to wed a captive ; which troubled him much, as being against the law of thy great legislator Moses ; so that he wedded again in Alexandria ; and having divorced her likewise, (in neither instance, as they say, *sine querela*,) he at length found in Crete one wholly worthy of him,—the being of Jewish parentage, extremely opulent, and of exalted virtue.

Josephus hath now three sons—*Hircanus*, by her of Alexandria—and *Justus* and *Simonides* by his present wife. He received me most kindly, as of thy former acquaintance, he supposing thee now deceased—but nothing of thy abode did I communicate to him,—as being against thy presumed wishes, inferred by me from thy assumed name.

I likewise hear that some of his countrymen lately accused him, in such a manner to Domitian, as might have involved him in fearful difficulty,—but even the cruel Domitian so greatly respects Josephus, that he gave a most willing ear to his defence ; and thereupon severely punished his malignant censurers : and 'tis further stated to me, that Domitian has confirmed to him all the lands that Titus had granted him in Judea ; and exempts them from all taxes ! It is further said that Titus permitted Josephus to retain the perfect copy of those HOLY BOOKS, so justly valued by thy nation ; and which were rescued at the time of Jerusalem's destruction.

There is at this time one *Justus*, of Tiberias, who is now

and at the same time. The people of those countries were then not very inquisitive, nor were they as minutely historical as perhaps elsewhere, or as the people of our times would not fail to be. And, moreover, how surprising is it that these two buried cities, in the vicinity of Naples, and not far from Rome, remained unknown and unthought of for centuries ! The Neapolitans had lost all knowledge that there were buried cities near Vesuvius :—and the world remained wholly ignorant of their respective localities during nearly sixteen centuries !—and the more wonderful is this, as Pompeii was beneath a thin covering of ashes only, scarcely exceeding fifteen feet anywhere : and our surprise is further augmented by the fact that, in the fifteenth century, a canal was dug, leading from the town of Annunziata, and passing under Pompeii ! And yet more than two centuries more elapsed before the awakening revelation was made that above that canal lay the ruins of Pompeii, and all the riches of domestic life, as we see them in the Museo Barbonico ! And why (even in this far more enlightened day) both those cities still repose in comparative darkness is indeed truly surprising. On the very day of our Wanderer's departure for the remote East, as is stated in his last Letter to the Editor in September 1852, he intimated his intention, at no very remote day, to awaken the people of the Western Continent to the enterprise of a thorough disinterment of those cities, upon such terms as the then Italian powers might concur in.

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Justus, the historian—Domitian—Pompeii.

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also occupied in writing a history of thy nation : and it is rumoured that he is a great enemy to Josephus ; and much desires to under-value his late work : but this he will find difficult ; as thy countryman hath obtained from Vespasian and Titus, as also from King Agrippa, strong testimonials of his rigid veracity, and perfect accuracy ; which, from all accounts, is more than Justus can obtain from any one.

I think I clearly find here that thy Josephus is greatly wondered by all that he hath heard, and thought of, touching the mighty Nazarene, of whom we have sometimes communed. He seems not to dare take any decisive ground for or against him : the heavy debt of gratitude he owes to Vespasian, and to Titus' memory, and his dread of Domitian, would forbid : but my opinion is that Josephus would not say aught against this Jesus.

I have been in Rome scarce two weeks ; and yet it would appear, in that short time, that this Domitian is nothing else than a wild beast, let loose upon an unresisting flock ! How wonderful is it, O Tacafulrith, that a whole nation can ever be brought to submit their necks to the frenzies of a single tyrant !—but, as the world at all times hath been so full of this, thou wilt justly say, it cannot be so wonderful, as lamentable.† \* \* \* \*

I shall leave Rome next week, and hasten to thee with some volumes selected by me ; which, as I trust, will be to thy mind : and among these is a little volume on the destruction of Pompeii, and other places ; and also <sup>Pompeii's partial disinterment.</sup> contains some account of attempts made at various times, to disinter portions of that ill-fated city ; and to recover some of the more valuable articles buried by the ashes—in a way too well known by us. The author of this libellus thinks, and I suppose justly, that by far the larger number who perished, met their fate *without* the walls, and largely by the sudden influx of the sea—likewise by the gush of the waters of the river Sarnus—and also greatly, by their taking wrong directions in their hasty panic flight : and we are witnesses that most of the valuables were removed from the city, before the fatal morning of the xxivth of August. The writer of this small volume computes the destruction of life *within* the walls, as scarce exceeding two thousand ; and says that many of these were criminals—captives—and soldiers,—the duty of the latter often forbidding their escape ! There were likewise many priests of the various temples ; and some whose

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† The Editor deems it proper here to omit all that part of Julianus' letter which relates to Roman affairs, during the preceding six years ; as other letters have sufficiently brought down that history to the period of Trajan's first war with the Dacians.

## Joyful return of Julianus.

avarice detained them, in the face of even that most awful peril ! These classes of persons perished ; but, as he thinks, few others within the walls.

I have only to add that Domitian is now about to establish, what are to be called the Capitoline Games—to be celebrated every fourth year. And now, most venerated Tacasulriph, until we meet, I bid thee FAREWELL.

JULIANUS.

## SECTION XLII.



JULIANUS returned to me on *Tifri's* fourth day—[September 12th] and such is man's *social* nature, that during his absence at Rome, I felt as one cut off from the only tie that bound me to humanity. The hours that separated us became as years ; and I hailed his return with an emotion I could not restrain—in which, however, an idle and unworthy shame at my emotion flitted across my mind ! “ But, it is vain for man,” said I musingly, “ to undervalue such emotions, or to affect indifference to his fellows, or to live wholly in solitariness—such cannot be long endured by any one, and would only betoken some disease of body, or of soul or heart. From the social principle of our nature proceed both primary and civil societies ; hence arise marriages, friendships, tribes, and other associations—and then political governments, systematic laws, and all the highly policed societies. In and by all these is it, that the native moral bud doth soon become a full-blown flower, redolent of every precious odour, and lovely in all rich colours ; for truly *society* is man's only vital and natural element,—as it alone gives expansion and worth to all his faculties : without society we languish and degenerate and die, as surely too as do the creatures that dwell in the waters perish, when removed from their life-sustaining element. In social converse, all the bland and generous affections of the heart, and those that refresh the mind, receive their due expansion ; but these are all enfeebled when we withdraw from it into solitudes. And, even during my marvellous preservation at Pompeii, was not life there only to be endured, by reason of the never-ceasing communion held by me with the crowd of living and moving things around me, even though so different from my own nature ? During those six years of imprisonment under the ashes of Vesuvius, what so much sustained me as my contemplation of the actions and habits of the myriad tiny beings that revelled in their diverse and pecu-

*Man's social  
Nature.*

liar societies—each still showing God's great law of sympathy and association? Nor can I forget that after forsaking Edeffa, like a morbid hater of my own species, and seeking for caves and solitary ruins as my congenial abodes; yet, when from my friends only one day, I involuntarily found refuge with Artaxias of Nicephorium!—and further, that now, during the short absence of my Julianus, my soul so mourned over him, that I counted each moment that separated us! Oh, how feebly doth man know man's inner nature!"

\* \* \* Such were the musings awakened in me by joy at the return of my faithful slave: but, deep as these were, and sincere, they passed from me, after a time, as do the morning vapours on Carmel's heights—body and mind again became morbid; and the mere thought of returning to Edeffa was as odious to me as ever!

Some few years more passed sluggishly on—when, in my *ninetieth* year, I commenced the careful reading of the *Institutiones Oratoriæ* of Quintilian, brought for me from Rome, which had then been lately published. So charmed was I with this masterly work that, had I been some years younger, I should certainly have visited Rome, for the special purpose of cultivating acquaintance with so great a teacher.

"These *Hispanians*," communed I with myself, "must surely be canopied by a genial sky; for, hath not that country, besides Quintilian, given to republican and imperial Rome many of its greatest names?—long would be the list, beyond the bright names of Martial, Seneca, Lucan, Columella, the immortal Trajan, Pomponius Mela, who only now urge themselves upon my memory.

"And though they all may flock to the proud City, that rules the world, at the earliest period of their lives, yet their *natale solum* seems to have imparted to each far more than the *punctum saliens* of their after-greatness: the strong *Hispanian flock* remains ever visible in all their actions, and in all their writings, however long and varied their foreign destinies may have been!

"Now different moreover," continued I, "are the *Alemanni*—the *Rhæti*—the *Quadi*—and the *Helvetii*, from these Romans, and all these from one another!—and then again, how different *they* from the *Lugduni*, the *Belgæ*, and from many others of Gallia! So likewise, those of the remote *Albion*, are they not strongly marked, and so nationalized by inherent and native characteristics, that their impress fades not away by transplantation, nor yet by even much cultivation in alien, and in more genial regions, and amidst a far more refined people? But the *Jews*!—how diverse are they, and ever, from Greeks or Romans, in bodily as well as mental features! And yet doubtless, all the nations that cover the earth's surface, however distinguished by features, temperaments, colours, languages,



## Classes and Varieties of Men—All from Adam.

habits, and institutions, are still from the only one original stock—having ADAM for their sole progenitor! Marvellous indeed is this! But, is it not also thus with the beasts, and birds and reptiles—yea, even with the vegetable world? Have they not each and all, within their respective *classes*, the most distinctive *varieties*? Doth not the long *habitus* of every nation of people impart to it such distinctive lineaments and such an uneffaceable individuality as enable us to pronounce with confidence that this man is a Briton—that one a Gaul, and the other a German, though he utters no word of his own language, or be clothed in the same habiliments as those around him? And, in like manner, do we not say, this is a lion of Mauritania—that of Persia—and that again of Syria, or of Greece?—nay, even that this rose is of Etruria, that of Damascus, or again that one of Pæstum? It is all even so; and yet, originally, neither man, beast, bird, nor flower, was *created* with those distinctive marks!—but how, and when, they obtained their several *indicia*, Cartaphilus can but conjecture; and that *conjecture*, or *possibility* is, that all such deep and specific differences, as are not mere varieties easily impressed by physical and moral causes on men, and other things, but were *miraculously* given, when, from Babel man was diffused over the earth, and then for the first time, with divers languages! for, until then, speech, colour, form, and other differences, varied not our race: but, when sentenced, as by a curse, to dwell in every region, and to separate into tribes and nations and empires, those *indicia* of the outer man, and also of tongues, and of the mental status, were gradually imparted: and likewise animals synchronously endured many changes, so as to conform *them* to their now varied climates, and to render them present as before, and useful everywhere to man—which could not have been, had they remained unchanged, and as at first created—and so, also, as to the vegetable world!” \* \* \*

Into such involuntary *musings* would my mind often lead me—so that, even this wise Spaniard *Marcus Fabius Quintilianus*, could not arrest my meditation, but was nearly forgotten, though so much to my *mind of liking*—for he surely is a great teacher, and a pleasing one. Julianus then roused me from my oblivion, and began his customary reading of that Orator’s great work; and several weeks were thus delightfully occupied in alternate reading and reciprocal comments. His *tenth* and *twelfth* books were specially attractive; for they abound in sound remarks upon Greek and Roman authors—in many valuable and interesting details of the literature of by-gone ages—and in numerous topics that disclose his elevated ideas as to the real province of Oratory.

“Truly, if these rules of Quintilian were duly observed,” remarked Julianus, “ORATORY would then become as a bright and darting beam from heaven—melting all hearts, and convicting all

stubborn judgments ; for it is the province of that great Art to excite the *affections*, whilst it wins the *understanding* ! And much do I admire his opinion that none can be a *true orator*, if not an *honest man*."

"**T**his, my good Julianus," replied I, "is extremely beautiful in theory ; and, perhaps, (in its ultimate refinements,) equally so in practice :—but all experience hath shown that what *Paterculus* (whose volume is now before us) says of *Curio*, that 'he was ingeniously wicked and eloquent, to the destruction of his country,' (*ingeniosissime nequam, et facundus malo publico*,) hath been true of many besides *Curio* : but still it is doubtless true, that genius and learning give much additional force, and derive their power and principal charm from *virtue* ; and also, that he who would impart a lustre and efficiency to his knowledge and genius, must cherish all the amiable affections of the heart."

"**Y**outh as I was," rejoined Julianus, "when at Neapolis, and before I changed my first master for thee, O Cartaphilus, I had often heard of, and even witnessed, the commanding powers of oratory—either to good, or to evil purposes : and my after-readings have impressed me with the opinion (which differs, perhaps, from the general one) *that the taste of ORATORS is more frequently formed by the genius of the people they address, than THEY are by the taste of their orators* ; for the moral, intellectual, political, and even physical condition of a people, demand from their speakers a correspondent order of eloquence and of oratory."

"**W**hy observations, my worthy Julianus," replied I, "are perhaps in the main sound ; but still, as to me it seemeth, the better opinion is, that they reciprocally act upon each other ; and, probably, that the influence of the Orator is far the more potential,—and that, whilst the Audience, from their comparative ignorance—their vices—and their passions, (or the reverse, as the case may be,) may corrupt, or may purify their orators—so, on the other hand, wicked, or virtuous orators may, in time, produce upon their audiences the most enduring impressions of evil, or of good."

**I**n the like converse, we often pored over divers volumes, and beguiled the many hours of my tedious years,—which, happily for the innocent Julianus, were years to him of nearly unmingled happiness. How admirable, then, is it, that Abraham's God doth permit the *curse* of one, to be a *blessing* to another !

## SECTION XLIII.



AT length, upon one of *Iyar's* loveliest evenings, in the year of the City 849—[May, A.D. 96] my door was gently tapped—but not by the well-known knock of Julianus! Such an occurrence had never before happened since my first coming to Pæstum, just twenty years before! I therefore approached the door with feeble limbs, and with some alarm—and fainted in the arms of my beloved THADDEUS—my honoured son by adoption!

UPON my revival, the gush of surprise, of feeling, and of love, instantly renewed in me a train of long subdued remembrances; they were too powerful for my then shattered frame, and exhausted mind; and I wept aloud, as doth a child on the bosom of its tender parent!

I had left my Thaddeus a youth—graceful as Apollo, blooming as Ganymedes; but now he was care-worn, past middle age, and with some blanched locks, which told me that his more than waning manhood had been prematurely caused by means, other than his only double score years—and that Cartaphilus had chiefly caused this decadence!

THE warm-hearted Thaddeus had, at various times during my absence, spent some years in fruitless searches for me: but, at length meeting with the Magian Artaxias, at Nicephorium, he obtained from him the knowledge that, if alive, I might be found at Pæstum: for, soon after my wonderful resuscitation at Pompeii, I had written to Artaxias—which was the only letter indited by me since I wandered from Edessa! In vain did I urge upon my excellent Thaddeus his early return home; and with no mention there of my existence; but he insisted on continuing with me; and soon recovered in health and spirits: and though he wrote often to his loving friends at Edessa, he carefully avoided any allusion to me, or to the place of his own residence. \* \* \* \*—My conversations with Thaddeus were often, long-continued.

SO powerfully exciting were they that, on one occasion, when he left my chamber, my mind seemed wholly gone—*Musings on Sin and Innocence.* age was weary of me—death I mourned for, as would the famished hyæna long for food—and yet *thought* would irresistibly press on me, as if there were no body existent, or, as if mind consisted of thought *alone!* The guilty are destined to think—and even the innocent can seldom avoid the odious current—for the SOUL's very essence is communion with itself, and as

## A Musing upon Sin and Innocence.

ceaselessly, as is the BODY's perpetual mutation, from an endless flow of invisible earthy particles!

We know that soul and body are ever subject to deflexions from their *healthy* movements—the only enemy of the former being Sin, that ends in spiritual death—and the only foe of the latter being Pain, that ends in physical death: and both of these dread enemies are as infinitely varied, as are leaves on the frosted trees of an autumnal morning!—for, we also know that, whatever diverts the soul in any degree from its onward path towards the celestial light, causes *Sin*; and that whatever brings a bodily function into any disarray, causeth *Pain*; and that each, if long continued, or if bold at first, must end in *death*—the one of the soul—the other of the body. Cartaphilus, then, hath learned the value of happiness—the difficulty of securing it—and the sweetness of hope, and even of any fleeting enjoyment.

Oh! with what eagerness have I grasped, and how tenaciously have I retained, any even casual or momentary bliss—for God doth cast these seeming *accidents* in our way, purposely to reveal the boundless wealth of virtue. Sometimes, though but for moments, I have *imagined* myself *crimeless*! How delightful was that heaven-inspired thought, though as fleeting as an air-bubble, when wafted on too rude a zephyr! At some other time, I have found myself gazing with rapture upon some *little child*, and drinking in, as it were, its own seraphic purity!—then would its playful innocence, its guileless joy, its strange unacquaintance with all moral deformity, so ravish my soul, that, from this momentary heaven I was most unwilling to part: and would have clung to the sweet illusion, as doth the parched traveller, when the bounteous and limpid fountain of a desert is suddenly found before him! But alas! such stolen innocence could not long be retained by me—purity and guilt are unnatural allies—a child's holiness and man's wickedness soon repel each other; and, like fire and water, they instantly *mortify* one another!—and hence it comes, that Heaven cannot endure the presence of Sin, nor Gehenna abide that of Virtue!

At some other time, as now I remember, my vexed and guilty spirit would be refreshed (as is the drooping flower by the evening moisture) when beholding some *lovely virgin*, just blooming into womanhood, and as immaculate in thought as she was beautiful in person,—such being her ignorance of all sin, that her transparent soul, like the dews of Hermon, had no mote that could for a moment dim its brightness! Joyous in her own thoughts, she seemed to me as the petted lamb, when it gambols over the fields, it knows not why; and she, moreover, as little suspectful of the presence of evil, as Eva was in Paradise, when in the presence of Belial! Then would that boundless purity of hers pour into my dis-

## A Musing upon Sin and Innocence.

tempered soul such a flood of light and joy, that her spotless soul would seem, for a time, to pass wholly and insensibly into mine own—for *then* I was as innocent as herself!—those instants of purity, thus vouchsafed unto me, were indeed as the odour of heaven to a benighted soul!—they bore healing upon their wings—the troublous stream of life was hushed for the moment; and joys so new to me, reigned as triumphant in my soul, as if no foul fiend could ever again resume dominion over me! This rapid contemplation by me of Woman's earliest and freshest innocence, proved to my then diseased soul more precious than would much oil to aching wounds—yea, like icy waters contending with the fevered blood,—or like the almost visible withdrawal of foul humours from the body, when the purple current is abundantly let out from their fretted channels by some skilful Hippocrates—for such is the ease the soul may gain, if virtue, from any cause, can momentarily prevail!

Again, at some other time, have I noted that my sin-diseased mind would taste a fugitive bliss, by the like earnest communion with virtuous and venerable *old age*:—for he who, from boyhood to the tomb's protracted verge, hath dedicated that long life to his Creator's service, compels our veneration and love, though wholly unlike ourself! Oh, how the eye of such an aged one doth sparkle with a divine intellectuality—with a mild celestial hope—with heaven's bright reversion swelling before him! His mind is embodied serenity—nature, in such an old age, is full of grace and beauty; to him, the *past* needs no oblivious veil—he fears no retrospection; the *present* is instinct with *fruition* in quick pursuit of yet brighter *anticipations* as to things even of this nether world—whilst the actual *future*, piercing beyond the grave, is also to him as a wide and verdant plain, full of lovely and odorous flowers,—and his keen vision, piercing yet further through regions of boundless hope, stops not until it reaches the ineffable presence of Jehovah! Communion, I say, with such pious venerableness, hath sometimes so charmed my soul into peace, that my own loathed condition was wholly merged in the splendour of his:—no envy then assailed me—no jealous repining at mine own, in contrast with his happy lot—no remorse, with its hideous train, came in to mar the extatic vision; but, for that brief time, *I lived in him*—and breathed of his own heavenly empyrean, as oblivious of the past, and unapprehensive of the future, as if sin were to me unknown! Strange illusion! Marvellous the kindness of Heaven!—for such I am forced to regard it. But alas! the flood of *memory* could not long be thus staid—it would return upon me; and the sweet dream was but as the morning's fleecy mists before an effulgent sun! Then would follow, in fearful succession, my own black deeds: all the hateful *past*, became

## Origin and Progress of Pæstum.

a revived and visible *now*—and, in the long pious and hoary-headed man before me, no longer could I find a solace—the vision was clean gone; and, in lieu thereof, were crowded on me ten thousand agonizing denunciations against a life of frivolity—of sin—and of daring crime, such as mine!

## SECTION XLIV.



**T**HADDEUS, before he saw Artaxias, had scarcely ever heard of *Pæstum*, even by name; and we at length began to seek, from our poor supply of volumes, some further acquaintance as to its origin and history: but our inquiry ended in little that was satisfactory.

*Some account  
of Pæstum.*

**W**hen first founded, even tradition hath scarce more than whispers; but certain it is that the Sybarites—a colony of Greeks of very remote antiquity, and afterwards of wonderful notoriety for their voluptuousness, founded a republic in Lucania; and there built their goodly city now called *Pæstum*. These Sybarites expelled the inhabitants into the Calabrian mountains; and eventually became so powerful in arms as to possess a standing force of fifteen score thousand fighting men, and dominion over twenty-and-five cities. But their great renown hath been that of opulence and unheard-of luxury—a sensuality that became refined and defined by rules of State, the exact reverse of sumptuary laws! for these Sybarites would endure no trade or craft within their proud walls—no noise that could disturb their repose—no crowing of a cock to molest their slumbers—nor was any dyer of purples, nor fisherman who supplied their tables, ever to be taxed—golden crowns were awarded to those most distinguished for splendid entertainments—the inventors of a new luxury were to possess a monopoly for one year—heralds were appointed to proclaim the names of the most sensual, as *public benefactors*! So costly were the robes of their women, that the Carthaginians are said to have purchased one of them for fivescore talents! A year's notice of bidding to their entertainments was their custom; and their guests in coming to them, were screened by veils from the sun; and moved in such state, as to consume some days in that short journey—made by others in as many hours! No marvel, then, if the fair daughter of Clisthenes, king of Sicyon, when to be wooed by Smyndrides, the chiefest of all those sensualists, appeared at Sicyon with hunters and cooks, that numbered just one thousand!—and less marvel is it, if the renowned Milo of Crotona, with only one-third the forces of these effeminate Sybarites, put them nearly all to the sword, and inundated their city, by diverting the waters of their rivers upon them! The Lucani-

## The First TRANSFORMATION of Cartaphilus.

ans saw themselves revenged : but then came the omnipresent Romans ; who changed their then name of *Pofidonia*, for that of *Pæftum*, in the fifth century after the building of Rome ; and after the Sybarites had possessed rule there quite three centuries before : and hence this *Pæftum* may now number more than eight hundred years ! \*

## SECTION XLV.—THE FIRST TRANSFORMATION OF CARTAPHILUS.



HADDEUS had now been with me nearly eight years ; during which he would never be persuaded to leave me even for a day.

At length, on the night of the twentieth of *Adar*, and in the year of the Creation 3863, and of the City 856, [A. D. 103,] I was suddenly seized with certain mysterious and unearthly feelings of mind, as well as of body !—the like of which I had never in the least experienced before ; and which, at first, I supposed might be those of death—to me then so much longed for. But, as these sensations were quickly followed by others wholly different, and of even vigorous health, and of all the joyousness of youth,—and then, anon, by the return to me of torturing pains, and of the same mysterious feelings that at first assailed me, I became much alarmed, there being no one with me ; and moreover, I was compelled to recognize in these alternate symptoms, the sure approach of some mighty change in me, destined to fulfil that marvellous doom which seemed to hang over me from my natal hour ! The portentous *dream* recorded by me, in an early part of this my *Polychronicon*, then greatly disturbed me, and gave assurance that no ordinary event was coming on.

The quick alternations between the feebleness of extreme age, with the almost mortal pains of body and mind, and the so different ones that followed, of vitality, and the joy of adolescence, were too wonderful to be for a moment unregarded ; and compelled me to remember that, should I live but ten days longer—to *Nisan's* first day (that of my birth) I should then number just *one hundred years* : and also that, should I reach the fifteenth day of that month, (the

\* *Pæftum* may probably now claim 2,500 years ; and has not yet wholly vanished ! She continued in glory many years after the Romans conquered *Lucania*, about U. C. 480—or B. C. 273. It was, however, a magnificent scene of ruins in the time of Augustus ; and lingered on until the beginning of the tenth century, when Mahommed's followers almost annihilated it. Nothing of *Pæftum* now remains but the three temples, portions of the city walls, and gates ; and though not quite forsaken when Cartaphilus possessed his Temple, it was, as he states, nearly a solitude.

## The First Transformation of Cartaphilus.

faddest of all my days, as being that on which I was cursed at the Valley Gate) I should then have passed through *seventy* years, since those awful words were uttered there by the wonderful Nazarene.

The night of my attack, the 20th of *Adar*, was passed by me in watchful counting of the sluggish moments: these were as hours; and were then succeeded by those of health and joy, and even of hope! Anxiously did I desire that the looked-for event, whatever the change might be, should happen upon Nisan's first, and not fifteenth day: for the remembrance of *Calvary* was far more terrific to me than all that I had heard, or could imagine as to the destiny, shadowed by the revelation to my parents on the night before I was ushered into light.

A few days more, however, passed off; and then, at the early crow of the cock, I summoned the good Thaddeus to my bed-side, and thus addressed him:

"My excellent and dear son, dearer than any one ever had by adoption; I have long grieved that thou wouldst never, for thine own good pleasure, leave me for an hour, even to visit Rome, so attractive to all else. Thy solitude during the many dull years thou hast been with me, would have been more tolerable to thee, hadst thou seen less of the miserable Cartaphilus: but thy love towards me hath ever banished gloom from thy brow, and covered thy face with smiles; though such deep retirement as this ill suits thy years and social temper. I pray thee, therefore, and it is now my earnest wish and request that, *for me*, thou wouldst instantly to horse; and depart for Rome—there to tarry a week or more,—during which time, fail not to write to me concerning all such greater matters, as have arisen in the past ten years among the rulers and the people of that *Mysterious Babylon, that will be*—a City, I tell thee, O Thaddeus, that *must* become far more wonderful than it yet hath been—yea, more so than the Oriental one—more so than even the Holy City of Palestine, and its last fate as sure, and even more terrific!"

Thaddeus gazed wildly upon me, at these seemingly *prophetic* words as to the Imperial City—for such my words appeared even unto myself to be—they having then been strangely impressed upon my mind, during those dreamy hours of my past night's existence, which, though passing off, had caused me to bid my Thaddeus there.

My son, however, was prompt to obey my wish, but greatly at a loss to conjecture why one of my age and infirmities, should concern himself so anxiously about Roman affairs! The truth also was, that my sensations were altogether too remarkable, not to assure me that *something* was rapidly coming over me, which I preferred that Thaddeus should not witness.

I.

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## The First Transformation of Cartaphilus.

My son was early upon the Appian Way; and Julianus, soon after his departure, became greatly alarmed at the sudden change that hourly was taking place in my appearance. The marvellous feelings, before mentioned, returned in yet greater force, early after my son's departure; and, on the fourth day, I no longer was able to rise for a moment from my bed,—and thenceforth I refused all nouriture.

In that state I lay during some days more: my agony had become indeed intense—and the paroxysms were daily more violent, and without any return of those juvenescent feelings at first experienced by me; and this confirmed my suspicion that they had been merely *premonitory* of the wonder that was about to be wrought within me!

At length the momentous night came on. Julianus, exhausted by continual watchings, had fallen asleep. I remained conscious of existence—conscious of the heavy breathings of my faithful Julianus—but my brain would often seem as if it were whirling with more than the velocity of the potter's trochus—myriads of grotesque and horrific phantoms passed quickly and fitfully before my mental eye—and my body felt as if it were rapidly casting off all gross and feculent particles: when lo! I beheld these minute atoms, with a speed truly inconceivable, flying from me in every direction, as would beams from a globe of light! With an extreme energy, these *effluvia* were issuing from ten thousand fally-ports, seemingly of a now lingering and almost unseen life! I imagined I could see around me everywhere, or really saw, and with an enlarged vision, millions of corporeal and morbid particles, flowing from every pore—rising into thin clouds, that must have been quite beyond the grasp of usual vision! But oh, what was my loathing horror, when my eyes rested upon innumerable little, misshapen, and greedy sprites, guided by that great Serpent, who hath been named AZRAËL, and who is said to be "Lord of Flesh and Blood," and likewise is called "Prince of this World," all flocking suddenly around my grosser, but then vanishing and perishing body! Then was it that my spirit seemed to be gradually sinking into a kind of trance; and yet with remains of consciousness: for I saw Azraël and his minions still voraciously *devouring* those clouds of noisome and corrupt atoms, so long as they issued from my now almost lifeless, and nearly weightless body!

As these loathsome mists became more attenuated, and gradually were subsiding, my trance proportionately diminished; reason was fast resuming its throne—the numerous hideous little imps of corruption, that had been so actively flitting about me, now seemed gloated with their foul repast; and Azraël was then distinctly seen of me bidding them hence—which summons they all incontinently obeyed!

## The First Transformation of Cartaphilus.

I then lay for some hours in sweet repose,—Julianus still being in profound sleep near me. My body, then wholly relieved from the pressure of Azraël, and of his ugly host, became instantly enveloped in a bright cerulean cloud, redolent of all sweet perfumes—the blood seemed courting through my veins with its wonted motion, and was soon in the healthiest and most reviving action; my respiration was like that of boyhood—I was encompassed by many blissful visions—myriads of lovely forms gracefully sported around me, pointing to the celestial orbs, and presenting to me faces that ever smiled—Heaven itself, as if in purposed contrast with the so recent Hades that had environed me, now seemed within my view and reach,—and, in the ecstasy of that delightful moment, I leaped involuntarily from my couch, on Nisan's fifteenth day—and stood firmly upon my feet, in the presence of my former, but now greatly diminished and recumbent body—a Young Man, of precisely the same form and stature, and seemingly of the same age I was, when, at the Valley Gate, those astounding words were uttered by Him, who, so soon after, was Calvary's victim!

Without delay, I clad myself in robes suited to my then condition,—and hastened forth into the fresh and vital air of that lovely day. All nature was then blooming with the beauties of Nisan's early and loveliest offerings of Spring—and which in this sweet climate, are quite equal to those of Judea in the same month. Incontinently I took to my horse; who, in a few hours, had borne me to one of the most retired and delightful spots I could select in all the vicinity of Salernum. There I continued a few days, anxiously looking for the return of Thaddeus, who, as I knew, must pass not far from me on his way from Rome to Pæstum.

Soon after my hasty departure from Pæstum, (as I afterwards learned,) Julianus awoke; and finding my curiously *light* and lifeless body, he had it prepared for interment, and with all that decorous funereal respect which his own deep devotion towards me prompted, and which he knew would be so congenial to the wishes of my son. Julianus mourned over the long absence of Thaddeus, which seemed as an age; and was greatly troubled to decide whether he should not inter the body before his return,—as already he had waited five days, in all the wretchedness of eager and momentary expectation.

Thaddeus at length being seen of me, at a distance from my new abode, as he slowly approached Salernum, I quickly took to my horse, and joined him on the road towards Pæstum. After the customary *bene mihi* and *bene tibi*, I observed that he eyed my animal with no little astonishment: and being no longer able to suppress his wonder, he said, "Surely, that beast belongeth to Pæstum!"—still gazing upon the horse and rider with the keenest

## The First Transformation of Cartaphilus.

curiosity. "It truly doth, Stranger, and to one Cartaphilus," was my prompt response. His amazement was by this still further increased; for he well knew that my name had been revealed to no ear, within all that region,—and likewise that no one could have become honestly, or otherwise, possessed of the animal. "I pray thee," exclaimed he, with agonized feelings, "tell me, who art thou, and whither dost thou go?" "I know, oh Thaddeus! that thou art bound from Rome to Pæstum, to see this Cartaphilus; and also one Julianus, a most honest slave of his—but thither I must not go with thee," said I, with a hasty utterance: but, perceiving my beloved Thaddeus too alarmingly moved by my speech, I suddenly gave him my hand, with its usual press—which he recognizing, as also the well-known signet on my finger, the gift of Rebecca—all was at once revealed to him!

I charged him to speed on instantly to Pæstum—there to aid my Julianus in all things; and then to deliver unto him (as he was *homo de lapide emptus*) the parchment of *manumission*, executed by me at Neapolis, on the very day I purchased him;—and further, to present him with an ample sum in gold, for his comfortable support through life—and by no means to remove his firm belief, that his late master had been summoned to his fathers—as I would not that my *secret* should be known to any beyond Thaddeus, the son of my honoured friend Artemas—and now mine own by adoption.

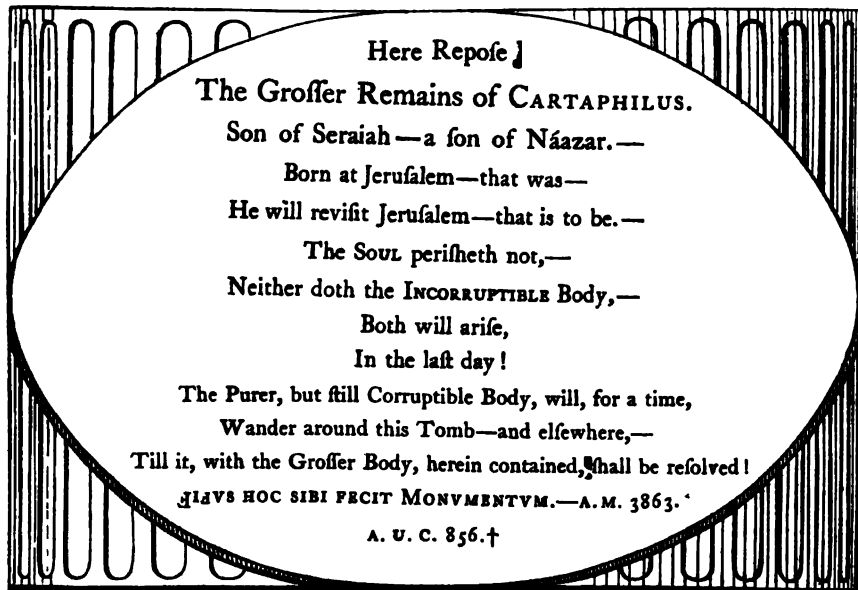
I returned to my place of refuge nigh to Salernum, and there continued, until Thaddeus again was with me,—giving me assurance that Julianus was by that time, without fail, at Neapolis—for ever, an honoured *Libertus* and with no *dominus*, or even *patronus* to molest him.

We then returned once more to Pæstum;—and what there passed between Thaddeus and myself, before we departed from the Temple that so long had sheltered us, was too intense in feeling to be chained by any words—and must not be revealed, even to the veracious pages of this my Polychronicon—save that all ended in our raising a Cenotaph (if such it may be called) in memory of that Cartaphilus, and with an Inscription; which, though it reveals nothing of my destiny that may be comprehended by others, yet it hath not *lied* to God or Man!

The monument is placed within a few feet of the pronaös of the central Temple, and consists of a shaft of travertine, inlaid with an oval slab of white marble,—both being fragments found there, and prepared at Salernum, under my son's direction.

The Cenotaph of Cartaphilus, at Pæstum.

The Inscription, written by myself, is in these words :



\* This Inscription, except the concluding lines, was in the Hebrew language; and has been rendered by Cartaphilus so as to meet the spirit of the original, as far as may be. From other parts of his Polychronicon, omitted in the present "Selections," Cartaphilus appears to have been at the time of his first Transformation, deeply imbued with certain Pythagorean and Magian notions, respecting the hovering after death of an extremely attenuated body, near the gross and corrupt remains of that one which has perished—the former enduring for a short time, and being the source of *apparitions*, whilst the latter becomes the food of Azraël, the, so called, Great Serpent, and of his hateful Minions! So popular, indeed, was this notion with the Hebrews, as well as with the Orientals generally, that Cartaphilus encountered no risk of exciting inquiry respecting himself, from the words of his Inscription allusive to a purer body still wandering near his tomb, or elsewhere! It was upon the basis of that idea, that the ancients often consumed their dead bodies,—so as to destroy at once those more ethereal particles which, in after ages, were known as the *radical moisture*, supposed to sustain the *Ethereal body* that survived death, and which gave rise to ghosts or apparitions!

This AZRAEL is called, in the early Scriptures, the "*Prince of the Deserts*,"—and seems to be alluded to in Genesis,—when the Serpent is thus condemned—"dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." St. Paul also, in his sublime address to the Corinthians, distinguishes evidently between the *two* bodies,

† These dates, in the foregoing Inscription, correspond with the Christian A. M. 4103, and with A. D. 103, of the Vulgar era.

Tacaulriph and Thaddeus repair to Rome.

SECTION XLVI.



THE letters sent to me by Thaddeus from Rome had reached me at my refuge in Salernum, a few days before our meeting on the road towards Pæstum; and imparted to me the delightful intelligence that my other *Julianus*, with his wife *Philotera*, as also *Melchior*, were all then resident in the Imperial City. I hesitated not to go instantly thither with Thaddeus; but under the anagrammatic name of TACASULRIPH, as that of Cartaphilus would not answer in their presence, although neither of them could have recognized me—they knowing little of the mystery that so long had hung over me, and knew me only when advanced in life. I remembered, more—

*Melchior, were*  
*Cartaphilus*  
*and Thaddeus*  
*repair to Rome.*

viz. the natural body, which being sown in corruption, in weakness, and in dishonour, *perisheth*; and the spiritual one, which is raised in incorruption, and continues *immortal*! The foul materials of the grosser body lie in the grave, as the food of the Serpent; and from it will arise that ethereal body, which, “in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,” when the last trump shall sound, becomes victorious over Death and the Grave! Elias, Enoch, and possibly Moses, were thus transmuted and translated, instantaneously:—and, when Michael, the Archangel, disputes with the Devil concerning the *body* of Moses, it would seem that Satan, or AZRAEL, was angered at being deprived of that natural body—the secret burial of which, by God’s command, being deemed by him an invasion of his long conceded privilege.

These matters, we confess, are deeply mysterious: and yet, no one, in the least addicted to such inquiries, can arise from them with any other convictions, than that these wonders, however great, are, in the main, infallibly true! Cartaphilus, however, by no means inculcates the idea that his *renewed body* was of that ethereal and incorruptible kind, at the moment of his transformation, to which St. Paul alludes; but merely that, in every man, there are two bodies—the one *outward*, gross and corruptible,—the other, an *inner* one, invisible, and which eventually grows yet more refined—wanders here, for a time, and then becomes immortal. In this process from diseased old age to youthful lushness, therefore, Cartaphilus beheld myriads of gross particles flowing from him, that formed the cloud consumed by Azraël,—whilst others, far more pure, were fashioning themselves into that new body that gradually became visible; and, growing apace, imparted to him another, in lieu of that which the Serpent in part, and the tomb, for its larger remains, had received.

It may further be remarked, in reference to the Inscription, that the line *Vivus hoc sibi fecit monumentum*, could not have excited any surprise; as nothing was then more usual than for the living, to raise in anticipation their own tombs, or cenotaphs: and never was there, nor will there be, so remarkable an instance of a monument so truly half *tomb*, and half *cenotaph*, as the one erected by Cartaphilus!

It will be further observed by the reader, that Cartaphilus, in the *Latin* termination of the Inscription, makes use of the digamma *ꝯ*, instead of the modern V—and also the V instead of the U, which he probably derived from his friend, the Emperor Claudius; who was so much taken with the Æolic digamma, as to publish an essay upon the propriety of its adoption in the Roman alphabet.

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Joyous meeting of friends.—The Stranger Tacafulriph.

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over, that even my Thaddeus in nowise recognized me at Salernum,—being only filled with wonder at seeing the animal, he knew so well, in my possession,—and still further, only when I pronounced the names of Cartaphilus and Julianus, showing him also the ring given me by Rebecca.

All things were soon in readiness for our departure from Pæstum. We reached the Imperial City on the 20th of April, and Thaddeus was soon in the arms of some of his loving friends of Edessa—so opportunely then in Rome. Their surprise and joy at seeing him knew no bounds, for Thaddeus had not met them, but only heard of their presence there, during the short visit made by him at my request, on the approach of my recent illness.

My own introduction to them early followed—and as a *stranger* of some distant land—the dear and honoured friend of Thaddeus—met by him in his travels,—and whom he valued highly for learning and worth, though younger than himself; and yet more specially regarded by him, as being deeply versed in Jewish and in Christian matters!

They all received me with a most endearing kindness—as do Christians ever, not only one another, but strangers. My heart had so long been estranged from the usual sympathies of life, that these generous feelings towards me, and from those who knew me only as the friend of Thaddeus, filled my soul to overflowing with tenderness towards all mankind—and I began to sigh for the charms of social converse, and to count the hours that would still separate me from my beloved Alcæus, and his Cornelia,—but especially to yearn for a parting look, at least, on Rebecca; who, as we were told, still lingered on—a bright exemplar of Christian serenity and of assured hope.

But alas, my cruel destiny! those dearest of friends were to be communioned with by me, only as strangers—I to them wholly so—and yet they to me all so well known!

Drusilla, the much honoured relic of my admirable Artemas, was long since with him in the tomb; so that the palace of Agbarus now contained but few of those dear friends, who, twenty-and-eight years ago, had so much honoured and cheered me.

My new friends at Rome united with Thaddeus in entreating me to accompany them on a visit to Edessa: and though my heart so strongly echoed their wishes, the struggle was great in me to re-

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The fact is that, with the Romans, the V was ever a *vowel*, and hence the necessity of the digamma, operating in its stead as a *consonant*: and therefore Quintilian (so carefully studied by Cartaphilus, as we have seen) justly says that the *consecutive vowel forms*, as in the use of V and U, alongside of each other, ought not to be tolerated,—as one must then become a consonant, and hence requires the *digamma*, in lieu of the V.

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End of the Retrospect from Pæstum.—Edeffa.

solve so to do,—but only as I feared the remembering and deeply-searching eye of Rebecca; who could not fail to see her Cartaphilus in the stranger, Tacafulriph, should she be permitted to behold me undisguised—for, in truth, I was now much as I was, when we roamed together on the Kedron's green banks, and often among the flowery and rocky heights of Ramoth-Gilead!

**A**t first, I resolved, should I journey with them to Edeffa, that my Thaddeus should prepare Rebecca's mind to receive me—and then to urge my strong desire that my secret should remain for ever with her and Thaddeus.

**W**e at length decided to leave Rome for Edeffa, on the first of July,—hoping to be there late in the month following.

**A**nd here must end my Retrospective Chronicle, of the last eight-and-twenty years, from the day of my departure from Edeffa, to that in which I am about to return to it. What may be hereafter recorded by me, I dare not now permit my mind to conjecture: the present hath ever been sufficiently exciting, to make me recoil equally from the past and future. The Century just ended hath had many and varied sorrows—and yet a few joys—such, at least, as weak and wicked men most do value. If other centuries are indeed my *fixed* destiny, still, oh let it be never forgotten, that HOPE yet lives in me, and that no sure and fatal PRESCIENCE of future woes hath ever been permitted to visit me: all, then, that is *certain* are the past and present; and, as these have had their full charge of miseries, 'twere wise to be grateful for the boon of ignorance of coming events—and to permit hope and futurity to be the closest possible allies.

**R**EBECCA I will see once more! and *that* might prove a *century* of bliss, compressed into a few of those particles of Time men call Hours!—and yet, O Tacafulriph! doubt it not, that, of all mortals, Rebecca *might* prove unto thee the last and greatest of all thy scourges—never of her will—but of thine own remorse!

SECTION XLVII.—Palace of Alcæus, near EDEFFA, Creation, 3863;  
Elul VII. [August 20th, A.D. 103.]



**O**N the third of the present month our domestic party arrived near Edeffa; having been just forty-and-seven days on our journey from Rome: and oh, with what joy did Alcæus and Cornelia rush into the arms of Thaddeus—then into those of Julianus and of Philo-tera! On Melchior, also, they lavished the warmest embraces—and lastly towards me, as the cherished friend and expected guest of Thaddeus, their welcome was most kind and gracious.—But this

Meditations before seeing Rebecca.—Palace of Alcæus.

ended, we were all deeply grieved to hear that the excellent and fainted Rebecca could continue with us, possibly, not many hours longer—that her time of blissful departure was as nigh as she earnestly wished. My friends there-fore soon left me for her chamber; where their assiduity and sorrow manifested an affection, strengthened by the many years that had illustrated her noble career; whilst her now exemption from all pain, and the joy of her countenance, showed how calmly the Christian resigns this world, and looks triumphantly on death, when Heaven is in view!

During the absence of my friends with Rebecca, I had some hours of meditation on the many well-known objects that met my view, and on the beloved family from which I had been estranged so long. These awakened my attention, and revived a thousand recollections that had been latent and almost erased from memory's tablet. I now saw with joy that my Alcæus, and his still lovely wife, were far more youthful than I could well realize—he in his fifty-second year—she in her forty-and-sixth. Oh, how my eyes lingered involuntarily upon them, until Rebecca's door shut them from my view! If there be indeed unmixed bliss in this life, it must surely be when congenial souls are thus united—when hearts are made angelic by the dissolving influences of the only religion that has subdued man's fierce nature—when their minds, too, are richly embellished by the varied and solid learning of our day—and when to all these are added healthy, beautiful, and pious children:—such, then, are the blessings I now find in my dear Alcæus and Cornelia!

So happy a family never have my eyes rested on, as that now assembled in the lovely little palace built for them by the long venerated Agbarus shortly before the skies received him. It is situate on the border of the limpid but small lake near Edeffa,—and commands a delightful view of that city, and of the ancient palace and varied gardens of the late Prince Agbarus. All these are now likewise theirs, as a more abiding residence than the smaller one upon the lake; and also that, in the city, they may the more readily minister to the many wants of the poor of Edeffa: but the summer heats had now urged them to the lake and its tasteful abode.

Whilst seated on the portico in solitary contemplation, I gazed with melancholy interest upon the rich and varied prospect before me. In the distance I beheld the Euphrates—that parent of living waters, forcing its way through the pyla of the mountains—also the long chain of the Taurus on the left, which skirts the horizon even to where Melitene, then on the right, and Amidà on the left, were dimly seen. Behind me lay the green and luxuriant valley that stretches on towards Nicephorium. Watered by many streams

*Tacfulriph  
arrives at  
Edeffa. Death  
of Rebecca.*

*His solitary  
mujings before  
he sees Rebecca.*



## Meditations before seeing Rebecca.

that meandered through the valley, their banks were enlivened by flocks of wandering sheep,—whilst others were seen by me reposing under the shade of the palm and the cedar that grace the lovely plain. More in the foreground were numerous asses, some camels; and anon a sprightly gazelle would flit joyously by them; whilst three tamed elephants, with sluggish motion, would approach the camels, and furtively play their well intended, but too rough antics upon those harmless animals,—whereupon the asses pricking up their long ears, and casting up their hind legs with seeming contempt, but real fear, were, like the gazelles, soon out of sight.

Nearly under my eye rose the beautiful little city of Haràn, that lies on the stream which empties into the small lake alongside of which is the palace of Alcæus, in which we now are; and further on, distant a few miles, lies Edessa. Upon that city my vision was at length riveted; for the lofty cypresses and other trees that line the spacious avenue and encompass the central fountain of those gardens of Agbarus—once so familiar to me, were now distinctly in my view, the atmosphere that intervenes being so transparent! My mind could not but dwell with intense feeling upon the many happy scenes which years ago had there taken place,—when my Alcæus was united to Cornelia. There it was that Melchior and I first met—there, that I witnessed the first Christian marriage—there, that we whiled away, so innocently, many hours in solving riddles and ænigmas—and there it was also that the princely Agbarus, as a father over all, diffused his many blessings, and charmed us by his venerable courtesy—but alas! it was there also, that Priscilla and Artemas had so prophetically announced to me in their last words, the infallible *destiny* that should await me: and it was likewise there that both sighed for the grave, then eager to clasp them to its sheltering bosom; but which, as they declared, would shrink from me, until the time of the *Gentiles* should be accomplished—yea, until SHILOH shall come again!

Such thoughts as these but too clearly passed through my disturbed mind as I gazed upon the goodly scene that then encompassed me: but musing more deeply, and with my eyes closed upon all nature, thus I mentally spoke—“O thought insupportable! O destiny, most mysterious! must I, of all God’s creatures, live to see earth emptied, perhaps a thousand times, of all its myriads?—must I alone, as a living pyramid, stand in the great desert of time, contending with its rude buffets—yea, with the whirlwinds of capricious fortune, and behold nations and empires rise and culminate and sink with years—and then perish, even to memory, whilst I outlive the generations and their monuments? Must the curse of God still linger, from age to age, upon me,—and must this imperishable body grow old and feeble and full of pains, and then be agonized with

more than Death's pangs, only that it may spring into youth and lustihood again—but alas ! that it may still endure a loathing *repetition* of life's cares and woes ! Oh, if this be indeed so, fain would I say—*Perish the thought—for I WILL die !*

“There was a time, O Cartaphilus ! when, with the foolish Sadducees, thou didst think them most wise in their conceit that all our actions are submissive to our own control, and that destiny was but an idle figment of the wicked Pharisees ! The sins of both those sects are now, as then they were ; but doubtless, in this matter of free-will, the opinion of the hated Pharisees was *right*, and thou, with the Sadducees, wert *wrong*—for DESTINY now gazes fearfully upon thee—*perish* thou canst not, neither in body nor in soul ; nor canst thou stay thine own wasting, burning, tormenting thoughts !

\* \* \* \* \* But why, O Cartaphilus, thus torture, as if willingly, thy much belaboured soul ?—canst thy deep murmurs cure, or mitigate a single woe ?—can thy *philosophy* concoct any balm ?—oh no : better, then, were it to turn thy mind *outward*, and joyously gaze upon the rich and lovely bounties of nature that here encompass thee—better were it to freely use them all, and with lively gratitude to the Giver of them, than to close thy eyes on so much loveliness, and poison thy soul with repinings and with impious thoughts—far better were it to bow thy stubborn head and knee, and even mechanically move thy lips in prayer : for even such poor offerings, though with little of the heart, leave Heaven's door still somewhat open.

“Oh, how often do I say, ‘*Prayer is the food of the soul*’—‘*Prayer can alone change the black current of the soul*.’ Soon shall I behold Rebecca ! SHE knoweth *how* to pray.—Oh, best of Israel's daughters ! the weeping with weeping, for my sins towards thee, shall be as ceaseless as the drippings at the fountains : summer may refuse its fruits, and the vintage deny its juices, but thy Cartaphilus will never withhold his inward tears : Niobe wept for her children, as doth Egeria ever yield its crystal drops to all the surrounding verdure ! Oh Daughter of Israel, who, as Jephtha's, was never to be a mother ! thy griefs have known no let, since Judas and Cartaphilus first met in that fatal league ! Whilst Tabor and Horeb shall abide as mountains—yea, as faithfully as Carmel shall stretch herself by the sea-side, so must the Wanderer mourn for thee—his only love.”

Such were my blended meditations, while seated in the then forsaken portico—at one time keenly surveying the crowd of beauties around me—and then, anon, looking *inward* on the many odious things of a greatly troubled soul.

Alcæus and Thaddeus at length entered. They both perceived

## The Last Scene with Rebecca.

how much was my brow disturbed, and my eye wildly flitting. Alcæus, of course, could not suspect the cause; but my Thaddeus read distinctly in them the volcanic fires that had been raging within me. He took me affectionately aside, and thus whispered to me. "I would have thee quickly see Rebecca,—she learns that Tacasul-riph would be a *Christian*; and is eager, ere she departs, to counsel with us all; and would by no means have us suppose her parting words could be withheld from thee, our greatly beloved guest."

"Thaddeus, I will not fail to accompany thee," I replied, "but I would not have *her* eye rest upon *mine*: oh no! let me quaff the melody of her last words—and take to my bosom her sweet counsel,—but she, my Thaddeus, must not be disturbed in her now ending blissful moments, by the *known* sight of a wretch like me; for surely she would know me, were I to appear undisguised before her."

"I thought it was thy intention," said Thaddeus, "to see her alone, as Cartaphilus, praying her that thy secret may die with her, and with myself as thy adopted son?" "That *was* my first wish, good Thaddeus," rejoined I, "but my now desire is to see her with thee all—to hear her, but to remain then and for ever unknown: and for this purpose will I change my attire, and so disguise my voice, that she in nowise may observe me."

At the appointed hour we were all assembled in Rebecca's chamber. My dress was of the Oriental fashion,—save that I wore a portion of my caracal, that it should serve me as a cowl, and thus conceal my face. The scene that followed is too impressive to be clothed but feebly in words—and to me was far the most thrilling I have ever experienced. Ages may be dissolved in the all-consuming menstruum of time—and I may learn to forget the tortures of my burial at Pompeii, or the agonies of my seeming death at Pæstum,—but never can the vivid recollection of the last hour I spent with Rebecca fade from my burning memory!

**W**e were all seated round her couch, whilst she, nearly half erect, was supported by many cushions. I sighed involuntarily when the silvery tones of her voice first reached my ears—tones that were little changed! and, snatching an unobserved gaze upon her seraphic countenance, I found her lovely even in old age, and upon the tomb's verge. Her dark locks, but little blanched, were still contrasted with a clear complexion and a hectic suffusion that mantled on her cheeks. "Surely the serenity and piety of heaven," mused I, "have so taken their lodgement with her, as to refuse all alliance with mortality's usual decay! for never have my eyes witnessed so great a sameness, after such a lapse of time, as is now in her!"

Rebecca's short and energetic address to us was the eloquence

*His interview  
with Rebecca.*

## The Recognition.—Death of Rebecca.

of a disembodied spirit,—and this was followed by a prayer for us, such as never yet hath reached the ears of mortals—bafed as it was upon that *perfect faith* and *assured confidence*, which betokened that Heaven was then present with her, and no longer in reverſion ! She was much exhausted ; and raiſing her voice, ſhe ſaid, “ *Is Jeſus of Nazareth precious to thee, as the true and only Shiloh that was to come ?* ” They all promptly replied, “ *He is, and ſo we believe.* ”

Rebecca was ſilent for a moment, and then ſaid—“ *But thy GUEſT's voice I have not heard—every ſoul is alike precious : doſt thou, O Stranger ! ſo believe ?* ” My feeble anſwer was, “ I BELIEVE JESUS WAS THE GREATEST OF ALL THE PROPHETS THAT YET HAVE COME.” She heaved a deep ſigh—mournfully ſtretched out her hand, and preſſed mine,—then gently drawing me towards her, ſoftly whiſpered in my ear, “ *Oh, Cartaphilus, LOVE's ears are keen—thy VOICE reveals thee—I die* ”—then gently dropping my hand, ſhe inſtantly expired !

SECTION XLVIII.—ROME, III *Nonæ Jun.*—U.C. 857.

[June 2, A.D. 104.]

**T**HADDEUS and I, accompanied by Julianus and Philotera, had remained at Edeſſa only long enough to depoſit the dear remains of Rebecca in a plain but ever-enduring ſarcophagus,—and alſo to ſee prepared the tomb for its reception ; which was executed in all reſpects after the directions left by me with my friends of Edeſſa upon my ſudden departure from them ſhortly before I ſought a ſecret home at Pæſtum. The receptacle for Rebecca's honoured remains being then left in charge of Alcæus and the worthy Melchior, they ſoon departed for Ramoth-Gilead ; there to raiſe the tomb on the very ſpot which, as they ſaid, “ Cartaphilus had himſelf ſelected full twenty-and-eight years ago, when he had ſo myſteriouſly departed as a wanderer.” Thaddeus, at theſe words, eyed me with deep emotion, but was ſilent.

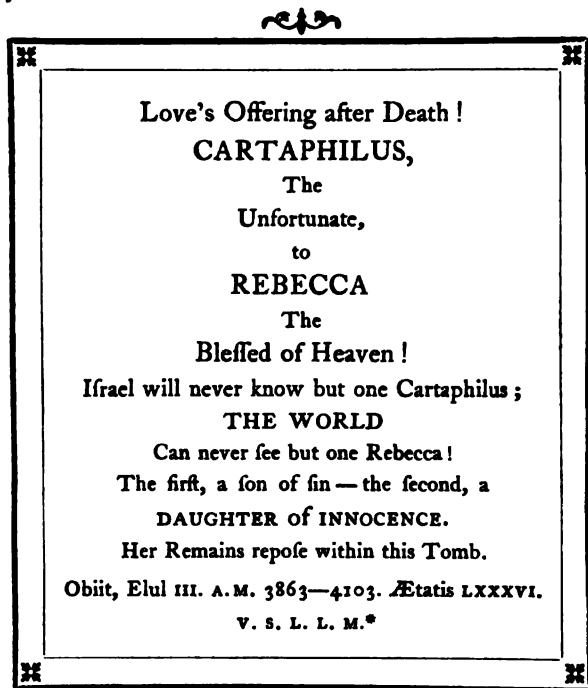
**W**e then parted from our friends with many tears—*they* for Nicephorium, and thence for Ramoth-Gilead,—*we* for Antioch, and thence by ſhip for Rome. \* \* \* \*

\* \* A decade of months have gone by ſince leaving Edeſſa, poſſibly for ever ! for my beloved ſon Alcæus by adoption, and his Cornelia, admirable as both are, had become painful to me, ſo ſoon as I realized the dreadful fact that they could never know me but as Tacafulriph—the Stranger ! The tomb to Rebecca had been *vowed* by me before my firſt departure in madneſs towards Nice-

*His return to  
Rome. Rebecca's  
Monument.*

## Rebecca's Monument.—Return to Rome.

phorium. Thaddeus had given Alcæus and Melchior the *Inscription* for Rebecca's Monument; which, before their departure for Ramoth, he reminded them had been written by Cartaphilus so many years ago—save only as to the period of her death. This epitaph was to be sculptured at Ramoth: few words doth it contain; but they are as truthful now as when written—and these are they.



The recent awakening events that flooded upon my ever mysterious life, now opened new avenues of intense thought, which rendered the garish things of daily life too odious to me longer to remain in Imperial Rome. It now seemed indeed that Cartaphilus hath no longer "a nail" in Edessa, or in Pæstum, or in Rome—no settled abode hath he anywhere—no "wall in Judah," or elsewhere is his—he must wander!

\* The five initial letters are no doubt allusive to the solemn promise Cartaphilus had made to himself that Rebecca's tomb should be raised by himself—and the words *Votum solvens libertissime merito*—import that his vow was most willingly and dutifully performed.

Great was the assiduity of my Thaddeus to assuage my growing melancholy,—but all in vain. We resolved therefore forthwith to travel, and for many years, in remote and barbarous lands, beyond the reach of those with cultivated sympathies—and yet with those having such features of humanity, as might refresh by their novelty, and excite to the study of our species, under aspects so fresh and various to us both. We now craved to behold man poisoned by neither Greek nor Roman luxuries and criminal refinements; and though, as we knew, they could have little or no acquaintance with the Palestinian faith, either of ancient or of modern times, yet were they as Heathens better suited, than the Roman ways, to the views of Thaddeus, whose Nazarene faith was strong, and perhaps to mine own, which need much strengthening—for I knew I was at least no Idolater, though but a sorry Jew, and a yet feebler Christian.

My worldly means had now become very ample,—as well from the large accumulations that arose from my nearly thirty years of solitude, as from those derived to me by the rich donatives received at various times from Claudius and from Nero. Those likewise of my Thaddeus were now large; in part, from my early settlement upon him; but mainly from his co-heirship with his sister Cornelia, of the great estates of their father Artemas, and of their grandfather Agbarus. And most of both were to be now entrusted to the care of Julianus and Philotera at Rome, but under the name chiefly of Thaddeus.

We both had heard much of the singular customs of the barbaric nations of the north and west; and especially among the numerous tribes of Germania—Gallia—Helvetia; and particularly those of the remote Albion and Hibernia—lands of great note in the yet unexplored Oceanus Atlanticus. We doubted not that in such regions we must encounter many hardships, and probably some fearful perils: but those rude nations are still said to have their virtues; and such, too, as seldom forsake that infant state of society,—and which doubtless it were better for the peace and happiness of the world, if Romans and Greeks (who so rashly claim exclusive worth) were in some things more closely to imitate those children of Nature.

Such rude people, on the other hand, could be taught by us, were any exertion made, much that would be useful to them; and add largely to the honour of ourselves, and to our interest in them—surely, far more than by enslaving, murdering, or brutalizing them, as is so often done by us! But, unhappily, the Barbarian, even when not thus severely dealt with, is more apt to learn our vices and odious luxuries, than our true refinements, useful arts, and our soul-expanding sciences: and hence, as I often have observed, the Romans, through their intercourse with these Barbarians, become savages—

whilst the latter, forsaking their only native excellences, sink into animals more degrading than the brutes of their forests:—for, when the Roman, or Greek, dwells in those wild regions, he fails not to neglect the sterner virtues of those people,—either from a false estimate of their daring and brilliant vices—or from a delusive and bewitching fondness for a nomadic life—*that* seeming to their misguided imagination as sweetly exempt from the factitious restraints of society and laws, and as so expansively *natural*, as to symbolize, as it were, the boundless regions over which those *Nomades* wander! But condemned of all sound philosophy are such views: for I cannot but think that these Barbarians, as we call them, though said to live in a state of nature, and hence a law unto themselves, are yet as much subjected to restraints of their special kind, as are we, amidst our mass of endless habits, and of our vaunted civilization—for, if such restraints be fewer, they are still as onerous,—and are quite as many in proportion to the compass of their minds, as were those in the days of the Empress Poppæa. Man cannot, and doth not live without laws, express or implied; nor is it fitting he ever should: and, if the artificial and pampered Greek, or more voluptuous Roman, finds his social, civil, and political rules and habits irksome, a savage and nomadic life would only vary the form and name, without substantially changing the nature of the real or supposed burden: for it will be found that no nation, tribe, clan, or family is lawless; and that every individual barbarian is amenable to some powers and functions that keep him within the periphery of a salutary rule. Be all this, however, as it may, Thaddeus and Tacafuriph are in pursuit of no visionary existence—of no condition of society or of life, exempt from rules; but are resolved, whilst penetrating into the depths of those primeval regions, to observe all things with an unprejudiced eye—nothing doubting but that we shall find therein many laws—institutions—and habits to improve the mind, enlarge our hearts, and make us better men, if not better Romans. And, that we may not be wholly lost to the, so-called, Civilized World, or it to us, we have arranged with our friends at Edessa, and those of Rome, that we shall often hear of each other—our letters being forwarded to the various Roman Stations: and this has been effected through the kindness of *Cornelius Tacitus*, to whom Thaddeus was made known by Julianus—the great Annalist being well known of me in all the time of Nero: but now, as Tacafuriph, my lips were sealed, and I to him as a stranger! This arrangement has made us far happier in the prospect of our new enterprise than we could have hoped for, if parting from Rome for such unfrequented regions, and among people of such rude and warlike habits, we had been without the means of making our condition known to our friends.

A Century passed by, for the present—The SECOND TRANSFORMATION.

On the Kalends of July, in the year of the City, 857—and of the World, 3864, we commenced our travels—when to return, the Fates, if such there be, must alone determine—for Cartaphilus seems but the foot-ball of Destiny! \*

SECTION XLIX. LUGDUNUM,† IV Idus Martie, v. c. 959.

[March 12, A. D. 203.]

### SECOND TRANSFORMATION OF CARTAPHILUS.

*Mihi mortem minatur—Omnis morti obnoxii, extra te unum, O Cartaphilus!*



RIEVOUSLY tortured hath the “Curfed One” been, and by more pains than are known to many deaths: but they all were welcomed, from the sweet hope they might bring him to the tomb: delusive and vexatious threats only were they—for all may die, save him who at the Valley Gate was doomed, and whose crime was as single as is the horror of his destiny!

Nisan’s first day is just passed: and two centuries are now ended, since the son of Mariamne first breathed. These sad years have merged their hours in eternity: they are irrevocably gone—Deo gratias! and, O that no more hours, for ever, could visit him!—*sed aliter sancitum est, et ego meas non queror fortunas*—DESTINY

\* The Wanderer commenced his travels July 1, A. D. 104—A. M. 3864 of the Hebrews, and A. M. 4104, according to the Christian supputation. After sojourning for a time among the Northern Barbarians, and for very many years in the then almost unknown Britannia, he returned full of years; and established himself at Lugdunum in Gallia, now known as Lyons in France. His adventures in Albion or Britannia, and also on the Continent, are omitted; and little is noted respecting him until after leaving that Island,—when he meets at Lugdunum with the then aged Rabbi Isaac; soon after which his *Second Transformation* from the decrepitude of great age, to the lustihood of youth took place—as will be seen in the ensuing sections.

† This is the ancient name of *Lyons* in France, a city near the junction of the Rhone and the *Saône*, formerly called the *Arar*. It was named Lugdunum by the emperor Augustus, when he made it the capital of Celtic Gaul. The origin of the word is probably unknown: but, as the Celtic word *dun* signifies hill, and as Lyons is encompassed by hills much frequented by *ravens*, (which are said to have flocked around those first engaged in founding the city) Plutarch, and others, called Lugdunum the “*raven-hill-city*,” and have been justified in deriving the name from two Celtic words—the one referring to its hilly locality, the other to those ominous birds, so often seen there. The situation of the modern city has been mainly changed from the West to the East side of the Rhone,—and at the exact junction of the two rivers. On that spot formerly stood, in comparative solitariness, the famed altar raised in honour of the emperor Augustus,—said to have been the work and homage of no less than sixty of the Gallic nations!

I.

O O



## Again a Youth—His agonizing Meditations.

EXISTS!—and in this our Pharisees were more wise than the Sadducees: no longer will I doubt it. In the two past centuries how much hath my own life realized the wonders vouchsafed my parents in their mysterious dreams, before their son had seen the light! and those visions of the night shadowed forth the awful Transformations their son was doomed to endure—the second of which (thanks to the Ruler of all the Destinies!) is just ended, though with more than the agonies of a preternatural birth—a second birth! so may I well call it—yea, a fearful *parturition*, that endured quite fourteen days, each of which cast pains upon me more varied and severe, than all endured by me at Pompeii and at Pæstum combined!—The eventful moment at length came, and suddenly I rushed into a new and even ecstatic existence—into a joyous boyhood of all physical sensations; and outwardly so fresh to look upon, as would scarce entitle me to be regarded by others as *jui juris*; and yet of such full *mental* stature, as greatly wondered me: for I at once found myself vividly retentive of all my former knowledge, and of the whole varied results of my dicentennial experience!

CARTAPHILUS, then, is a youth once more!—oblivious of nothing—freed of all fleshly pain,—but oh, how full of terrors and of loathings as to the *long future*, lest such repetitions of life should prove naught but the unmitigated exaggerations of his former woes, and until all the dread visions shall have been exhausted, that were seen by his parents before his natal hour! Even the remote contemplation of these brought *them* both to an untimous and synchronous tomb, and their guilty *son* to seek for one, as his sole refuge.

“**A**nd can it be that I, a worthless unit, in a boundless and beautiful creation, am alone destined, through æons upon æons, to have that life of sin and misery indefinitely renewed—a life so odious to my remembrance—and now so crushing in the mere thought of its repetition? Shall the sweets of veritable death, and the repose of the solitary tomb, never be mine? Shall life’s bitter waters flow continually on for me alone of all the sons of men? Shall eternal extinction (the quietness of which my soul now craves, as did Hagar and Ishmael water in the parched desert) be denied to me, though all things else are lost in mother earth?—and shall existence in Gehenna, or in Paradise, be the boon of all the sons of Adam, save Cartaphilus? Terrific thought! How many generations have already mouldered into dust before me, and are now as if they never were! Already have even many goodly cities risen in desert places, and others expired with age—or met some sudden ruin—and yet I live in body and in soul! Already have monuments of hardest marble fallen from their stations under the keen edge of time, and

*He meditates  
upon his then  
condition.*

yet Cartaphilus remains intact by years, or by accidents, or even by man's fierce and often murderous doings! He now stands as one of yesterday—yea, so full of youthful lustihood, that nature would prompt to him an ardent seeking of life's choicest pleasures, were it not that mind and heart are sickened at the future, by an odious retrospection. Oh, what a mockery of vitality is this!—the body young—the soul diseased unto nausea, from the foul deceitfulness of all the ages! And why should the future be less instinct than the past with bitters?—why shall any thing good for him be more enduring? The solidest arts of man are perishing around him—the cities of the dead are more crowded than those of the living—and yet I start into fresh existence, memorative of all the ugly past, and am forced to witness the hated present, and to anticipate the no less hateful future! Mountains may fall in avalanches and disintegrate in the plains below—rivers may become dry, and the lordliest trees of the forest languish and moulder quite away,—but Cartaphilus knows no change, save that, from age to youth he passes on—and from youth to age again!—and yet is he ever the same son of Seraiah and Mariamne—the same accursed Wanderer, always blending, in odious mixture, the remorse of the *has-been*, the tedium of the *now*, and the dread of the *coming*!

“And, moreover, amidst the myriads upon earth, Cartaphilus is but an isolated One—unlike all others—and unknown of all! Edeffa's dear and little people—Pella's domestic and pious few—those of Ramoth-Gilead—the multitude of classic Athens, and of Rome's far greater horde, all so valued by him three half centuries ago, are now reposeful in their tombs: but the Victim of the Valley Gate dies not—rests not—sleeps not; for what is sleep with *dreams*?—it still is but *life*, and worse, as being without control of action, or of thought. And his pains of mimic death! do not they but rejuvenate him to an existence that doth but drop him here on earth, as if from some cold and distant star, and upon a desert world to him, without tie or sympathy—yea, even *nameless* amidst his fellows! Oh, far worse than even this! for, though countless are the offspring of his former friends, in all the lands, and in all the times, yet, with none of these dare he claim acquaintance: for how can *youth* speak with knowledge, as to times and peoples, known but in the chronicles of the long past? The hated lineaments of the Jew, moreover, are upon his countenance: and the Nazarene or *Christian* name, if taken, is often still more odious—whilst the mysterious youth's great *wealth* doth often cause foul suspicions, seeing that no known progenitors, or cognati of any sort, can be by him invoked! and also, where the aged *Cartaphilus* is best known, there *Tacafulriph* is often least known! And yet a still further source of grief have I in the precocious mind, and in the knowledge gained during the

## Death of Thaddeus—He rejects the Doctrine of GILGUL.

varied centuries—knowledge that can scarce be suppressed : and if not withheld, the superstitious crowd become dangerous to commune with ; or, when harmless, still his anomalous and mixed opinions fail not to offend many—or, if friends are gained thereby, they are either the mere *fæx populi*, or curious and inconstant infidels, keenly in search of heterodoxies of every sort, whether of faith, of policy, of physics, or of literature ! Such, then, are the now griefs of the youth Tacafulriph !

“ Oh, more truly than the serpent puts off old age, when he sheddeth his skin, is it now with Cartaphilus :—the feared and withered body is by him cast wholly off ; and Tacafulriph rises with all the freshness of the morning flower yet bathed in the dews of heaven ! As the mountains go up, and the valleys down to the places assigned for each, so are found the wrinkled age, and the blooming youth, of the Doomed One—and the bounds of neither can be passed over ! ‘ O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all,’ and ‘ thy doings are past finding out ! ’ ”

THADDEUS, my last and trusty friend—the only being who knew my awakening secret, continued long with me after my first transformation : but nature at length gave way in years—no *curse* was upon him ; and now he lies in alien soil, remote from the land of his forefathers : seventy years ago, I buried that beloved son of adoption in *Augusta Trinobantum*, an ancient and goodly town, long known by the Britons as *Londinium* : there I raised his humble tomb, and wept thereon as would a parent for his only child. Peace to his ashes ! and yet *amicum meum præoptarem perire potius quam vivere*—for a purer spirit than his seldom tabernacled upon earth : but these overwise Jews, here in Lugdunum, had pressed me much in regard to their *Gilgul* ; and would have persuaded me that even my Thaddeus must have a long and arduous journey beneath the soils,—even from his distant tomb unto Palestine, ere his soul can be at rest, or be blessed with resurrection !

The Jews that were around me, as the then aged Cartaphilus, were strenuous in their faith respecting a marvellous notion, called by them *Gilgul*, as to which, never before had I heard other than a whisper, when last in Rome, more than a century ago ; and then, only from the lips of my valued Julianus and Philotera, as they had heard it from some learned Rabbins. Now here, in Lugdunum, I early found that the Hebrew doctors had much revived that wild and superstitious figment : and, as I was far advanced in years when unto Gaul I came, they sorely urged it on me, seeing that my soon expected death would leave me so remote from Judea, that my subterranean toils to reach it after

death would be, as they ſaid, with many tortuous whirlings, and poſſibly during many centuries ! But, ſo it was, I lacked all faith in Gilgul ; and therein gave them no ſmall offence. In truth, they would hold me ſcarce half a Jew—and I could regard myſelf as ſcarce half a Chriſtian : and, moreover, I greatly contemned all thoſe blind fancies that had become ſo riſe among our doctors, ever ſince the time of the new Sanhedrim, and of the Patriarchs of Tiberias, and of Pumbeditha : theſe, however, were as firmly believed in by the multitude of our diſperſed people, as in the wiſdom of Solomon revealed to us in his many thouſand proverbs, or in that of our maſter Moſes ; and were far more obſerved as rules of life, than the teachings from Sinai !

**T**HIS RABBINISM, ſo called, (of which Gilgul is but an example,) hath been but little ſtudied by me, but ſufficiently to know that it has, and ever will have, very many flimsy viſions, many idle brain-creations, though deeply blended with a few profound and heavenly thoughts—for ſuch is man ! Oh, how wild and dreamy are the begettings of thoſe deluded ſouls, when poſſeſſed of ſome learning, and bewildered by an erratic ſpirit ! My overzealous countrymen would have forced upon me theſe curious deviſings of their diſtempered muſings ; and were much vexed that one, ſo ripe for the grave as they ſaw me, ſhould jeopard the repoſe of his ſoul, and rather whirl during many years, and through ſo many paraſangs, than haſten at once to the holy Paleſtine, before death ſhould come upon me in a foreign land. But *Cartaphilus* had ſtill left in him much of the ſpirit of *Tacafulriph*—he feared not death in Lugdunum ; and though oppreſſed with age, he openly contemned their traditional follies. And yet, I confeſs, they ſometimes greatly diſturbed me : for this Gilgul was earneſtly argued with me during many days ; and with too much zeal and ſhow of learning by thoſe Rabbis (and doubtleſs, with piety) not to trouble me, at leaſt in my dreams : but mind happily triumphed over the infirmity of matter : the doctors retired from me in diſguſt and anger ; but candour bids me now ſay, the victory was gained, in part, by that pride of opinion which never forſook me ; and which equally ſerved me in matters of as groſs error on my part, as of the manifeſt truth in that urged by me againſt Gilgul, and other rabbinical refinements.

**T**HE doctors had wholly departed ; and I found myſelf with the worthy Rabbi ISAAC, who ſuffered me in ſilence to muſe upon this Gilgul—alſo on the ſymptoms I then felt of an approaching diſſolution of ſome ſort. My life was apparently flickering, as doth the laſt drop of oil in the lamp : and thus with myſelf I communed. “ If in this Rabbiniſm there be any virtue, and if this Gilgul be a bright exemplar of it, doth it not behove me to inquire into that which may benefit, but cannot injure ? If true, Gilgul ſhould then:

be avoided by flight to Palestine." Deeply would I also mourn (when under this fitful delusion) that my excellent Thaddeus (whose remains might be removed thither) should thus be doomed to toil under ground, seeing that his great love for me took him to that remote Heathen island, from his home and friends. Rabbinism is now well-nigh the *religion* of my unhappy countrymen, however densely or sparsely sifted among the nations. And thus again would I muse—"They are many—I but one: are the multitude foolish, and Cartaphilus alone wise? It may be so—for doubtless, Truth is sometimes with the individual: Cartaphilus cannot unto the doctors yield, merely because they are many: but the worthy ISAAC is learned in this lore; his treasures will I first exhaust, ere Cartaphilus is persistently recreant, or the doctors shall gain the victory." And aged as I then certainly was, I faithfully performed the promise I had made to myself.

*Conversations with Rabbi Isaac.* "Thou art now very old, my Cartaphilus," said the good Rabbi Isaac to me, a few days before my late transformation, "but nevertheless thou shouldst hasten eastward, and lay thy bones as nigh the land of Canaan as well may be." "And why so, my sage Rabbi?" said I, well knowing, however, of what he desired to speak. "Art thou, O Cartaphilus," answered he, "so learned, and yet ignorant of what the great Rabbi AKIBA taught? and he, you know, was the venerable Nasi of the Sanhedrim, when the '*Son of the Star*,' called also Barcocheba, claimed to be the Messiah? This Akiba, as also the Rabbi JUDAH, the '*Sinless*,' and again, the most renowned rabbi MEIR, all do declare that none can come to the *resurrection*, save those who are buried in the land of Judea—or, those who dying in other lands are, perhaps through many ages, gradually brought there." "But, my good Rabbi Isaac," rejoined I, "how are these souls to reach Judea, after the body hath perished in foreign lands, and the soul hath departed to Hades—or elsewhere, we know not of?" "Doubtless, venerable Cartaphilus, they must come there by much *whirling*: for, what such Rabbins, as I have named, do say thereon, is as the voice of God: and they hold that those who are buried without the holy soil of Judea, do continually whirl round and round beneath the earth, until they pass within our sacred limits; and then they reposefully await the general resurrection! And, my learned Cartaphilus, I would also have thee remember that these souls do sometimes, in their whirlings, pass into other bodies? Did not that of Adam, after a toil of ages, truly whirl into the body of David? And will not the soul of King David (which for nigh twelve hundred years hath thus been whirling) come at last into

Converses on GILGUL before the Transformation.

the body of the true Messias, whenever he shall vouchsafe to appear? Truly, it is all so! and hence the initial letters of Adam—David—and Messias, or *aleph, daleth, and mem*, do form the name of the first man!—and, as in Adam all died, because of sin, so in Messias, (who will be sinless) shall all come to the great resurrection!

“Pythagoras, and Zoroaster, the wonderful Magian, have but copied their ideas of the transmigration of souls from the most ancient tradition of our forefathers;—and, as the besetting *sin* is, so is the *body* that the soul must afterwards inhabit! Hence, if the deceased were a sodomite, then verily doth his soul pass into the body of a *hare*—and, if an adulterer, then into that of a *camel*: and this is clearly seen in our Hebrew word *gamel*, which signifies, not only the beast we call camel, but likewise *preservation*,—for David saith, ‘I praise Jehovah, for that he hath preserved me.’ David, then, who was preserved, through his repentant prayers, from a more severe punishment for his adultery with Beertheba, hath passed into a far more worthy animal than a hare—yea, into that of a camel; and hereafter will pass into the most honoured of all bodies, that of the Messiah!”

With great astonishment, and some generous contempt, I cynically replied to the excellent Rabbi, “Oh, very learned Doctor, as *my* sins have been so many and grievous, I scarce think all the animals of the Ark would suffice to supply me with idoneous receptacles,—or that any one can be found in all nature, sufficiently grovelling for me to inhabit: I pray thee, tell me what beast, bird, or reptile, may I possibly be *whirled* into?” “Ah, my Cartaphilus,” gravely answered he, “so much the worse for thee—for, if thou diest so remote from Palestine, as here in Gaul, thou wouldst be most happy, rather than whirl so many ages, to enter the body of even the vilest worm that feeds upon the foul flesh of carrion! See to this, I charge thee, Cartaphilus—see to this!” And so we parted for that time.\*

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\* It can scarce be doubted but that the practice, so familiar in the Latin Church, of interments in *Palestinian* soil, originated in the Jewish notion of Gilgul! The holy earth in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and in numerous other places, transferred with infinite labour and expense by Christians as well as Jews, and sometimes by Mahomedans, must be referred, more or less, to this superstition: for the whole history of man, of all faiths, and in all countries and ages, reveals the wonderful paradox that all nations and peoples, however different in very many respects, still resemble one another in points, the often least to be expected: and this is abundantly proved by the facts revealed in the laborious work of *Mons. Picart*, in regard to the civil and religious customs and ceremonies of innumerable nations, Heathen and Christian—in which *resemblances* are found that are truly awakening, and which should greatly mortify the pride of man, especially throughout Christendom.

Converses with Rabbi Isaac, as Tacasulriph.

**A**fter we thus separated, I early found renewed sensations in me, the end of which I could no longer doubt. These *Cartaphilus attends his own funeral.* I will not dwell on—nor the issue thereof, as both were so similar to those experienced by me at Pæstum—and are they not recorded in the xxxviii<sup>th</sup>, and following Sections of these my Chronicles?

**A** week has now elapsed since my second body, by Transformation, was interred, and with customary solemnities. At that ceremonial, according to all the Jewish forms, my kind friend Isaac, as well as myself were present,—for, as the change had taken place at midnight, I left my lonely dwelling; nothing doubting but that some one would early find that the “rich old Jew” had expired, and would need burial.

**I**n returning from the Jews’ Cemetery, upon the borders of the Arar, whither my body had been taken, under the direction of Isaac and the rest, (on all of which I had been a modest, but not unobserved spectator,) I encountered the good Rabbi Isaac standing in the Forum Trajani, and nigh unto the Imperial Palace. He seemed to eye me, though a total stranger, as if he would speak: and, as I approached, he mildly said, “Good Youth, this was a remarkable old man, whom we have just laid in the tomb—hast thou known or heard aught of him before? I judged so, seeing that thou, who art a stranger here in Lugdunum, wert with us in this solemn duty, and seemed much disturbed in soul during his interment.”

“**I** am the only one of his blood in all these parts,” said I, “and, as he but lately came to Lugdunum, and from a very remote land they call Albion, I knew that his long absence from Rome rendered his return every way proper, as there he once resided, and had many loving friends. My name is TACASULRIPH; and I am hastening to his late dwelling here in Lugdunum, that, with all formality of law, I may take possession of his many valuable papers and books: and moreover, he hath large wealth; and of all these is Tacasulriph the sole heir, as well by blood as by testament. He was, indeed, a wonderful man, as thou sayest; and, if his soul hath not gone into some other body—as of a beast, or into some “vile worm to feed on carrion,” much learning and experience do hopelessly die with him. Yet, as Tacasulriph trusts, that soul, if metempsychosis be true, hath gone into some other human form. A venerable Rabbi, here in Lugdunum, troubled the aged man with strange discourses, a week since, concerning what he called the Gilgul, or Whirling of Souls!”

“**W**ould Cartaphilus, then, speak unto thee of me?” hastily enquired the Jew, “for I am Rabbi Isaac, late his greatly admiring friend:—and, told he thee of our colloquy touching Gilgul?”

Conversations with Isaac *after* the Transformation.

"He communed much, and often silently with himself; but sometimes in audible whispers, after thou hadst left him," answered I, and then he said aloud, "but these Rabbins have so many other wild figments, that Cartaphilus sees not why *this* one should thus trouble him."

"Well Tacafulriph, greatly do I mourn his infidelity," rejoined Isaac, "he hath now left us; and no more shall we behold him, until the truth of Gilgul shall be revealed to all: but, as thou art a very young man, to be so far from thy home and friends at Rome, I pray thee come with me: much did I love thy relative; and if thou wilt sojourn with me during thy tarry at Lugdunum, we will talk over these matters;—for thou, as a green Israelite, shouldst not fail to know well, what thy aged relative, amidst all his learning, seems to have much neglected!"

"Cartaphilus, good Rabbi," (said I, unconsciously solicitous to maintain my posthumous reputation) was long in far distant and heathen lands: many years had he spent in the wilds of Germania, in Gallia, in Britannia, and in other northern regions; and hence was it that he knew so little of the Jewish Patriarchates, and still less of the curious mysteries and doctrines of the Rabbiniſts, in all the lands. And 'tis not strange that I should know thereof as little as he, since, from my youth—and he being my closest friend—naught else could be looked for than that in nothing should Tacafulriph be wiser than the venerable Cartaphilus. Thy kind hospitality, tendered so graciously, I willingly accept, my Rabbi; and to-morrow will I be with thee; and much shall I delight in thy instructions, in all that the Rabbis have thought and done—though Tacafulriph hath been so much schooled by Cartaphilus, that he *may* prove, like him, a dull scholar in the matter of Gilgul!"

#### SECTION L.



OW am I living with the kind-hearted and simple-minded Rabbi Isaac—one of the few among men, who stand out as distinct from their fellows, as do the giant and dwarf: such are ever acceptable and

*He reviews  
some causes of  
his Misery.*

fresh unto the soul of Tacafulriph: for, if in them there be even much of folly's alloy, yet is it so *unlike* the great herd, that it doth charm me. Here will I continue to chronicle my varied life, though briefly, from the time Thaddeus and I departed from Rome,



and from our friends of Edeffa, until the present hour—now more than a century ago.\*

If the communion of mind with mind energizes the soul, and brings with it many charms to soften life's asperities, it is also often not without pain, as it generates inordinate self-esteem in ourselves, and rancorous feelings between colloquial opponents.

My soul remains in deep gloom: the amiable Jew's daily conversations with me crowd my mind with a thousand disturbing and curious fancies: my brain is bewildered with the ceaseless mixture of ancient and modern Hebrew notions in religion, in morals, in the philosophy of nature, and as to the powers of celestial entities! At one moment am I memorative of my earliest Sadducean teachings—then of the sublime truths of Christianity—again with the many bold conceptions derived to me from the Celtic Druids—especially those of Albion; anon, I also repose upon the lovely exemplars I found in Priscilla, Artemas, Melchior,—in my beloved Thaddeus, in the noble Arcæus, and in the ever matchless REBECCA. With all these reminiscences are also blended many of the soul-inspiring doctrines of the Magians, as I learned them from Artaxias of Nicophorium; and then again, is my soul annoyed by the conflicting heresies among Jews, Gentiles, and Christians—by the thousand doubts and marvellous refinements of Greek and Roman and Oriental philosophers: and now, here in Lugdunum, (a semi-barbarous land,) my mind is further distracted by the teachings of my worthy Rabbi, in all the wonderful traditions and the mind-racking subtleties of the Rabbins, from the days of Simon, a descendant of the great Gamaliel, even unto the present hour!

My inquisitive soul doth never rest—it *must think*, and as inevitably as the stone cast from the sling falls to the ground. Long did I dwell among the Barbarians, and found that they, too, have their conflicts in religion and philosophy—their orthodox, their sectarians, and their heretics! In the Imperial City, during a long residence, my intercourse was with emperors, captains of great re-

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\* The retrospective *personal* narrative here alluded to, and also his chronicles respecting those barbaric countries visited by him, the Editor has seen proper to nearly wholly omit: and this is so, as Cartaphilus again visited those countries, and at periods of greater interest, of which he avails himself to explain sufficiently the crude and very primitive condition of those regions during the two first centuries of his anomalous life. The historical theme, however, of his second century, and the spirit of that age, are, as we hope, sufficiently sustained, without either his personal narrative, or his customary historical details. And, as these Chronicles must unavoidably be extensive, all that can be accomplished, in *some* of the centuries, is to preserve the prominent historical facts, and their chief intellectual developments; both of which the Editor trusts are tolerably accomplished in the Colloquies selected, as occurring between various distinguished personages, and also in the Narrative of the learned Jewish Rabbi Isaac.

known, philosophers, poets, orators, juriconsults—with women of virtue, or of infamy,—with declaimers, factionists, misers, spend-thrifts, and with a hundred more of such awakening personages! My own studies, moreover, took in the boundless Greek and Roman authors—likewise all that is known to the Hebrews in all the lands—also whatever could be gleaned among the Egyptians and other Oriental nations. Much did I inquire into all that has been said by them respecting their gods—the nature of souls—the generation, or eternity, of all entities—the many sources that corrupted their religion, morals, manners, and philosophy! Years were spent by me at Pæstum and other places, in poring over the writings of Apollonius of Tyana—in communing deeply and often with the works of Philo-Judæus, and of the learned and mystical Plato. I have comforted with the *Ebionites*, the *Nicolaitans*, the *Gnostics*, and even with the admirers of *Dorithens*, of *Hymenæus*, and of *Cerinthius*! I have conversed with *Carpocrates* and *Saturninus* and *Prodicus*—the last of whom stands at the head of those called *Adamites*: I have corresponded largely with the excellent Josephus, with the venerable and most pious *Polycarp* of Smyrna—with the great *Ignatius* of Antioch,—and more especially with him in regard to the HOLY TRINITY, he being the first, as well as I remember, who hath used this mystical, and yet expressive word. And, now that I have lived among men and books and nature during more than two hundred years, I cannot yet find that I have any *very settled faith* upon any subject whatever—none that yields to my mind the sweet repose that comes from assurance! \* \* \* \* \*

And yet, O Cartaphilus! there must be a cause for this. Do not misery and doubt spring from arrogance—from a craving to be wise beyond what is written?—the rivers and the seas have their assigned borders,—these overleapt, devastation must ensue. Remember how, in thy youth, thou wert admonished that things divine and human—those revealed and conjectured, must not be blended and confounded. \* \* \* \* \*

But, hold Cartaphilus! Is man *free* to think and to do as he listeth? if not free, whence comes *sin*? Art thou not often sensible of an inward as well as an outward control, that may no more be resisted than the rushing of many waters over a precipice?—and, if doomed to *live*, why not doomed to *sin*—yea, to all the *heresies* of which thou hast been accused? \* \* \*

\* \* \* Great marvels are these—and yet, am I not equally conscious sometimes of an absolute *free-agency*?—do I not many things as I list, and have I not often acted as if resistlessly impelled, when it was only the neglect of my soul and reason that caused the odious act? \* \* \*

I now remember that more than a century and a half ago, the pious Areopagite argued with me all this matter of free-will, in a letter to my Alcæus, though designed for

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 Prescience is not Predestination.
 

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me : also that Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, and likewise Polycarp of Smyrna, and Aquila of Ephesus, were all of like opinion : and they counselled me (long after my friends of Edessa had wearied themselves with me on that matter) that man's free-will hath never, in a single case, been disturbed by Him who ruleth the skies ; and that, even when the Messiah's death, and the 'Scariot's treason—when Jerusalem's fall, and the scattering of our people to the twelve winds, were all clearly *predicted*, and of course *foreknown*, yet not one of those cases was *doomed* thus to pass—not one that *might* not have been otherwise—not one that did not flow from man's voluntary, sinful, and free-will action ! *Foreseen*, indeed, they were by God, who liveth not in *time*, as man always doth ; so that, when He declareth what *will* be, He hath but declared what, as to Him, *is*, and as if it already *hath been*—but which, to man, is *future* : for such *declaration*, made only through God's absolute *prescience*, doth no more *control* the actions so predicted, than would man's relation of any *past events* be justly said to have effected, or affected *them* ! And, in this fashion, did these earliest champions of the Cross argue this difficult matter with me. Artemas, as I now remember, further argued that, if *omnipresence* and *omnipotence* be perfect in Deity, (as they doubtless are) why shall not *omniscience*, and, of course, *prescience*, be equally so ? and if so, then, in fine, *that prediction* can in no degree whatever control, lessen, or affect the perfection of man's free-will, and free-agency. If all this be so, and I know not how to question it, then how soothing to the soul is the conviction that we *can* guide our actions in all things,—and that we are not irresistibly drawn either to vice or virtue—and how consentaneous is this with Justice and Mercy—the supremest of God's attributes ! These, however, are the great mysteries that toss the Soul to and fro, as pebbles on the ocean-shore. In such contemplations, Man diminishes into an atom—sinks into fatuity,—now, hath he boundless faith—then vexing doubts—and at length plunges into the abyss of Pyrrhonism ! Some again reason, and become as gods—vast in thought, wonderful in execution ! but, anon, they go too far—become bewildered—maddened ; and, as the beasts that perish, they seem to have lost their souls !—such being the case with most of those, who, in nature see not God, or who presumptuously would scan and question the ways of The Ineffable !

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## SECTION LI.

**T**HE new existence into which I had so lately entered, brought with it the usual feelings and fascinations of youthful lustihood—heightened, on the one hand, by an inordinate mental expansion, unseemly to my apparent age; and subdued, on the other, by my perpetual remembrance of the curse that was upon me. My secret pressed sorely upon my mind: and, whilst I shrank from betraying the least of it to any mortal, I clung to the sympathies of life with an almost maddened tenacity.

*Domestic Life of  
Cartaphilus.*

The venerable Isaac was most kind to me; for he early perceived that my heart was ill at ease, and that my acquirements and veins of thought were greatly at variance with my tender age, and with the beautiful freshness of my youth.

I tarried with my aged companion at Lugdunum with perfect content; and often sighed at the anticipation, that his many years must ere long separate us for ever. His course was nearly run—mine seemed to have only begun; and never did I before so fully realize the destiny that so long had guided me, and which might endure as the everlasting hills! Then was it that a torrent of recollections rushed into my mind—the wonderful dream of my parents—the forebodings of Priscilla and Artemas—the closing scene with Rebecca—the marvels revealed to me at Pompeii—the miraculous Transformation at Pæstum; and finally, every event of my varied life, ending with the deposit of my second body in the shaded cemetery of Lugdunum: these all have removed the last film that had clouded my intellectual vision, and fully disclosed to me the terrific reality that

## CARTAPHILUS, THE WANDERING JEW,

will never taste the sweets of Death, until the bitterness of Sin is wholly purged away—never until the times of the Gentiles shall be accomplished—never until Palestine shall bloom again—never until the lion and the lamb shall embrace each other!

A world of misery flooded into my soul, when the certainty of my destiny had thus fully reached my mind. Those who know not the heart's rebellion against fixed misery and hope extinguished, will marvel at my long incredulity; but the more experienced will judge otherwise; and others there may be, who equally would marvel that unmitigated despair came not with that certainty. But oh, how plastic is the human mind—how accommodating becomes the soul to its inevit-

*Musings upon  
Hope and Habit.*

able condition—how submissive, when the last ray of God's mercy, HOPE, is withdrawn! Strange anomaly of our wonderful nature! for, after hope hath expired, first comes *Despair*—rushing upon the soul as a furious and ravenous beast; but its mad career is short,—and then come the *creative* powers of the mind, inventive of a thousand means to mitigate the evil—to dull its keen edge—to steep in oblivion its severer features—to reap comfort from small things—to live in a little world of diminished actualities! Next follow *Imagination*, with its varied hues—*Habit*, with its subduing influences—and then the *Consciousness* that our lot is just,—and lastly, comes that Gratitude, perhaps feeble, which is awakened in the soul by the reflection that our wretchedness might have been yet more extreme: all these fortify the mind, and impart to it the power of *Resignation*! Oh, how merciful, then, are the ways of Providence towards man, that, even in our deepest sorrows, there should be within us fountains, gradually welling up, however small, to bring us some alleviation!—for, when even *hope*, as to the chief matter, is clean gone, and the destiny is broadly before us, still the mind's fertility gives growth to new and varied sources of partial mitigation—*habit* reconciles us to even extreme misery—and *resignation*, as oil upon the waters, calms the fury of the tempest, and saves us from overwhelming despair and maddening ruin! And so was it even with Cartaphilus!

Some weeks after I had been comfortably established in my new abode, and after the torrent of my griefs had somewhat been subdued, the venerable Rabbiniſt entered my Muſæolum; and kindly taking me by the hand, ſaid, “I have obſerved thy deep miſery for a moon paſt; but am now happy, my young friend, to find thee calmer, and ſome-what with thy beloved books again. I rejoice to ſee thou haſt inherited from the great Cartaphilus, not only the extenſive library that ſurrounds thee, but his ſtudious ſpirit withal. Thoſe who are *ſtudiis additi* may therein find much ſalutary food for the troubled ſoul; and, if the deſire be not a *librorum belluo*, it is God's beſt gift to man—next to a *ſound faith*.”

“Moſt true, moſt true, venerable Iſaac,” answered I, “and ſo I hope to find it. The God of Abraham, who puniſhes with ſeverity, ſtill never leaves us utterly without a refuge. My learned relative would ever have around him many volumes, and, when in the outer world, converſed moſtly with the learned and wiſe: and I being the ſole inheritor of his large properties, it is but ſeemly gratitude in me thus to reſpect his likings.”

“Thy faithful remembrance of kindneſs,” my Tacafulriph, “tells me thy heart is in the right place; and we may be ſure that the *grati animi fidelis memoria* is never found without other aſſociated

Further inquires into Rabbinism.

virtues. I would not praise thee in advance of acquaintance, my Tacafulriph; but thy grief for the departure even of so worthy a relative—leaving thee so much wealth—is so little in the world's fashion, that thou hast my heart, at once, good youth."

"May, my excellent Rabbi, judge not so hastily; other causes of grief are there than the loss of friends: that I loved Cartaphilus as much as my own soul and body, is an absolute truth: but my heavy mournings, of late, were not caused by his departure—the over-ripe fruit will fall to the ground."

"Most true, dear Youth; and now I love thy candour as much as thy gratitude: but I will not probe the cause of thy sadness—we will speak of other matters."

I warmly thanked the admirable old man; and soon had cause to believe that my knowledge and experience during two centuries might easily, in some things, be largely added to by the good Rabbi; wherefore I said unto him, one day, "My beloved friend, much need have I to learn divers things of thee, which I pray thee freely to impart to me. And now, casting off my griefs as much as may be, I would learn *first*, all that thou knowest of the doctrines so much prized at this time by our people, as taught by the learned Rabbis—and *secondly*, many things that have transpired in Rome, and elsewhere, since the time even of the good Trajan: for, all that is prior to that period hath been much written on, and is within my reach: but the events of our own day, as it were, since Trajan reigned, are less easily obtained. Canst thou not also instruct me where the knowledge I now seek of thee may be had, should age and time forbid thee to serve me otherwise?"

"It is quite true, my Tacafulriph," said the Rabbi, "that the history of past centuries is often more easy to be known than the events of our own age. Thy inquiries *Some account of Rabbinism.* touching the opinions of our Rabbis, and as to Roman matters since the time of the good Trajan, may be somewhat satisfactorily answered by me—especially the latter, as I have lived through most of that period; and have preserved, from my youth up, the memorabilia and results of many inquiries made by me, ever since that Emperor's blessed days. They all are thine to use freely, and to transcribe, if thou wilt, good Tacafulriph: and further, dear Youth, should I die before thy departure hence, the manuscripts shall be ever thine. And, as to the opinions of our Doctors, they should be thy careful study, *diu noſtuque*; for Rabbinism is the distilled essence of ancient and of modern wisdom."

"Tell me then, I pray thee, most venerable Rabbi," I quickly added, (though with an involuntary smile of incredulity,) "tell me much of thy favourite Rabbinism, and of thy admired Doctors, who have for some time past ruled Israel's unhappy and dispersed flock.

As to some of their opinions I am not ignorant, having communed thereon with the sage Cartaphilus : but his knowledge seems to have been far more in all other matters, than in that of the Hebrew religion and philosophy of the present times—owing, in part, to his wandering life in foreign lands.”

“This will I do, my Tacafulriph : but our colloquies on that subject need not be long and minute, seeing that my written details as to Rabbinism, and especially my historical narrative, shall be thine freely to use : and these, if they may not satisfy thy industrious zeal, will at least point thy way into deeper inquiries. And this course may be the more necessary, as my great age is now short of thy late relative’s not so many years, if he died as I suppose, a centenarian ! My stay, moreover, in Lugdunum, will not be long, good Youth, as I must practise, and quickly too, the counsel I lately gave unto Cartaphilus, by laying my poor bones in the Shepherd-land—or *Palli-Sthan*.” These last words of the worthy octogenarian were uttered by him so plaintively, and with such deep and simple faith, that I forcibly suppressed the smile that was stealing over me : for, I confess that, as youth in me hath taken place of age, and only two moons have passed since Cartaphilus is in his tomb, and the young blood is still rapidly courting my veins, I now find myself ashamed of the uneasiness this silly Gilgul occasioned in me, so brief a time ago. The smile therefore would come, and somewhat ironically I replied, “My venerable Rabboni, (for thus would I now call thee,) we will together hasten eastward ; for, doubtless, it must be a grievous thing to be whirled under ground for ages—or even to pass from some vile body into another, possibly yet more vile ! Now, as to what our Cartaphilus would have done, had he lived with us somewhat longer, I will not say : but, as thou art so firm a believer in this tradition—if it be one—thou shouldst not tarry another week in Lugdunum.” “If it be one !” exclaimed the aged man, “who doubts it ?—thou talkest ignorantly, and therefore rashly.—But I will not chide thus crossly thy hasty language, and thy dim faith ; for, with knowledge, thy faith will grow : a stranger art thou to its wonders, as set forth in the MISHNAH—that great work, which all pious and wealthy Jews fail not to have ; and thy great relative should have taught thee better out of its lustrous pages.”

“Speak not so harshly of Cartaphilus, dear Rabbi, nor so severely to myself. The Mishnah, indeed, was as little known to him, as to myself : the world hath known it only about fifty years ; and Albion is no place in which to find such a volume. And, though many pious and wealthy Jews, doubtless, have it in hand, yet, my Rabbi, all that is *written* need not be read—all that is *published* is not therefore true—and all that is even *true* is not therefore believed by

all. Faiths differ as well as minds ; and freely do I acknowledge want of faith in many of the tales said to be uttered by our Rabbis. In this, Cartaphilus and Tacasulriph wholly agreed : and remember, moreover, that my great relative was never taught in any of the *illustrious* Schools, (if such they really were) that arose soon after Jerusalem's destruction, and which are believed by Jews to have done so much for Israel's dispersed people ! I confess, moreover, that often have I heard Cartaphilus speak rather lightly of the vaunted learning of the schools of Jamnia and of Tiberias, as far forth as he had gained acquaintance of them. Cartaphilus was, moreover, a strict Sadducee, at first, and therefore a believer only in the Pentateuch. He afterwards learned far better ; and gave full faith to all the Jewish Scriptures : but still, no whit of a Pharisee was he ; and always rejected the, so called, Traditions. His mind was therefore much opposed to the Rabbinism of our day ; which, if at all understood by me, is a fungous addition to the ancient Oral Law, and to the Interpretation thereof—something which our forefathers knew not—something that would now supply the place of a true religion ! And yet these are the matters curiosity doth prompt me to learn further of : for, though I may not prove a zealous disciple, I admit the duty to search into it further ; and not to deal contemptuously with what is not fully known of me—but only with such parts as have shocked my understanding and belief."

"**E**or one so green in years as thou," rejoined the Rabbi, " it were perhaps wiser, O Tacasulriph, to make the faith of our Sanhedrim thine, than hope to fashion its deep mysteries, and ever according to thine own imaginings !"

"**D**oubtless, my Rabbi, it is the province of youth to be counselled ; and, in matters beyond their reach, to have much faith in the experienced judgment of their elders : but, my venerable friend, mysteries may be beyond our reach for two causes—they may be very deep *truths*, or equally unsearchable *follies* ; and, if not understood for the latter reason, youth may reject them, as well as age. And, moreover, Cartaphilus ever taught me that the young should never be *dictated* to in any matter really within their mental grasp ; that *facts* should be plenteously spread before them by their teachers ; and that the pupil's unbiaſſed, pure, and youthful judgment, should be rather won for them by grateful confidence, than moulded for them, and with an exacting assentation—this he regarded as tyrannous in the master, and slavish in the pupil—as a flattering oblation to the vanity of the former, instead of a holy offering by the latter, coming from an original and thinking mind."

"**W**hat thou sayest, wonderful Youth ! I will not, in large part, deny ; and yet, much do I fear the *spirit* that so well hath fashioned it.—We do not look for such speech as thine, from such youthful



lips : and the lofty independence it betokens, in one yet so *beardless*, doth preface that, if in this regard thy temper be not timouly checked, Beel-zebul will eventually cause thee to doubt all thou canst not clearly unravel ; and, at the same time, he will place before thee so many difficulties, that thy tender mind will, at last, sink into that fatuous anarchy—into that deep Pyrrhonism, that doth wreck the heart as well as mind ! I say this, not of *thee* in particular, but of that *young spirit* I have so often seen in the world, that would pierce the empyrean, before it hath learned to flutter on the earth—of that spirit, which knoweth not that knowledge is of *faith*, as well as of *inquiry* : in fine, of that spirit, my Tacafulriph, which I have never failed to find dangerously allied to a damning wickedness.”

“*But*, my Rabbi,” with some quickness said I, “ if *no faith* be a damning evil, as it surely is, I must think an *indiscriminate* faith is likewise one. Cartaphilus thought you Rabbins believe too much ; and I think that, when he was a Sadducee, he believed too little. I now desire to be admonished by his experience : and therefore do I seek of thee some information touching the Rabbinical opinions and tales I have heard ; and which, I must say, seem to me vain fancies—and far from being the *distilled essence of wisdom*, which thou hast claimed for Rabbinism.”

“*Bold words these !*” said the Rabbi, “ and unfit to be used even by the well bearded ; but I pray thee, my young friend, state *one* that thou canst prove a vain imagination.” “ Rather, good Rabbi,” rejoined I, “ one that *thou* canst prove hath the impress of sober wisdom : for, if the fact, or the opinion, be approved of thee, and questioned by me, thy assertion of its existence, or of its conformity to reason, is with thee—not me, to prove. But, without contending as to on whom the *onus of proof* shall lie—nor further pressing the folly as to this *whirling of souls*, I would ask thee, venerable Isaac, what dost thou think of thy doctors, who refuse to eat of any flesh, or to drink of any wine, for that the same hath been unlawful ever since the destruction of our Holy Temple—*because*, as they say, there can no longer be any offerings there of either flesh, or wine ?”

“*What matter*,” replied the worthy man, with great mildness and a tinge of mortification, “ I do confess to be too much a fancy ; and hence I admit the greater wisdom of what the Rabbi Judah, son of Hananiah, said unto such misguided Rabbis—he saith, ‘ By that rule, abstain thou from *bread*, for the shew-bread is no longer set out—abstain also from *fruits*, for they are no more offered—abstain likewise from *water*, for that is no longer by the altar ! See then, good Rabbis, that ye exact no duties from the people they cannot fulfil :’ so that the case thou hast put, dear Youth, is not largely

Rabbis Judah Hakadoth—Eleazar—Gamaliel—Akiba.

to thy purpose, as the wisdom of other doctors countervails the folly of the rest."

"My venerable Rabbi Isaac, thou shouldst also remember, that the reply of Rabbi Judah, who was but one, was yet so much to the purpose, that the silly multitude of doctors were obliged to yield: but were it not greater proof of wisdom, had such a reply never been needed? But, if that *one* hath not wholly served me, remember also that the famed and successful rival of that very Rabbi Judah, was himself so full of this strange Rabbinic spirit, as to be ripe for any belief whatever—unless, indeed, the *whimsical miracle* that gave him fame, be as much believed by thee as by him—the choice of the dilemma is now with thee!" "I perceive with grief, my Tacasulriph," said the simple-hearted Rabbi, in a plaintive voice, "what thou wouldst be at—and that thou hast little reverence for holy things: for, if thou dost mean the youthful Eleazar, son of Agarias, the miracle *was* doubtless wrought upon him."

"I pray thee, then, to tell it unto me, good Isaac; as thou shouldst know the narrative more correctly than I may have heard it."

"Why, incredulous boy, dost thou now seek to know that great marvel?—if from scoffing curiosity, I should be silent. The matter, I do confess, is *strange*: but, then, no miracle would it be, if not strange: and, as to its being *whimsical*, naught should be so deemed that bringeth with it some good end. You must know, then, O Tacasulriph, that when the Rabbi *Gamaliel*, the second of that great name, came to be deposed as Nasi of the Sanhedrim, and was no longer President of the renowned school of Jamnia, there were three rivals for the succession: and these were Rabbi Judah Hakadoth, whom I have just mentioned; also the greatly venerated Rabbi Akiba—and the youthful Eleazar, then but in his twenty and eighth year! The choice eventually fell upon him: who, now that he was chosen, hesitated and feared greatly, lest an office of such high dignity might not suit one of his tender age: and this doubt was inflamed the more by his wife, who thought his *beardless chin* ill became so venerable a station. The husband grieved much, and with lamentation mourned over his beard—which truly was wondrous thin, even for one of his age. But his lament, O Tacasulriph, lasted but a few hours; for lo! it immediately thereafter began to sprout forth; and, before the day was ended, he saw upon his breast a *long, gray, and idoneous beard*! The truth of this miracle will in no wise be questioned: for well do I remember in my youth, when at Jamnia, how those who saw the young Eleazar, doubted it not, and greatly marvelled."

"Well, my worthy Isaac," said I, "their belief and wonder still would not prove the miracle—for they may only have *heard* earlier, what thou didst *later*: they doubtless saw Eleazar; but *saw*

## Adventures of the Rabbi Akiba.

they the beard grow in this wise, or only *heard* they of it—the bearded Eleazar they may have seen, but not the sudden growth?” “They told me not of *that*, good youth—but they could not have marvelled without a cause, incredulous youth!”

“**W**hen I arrived at Jamnia, a youth of but seventeen summers,” continued the Rabbi, “the schools established there, more than half a century before, by the Rabbins *History of Rabbi Akiba.* *Jochanan, Gamaliel II. Simeon III.* and by *Judah* the Holy, were in high repute. Much then was said to me, and long afterwards, of the wonderful *Rabbi Akiba*, then far advanced in age; and likewise of the young *Judah*, a rising star that promised to shed an equal light with all that had gone before him. In the aged man, and in the far younger one, my soul delighted—for the fame of both was great, though then so different. Of this *AKIBA*, I will now tell thee some things. When first I beheld him, his age was nearly that of the late venerated Cartaphilus: and, as his youthful history was detailed unto me by the great Rabbis I now daily saw, so was his life well known of me in his latter years.

“**A**kiba was but half a Jew, being descended on his father’s side from Sifera, a great general of the King of Tyre. *CABA SHEVA* of Jerusalem, was rich in flocks; and with him Akiba lived the life of a humble Shepherd, during forty years! Love brooks not distinctions of rank and wealth; and Akiba sighed unto death for the lovely daughter of his master, and she in turn had given him her heart. But the haughty Caba Sheva spurned the poor shepherd; whereupon the lovers were secretly wedded. Akiba, then shekellefs, went into retirement, leaving his youthful bride with her haughty and unfeeling fire. Twelve years was he absent, occupied in the profoundest studies, and then returned to his late master, having gained twelve thousand disciples, and with them a wonderful fame! But the cruel parent had by that time discarded his beauteous daughter. Akiba and his wife then lived together during some years, in extreme want,—during which period she bore him her first child—and upon a miserable bed of straw.

“**O**nce more Akiba returned to the great school, and remained twelve years more, engaged in the deepest and most sublime studies. He then appeared again before Caba Sheva, but with double his former number of disciples, and, as some say, with quite eighty thousand: certain it is that his fame had now become so great, that it was called awful, and Caba Sheva relented; whereupon Akiba received from him his long-suffering daughter, and with her an ample endowment!

“**M**any years after this, Akiba, now aged, was riding with some of his disciples close by the ruins of the holy Jerusalem. They

Rabbi Akiba.

beheld a jackal prowling among the fragments of the once glorious Temple ! This sight so much pained his followers that they burst into tears ; and would know of Akiba how he would apply to the scene before them his great maxim, so often urged upon them, ‘ *that everything is ordained of Heaven for the best?* ’ Akiba seemed somewhat disturbed by the question ; but he mildly replied, ‘ *As the very successes of the idolatrous Romans have fulfilled the words of our Prophets, so is that fulfilment a sure ground to God’s people of a much loftier hope in the future.* ’ ”

“ The reply of Akiba, good Rabbi,” said I, “ was doubtless the best that could then be made. But, were a *Christian* to have asked him, whether a portion of the wickedness thus grievously punished was not to be found in the murderous Crucifixion of the Nazarene ? —and, if not, what had so long delayed the coming of the long promised Messias ? —and, if I should also ask thee, my Rabbi, the same question, now full two centuries after the Sceptre hath departed from Judah, what reply, think you, Rabbi Akiba then would have made—and what wouldst *thou* now make ? ”

Rabbi Isaac was silent ; his countenance experienced many changes, a large tear was in his eye, he gave me a piercing look—then cast his eyes upon the ground, and the tear fell to it : at length he said, “ Tacafulriph ! thou askest unseemly questions, and far beyond the warrant of thy age ; ” —and then, with renewed sternness, “ yea, questions, I say, that favour of heresy, and abandonment of thy Hebrew faith—I tell thee, boy, they will better be answered by thine own mind and heart, when thy *beard* is longer.—But I have not yet done with what I have to say of Akiba.”

“ Nay, my venerable Isaac, thou art harsh upon me : Jews may well think as I do, without heresy—they may believe the Nazarene no Shiloh, and yet murdered—they may venerate Akiba, and yet not regard him as infallible. The question put by me appears in thine eyes unseemly, because of my tender age : and, if my *beard* be not yet sufficiently grown to comprehend thy looked-for reply, I pray thee let thy answer still be given—that it may repose in my now slender down, which, as it seemeth, is with thee the *seat of the intellect*—after it is grown ! I promise thee thy answer shall there remain and be nourished, until the beard shall rest upon my bosom by age ; for Tacafulriph hath no hope of such a *miracle*, as was wrought for the young Eleazar.”

“ Thou art a strange and mysterious youth, Tacafulriph, and will never be a Rabbi, if thou hast such *Christian* hankerings,” said the Rabbi, with a gentle tone. “ Young Jews have often a leaning towards such fancies ; which, notwithstanding thy sportive humour, I again repeat, are all dispelled when the beard is much lengthened.

Many have I known, who, when quite young, were half Christians; but became sturdy Jews at thirty—and so will it be with thee, my Tacasfulriph."

"Well, my kind friend, I crave forgiveness for my incredulity, and yet more for my sportive humour on matters so grave: and now, let me have somewhat further of this marvellous Akiba."

"I cannot now tell thee," said the Rabbi, "of Akiba's unhappy connexion with that wonderful man *Caziba*—so often also called *Barcocheba*; who, instead of proving himself the Messiah, and the 'Son of a Star,' showed himself the son of Satan, and the prince of Liars! Suffice it to say, both perished in the war that Hadrian waged against us,—Barcocheba, at the siege of Bither, and the aged Akiba, at the dreadful massacre that ensued! And further, I will only note, that Barcocheba fell on the anniversary of the memorable ruin of Jerusalem, and about sixty years after that fatal day; whilst the venerable Akiba was flayed alive, and under circumstances of horror, too painful to be now detailed: but thou wilt find them, as also what relates to the siege of Bither, in those Chronicles of my somewhat eventful life, which I have promised thee."

"My worthy Rabbi," said I, "that so many of Israel's miseries should have happened on the *tenth* day of *Ab*, hath often surprised me. Doubtless, thou couldst name to me as many signal slaughters of our people, on that mysterious *tenth of the month Ab*, as there are days in the week! The greatest of all was that of Jerusalem: but some were ages before, possibly *typical* of that crowning event; and others since—perhaps, as *memorative* of that saddest of all our calamities."\*

\* As stated in a former note, there seems to be no little confusion in the books, in regard to this remarkable day—some naming the 10th of *Ab* and the 10th of *August* as identical! and others stating the event as of the 9th of *August*, or as of the same day of the month *Ab*. The siege of Jerusalem endured about five months; in which many authors have been either little regardful of dates, or equally inattentive to the correspondence of the ancient Jewish dates with those of modern times. Was the Temple destroyed on the 10th of *Ab*, and did that correspond then with our 10th of *August*? If either the ninth or tenth of the month *Ab* be adopted, do these correspond with our 14th and 15th of July, or with the fourth and fifth of *August*? Josephus says the Temple was burnt on the 10th of *Ab*; and most authors agree that this corresponds with our 5th of *August*. The *City* seems to have been *fully taken* on the 8th of *Elul*, or the 5th of September. A biblical scholar of note, whose name is not remembered now, says that the siege commenced on Sunday, 22nd April, A.D. 70, V. E. at the close of Passover; which, in that year, began on the 14th of April—that the Temple was destroyed also on Sunday, *August 5th*—and that the Upper City was taken and destroyed on Sunday, September and, just a week before the great day of Atonement—which could not be offered that year, as the time of Atonement was now past. The destruction of the *first* Temple is commemorated on the 9th of *Ab*, though Josephus, following Jer. lii. 12, assigns the same day,

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 Story of Aben-Judan and Rabbi Akiba.
 

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“So also, my Rabbi, is not Nisan’s *fifteenth* day signal for miseries, not only before the wonderful event on Mount Calvary, but likewise in years since that dreadful day?”

“Much do I note thy searching mind,” replied the Rabbi, with a thoughtful tone, and with a somewhat frowning brow, “and thy careful regard for the hidden ways of Providence. Thou, good Youth, may become a great Rabbi, if thou wilt but avoid the Christian shoals—so fatal always to sound Rabbinism. But, my Tacasulriph, again am I drawn from Akiba, whose long life was so full of marvels, and of wisdom, though I am bound to say, not wholly free of errors.

“Now, my Tacasulriph, listen further to our Akiba: for, though my present little history chiefly concerns the boundless charity of the excellent *Aben-Judan*, it was Akiba’s toils in the work of love towards the poor, that brought to light and perpetuated the renown of actions, which Aben-Judan’s humility would have kept in darkness for ever.

“Akiba and two other Rabbis were used, every year, to journey over Israel’s devastated land, seeking money for the children of misery: and never did they leave the doors of Aben-Judan without rich presents from him, for the holy purpose of their mission—his wealth being very great, and his heart as wide and verdant and well garnished with the goodly flowers of benevolence, as were his many fields with grass and trees, with shrubs and blossoms! But, so it chanced with Aben-Judan, as with the Arabian Job, storms and pestilences came—calamity followed upon calamity; all of his ample possessions vanished; and now was he well-nigh as impoverished as any—he having but a single plot of ground, upon which he and his virtuous wife lived, striving for a humble subsistence. But Aben-Judan was rich in contentment—rich even in cheerfulness: daily did he toil, and often would say, ‘Let His great Name be for ever praised—the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.’

“At length the time came round, when Akiba and the two others should appear, to receive their accustomed offerings for the poor; and the heart of Aben-Judan, for the first time, sank within him at the thought of his now poverty.

“Seated one evening at the door of his wretched house, he

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10th of Ab, to the destruction of both the Temples. But, though modern writers may not agree as to whether the 9th and 10th of Ab correspond with our 15th and 16th of July, or with our 4th and 5th of August, yet all agree that the two Temples were destroyed on the 10th of the Jewish month Ab—and also that the remarkable *coincidences*, so often alluded to, in the progress of these Chronicles, by Cartaphilus, Melchior, and others, actually took place. See ante, pp. 433–435, and Note\*—and also p. 441, Note\*, and p. 458.

beheld at a distance the Rabbis, and knew they would soon approach him, possibly in ignorance of his presence there, and of all the misfortunes that had befallen him. A tear came into his eyes, and he exclaimed, 'They are coming! but what hath Judan now to give? Where are his herds and vineyards, his many fields and houses, his gold and his silver? alas! the poor must take the sighs of his remembrance of what once he was, and behold him as he is—for naught hath Aben-Judan to bestow.'

"The good wife came forth, and perceived his sudden melancholy. 'What ails my beloved spouse—tell me, that I may speedily minister unto thee.' 'Would to God it were in thy power, good wife: formerly we had the hungry to feed, and our corn was plenty—the naked were clothed from our fleece—oil and wine and figs had we in abundance, wherewith to refresh them—the orphans, moreover, smiled when they beheld us, and the widow's heart was made by us to sing with joy: but now, my beloved, we have nothing for the Rabbis, who soon will be here.'

"'My excellent and honoured Lord,' said the wife, 'repine not; we still have one field left,—suppose we sell half of that, and give it to Akiba?' A heavenly smile of approval was instantly upon Aben-Judan's countenance; and incontinently he hastened away, sold half of the field, and hurried to meet and place the money in Akiba's hands! The gift was quietly received by the Collectors—when Akiba whispered, as he departed, into the ears of Judan, 'May the Lord restore unto thee thy former prosperity:—and so repeated the other two.'

"On the following morning, Aben-Judan took his plough into the small field that remained: and, as he went on with his toil, still rejoicing, the foot of the ox he guided sank suddenly into the ground, which stopped the plough, and the poor beast seemed greatly maimed. But this in truth was no fresh calamity sent of heaven, as first he thought, to sink yet deeper in misery the good Aben-Judan. His first care was of grief for the pain of the patient ox—when lo! his endeavour to relieve the beast, revealed unto him a countless treasure of gold and of precious stones! All were taken to his humble home—soon was he again in possession of a splendid mansion, and of yet more ample fields and flocks and vineyards! All the estates of his fore-fathers, that had been wrested from him by creditors, were now again his own; and the poor as usual gathered around him, and joyously were they fed and clad.

"At length the time once more came round, for the Rabbi Akiba and his companions to appear. They sought for the hovel that had sheltered Judan, but found him not there. In apprehension for his supposed ill-fate, the pious Rabbis anxiously inquired after the once wealthy, then poor, and now perhaps deceased, Aben-

## Story of Aben-Judan and Rabbi Akiba.

Judan. ‘Oh no, venerable Akiba,’ said the worthy people, ‘Judan liveth, and know that his riches are again as boundless as are his former and present charities! Behold those flocks and herds—they are Judan’s! See all those fine buildings, and extensive fields—they all belong to Aben-Judan!’

“Soon after, the Rabbis met and accosted the prosperous Judan; who said unto them, ‘Masters! thy prayer hath brought abundant fruit. Come unto my house, I pray thee, and partake abundantly of what thou wilt. I will make up, and to the full, the deficiency of my contribution last year.’ Akiba and the two followed, and were most bounteously entreated at the mansion of Judan,—who likewise gave unto them his customary present, the inability to bestow which, when last he saw them, he had so much lamented.

“And, as the Collectors were again about to depart, ‘Behold this roll of the last year!’ said the Rabbi Akiba—‘for, though many, at that time, exceeded thee, O Aben-Judan, in their donations, *thy name* is first placed thereon—for the smallness of thy gift was then only from thy fore lack of means. It is to men like thee, that the wise King alluded, when he said, ‘A man’s Gift extendeth his Possessions, and leadeth him before the Great.’” [Prov. xviii. 16.]

“This is indeed a pleasing tale unto the heart, my pious Rabbi,” said Tacafulriph, “and causes in me a willing ear to such virtues as those of Akiba, and Aben-Judan.” “Little further have I to narrate,” rejoined Rabbi Isaac, “as to Akiba, than that his numerous followers wholly perished, and during the fifty days that intervened between Passover and Pentecost!—and this, my Tacafulriph, is surely one of the greatest marvels in the whole life of Akiba: they all, with Akiba and his wife, lie buried at the foot of the great hill that borders upon Tiberias!”

“That synchronous death and burial of such a multitude, is surely wonderful,” said I smilingly, and with an incredulous voice I could not suppress; “but wert thou, my Rabbi, present at the miracle?” “No, Tacafulriph; at Jamnia I then was; but had means of soundly hearing all things: and since that day, I have not been at Tiberias. Many learned Rabbins, however, assure me the mound is vast; and that Akiba’s death *was* as stated, and was in this wise. Hadrian’s war had then been in progress more than two years; and ended soon after the death of Barcocheba at Bither; which, as thou knowest, is the lower *Beth-horen*, built by Solomon, but which took the name of Bither, as being the abode of those spies who, after Jerusalem’s destruction, resided there, that they might inform against such Jews as visited the ruins contrary to the Imperial order. In this war fell more than half a million of Jews—not counting those who perished by famine, fire, and disease,



## Akiba and a Roman Lady—Death of Akiba.

—there being probably in all a larger number of Israel's people that then perished, than came from Egypt with our Master Moses !

“**H**adrian's manner was, not to war in person at any time : but his cruel lieutenant, *Tennius Rufus*, spared neither age nor sex nor condition ; and those who escaped with life were scarce more fortunate. Oh, how agonizing were the scenes that followed ! Though so young, thou hast probably heard of the venerable *Terebinth* tree,—the same, under which our father Abraham pitched his tent ! Under the sacred shade of that tree, did the infamous Rufus hold a great mart, for the sale of his wretched captives. In countless droves were they daily brought there, and sold as worthless beasts, and for a few shekels a head !—thousands more were sent to Gaza, and other places ; and disposed of in like manner.

“**A**t length the renowned Akiba was summoned by Rufus, and closely examined touching his agency in the rebellion, as well as in the false Messiahship of the odious Barcocheba : and, whilst the examination was proceeding, the pious Akiba suddenly remembered that his hour for prayer had arrived ; whereupon he fell upon his knees, unmindful of the issue as to his life or death, and of the powerful Judge then before him ! Being remanded instantly to prison, and then parching with thirst on that sultry day, his supply of water was too small to allay it, and also to perform his customary holy ablutions,—he hesitated not, but used this scanty remnant of water for that pious purpose. His merciless death quickly followed—he was, as before I have said, flayed alive !

“**T**his Rufus hath been to Israel a fatal name, my Rabbi,” said I, “ for, if I remember aright, it is the same with him who, shortly after Titus left Judea, ploughed up our holy Jerusalem ? ” “ Thou art right, my Tacafulrith, as to the *nomen* ; but the *prenomen* of him who ploughed the City was *Turnus*, or *Terentius* ; whereas this Rufus, Hadrian's lieutenant, was *Tennius*. Now, what thou hast said reminds me of another event in Akiba's early life, which must not be passed by. When Terentius Rufus was sent into Judea by Vespasian, Akiba, then as gentle and beautiful as a young and tamed lion, had an interview with that fierce Roman, and also with his too amorous wife. She was so much struck with the blooming youth, that she much desired to win him to her arms—but the pious Jew, looking upon her, spat upon the earth, then laughed, and finally, wept ! The woman gazed upon him with deep astonishment, and fought to know the cause of such strange demeanour : and though Akiba's maxim ever was, ‘ *Abstrabe carmen à muliere gratiosa, tanquam à carne punarum*, ’ yet would he have obtained her, if possible, in lawful marriage, she being very beautiful,—and therefore he replied to her, ‘ O Roman lady ! I was reminded of impure water by thy present *Heathen* condition,—and hence I

The Narrative of Rabbi Ifaac given to Tacafulriph.

*spat* : also, foreseeing, that, if a *Jewess* thou shouldst become, then might I wed thee, caused me to *laugh* with joy ; but, when I mourned the unholy influences of thy admirable beauty, I was forced to *weep*—and these are the causes ye do seek.' Akiba's endeavours, however, to make a profelyte of the stern Roman husband, or of his fickle wife, proved unavailing—and hence never more did he set eye upon the *mulier gratiosa*."

On the following morning, my generous and simple-hearted Rabbi entered my studium, and said, "Here, my Tacafulriph, into thy hands I place the volumes, that *The Narrative given to Tacafulriph.* picture my life and my inquiries during many years, even from boyhood unto the present day. Make what use of them thou listest : they contain many signal events in Roman and in Jewish story—and also matters personal—showing the weaknesses and sins and strivings of a man, that desired wildom always—but who seldom found it—deep are its abodes !—the volumes will be beyond thy need : but, as thou hast said, and truly, 'all that is written need not be read : ' yet, be cautious of thy other speech, 'all that is *true* is not believed by all.'

These volumes were indeed beyond my needs—but were also, in most of their pages, redolent of benevolence towards man, and hateful of all injustice and persecution for opinion's sake : and moreover, to me they were specially valuable, as supplying for me that void in my mind, which long absence and a nomadic life during some years had occasioned. From them I have collected some of the public matters recorded by him, and also not a few of the private life of one, so long and worthily known in many lands, as my valued friend,—for whom my affection must ever endure—he being the most enlightened and liberal of all the Rabbins ever known of me.

#### SECTION LII.—NARRATIVE OF THE RABBI ISAAC.



Y grandfather was the memorable JOHN OF GISCHALA ; who, after the utter ruin of his country, and his own perpetual slavery, *His early life.* by the order of the emperor, Vespasian, left to his son, my father Hachaliah, the same miserable condition.

When quite a youth, I fell into the hands of *Serenius Granianus*, proconsul of Asia—a man of great justice ; who, in the seventh year of the Emperor Hadrian, (as many years afterwards I learned) induced that warlike and austere monarch (Israel's greatest foe) to extend to the Christians throughout the provinces, the

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

kindest protection. Hadrian had previously been severe to them; and the change in their favour was wrought by many letters and apologies on their behalf, sent by Granianus to that Emperor,—and also by a defence of the New Faith, written by Quadratus and Aristides.

My master became early informed of my distinguished parentage; and would often converse with me respecting the daring bravery of my wicked, though renowned ancestor; and he likewise took a special fancy to me, in consequence of my surprising fondness for books—my almost preternatural memory—and my devotion to the traditions of our holy religion; which, at that time, were communicated entirely by oral teachings.

I had also the good fortune to render, in various small ways, such pleasant services to Granianus, that, when he returned to Rome a short time thereafter, he took me with him—liberated me at once, and had me so highly educated, and with such marked care, that the Roman Jews began to hate me—saying that I “would surely become either a Heathen, or a Christian—which, for a *Gifchalite*, would be a great abomination.” But of either there was little to apprehend,—because Granianus had often said to me, “Isaac, thy religion is thy only birthright—thou wert born a slave in all other respects—but not in this, my little Jew: and *now* art thou a freed-man, *ex dono Graniani*; and, if thou wert not, no concern would I ever have with thy faith: but, my Isaac, I would counsel thee to take special care that, as I to thee have been generous, thou dost curb thy hot temper towards the Christians; they are much to my mind—but, of that, have thy finger upon thy lip; it might bring me into peril.” Thus spoke Granianus to the humble youth Isaac; and his counsel have I ever borne in mind: for, though a Jew of the strictest faith, I have ever shunned hatred, or even unkindness to the Nazarenes.

My Hebrew faith was likewise strengthened by my constant attendance on the customary secret meetings of the Roman Jews; whose slavery hung heavily upon them, and whose hatred of the numerous gods around them, was only equalled by their keen remembrance of the evils brought upon them in most of the persecutions of the Christians, with whom they were so often confounded. In these meetings our traditions were daily taught,—there being at that time some learned Rabbins at Rome, many of whom were in high favour at Court: and from these oral instructions, I had learned much of the history and great excellence of our traditional faith—“*the written law being only as salt,—the traditional interpretations as the strongest pepper, and as the sweetest spices!*”—for so say our learned Doctors. In these meetings I also soon convinced my young countrymen of the great injustice they had done me, in suspecting my

full Jewish faith : and my acquirements and surprising memory had, at length, commanded their admiration and confidence ; so that they now urged me to hasten eastward—there to avail myself of the great schools established by the Patriarchates.

At an early age, therefore, I bade farewell to the Imperial City, and became a student at Jamnia, and afterwards at Tiberias, under the famous Rabbi JUDAH HAKADOSH, the son of Simeon III. whom he succeeded as Nasi of our Sanhedrim.

In these schools we were taught that Israel ever hath had two laws—the one *written*, and the other *oral* ; both given to our Master Moses from Mount Sinai,—the former *Written and Oral Law*. whereof is obscure, scanty, and defective—the latter a full and perfect interpretation,—adding much, and resolving all difficulties, in the like manner as doth the radiant light ; which, in the morning, is let in upon the feebler rays of the luminaries of the night ! Hence is it that the Covenant with Israel hath been made chiefly upon this oral and traditional law ; and hence likewise is it, that the teachings of our Scribes and Doctors are far more lovely than the meagre words of the written law ; which, though made visible, are, indeed, both weighty and light ; and differ much from those of the memory, as handed down by our Rabbins, which are truly all weighty ! The written text is but as water—the oral interpretations are as good wine,—yea, like unto a delicious and strengthening hippocras,—the one, in fine, is the inert *letter*, the other an awakening *soul*, that giveth to all an essence, and a long-preserving vitality. [*But here I, Cartaphilus, would ask my Rabbi Isaac, why Israel's God should have taken so much pains to perpetuate the written law, first upon enduring tablets, and then, in our Scriptures, if that law be the mere letter and soulless word,—and yet leave to fallible man the oral transmission of that, which the Rabbins declare is the essence and life of all? And, I would further ask, what reply did our forefathers make to the pious Nazarene, when he accused the Pharisees of making the Word of God of none effect through their TRADITIONS ?*]

In these schools I learned that God, at the time he revealed the written law to our master Moses, also communicated to him the entire interpretation thereof ; and commanded Israel to preserve it by *oral* teachings, from generation to generation—and that, when Moses descended from the Mount, he summoned Aaron unto his tent, and there instructed him in both these laws. Aaron, thereupon, seated himself at the right hand of Moses ; and his sons, Eleazar and Ithamar, were seated at his feet,—whilst Aaron taught them according as he had been taught. In these schools, I was further instructed that, immediately after Aaron thus taught, the Seventy Elders of the Sanhedrim received the Oral Law in the like

manner—and they, in turn, taught it to the people at large, that it might be preserved in all their generations.

These teachings by Moses and Aaron, and by the Sanhedrim, were repeated four times; whereupon the Law of the two stone tablets was then put into a written book; but the oral interpretations were still left to tradition alone. Of the text or written law, thirteen copies were delivered by Moses; one to each of the twelve tribes, and the thirteenth he gave to the Levites—the whole to be preserved for ever.

But Moses becoming aware of his approaching end, repeated the whole of the Oral Law anew unto Joshua, as his successor; and then departed unto Mount Nebo; where he died. Joshua, faithful to his trust, imparted this traditional treasure to the Seventy—they, in like manner, to the Prophets,—and, passing through Jeremiah and Baruch, it came to the famous Rabbi Ezra, who taught it to the Great Synagogue, where Simeon the Just became fully possessed of it.

From Simeon this law descended through many distinguished Rabbins; among whom was the renowned *Hillel*, the greatest of all the Rabbins even unto this day,—for this Rabbi Hillel was of the royal house of David; and in learning was like unto Moses—yea, nigh unto Solomon in his acquaintance with all creation, from the hyssop on the wall, unto the trees that are upon Libanus! In rule, Hillel was the chiefest—in age, most venerable—in genealogy, most illustrious, being of the tribe of Benjamin, as well as of David's line. When aged *forty*, he came to Jerusalem—*forty* years studied he the Law—*forty* more years was he Nasi of our Great Sanhedrim,—and, after living one hundred and twenty years, his posterity continued to be our Nasis during many generations!

As a teacher of our Law, Hillel raised one thousand distinguished scholars!—of these, *eighty* became so great that our Rabbins declare that *thirty* thereof, like Moses, were worthy to have the Divine Glory resting upon them—*thirty* more, like Joshua, were worthy that the sun should for them stand still; and the remaining *twenty* were as bright stars, though of less magnitude! But the most eminent of the whole eighty was Jonathan, son of Uzziel, whose Targum is equalled only by that of the great Onkelos; and, in traditions, is far its superior.\*

\* Rabbi Hillel probably became Nasi, B. C. 22, then in his 80th year; and died about A. D. 18, that is, about fifteen years before the crucifixion. He was surnamed *Hassaken*, and was grandfather of Gamaliel, teacher of Saul of Tarsus. The Rabbins (with their usual fondness for mystery, and their perception of it in either *even*, or in *odd* numbers) assure us that he became the Nasi just 100 years before Jerusalem's destruction! which would make his birth B. C. 30. Some say he was born at Babylon, B. C. 112, which would make him aged 130 at the time of his alleged death!

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

Upon the death of Hillel, the Oral Law came to his pious son *Simeon* \* who transmitted it to *Gamaliel* the elder, † then to *Simeon* the second; who, during the siege of Jerusalem was slain. It then came to *Jochanan ben Zaccai*, the same wise Rabbi who so much desired peace with Titus; and the same who witnessed the great Eastern Gate of the Temple suddenly and miraculously burst open; and who, in the language of the prophet Zechariah exclaimed, "*Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars—howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen; because the mighty are spoiled:—howl, O ye oaks of Bashan; for the forest of the vintage is come down!*" ‡ These prophetic words had been uttered five hundred years before Jochanan thus spoke; and yet did he then clearly see in them that the days of our holy Temple were about to be ended,—that the goodly cedars and firs of Lebanon, and the oaks of Bashan whereof it was built, were soon to be utterly consumed! Then did the holy man feign death, and was laid out upon a bier; and his loving friends and scholars carried him forth—yea, that he might escape the fury of my cruel ancestor, John, the Gischalite: but the seemingly dead one reached the camp of Titus in safety; and was permitted to depart to Jamnia: where, in a few years after, he became the Nasi of our fugitive Sanhedrim!

The Oral Law next came to his son *Gamaliel* II. of Jamnia; and then to his son, *Simeon* III.—and he was the first PATRIARCH of Tiberias, and then to *Judah*, his son, who was the renowned Rabbi Judah Hakadoth, my master; and then to *Gamaliel* III. who was the son of this Judah. Now, *Gamaliel* II. had likewise escaped the miseries of Jerusalem by the kindness of Titus. And finally, the Law came to *Judah* II.—who is the now Patriarch.

But Rabbi Judah I. called *Hakadoth*, had preserved the Oral

\* This Simeon, son of Hillel, and father of the excellent Gamaliel, was far advanced in age, (faithfully looking for the incarnation of the Messiah) when he was miraculously assured that his pious wish should be accomplished before his death. When the Divine Infant was brought to the Temple, Simeon was moved by a supernatural impulse to go there; and, seeing the babe, he clasped it in his arms, and exclaimed with rapture, "Lord! now let thy servant depart in peace—for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people—a Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the Glory of thy people of Israel." Luke ii. 25.

† This is the same Gamaliel at whose feet Paul was brought up; and who, when the Sanhedrim proposed severity against the New Faith, admonished his countrymen that, if the works and doctrines of Jesus were from Beelzebub, they must perish—but if from God, they could not be suppressed. "*Et nunc itaque dico vobis,*" said he, "*discedite ab hominibus istis, et finite illos; quoniam si est ex hominibus consilium hoc aut opus, dissolvetur. Si vero ex Deo est, non poteritis dissolvere illud, ne forte et Deo repugnare inveniamini.*"

‡ Zech. xi. 1, 2.

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

Law through wonderful difficulties; and he it was who, about the tenth year of the emperor Antoninus Pius, reduced the whole of the traditional law into a great written volume, which we name the MISHNAH.\*

Thus has the whole Jewish law been made visible; and is no longer entrusted to the memory only; and this is the more fortunate in the present state of our much distracted people—their wandering and unhappy life—their slavery, and their persecution in many and remote nations, all of which ensued upon the destruction of our Holy City, and seems destined to endure,—but Israel will struggle—as there is yet a *promise* for her!

But the blotting out of Jerusalem—the absolute sway of the Roman authority in all Palestine, and in so many of the nations—the slaughter of nearly two millions of our people—the captivity and banishment of so very many—and the wandering of our myriads into the remotest lands, were powerful indeed to dishearten; and yet Israel remained a mighty people *in numbers*, not only in the very land that God had given them, but among the nations not remote from Palestine! Our rich soil seemed only to need some

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\* About 150 years after the Mishnah was given by Rabbi Judah I. that is, about A. D. 300, certain Rabbinites gave a series of Commentaries upon it, which are called the *Gemara*; and these two, viz. the text, or Mishnah, and the commentary, or Gemara, now form the TALMUD. This, in after times, took the name of the "*Jerusalem Talmud*," in contradistinction to that Mishnah and Gemara prepared by the Jews of Babylonia, about 200 years later; and which received the name of the "*Babylonian Talmud*."

The entire body of Jewish Law, then, consists of, 1st. The *Holy Scriptures*, commencing with the Mosaic Pentateuch, in 1490, B. C.—the Historical, Prophetic, and other parts of those Scriptures, ending with the prophet Malachi, about 400 B. C.—2nd. Of the numerous *Targums*, or paraphrases of these Scriptures; these being translations from the Hebrew into the Chaldee, or other languages, designed for the people; who, after their captivities, had in a large degree lost their vernacular tongue. These Targums are not mere translations; nor yet, in all cases, even paraphrases. Those which remain are eight in number—the Targum of Onkelos on the Pentateuch, and that of Jonathan on the Prophets, being the most famous; and they appeared only a few years before Christ. The other Six Targums embrace the other portions of the Bible. 3rd. Of the *Mishna* and *Gemara* that now form the Talmud of Jerusalem, the former about A. D. 150 by Rabbi Judah Hakadoth, or the Holy—the latter A. D. 300, by various Rabbins; all usually in one large folio volume. 4th. Of the Mishna and Gemara that form the Talmud of Babylonia,—compiled about A. D. 500, under the direction of the Rabbi Aschi, in fourteen folio volumes—and perhaps, 5th. of the Rabbinical writings in general; the most noted of which are the *Mora Nevochim*, and other works of *Maimonides*, born in Spain, A. D. 1131—those of *Aben Ezra*, also a Spaniard, born A. D. 1167—the works of *David Kimchi*, A. D. 1160—those of *Solomon Jarchi*, of Troyes, A. D. 1170—the Commentaries of *Abrabanel*, in the fifteenth century; and of many others,—such as those of the Rabbis *Elias Levita*—*Moses ben-Nahman*, *Ben Asher*, &c.

tilling, and our hearts to be somewhat revived and united, to make us soon a powerful and dreaded people: but alas! these came not. Nero and Domitian, in the beginning of our calamity, had slaughtered very many of our people of the new, as well as of the old faith: our rebellions also against Trajan had brought with them great loss of Jewish blood; but the worst of all, which was that under Hadrian, seemed to threaten our extinction! Our Sanhedrim had well nigh expired; our spirits were greatly broken; and yet Abraham's seed was not destroyed—far from it—still were they as the stars of heaven in number,—though so greatly shorn of their lustre by the many dark clouds that environed us: Israel, indeed, was no longer a *nation*—our political power was annihilated; and the Children of the Dispersion were compelled to resort to other ties of union, and to various other means (would they preserve their moral existence and religious identity) than by those that are strictly national and political. As I have intimated, the Jews still remaining in the land of promise were indeed many millions; whilst those diffused among the nations of the earth, were yet more; but numerous as they were, they must continue impotent, unless united by some pervading tie, some binding principle, to take the place of their loss of territorial influences, and their consequent want of unity of action, so nearly lost by our calamities. Hence our Rabbins never doubted that, if the Faith of Israel was to be maintained against the gods of the Gentiles, and against the Nazarene superstition, it could only be by reaching the heart and mind of our people individually; and also by some authority, that might penetrate whithersoever they were spread. The great object, then, of our learned doctors was thus to unite them: and how that, in a good degree, was eventually effected, will now be shortly told.

Nerva was kind to us throughout his reign; and though it lasted only about sixteen months, I well remember the peace and hope it inspired in the hearts of my countrymen. About this time were commenced the foundations of that Patriarchate by Gamaliel II.; which Simeon III. expanded towards the close of Hadrian's reign; but which, in the more powerful times of Antoninus Pius, caused Tiberias to be much resorted to; and the dominion of the Patriarchate to inspire, in the Jews of all the lands, joyful visions as to the future, such as Israel had not experienced during more than half a century!

A few years after the full establishment of that spiritual authority in Palestine, and which extended its influences over all the Western Jews, there also arose among those of Babylonia, a like patriarchal power; clothed also with a temporal authority of commanding, though somewhat of local operation; and which was accompanied with no small degree of Oriental splendour. This is called the

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RESCH-GLUTHA, or dominion of the PRINCE OF THE CAPTIVITY. By means of these two high powers, all the Jews of the world are now ruled, in whatever nation found,—save only those who dwell among those remote and strange people called *SERES*—a nation wonderfully populous and wise; and which borders upon that great Eastern sea of Asia, in which the sun becomes daily renewed, as if rising in vigour from that sleep and darkness he is in during nearly half of his existence! \*

The sacred matters of our people, will require of me some account of the Patriarchate in the West—then of the Glutha in the East; and of both, up to the time of our present emperor Septimus Severus. A like short detail of the chief doings of the emperors, who followed since Nerva's genial rule, will unfold sufficiently the civil proceedings, we may say, of the world; for Roman power absorbs nearly all; and things without the pale of its influences, seem of little moment to Jew or Gentile.

And here I premise that, before Jerusalem was blotted out, our Great Sanhedrim had convened at the Holy City—at Jericho—Gadara—Amathus—or at Sepphoris. During the siege by Titus, the Sanhedrim were obliged to fly, (from the *Gazith*, or Hall of the Temple; where, during so many years it had repose,) and seek a brief refuge in the *Khanoth* of the Outer Court. From thence, pressed by the Romans, it escaped into the *Upper City*—which being soon assailed, it fled unto *Jabuch*, or Jamnia—thence to *Osba*—thence to *Shepharaan*—then to *Bethshearain*—then to *Sepphoris*; and at last found a more enduring resting-place at *Tiberias*; where the Patriarchate arose in connexion with it; and which hath flourished to this day. These eight flights of our Sanhedrim occupied about eighty years.

#### THE PATRIARCHATE OF TIBERIAS.

This seat of the patriarchal power is a famous city of Western Galilee, built by Herod Antipas, in honour of the emperor Tiberius. It lies on the south-western shore of Lake Genesareth,

\* The Jews were settled among these remote Eastern people called *Seres*, some time before the destruction of their City, and probably even before the birth of Christ. They have been, perhaps erroneously, supposed to be the Chinese; but more probably they were of the region of the Ganges; and were there before they reached China,—though there can be no doubt they were in China at a very early date after their dispersion. The people called *Seres* by the Greeks and Romans, were remarkable for the culture of silk—and several ancient authors have no doubt as to the identity of *Serica* and China: that opinion seems to be gaining ground at the present day; though, as the Editor thinks, with but feeble show of correctness.

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twenty parasangs north of Jerusalem's ruins—ruins so lately desecrated by Hadrian's wicked efforts to rebuild the city, and then to call it by the Gentile name of *Ælia*—or *Adria-Capitolini*! Impious, and hence a vain attempt, was thine, O Adrian! for, though with labour and great charge, thou didst raise many vast and comely structures—and among these, the splendid temple dedicated to thine own Capitoline Jupiter; and though thy Edict, under pain of death, prohibited all Jews from entering the gates of thy New City, and though thou also didst insult our people, by raising thy odious image of a swine upon the gate that leads to Bethlehem, and yet permitted the Nazarenes to dwell within thy walls,—yet, O Hadrian! the City of Ages can never be raised as thine—will never endure as thine; nor will even thy *name* long adhere unto it: *Ælia* will perish: and should Jerusalem's bones be somewhat gathered, and moulded into any form, it can only be that they may bear along, feebly through the ages, the remembrance of Israel's once high renown; and to preserve the spot, where Jerusalem in glory will rise again!

Tiberias was selected by our Rabbins for their Sanhedrim—also for their Schools, and as the seat of their Patriarchate. Shortly after this, it was remembered that the city had been built by Herod Antipas, in part, upon an ancient cemetery; which fact greatly disturbed many pious Jews; since all uncleanness is, unto the Hebrew, an abomination. But, by some cabalistic art, unknown to me, our good Simeon-ben-Jochai ascertained the exact boundaries of that Aeldama; and carefully marked it off,—so that all the rest was received as pure. Here, as I have said, Simeon III. was constituted Patriarch of all the Jews, and hence *Nasi* of the Sanhedrim; the Rabbi Nathan was made the *Ab-beth-din*; and the renowned Rabbi Mier became the *Hachim*, or great Officer of the Law.

Very soon thereafter, the Jews in all the Roman empire, of whatever condition, yielded a willing obedience to the spiritual rule of our Patriarch; whose apostles (sent to all the provinces) were received by our dispersed countrymen with the highest honours; and the large contributions sent in from the remotest parts, soon elevated the Patriarchate to such a height of power, and of almost regal splendour, as gave it renown throughout the world!

But the Jews were still excluded from Jerusalem—or *Ælia*, as sometimes it is yet called—fortunately, however, they were largely restored to their ancient privileges by Antoninus Pius,—the most important of which was Circumcision, of which Hadrian had so impiously deprived them! They also were permitted to maintain in various parts of Palestine—in Italy, and in the provinces generally, large establishments; and, through their Sanhedrim, their schools, their synagogues, and their Patriarchate, to exercise an extensive and

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efficient spiritual, moral, and domestic jurisdiction,—nay, even some temporal or political power : and all these were openly displayed, and with no little magnificence, and imposing ceremonials,—so that, under the mild Antoninus, Israel had so far recovered from her low degradation, as to see many bright visions of hope penetrating the future ! Still, in all Palestine we were closely watched ; and were forbidden, everywhere, to admit any Roman into the faith of Abraham's God ; the fact was, however, that some of the Christians still continued to circumcise even their Gentile converts ; and the Romans, confounding them with Jews, prevailed upon Antoninus to proclaim a general edict against the circumcision of any Roman, under a severe penalty—a prohibition of little necessity in respect to us, as Jews seldom aim at making proselytes to their faith,—and hence would have no occasion to inculcate the circumcision of either Gentiles or Christians.

The power exercised over the Jew by the Patriarch, is a deeply pervading one ; for it operates through Synagogues, Schools, and Apostles, on individuals and communities or settlements of Jews, wherever found, and however otherwise allied : but more especially upon the individual mind,—for, be the Jew a solitary wanderer in distant lands, selling or exchanging there his small wares—or, be he a worker of magic in little villages, to gain a daily pittance ; or, be he a loungeur amidst poetic groves and fountains, (as I have seen in those of Egeria,) there vending matches, and broken glass ; or, be his tabernacle the open field, and heaven his only canopy, whilst poverty urges his begging a little billet of straw for a pillow !—still is he faithful to the God of Moses—to the mandates of his Patriarch, submission to the orders of his Apostles, and willing to contribute his mite to the cause of Israel ! When, in each successive year, the trumpet is sounded on Sivan's eleventh day, by any of these messengers, the tribute due unto the Patriarchate is freely paid,—not by the wealthy Jew alone ; oh no, but by every soul that would live in hope, and have a share in Israel ! and this exemplary and willing submission to the authority at Tiberias, serves as a national tie ; and is the only one which now binds all Israel on this side of the Euphrates !

During the Temple's existence, our synagogues, everywhere, were neither large, nor splendid. Jerusalem then contained more than five hundred ; but little were they adorned, that the TEMPLE might be all in all, as being God's own work, and peculiarly His House.

But, now that Israel hath been sifted as grain among all the nations ; and but thinly in many of them, our synagogues are still smaller and more humble,—as better suited to our now lowly condition, and to the pervading poverty of our means : and this is

*The Synagogues  
and Oratories.*

every where so, save when the Patriarchate specially requires in a particular place, a more than customary splendour, correspondent to the exercise there of unusual power. Where even *ten* Jews are assembled, there a synagogue may be held; for the Shekinah cometh not (though in its now diminished form) to any less number: and when there be fewer than ten present, regular worship must not be had; but the pious few must then seek the Oratories.

The entrance into our Synagogues is still from the East. In the centre we have the Tribune, for the offering of prayers, and for the reading of our Holy Book,—since there is now no Altar of sacrifice. At the West end is a repository for the Holy Book—for we have no longer a *Holy of Holies*; neither have we any *Veil*, or *Cherubim*, nor *Mercy Seat*! \* \* \* \* \* *Rabbi Isaac mourns over the state of Israel.*

O Israel, from what a heavenly loftiness, unto human lowliness, art thou fallen! Patience and humility are now thy only refuge. In thy sadly diminished state, let not Satan tempt thee to murmurings and to despair; but remember thy many captivities, and the outstretched arm that failed not in thy rescue! The Gentiles are indeed thy masters now; but forget not thy sufferings in Egypt, when thy oppressor Thothmes would not let thee depart; and yet was Moses raised for thy deliverance in due time, and for the Phrah's destruction! Remember also thy captivities in Babylonia; and yet, in due season, thou wert rescued! And so, infallibly, will it be again: the Children of the Dispersion will not be scattered for ever—they surely will be gathered from all the winds of heaven, when the times of the Gentiles shall have been accomplished! Oh, how great is the desolation that desolates all the cities of Palestine! Jerusalem is in heaps—thy green valleys, O Judea, have faded—thy streams are drying up—where corn and oil and wine most abounded, there the lizard, and many reptiles and loathing insects are most at home!—and yet, thy words, O Lord! will stand fast—the “*Sinful kingdom*” is not destroyed “*from off the face of the earth*,” and the house of Jacob is not utterly gone: a “*remnant*” is yet left; and that dispersed few thou wilt, in thine own good time, bring together; and then will Judea, as the roses of Engedi, bloom again, and become as verdant in all her hills and valleys, as were Jehoshaphat's once! Now, indeed, is Canaan almost a desert; the ruined and forsaken cities are yet mouldering away; howling jackals and ravenous hyænas delight there to dwell; the owl sits solitary on their walls—none being present to disturb her: and there the gorgeous serpent and sprightly lizard bask, or gambol, in the bright sunshine, or repose in the shade of the many fragments of thy once proud columns! Are not Masada and Machærus, which were nigh the great Lake in all their stateliness, now even with the earth, and perhaps to rise no

more for ever!—so it is; and Jotapata, on the mountain, is equally low in the dust, and may continue for ever on a level with its eastern valley: so likewise, Gamalà and Gadarà, once so haughty in their strength, are now in dead silence, and so may remain until the last trump shall sound!—but thou, O Jerusalem, wilt surely rise from thy ashes! and all Palestine will glorify thee, when Israel shall be gathered from the Heathen lands, under the protecting wing of the true, but long delayed Messias! Our wickedness hath been great; but the mercy of the Lord of Hosts is yet greater. Abraham is still a mighty name; and is also so in Arabia—the land of Ishmael, his once forsaken son: and our Patriarchate, a faded flower compared with Solomon's glory, may still be destined to preserve our Israel through ages of affliction, until the day of the gathering in our people shall come!

What Israel might learn obedience, in her now dispersed condition, Simeon was unwearied in strengthening himself. *Powers of the Sanhedrim.* The Sanhedrim, and all the synagogues were wisely ruled and guided by him: he gave them power over life and death—and, through the Patriarch, these synagogues bring offenders to perfect obedience, by the fourfold means of the *Trochécha*, the *Niddui*, the *Cherem*, and the *Shemmata*.

In general, the offender is at first subjected to the *Trochécha*; which is a formal and public reproof or censure,—in which, at four successive sabbaths, his name and offence are stated to the congregation, accompanied with a solemn admonition to repentance. Should the offender hold out after the fourth reading of the reproof, it is then succeeded by the impressive and severe *Niddui* or interdiction—whereby he is wholly separated, during thirty days, from every privilege and hope of Israel. If he still perseveres, the alarming *Cherem* is then pronounced against him,—whereby he is rendered *civiliter mortuus*: his religious, as well as his civil existence are wholly gone, *until he makes amends*: and lastly, if he remains utterly contumacious, and his crime be foul, he is visited by the terrific *Shemmata*, or final Excommunication—which is *irrevocable*! This is but seldom resorted to; and is so destructive of all hope from God, or from man, that many of our Rabbins (and oh, let me ever be one) have doubted its lawfulness in any case. The dreadful anathemas which attend it cut off the offender for ever, alike from the Israel of God, and from every aid and sympathy of life—and, he being a loathed outcast, the curses become to the soul what the foulest leprosy is to the body! With all the public and appalling solemnities that a fiery and illimitable indignation can devise, the miserable excommunicate hath hurled upon him the terrific maledictions of Joshua against Jericho—also the anathema of Elijah against the impious and mocking children—yea, all the curses of the

Ninety and Three Precepts—and all that are known in the Holy Book of the Law! The Spirits of eternal Darkness, under whatever names, are invoked in aid of his prostration and everlasting ruin!—the Earth and the heavenly Orbs, and Heaven itself, are all entreated to unite in the great work!! Dreadful sentence for Man to utter against his fellow-sinner!—and oh, what scenes do sometimes ensue upon this overwhelming denunciation! No mortal, save his wife alone, dare approach the moral leper with the least kindness—he must bury the dead of his own household—he must perform the dangerous office of ushering into existence his own offspring—he must administer to his own sons the rite of circumcision; and, when death hath summoned him to the grave, none dare mourn for him; but his detested remains are publicly stoned whilst lying in their rude coffin; and the ministers of Justice are directed to place thereon many massive stones—as if to seal him for ever from the power of resurrection—or, as if they would symbolically perpetuate on him an infamy as onerous and enduring, as the ponderous weights they so carefully load upon his hated body!

[*And here, I Cartaphilus, will for a moment interrupt the narrative of the worthy Rabbi, whose half-Christian heart so wisely rebels against this hideous power exercised by the Patriarch of Tiberias. Much doth it please me to find the kind Jew of this mind: but I mourn that all Christians are not as free from some liking towards this Shemmata, as were the early followers of the ever benevolent Nazarene. The Christians, indeed from the beginning, have claimed a power under the same name; but, happily, it degrades not man to the level of the beast, and below it. From all church communion he is indeed excluded; but it doth not transform him into an odious leper, hateful for ever in the sight of his species, an alien to all the charities of life, however penitent he may be, and the victim of God's eternal wrath, and of man's unending indignation. And yet, how much must I deplore that Christians have of late sometimes dared to proclaim the Church's SECOND Excommunication to be IRREVOCABLE!*

*Among the barbarous nations of Gallia, and of Britannia, with whom I have so long resided, nothing so filled my soul with horror, as the terrific sentence pronounced by the ARCH-DRUID, on rebels against their religion, so like unto this Jewish Shemmata. Strange! that Israel's Patriarch should bind men to Abraham's God, by a force which, even among those Heathen priests, excites terror and pity; and which seemed to me so unnatural, and only worthy of demons, because in conflict with nearly all the rest of their character; for truly, I found in the religion of these Druids, and in their domestic morals, very many bright and holy features: and so with Jews and Christians. Whence, then, springs man's unrelenting severity, his utter want of mercy towards his fellows, in this matter of Religion? and when will*

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man, in all the lands, and of all the faiths, learn to be less savage to his race than are the beasts, when famished, towards their prey? \*]

WE now see the Roman Emperor presiding over numerous provinces and cities, and over an almost boundless empire,—communities and nations of divers faiths, laws, and languages being submissive to his sway: and we also behold the Jewish Patriarch, by his synagogues, legates, and rabbins, exercising a rule almost co-extensive with the Roman territorial domain; and yet mainly over the morals of individuals—over private and domestic life—over religion, and the conscience of every son of Abraham—but not as a nation; nor yet even as tribes, but more as dispersed ones, having no sure abiding-place! Neither birth, nor circumcision, nor marriage, nor sickness, nor death, nor burial, but a *Rabbin* must be present!—the days, and hours of the day, have their appointed regulations; all prayers, ablutions, and meats,—all that are clean, and all that are unclean,—every article of dress, yea, even the calls of nature, are all under Rabbinical dominion! If Israel, then, prospers not, surely it must be because Beel-zebul hath more power over man, than the God of Abraham—and this cannot be. †

\* Cartaphilus breathed, at this time, a truly Christian spirit, though his faith was crude and blinded by many unsound dogmata, and vain notions of his own philosophy. It was his fate, in after centuries, to find that the comparatively mild excommunication of the early Church, perhaps essential in its infancy, assumed to itself a far more tremendous authority, both civil and religious, than the one he reproved in this third century—and that it became much conformed to the pattern of the Jewish Shemmata, as well as of the sentence of the Arch Druids among the Keltic nations! and that, after those barbarous people embraced the Gospel, they could not readily disabuse themselves of respect for the terrific powers, so long exercised by their own priests; and, therefore, easily yielded to the fatal opinion that the Roman Pontiff, as successor of a yet higher power than that of their Arch-Druids, necessarily possessed the boundless dominion in matters of faith and conscience, then claimed by the Roman See. The Pontifical excommunication, derived from these two sources, became in after times, a more fertile cause of rebellions, of wars, and of cruel persecutions, than any other opinion, right, or power, ever exercised by the Papal Dominion. But all such matters more rightly belong to Cartaphilus, than to the humble Editor of his Chronicles: and of them the Wanderer fails not to speak, when, in after centuries, he became subjected to all the furies of the Inquisitions; and which he resisted with almost superhuman energy and perseverance. Happily, he may again say, "*tempora mutantur*;" for Cartaphilus hath lived to see the salutary excommunication of the Apostolic age revived; and without its *irrevocable* clause, as to which he so justly complained,—and also entirely denuded of its Jewish, Pagan, and Papal horrors.

† As Cartaphilus has given, in his Polychronicon, no small portion of the Rabbinical notions and their history, but which we are obliged to omit, retaining only such a due portion as may harmonize with our Selections,—the more learned reader may consult Michael Neander's "*Lingue Hebræe Erotemata, cum veterum Rabbinarum Testimoniis de Christo—Apophthegmatibus veterum Hebræorum, et notitia de Talmude, Cabbala, &c.*," Basil, 1556." The Preface to this

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[*And here, once more, excellent Rabbi Isaac, must Cartaphilus record his opinion against thine : for, how slavish and pharisaical is the control of that self-created, minute and torturing dominion, which thou seemest to value, as Israel's hope against Beel-zebul ! It reacheth not the HEART, but maketh religion a body of onerous forms, and of Heathen devices, rather than of that pure and simple love towards God—charity towards man—and deep repentance for sin, which the Baptist, and the Great Nazarene ever inculcated ; and which alone can bring peace unto the soul. Herod's Victim, and He of Calvary, were truly much wiser men, than thy vaunted Rabbins. And if the Baptist and the Nazarene, be regarded only as enthusiasts, nay, as impostors, yet do their counsels savour more of Heaven, and do more surely fortify the mind, than all thy boasted Mishnah, and all thy Six Hundred and Thirteen Precepts of the Law, and all the countless regulations of thy most learned doctors of the Sanhedrim !*

*Oh, how do truth and error, faith and infidelity, repentance and sin, continually wage their angry wars in the bosom of man—and in mine more than in all !—how greatly do they vex me with their delusive hopes, their deep despair !—when, O Cartaphilus, will thy soul have quiet ?—for all is sunshine now—and then, anon, a fearful and most odious darkness ! Unceasing thought, endless study, flickering, gleaming, varied faiths, do nearly madden thee : but still, happily, all hath left thee proof against the folly of Rabbinism,—the very dregs of man's most fertile fatuity ! And yet thy own vain Philosophy—thy thousand creeds—thy questioning all celestial counsels, unfathomable of thee, (which was Lucifer's first crime, for Heaven endureth not DEMOCRATIA,) have shut out from thy soul that sublimest of all teachings ; and which Artemas, in life, and after death, assured thee would bear no mixture. Thy own foul coinage is as fatal to thy soul's repose, as would be the poisonous hemlock, or aconite to the currents in thy veins. Remember, Satan as may work in two ways : the deep FOLLY of Rabbinism may delude them, and be justly condemned of thee—the plausible PHILOSOPHY of Cartaphilus may confound, and excite wonder and admiration ; and yet may be a greater foe to Truth, than all the vanities of the Jewish doctors ! \*]*

work contains notices of the most eminent Oriental scholars—the writings of the Rabbins, &c. Also, we refer him to "*Lexicon Chaldaicum, Talmudicum, et Rabbinicum*. Basil, 1639, 1644, folio," which the Author was compiling during thirty years. Also to Buxtorf's "*Translations from Rabbinical Works*,"—the author died 1704. Also, "*Celebrorum Rabbinarum Vitæ*, by Julius Bartoloci. Traj. ad Rhen. 1702. 8vo.

\* The extensive writings of this wonderful man, as has been several times noted by the Editor, are full of the like conflicts of thought, and agonizing musings upon his deplorable condition. They exhibit a faithful picture of the endless doubts, and close approximations to truth, that rage in the unregenerate



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*The famous Mission of Rabbi Isaac.* In a little more than twenty years after Simeon III. had established his sacred power in Tiberias, (he being absolute in his dominions, which embraced all the Jews of the Roman Empire, then bounded by the Euphrates,) he found the condition of Israel beyond those limits, in no wife to his mind.

At the head of the Babylonian Jews was *Abia*; and in their schools were the renowned Rabbins *Hananiah* and *Judah*, both of Naharpakod; and these were men of great worldly shrewdness. Simeon thought that, as Israel is *one*, so should the government thereof be only *one*; and that every Jew throughout the world was bound to hold, as well in ceremonials, as in doctrines, *quod semper quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*: whereas, the Eastern Jews, from their independence of the Patriarch of Tiberias, sought to conform neither in spiritual, nor in temporal matters, to those known to, and practised by their Western brethren.

In what manner to remedy this great evil, and to bring all within one fold, were the daily and hourly thoughts of Simeon: and this was at length brought to a determination on his part, when he resolved to send a peremptory mission to the Eastern Jews. He found, at this time, that *Abia* conformed not, among other things, to the true time of celebrating the Feast of the Passover, a matter that no true son of Abraham, if assured of the fact, could be indifferent to. Simeon, therefore, hastened to appoint two legates; the Rabbi Nathan, and myself. To us were entrusted *three letters*; with special instructions to repair instantly to the city of Naharpakod, and there to commune with Hananiah and Judah; and to bring them and *Abia* to a formal and full submission to the jurisdiction of the Patriarchate, or compel them to avow such a neglect of Israel's duty in the matter of the Passover, and other things, as should prove a dangerous rebellion in them against Jehovah's laws!

Arrived at Naharpakod, the Rabbi Nathan delivered to Hananiah the *first* letter; who seeing himself addressed "*To His Holiness*," was greatly pleased thereat; and most civilly inquired as to the cause of our mission. "We are come, O Hananiah!" said the legate Nathan, "to learn thy system of instruction." This yet more pleasing news was at once followed by Hananiah's presenting to us his regards before the assembled people, as "legates in every way

breast; and faithfully reveal the fleeting and alternate repentances and relapses, and the perpetual struggles of the Holy Spirit with the Prince of Darkness, which so thinking and conscientious a mind must have experienced. We have retained many of them in the present "Selections:" but these, probably, are few in proportion to those that occur even in the ordinary life of most men; and therefore fall infinitely short of those found in the original voluminous Chronicles of so anomalous a person as Cartaphilus.

worthy of their highest honours, no less for our own great merits, than as Ambassadors from the Patriarch of Tiberias,—a High-Priest of the lineage of Aaron.” Thus far our mission was indeed most prosperous. But, in a few days thereafter, Hananiah was sorely vexed at our controverting so stoutly some of his judgments: and thereupon he again convened the people, and protested unto them that we were but impostors! The people, however, stood firmly by us; and replied to Hananiah thus: “*What thou hast built up, O Hananiah! thou canst not now at pleasure demolish: the hedge thou didst plant, but a few days since, cannot now be rooted up, but with injury to thyself.*” “What then are thy objections to our teachings?” exclaimed Hananiah to us. Rabbi Nathan replied, “Thou hast established thy intercalations, and thy new moons, in such wise that the Jews of Babylonia, and those of Palestine and elsewhere, can no longer conform in the *times* of their holy festivals!” “And so likewise did the great Rabbi Akiba, when he was in Babylon,” rejoined Hananiah. “But Akiba had not his fellow in all Palestine,” said Nathan. “True, and neither have I left mine in all that land,” exclaimed the now greatly enraged Hananiah!

The people stood wondering and fearful at the scene: whereupon we produced our *second* letter; which contained at its opening these pregnant words. “*That which thou didst leave but a little kid, is now grown to be a strong-horned goat!*” Hananiah at once perceiving the import of these words, and the sure power that now belonged unto the Patriarch of Tiberias, and to the Sanhedrim of the West, was almost speechless for a time: whereupon, I instantly seized the propitious moment, and mounted the Tribune from which the Law is read: and there I invoked the people's earnest attention. I then recounted unto them the Holy-Days, as God hath established them, and as the Jews of the West do honour them, in obedience to our Patriarch: and then was set forth by me those days which erroneously were taught by Hananiah, and which Ahia had practised among his people.

The assembled synagogue was much disturbed by my address; and, descending from the Tribune, I was succeeded by Rabbi Nathan, who read from Isaiah these words. “*Out of Zion goeth forth the Law—and the Word of God from Jerusalem;*” and he then added, “*but now, out of Babylon goeth forth the Law; and the Word of God from Naharpakod! Judge ye, therefore, who hath right.*”

The multitude deliberated not; but vehemently cried out, “*The Word of God cannot be changed.*” We then produced our *third* letter; which threatened with the dreaded *Shemmata*, all who opposed the patriarchal mandates; and to all this we added, “Behold! We are Apostles from the most learned—and we are commanded to declare unto all, that, if ye submit, 'tis well—if ye oppose,

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let the Niddui be at once enforced—and so of the rest, until the Shemmata! If ye stand by us, good: if ye depart from us, go ye then unto thy high places, and let thy AHIA build ye an Altar—and thy HANANIAH sing at the sacrifice!—and do ye all at that time openly declare, “*We have no portion in the Israel of God!*”

U<sup>he</sup> uproar at these words of the legate Nathan, became tremendous; naught was heard but the cries of “*Heaven save us from all herefy! We truly have a portion in the Israel of God.*”

U<sup>he</sup> whole matter was then ended. Hananiah and Judah fully submitted to the jurisdiction of the Patriarchate; and we returned to Tiberias with the happy news that Israel, everywhere, was now but one.\*

And now Simeon died, being very aged; and was succeeded in the Patriarchate by his son, the most illustrious of all the Rabbins, since the time of Hillel,—and that son was Rabbi Jehudah—Judah—or Joshua; who, when he came to his authority, was well advanced in years and fame; for he is the same who, some time before, had reduced to writing all of our Oral Law, that now forms the great volume called the *Mishnah*; and who being as wonderful for piety as for learning, hath since been called HAKADOSH.

U<sup>he</sup> early life of this great Rabbi was eventful: but not so marvellous as that of Rabbi Akiba. When a young man, he attracted much notice at Trajan's Court; and though at first, somewhat jeered for a slight deformity of person, he soon won for himself, by his astonishing mind, by his vast acquirements, and by his pleasing manners, the Imperial confidence, and with it the most signal favours.

IMLAH, the emperor's lovely daughter, was among those who, at first, sported with the Rabbi's awry person: but it is sometimes dangerous for haughty maidens to taunt those who have many rare jewels in a rude casket; and so, as 'tis said, the matter proved with the sportive

*The Princess  
Imlah's Love  
for Rabbi  
Judah.*

\* This mission from the Patriarch of Tiberias, conducted by the Rabbis Nathan and Isaac, probably occurred A.D. 160, when the authority of the Eastern Jews was far less, than it shortly after came to be under the Resch-Glutha, or Prince of the Captivity. If the power exercised by Ahia at the time of the mission, be regarded as that of the Resch-Glutha, in its infancy, that which arose some years after, when the Eastern and Western Jews again separated, was extremely different. That separation took place upon the restoration of the Persian monarchy: but, from the time of the Rabbi Isaac's successful mission, until the change in the government of Persia, the Patriarchate of Tiberias was supreme over the Jews of the world, except in China, where the Jews probably had never heard of either power.

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Imlah : for, in a little time, the defective person of Judah was quite lost sight of amidst the dazzling effulgence of the soul that animated it—and Imlah loved !

When the witty Princess saw early the youthful Rabbi, she said to him, “ And how happens it, good Jew, that such profound wisdom as thine is deposited in so poor a vessel ? ” “ Lovely Princess ! ” replied he, “ I will also propound to thee a question : Why dost *thou* put thy precious wines into earthen amphoras, instead of into silver or golden ones,—which thou, to be consistent, shouldst value so much higher for that purpose ? ” Imlah made no reply ; but, reposing on his exalted wisdom, she supposed that amphoras made of these precious metals, would far better preserve her most costly and luscious wines ; and nothing doubting, she placed them therein—but they all soon turned sour ! Trajan, hearing of her misfortune, and being much vexed at the cause, summoned the young Jew into his presence, and severely questioned him concerning what was called “ his counsel.” The Rabbi, nothing disturbed thereby, thus firmly replied to the Emperor’s accusation. “ What thou sayest, mighty Trajan, is indeed most true, had the princess rightly conceived my parable : I so advised the maiden ; or rather, she thus understood me : but she had taunted me upon my deformity ; and I desired to impress upon her youthful and lovely mind the important lesson, that treasures are sometimes deposited by the Creator of all things, even in the most rude of earthen vessels ; and, in following my misunderstood apologue, the splendid amphoras, of her own procurement, were found less suited to the luscious treasures poured therein, than the earthen vessels she so hastily forsook.” The Emperor was too wise a man, not readily to perceive that the wisdom was with the Rabbi—the folly and injustice with the maiden.

How far Imlah learned to love intensely that brilliant soul, though but poorly enshrined, it is not for me here to record ; but the rumour is, so deep was her passion, that she ever after shunned all useless splendour ; and, even in her apparel, to please the Rabbi, she was far more a daughter of Israel, than a Roman princess !

The young Rabbi Judah, however, never lost sight of Israel’s welfare : and he so urged his influence with Trajan, as to obtain permission for the rebuilding of Jerusalem’s Temple ! But that which *Man* was willing should be done, the GOD of Abraham seems to have forbidden,—and therefore it was not done : for instantly thereon, Trajan was beset by many who alarmed his fears,—reminding him of our rebellious spirit—the fierceness of our bravery—and that our tributes would soon be withheld, and that then we would revolt ! The Emperor replied that his royal word had

*Trajan's consent  
to the rebuilding  
of the Temple,  
how defeated.*

been given; and that we had already been acting thereon. "Do thou, then, command the Jews to make their Temple a few feet longer, or a few feet shorter than their former one," said the wily courtiers—and this was done!

Our Rabbins, then in council at Rhumon, were in great consternation when this unexpected order reached them: but a renowned Rabbī argued the matter with them, and concluded with saying, "O Men of Israel! remember the apologue of the wise Phrygian, in which the sick lion summoned the beasts and birds to his aid: and when the stork had extracted the bone from his throat, they were all most happy to relinquish the promised reward of the royal beast, and to escape with life from his ravenous jaws! We are now most fortunate in living in peace among this heathen nation; and we should therefore be content." The sage counsel was taken; and the project of rebuilding our Temple was forthwith abandoned.

Gamaliel III. succeeded his father Jehudah Hakadosh; and after him came Jehuda II. who is now the Patriarch: but matters promise not well under his rule: he loves power more than learning—his body-guard shows weakness more than confidence; the Rabbis *Jochanan* and *Simon-ben-Laches* are more respected for their wisdom and knowledge than he:—the great Aristotle wisely thought that supreme rule should ever be in the wisest and most virtuous individual among all the people—a patriarch—an emperor—or king should never be overshadowed; and so the people now seemed to think.\*

Israel and its more sacred concerns I must now leave, except so far as they are connected with her deadliest foes—the Romans.

During those early years of my somewhat eventful life—the years spent with the excellent Gracianus, I necessarily learnt much concerning the Emperor Hadrian, and indirectly, also much of his illustrious predecessor, Trajan. Such, indeed, was then the inquisitive spirit within me, that, when I first came to Rome with my master, every source of information respecting them both that could be brought within my reach, I failed not to make my own,—and to record it upon a tablet more faithful than my memory, wonderful

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\* The progress and gradual decline of the Patriarchate of Tiberias, until its extinction (more than two centuries after) in the person of Gamaliel, is noted by Cartaphilus at the time. The history, also, of the Oriental Jews, under their Princes of the Captivity, from A.D. 202, when Rabbi Isaac ceased to notice them, is briefly traced down to the early part of the tenth century, by Cartaphilus; who then witnessed its termination, in the person of *David Ben Saccai*, A.D. 934—or rather in the Rabbi *Hezekiah*, a few years after, who was the last of those Princes: but most of these matters are omitted in the present Selections, and this brief notice of the facts must suffice. Vide also *post*, § 82—by the Rabbi *Joachim*, and §§ 93—95, by Cartaphilus.

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as that was regarded even by the marvellously remembering Hadrian. But what I have now to record of them, and of the other emperors of my time, down to the early years of Septimus Severus, must be somewhat briefly told—this narrative not being *history*, for the eye of ages, but a hasty and private chronicle, for mine own.

## TRAJAN.

When Nerva adopted him as his successor, Trajan was sobered by age and by no small experience; and being, in war, most valiant and persevering, and in peace equally mild, generous, and watchful of the general good, the empire greatly flourished under him.

The manner in which Trajan conducted the Dacian war, and made that country a province, in the sixth year of his reign, would alone be sufficient to transmit his name to posterity as one of Rome's greatest generals. [A. D. 104.]

On my first departure from the Imperial City, about thirty years after that memorable war, my journey led me across Trajan's famous bridge, erected by him over the Danube during his contest with the Dacians. How greatly was I struck with admiration and wonder at its extreme beauty—its solid masonry, and the carefulness of its workmanship—all accomplished, moreover, in so short a time, and for the attainment of only a military object that might soon pass by! But the Romans have boundless wealth, and unite perseverance with a most perspicacious regard for the future; things temporary never being found among them, where things enduring should be. Trajan, moreover, doubted not that Dacia must fall, and that a bridge over that great river, though it would only somewhat hasten the event, yet that a small present benefit seldom fails to promote others of more value in long after times.

As I gazed upon that majestic structure, the might of the peerless Empire seemed there made visible in a single sublime object—and how much more so, by the many stupendous works in which Rome and her provinces so perpetually abound! Surely, in grace, in magnificence, and in useful strength, the world hath not the equal of this bridge. In height, it is full one hundred and fifty feet, exclusive of the foundation; and in breadth it is quite sixty feet—the whole being sustained upon twenty lofty arches, each with the span of one hundred and seventy feet!

The triumph decreed to the Emperor for his victory over those ferocious people was boundless in splendour, in expense, and especially in enthusiasm towards the Conqueror: the festivities continued a hundred and twenty days,—during which time no less than eleven thousand wild and tame beasts were slain, after the Roman and Grecian fashion: numerous gladiators, also, achieved their won-

derful feats,—and other warlike pastimes filled up every hour of those days of triumph.

And here, once for all, I may state that these *civilized* Romans are more cruelly wasteful of all animal, as well as human life, than are any of the Barbarians! These *venatiae*, as they are called, were first instituted in honour of their goddess Diana; and consist of sports of three kinds,—in the first of which they send deer, oxen, sheep, and the like, into the arena of an amphitheatre,—where the rude multitude may pursue them in their own fashion, making those they capture their own—should they themselves escape so great a peril, as it often proves to be! In the second kind are many greatly more ferocious animals, procured with much expense and toil,—and these combat with each other, often with more than all the fierceness of their untamed natures, provoked as they are by other causes!—and the third kind, yet more cruel, is where men are forced to contend for their own lives against such savage beasts—these men being sometimes slaves, but more often malefactors condemned to death,—and who are most willing thus to strive for their lives, even with those fierce and hungry animals!

The three years that followed Trajan's return from the Dacian war, were years of tranquillity, and of great glory: many renowned scholars flocked to Rome; and the emperor seemed to delight in the flourishing condition of those arts and pursuits of life, which peaceful times alone permit. But unhappily, all that is beautiful and bright and glorious in a mild government wisely administered, may be, like the sun, suddenly obscured, and its genial warmth withdrawn; for Trajan was to the empire, as the Orb of day to man, until his mind became obscured by the many black accusations that were made against the Christians; and these ended at length in that dread decree he issued, in the ninth year of his reign, for the persecution throughout the empire of these, in truth, the best of his subjects! Now this, though a Jew, I cannot deny,—for *Israel*, goaded by her numerous fore calamities—with no hope in the future, and detested by the Romans equally with the Christians, can scarce be as harmless, or as faithful subjects, as are these greatly persecuted Nazarenes. In this *third*, of what may be called the greater persecutions, the Jews, as usual, suffered in some degree by that decree; for, what with the ignorance that confounds Jew with Nazarene, and the contempt the multitude cherish against both, I often found my countrymen, as well as myself, in great peril, when Trajan and his Proconsuls in no way designed to molest the Jews. [A. D. 107.]

In Rome and elsewhere, there are certain unlawful societies called *Heteriæ*, which the Emperor was made to believe had been established, or much sustained by the Christians! Attendance upon

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

any of these was punished as treason ; and all colleges and corporations of every kind, if not created with all the legal solemnities, were embraced by the penalties of the decree against the Heteriæ ! The Christians, in truth, were falsely confounded with the Heteriæ, and other agitators ; whereas they fought association more for heavenly, than for any earthly purpose whatever.

The persecution raged with violence for a time, and in some places ; and a few of its more notable victims will be but shortly mentioned by me.

**PHOCAS**, a bishop of Pontus, being commanded to sacrifice to Neptune, on his refusal was cast into a burning lime-kiln, and then into a vessel of boiling oil ; where he instantly after expired—and this is said to have been under the immediate order of Trajan ! About the same time, there was also a poor widow, named *Symphorosa*, who, with her seven children, were likewise ordered to sacrifice to some heathen deity : death was preferred by them all ; the mother was taken to the temple of Hercules, and there scourged—then suspended by the hair of her head, and finally cast into the river, with a heavy stone fastened on her neck ! Her sons each were bound to a post, and their limbs drawn by pullies : but they still persisting in their faith, six of them were stabbed,—and *Eugenius*, the youngest, was fawn in twain !

Next came **CLEMENS**, bishop of Rome—a famed writer in the Church ; and he was cast into the sea, with an anchor fastened to his neck ! [*In the second year of Trajan's reign ; A. D. 100.*] **SYMEON** was bishop of Jerusalem ; and, at the extreme age of 120, he was scourged, and then crucified, by being nailed to the cross ! But, of all the victims, none was so famous as **IGNATIUS**, second bishop of Antioch, where these Nazarenes first received the name of *Christians*. It is said that this great man had the misfortune to incur the Emperor's special displeasure at Antioch ; and that he was ordered by Trajan to be sent to Rome for trial. It seems, that Ignatius, when called into the presence of Trajan, and questioned as to his faith, and also as to the trouble he and his people were giving in Antioch, that bishop replied to the emperor with offensive boldness ; and especially, when for himself and all the followers of the Christ, he took the title of *Theophorus*, or *God-bearing Christians* ! No marvel is it that persons deeply possessed of a faith so startling as this, should speak with boldness, and in a way to offend imperial requisitions. Trajan could not endure to think that Jupiter, and all the gods of his Pantheon, were but the phantoms of man's folly, and that this Christ was not only the supreme, but the only god ; and that he vouchsafed to tabernacle on earth, visibly in the flesh, and then continues his abode in the body, invisibly, of every devout believer in him—and hence the title of *Theophorus* ! Now,

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although my own Jewish faith causes me, as it did Trajan, to shrink from such a belief, and such a presumptuous claim, yet was it no less than foul murder in that emperor, thus to deal with the excellent and deluded Ignatius.

Upon Trajan's arrival in Rome, the bishop of Antioch was subjected to many severe trials,—and finally was cast to the wild beasts—a martyrdom eagerly embraced by him! The loving attendants upon Ignatius gathered his mangled fragments—mostly broken bones—conveyed them to Antioch, and there interred them in their cemetery, which lies somewhat beyond the Daphnè gate. It is further stated to me that Ignatius, whilst he journeyed from Antioch to Rome, wrote six or seven Epistles respecting the Nazarene Faith; and these seem to be now greatly valued by the Christians.\* [December 20th, A. D. 115.]

This persecution was instigated and became the more severe, by reason of Trajan's being made to regard the Christians as traitors not only to the Empire, but as propagators of a religion that must terminate all his imperial influences as the Pontifex Maximus. It so happened, however, that early after his arrival at Antioch, whither he had gone to prosecute the war against the Parthians and the Armenians, he received a letter from Pliny, his proconsul at Bythynia; which assured the emperor of his mistake as to these deluded people being traitors,—and that their only offence consisted in their worshipping this Christ as a God, and in abstaining from all wickedness by reason of solemn vows to maintain their faith: whereupon Trajan promptly countermanded all *active* proceedings against them, so that the persecution thereafter greatly ceased. Trajan was also the more willing to see an end to those horrors, as he had likewise received a letter from the governor of Palestine, which assured him, in like manner with Pliny, that the Galileans had wearied him out, since they crowded to martyrdom joyously, and much faster than he could deal out death!

\* There are some other epistles attributed to St. Ignatius; and, among the rest, the eloquent and well-known one to St. Polycarp, then bishop of Smyrna. But the authenticity of these additional epistles, beyond the seven, has been strongly questioned. As to the seven mentioned by Rabbi Isaac, with the exception of that to Polycarp included in the seven, all concur as to their genuineness. As to the one to Polycarp, very many have no doubt concerning it: there seem then to be six fully admitted—one partially denied—and several wholly rejected, as the productions of the distinguished martyr. It is related of the Saint, that, when an infant he was taken by Christ into his arms, and shown to the disciples as one who would be eminent for Christian piety: and the event recorded in Matt. xviii. 2—Mark ix. 35, and Luke ix. 47, is supposed to allude to this Saint; but, doubtless, this is a beautiful fiction of more recent times. Vide *Acta S. Ignatii, a Ruinart*, 1689. St. John was his instructor; and the zeal, learning, and devotion of St. Ignatius were never exceeded.

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From Antioch on the Orontes, the Emperor marched with a powerful army to Armenia,—the offence taken against the Armenians being that its king, *Partamitasites*, had violated the treaty between Nero and Tiridates, in having accepted the insignia of royalty from Parthia's king, instead of from the Emperor. *Conquests in the East.*

As Trajan approached Armenia, all the intervening countries humbly acknowledged him their sovereign Lord; and lavished upon him the most rare and magnificent presents,—among which was a horse of such astonishing beauty in colour, size and form, and likewise of such sagacity and instruction, as caused him to be regarded as the most curious and valuable in the whole world! As the emperor approached, the noble animal was accustomed to kneel most gracefully in his presence—to bow down his head to the earth, and not to rise until the monarch was firmly seated: and this act of obeisance, as 'tis said, the horse did, when first he saw the Emperor—thereby owning Trajan as the world's sovereign!

Armenia could make no resistance—Parthia and Mesopotamia soon followed,—but not without some battles and sieges, in which Trajan displayed infinite valour, and military discipline, accompanied also by many noble acts of generosity to the vanquished.

After a long absence, the Emperor returned to Antioch, in the seventeenth year of his reign, designing there to spend the winter. [A. D. 115.] Shortly after he had reached that noble city, a great concourse of Eastern kings and ambassadors arrived to pay him court, and to attend upon this mightiest of monarchs! In Rome, the Senate and people rejoiced greatly at his victories,—the fame of which had so often reached their ears,—and they ordered many great sacrifices—also thanksgivings and festivities. They also conferred upon him the title of *Optimus*, and the surnames of *Armenicus* and *Parthicus*.

In the midst of all these honours and rejoicings, and thus surrounded by many crowned heads, Trajan was destined to see the lordly Antioch visited by the force of all calamities—a terrific earthquake, which destroyed many thousands of her people, and levelled to the ground many of its noblest structures! The tremendous phenomenon commenced with a furious whirlwind, that tore up as straws the largest trees, and engulfed many houses of the surrounding country: to this succeeded the most awful lightnings—then a withering heat, that compelled the people instantly to disrobe themselves of all vesture, and to seek a hasty asylum in the darkest places that could be found! The sea roared with deafening fury—the birds, scared from their shady retreats, sought the heavens, but soon fell lifeless to the earth; the wild beasts, as also the domestic, howled piteously; and everywhere men and women, slaves and freemen, young and old, were *Earthquake at Antioch.*

seen anxiously seeking after those they most loved, and for some temporary shelter from the encompassing terrors, which all things in skies and earth portended as surely close at hand!

**A**t length came the fearful and nauseous tremblings of the earth—and then its tremendous outbreaks; which instantly laid low so many goodly cities—sunk some hills and even mountains—and which, in Antioch, left little else to be seen than mingled ruins, the most appalling deaths, and dreadful manglings of bodies,—all accompanied with the crashing noises of falling houses, and the sad moanings of the wounded and the dying! Trajan escaped, indeed, but as if by a miracle. He had leaped from a lofty window, and hurriedly sought the open fields,—where he remained under a tent, in great misery and peril during several days!

Shortly after this dreadful calamity, a rumour arose that it had been brought upon him, as a visitation for the cruelties he had authorized against the Christians, and also as against the wickedness of Antioch. How this may be, no Jew nor Gentile can say; to Israel's God alone are known such things: but certain it is, that Trajan had no little remorse; and that he molested those harmless people no longer.

Antioch and the other cities having suffered greatly, the Emperor was prompt in affording to them the most liberal contributions.

**T**he Emperor, early in the summer, gathered his numerous forces and set out for Assyria,—resolved to make captive the remains of the once powerful Babylon. In his progress thither, the great city Arbela could make but feeble resistance to his arms,—and Babylon's once massive walls were equally unavailing: next came *Seleucia*, which is nigh unto Babylon, and built out of her; and this likewise quickly fell.

**A**fter now of Chaldea, and of all Assyria, Trajan desired to make a vast canal, that should pass his vessels and troops from the Euphrates into the Tigris: but this being found impracticable, he transported his vessels over land to the Tigris,—and hastening on to the yet powerful city of *Ctesiphon*, he became master of that likewise—and thus made for himself an easy passage into the very heart of Persia! Descending the gulph of that name, Trajan had heard much of the Indian country from those who navigate the merchant ships that trade between that country and the Persian Gulph. The Emperor then greatly desired to subdue that vast region beyond the *Indus*!—but news having reached him of certain revolts in the countries he already had conquered,—and feeling, moreover, the admonitions of a somewhat premature old age, the Emperor surveyed the great ocean then before him—and, with earnestness, he thus exclaimed: “*Oh, had the Divine Powers but preserved to me my former health and vigour, I would not have reposed, until the con-*

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*finer of the world had bound me! How infinitely happy was the great Macedonian, in having commenced his reign so very young! And yet would I pass still further than he!"\**

India being denied to Trajan, as necessity was more powerful than even ambitious resolution,—the Emperor hastily ascended the Persian Gulph, and dispatched forthwith some of his forces, under Lucius, to subdue the revolting Mesopotamians: this was accomplished, and *Nisibis* and *Edessa* were laid in ashes. All was early regained, and by much wisdom secured, to the entire satisfaction of Trajan,—so that he was hastening on to Rome, and with a magnificence and triumph that greatly excelled all that had previously been known in this way: but, as the Emperor approached Syria, he heard of the alarming rebellion of the Jews, first in the province of *Cyrene* in Africa,—and which, during his long absence in the East, had penetrated into various other provinces, and was still far from being subdued.

Of this great rebellion I may truly record that, in destruction of life, and in the atrocities of my fellow-countrymen, and also of the Gentiles, the world hath never witnessed its like,—and much do I fear that it has already done more to destroy the hopes of Israel (feeble as they always are) than all that hath ever happened to our much-afflicted people, since the days of even our first captivity in Babylonian times; and this will appear more fully in the few details I shall presently give, as to those calamities which Trajan's successor, Hadrian, inflicted on our race; and which, indeed, might

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\* Trajan has the glory of being the only Roman general who ever penetrated that then remote gulph, or rather sea. In his time, Babylon's power and fame had almost expired, and her strength been absorbed by her more powerful modern neighbours, Seleucia and Ctesiphon,—the former built by Seleucus Nicator, one of the renowned generals of Alexander the Great—after whose death, and the division of his vast empire, Nicator built Seleucia, at about forty miles distant from the previously long-declining Babylon: and doubtless, in so doing, had made Babylon largely contributory to the raising and adornment of his new city. So rapid, indeed, then became the decline of the ancient and once illustrious Babylon, from the third century before Christ, to the end of the first century after Christ, that it may be said to have been during the whole of those four centuries, and for some after centuries, the general quarry, uncereemoniously resorted to for the erection of other cities! Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Al-Modain, and Kûfa were built mostly with Babylonian materials,—the two first by the Greeks and Parthians, (some centuries before our era,) and the other two by the power of the Khaleefehs, after Babylon had nearly if not quite ceased to be inhabited. Seleucia is now often called Babylon; and the renowned City of Nimrod and Ninus, of Semiramis, of Nebuchadnezzar and of Belshazzar, remained a nearly unknown and extinguished mass, even the locality of which had been for some ages doubtful,—until the enterprise of modern travellers has once more excited the curiosity of a world as to whatever of Babylon can now be known.

never have taken place, but for the events that occurred during Trajan's long absence in the remote East.

The Emperor's enterprises in those far Eastern regions, and the withdrawal of so many legions from the provinces, inspired the Jews of Cyrene, a city of Lybia, with the strong hope of a successful rebellion! The insurrection having commenced, soon spread to Alexandria—to the whole of Lower Egypt—the Thebais, and finally to the island of Cyprus, where the Jews were then so very numerous and wealthy. At first, the Cyrenians were quite successful, and slaughtered very many Egyptian-Greeks, and not a few Romans: but a large number having escaped to Alexandria, wreaked their vengeance upon the Jews of that city, all of whom were put to death! The Cyrenians, in return, committed dreadful havoc in Egypt, under the command of their distinguished leaders *Andrew* and *Luminum*,—where they destroyed no less than 220,000 of the Roman subjects! So furious had become their rage, that *Lupus*, the Roman governor, could make no resistance whatever.

*Luminum* then assumed the title of *King of the Jews*; and his troops having become as demons, exhausted every horrid and disgusting means of ending life, that even a legion of Molochs could not have excelled! They cast their victims to wild beasts—they crowded the theatres with them as gladiators—they sawed them in twain from head to feet—they flayed their bodies in other ways, drank their hot blood, ate their reeking flesh, besmeared themselves with the yet living current as it flowed from the bodies, wore their entrails as girdles—and even clothed themselves with their skins!

The Jews of Cyprus, under *Artemion*, were no less desperate and wicked; and the murderous strife there continued, until not less than 250,000 were slain by every species of atrocious cruelty! In that dreadful carnage, scarcely a Pagan soul throughout the Island escaped: but happily, the revolt was there subdued by the arrival of the Roman general Hadrian—not, however, until after the city of Salamis, on the east of the island, had been also wholly destroyed by the infuriated Jews!

The success of Hadrian was eventually complete; and thus preserved from extinction one of the most prosperous and lovely among those islands, and indeed of all the islands in the world; for, if man were only mortal, and his abode the earth, surely would Cyprus then have been my chosen abode,—and the groves of Idalium, at the foot of a lofty mountain, and the two temples of Venus, as also that of Jupiter, must have been sought by all who would have sensuous enjoyments, and without measure or alloy! But, to the sons of Abraham, all such things are odious to think of, and find a place upon my papyrus only as showing the fierceness of man against man, in thus making a shoel where an earthly paradise existed!

Hadrian found those once voluptuous groves and smiling valleys, then reeking with human blood; and the magnificent temples sunk into vast mounds of smouldering ashes! A short time thereafter, a decree was issued by him, that "*No Jew, even though driven in by tempest, should ever set foot in Cyprus—upon pain of instant death—for the soil of the Island hath been tainted by the deadly venom of those people!*"

The revolt in Africa was also suppressed, after many desperate conflicts between the Roman general, *Martius Turbo*, and our great captain Andrew. Turbo was then in pursuit of Luminum; and thus were matters at the instant of Trajan's arrival from the East.

In this greatest of all the revolts ever known, the Roman Empire lost more than half a million of her subjects—and Israel yet more!\*

The arrival of Trajan at Rome was daily expected; but, on his way thither, he became ill at Seleucia, a city of Cilicia. The triumph then in preparation for him at Rome, exceeded any that had been designed since Rome's existence. The mighty Emperor, however, waited not for it—he died within a few days thereafter, in the 63rd year of his age, and in the last half of the 20th year of his reign—but, great and good as he was, not without the suspicion of his having been poisoned!†

*Death of  
Trajan.*

How difficult, if not impossible, is it, for a Pagan monarch to be truly wise and virtuous! Through a reign of extraordinary splendour, of merited popularity, of great mildness, (save in his dealing towards the Christians,) and of many exemplary virtues, as well private as public, TRAJAN still sullied, occasionally, the general glory of his character, by vices so entirely opposite, as seemed dropped there by some malignant demon envious of his good name! With his army he was a model of self-denial—exposing himself, without stint, to the fatigues of war, and not hesitating to cross the widest deserts even on foot!—and yet, in private, he was not free of incontinence, and by no means exempt from excesses in the pleasures of Bacchus. His severity to the Christians, though mild, compared with the active and personal dealing of some of his predecessors towards the Nazarenes, remains still a deep stain upon the renown of Trajan's name. Some allowance, however, is surely due for the influences of a strictly Pagan education; also inflamed, not a little, by the

*Rabbi Isaac's  
view of Trajan's  
character.*

\* This rebellion occurred late in A.D. 115, and continued about two years.

† Trajan reigned 19 years, 6 months, and 15 days, according to Cassiodorus, and Dion Cassius.

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

grofs misrepresentations of cruel and over-zealous enemies of Jews, as well as of Christians; and likewise by the very prevalent error, that these Nazarenes are implacable foes to the dominion of the Empire, and, indeed, to every other rule than that of Christianity! It is also due to Trajan's memory not to forget that, so soon as the proconsul Pliny had stated how matters really were in Bithynia, and that the proconsular opinion favoured the mitigation of the severity, so long practised towards the deluded Nazarenes, Trajan's reply was prompt, and manifested even a yet kinder feeling: and this is additionally shown by Trajan, when he answers Pliny's account of the lists of Christian names sent to him, that the accused persons might be condemned by Pliny, but which lists were vouched by no name—the Emperor says, "*As for the lists sent to you without an author, they should have no place in any accusation whatever,—for that would be a thing of very ill example, and no way agreeable to my reign.*" It is further to be remembered that this Christian superstition, though of scarce eighty years' growth, had so increased, (and in scarce forty years after Jerusalem's destruction) that no province of the vast Empire was without these Nazarenes; and also that in Bithynia, where Pliny then was, they were so numerous that people of the highest rank and power, and others of all conditions, ages, and sexes, had embraced this New Faith,—and to such an extent that the greatest among the Heathen temples were nearly forsaken, and the sacrifices to the Roman gods were well-nigh ended! Before Pliny's explanation, therefore, the Emperor's alarm for the ancient religion was great; and he regarded it as a duty to the gods to check this religious rebellion; and he supposed that persecution was the only and the properest means. Pliny's desire, then, to mitigate that persecution arose from his conviction that the *more martyrs the more Christians* had been the *proved* result of the Emperor's decree! Pliny also then found the Heathen temples somewhat more frequented, and believed the Christians would be less zealous, as they should be the less observed. The Emperor possessed the good feeling and the good sense to agree with his Proconsul. And also, I am the more lenient in my judgment of Trajan, knowing, as I do, my own holy zeal and devotion in the religion we Jews have from the God of Abraham,—and, in which devotion, I would have no persecution of any faith. The Pagans, though without a revelation, are strongly devoted to the only religion they know; and, although many of their philosophers have at all times doubted many particulars of their wild mythology, the people must have no such doubts, having no means to resolve them; and any doubt in them must soon end in total infidelity—and hence in diabolism! Such, probably, were the reasonings and fears of Trajan; and they largely mitigate the sin of that persecution, which

consigned so many to the tomb. Emperors, moreover, though they may not differ secretly in opinion from the philosophers, are compelled to sustain the religion of the multitude,—for that lies at the very foundation of all political rule, and of all salutary civil power: and hence was it that Trajan, on finding the prejudices of his people so largely assailed by the faith of the Nazarenes, naturally believed he was contending no less for his Empire, than for his Gods.

The deceased emperor was the only one who, from circumstances, had the triumph of his successes in life, most elaborately executed *after his death!* Hadrian being chosen his successor, was hastening on to Rome, when he heard that the Senate had decreed to him a triumph as magnificent as the one designed for Trajan; and that this was due to him as well for his conquests in union with the late emperor, as of his own most happy termination of the great conflict with the Jews. But Hadrian, on his arrival in Rome, wholly rejected the honours they would lavish upon himself,—and insisted that they all should be paid to *Trajan's Image!* and this being as heartily assented to by the Senate, as it had been generously suggested by Hadrian, the triumph was performed with matchless pomp and imperial magnificence. Trajan's ashes were placed in a golden urn,—and in due course were deposited in a cellule within the pedestal of that gorgeous pillar, that had been previously erected to his memory—the beautiful workmanship on which pillar, distinctly represents, in spiral lines, the noble exploits of the emperor over the Dacians.

At the time of this triumph, the games called *Parthian* were also established in honour of Trajan; and, so long as Rome shall endure, the name of Trajan must be revered, though no vestige of pillar, or of arch, shall remain to perpetuate his fame.\*

\* More than 1700 years have passed since the beautiful Column and Arch, alluded to by Rabbi Isaac, were raised to the memory of that distinguished Emperor; and yet the former stands in majesty, in the centre of that noble Forum which formerly lay at the foot of the Quirinal, between the Capitol and Nerva's Forum—and the Arch, though under a different name, continues but little impaired by the lapse of ages! The column is about 116 feet in height; and was surmounted by a colossal statue of Trajan,—which, with its pedestal, made the entire column, according to Eutropius, 140 feet. It is composed of thirty blocks of white marble from Carrara,—each nineteen feet, or of the diameter of the pillar, uniformly throughout its elevation. The figures, deeply carved in spiral lines round the column, are all about two feet in height; and consequently were fashioned with no reference to the rule of perspective, that demands an increase of magnitude in the ratio of their elevation. The sculptures on this column afford to antiquarians ample materials for study,—being extremely various in devices illustrative of the dress, arms, encampments, bridges, standards, forages, &c. of the warriors of those times.

Through a strangely misguided Christian zeal, the statue of the Emperor was



## HADRIAN.

ÆTIUS HADRIAN, as the greatest general of his day—as nephew of Trajan—as husband to Sabina his niece—also the intimate friend and companion in arms of the illustrious emperor—born in the same city—and as being at the time of Trajan's death at the head of all the Roman forces, seemed possessed of such undoubted claims to the Imperial rule, that he was at once proclaimed by the Army; and the choice was as promptly confirmed by the Senate.

Hadrian may be appropriately designated as the *travelling* Emperor, since nearly fourteen of the twenty-two years of his reign were spent by him in visiting almost every section of his extensive dominions,—not, indeed, from any vain desire of imperial display, but that he might personally and thoroughly know its resources and its wants, and also see whether justice were impartially distributed. In those extensive travels, his winning manners and great condescension subdued all hearts. In war, he was Trajan's equal—in learning and accomplishments of every kind, greatly his superior:—but Hadrian had more severity of character, and was more emphatic in his vices. His reign was nearly as brilliant as that of his uncle, though not in conquests, or in the extent of his empire; for Hadrian's early policy was rather to restrict his empire to within its ancient limits, than to manifest the least solicitude as to its extensive recent additions, made beyond the Euphrates. Parthia and Media, therefore, with Mesopotamia and all beyond the Euphrates to the Indus, were virtually abandoned by him; and his legions were stationed nigh the banks of that great river, as the boundary of his Eastern empire.

Hadrian's memory, like my own, was regarded as almost superhuman: and, when I was quite a youth, towards the close of his reign, I was admitted into his presence, as one, like himself, possessed of the faculty in a very remarkable degree,—but Hadrian's memory very far exceeded mine.

*His learning  
and memory.*

After greatly amusing himself with me, Hadrian jocosely pointed to his own flowing beard, and said, “*Well, my little Israelite, canst thou number all these—give them each a name, and then recount all of them to me?*” I bowed low unto the emperor, and acknowledged my inability so to do,—whereupon Hadrian turning to Granianus, said, “*If that youth hath all his other faculties thus bright, thou hast parted with a rare jewel in making him a freedman.*”

removed by Pope Sixtus V. to give place to a bronze one of St. Peter—an extraordinary association this of war and religion! It is quite probable that Trajan never beheld either the magnificent Forum, or the Column,—both being the Senate's doings, as it is believed, during those years of his absence that intervened between the end of his Dacian and Parthian wars and his death, before he reached Rome, and whilst he was upon his return from the remote East.

Hadrian knew every man in his army by name—remembered every incident of his own life—was a great mathematician, orator, poet, physician, musician; and likewise was much skilled in herbs and minerals! His expertness in arms, in racing, and in hunting was equally marvellous; and, moreover, the great taste he had acquired in all things, by reason of his comparing all human productions during his varied travels, enabled him greatly to adorn Rome and other places, and caused him to establish that famous Villa at Tibur, which, in extent, beauty, and variety of garniture, hath not its like anywhere, except in Daphnè, upon the Orontes—and yet this villa differs greatly from that near Antioch, which it resembles only in some things.

In circuit, the villa is more than seven miles; and abounds in temples, theatres, porticoes, libraries, fountains, hippodromes, groves, grottoes; and in all of which are countless statues, paintings, and other embellishments! Here *Hadrian's Villa at Tibur.* also is a *Prytaneum*, after the fashion of that at Athens; and a *Temple of Canopus*, with a *Naumachia*, in imitation of those he so justly admired in Egypt. The Canopus is filled with rare things collected by him whilst in that wonderful land,—and also with other wonders executed by Greek and Roman artists,—many of which are in beautiful imitation of things seen by Hadrian in that ancient country of Cush and of Misraim: and, in some of those sculptural devices, the Emperor has blended the Grecian with the strict Egyptian manner!—a combination, methinks, like the dolphin in the woods—and the bee in the waves! Close by this temple lies the *Naumachia*, six hundred feet in length, and abundantly supplied with water,—which, in imitation of the one at Alexandria, gives to the mock-encounter of the little marine a very imposing effect.

A few days after the Emperor had honoured me with the interview as touching my much-famed memory, I was roaming, as was usual with me, among the lovely groves of the VALE OF TEMPE, in his Villa; and came most *The Vale of Tempe.* unexpectedly into his presence. Hadrian, as was his custom, was bare-headed; for, whether at home among his trees, or abroad with his army on the longest marches, the Emperor often was on foot, and never wore anything on his head, either for protection or ornament! As Hadrian surveyed me silently for a moment, he kindly said, “Isaac, thou art a youth of *taste*, it would seem, as well as of *memory*, judging by thy affection for this vale,—which, though artificial, shrinks not in comparison from that of Thessaly: true, we have not Olympus and Ossa to gaze on in the distance, nor yet the lovely Peneus flowing into the Ægean: but *art* here, hath far excelled *nature* there, in many things!”

My obeisance to the Emperor was low; and kissing his hand, I

replied, with trembling lips, "Illustrious Hadrian! this Vale of Tempè *The youth Isaac*, is indeed a most delightful creation of thine, and *logical proof* as to such as *thy* gods might well revel in—did they ever *the Jewish Scrip-* vouchsafe to visit Earth: but alas! none but *Israel's* *tures.* God hath ever done so."

"*Thou* art a bold youth, thus to speak unto Rome's Emperor,' rejoined Hadrian; 'but it is the way with all thy race, from the egg up—and yet, what thou sayest I cannot contradict,—save that, as far as I know, thy and our gods are, in this respect alike—there being no authentic record that any of the gods ever cared sufficiently for man, to visit his abodes!'

"*We* Jews, O Hadrian! hold differently,' I modestly rejoined, 'and have a sure oracle—a certain record of that fact.' 'And so likewise do the Christians say,' added the Emperor, 'and those Nazarenes or Galileans go much further, as even thou, my little Israelite, well knowest.'

"*True*, most true, dread Hadrian!—and, though a Jew, I will in no wise pronounce as to who this CHRISTUS really was. That he was a wonderful man, and endued with marvellous powers, honest Jews cannot, and do not deny. I am not bound to explain that great modern mystery,—but the *ancient* one, revealed to our Master Moses, we have had for near sixteen centuries! These SCRIPTURES, O Emperor, must be either from God, or Man, or from the Devil:—from the last they cannot come—being so contrary to his whole plan, and condemnatory of his whole conduct:—so, if from man, they must then come from good men, or bad men,—they cannot flow from the latter, because they condemn all vice,—nor yet from good men, because such men would commit no forgery—would not assume the powers of a God—would not deceive their fellows—and hence, as these Scriptures *do exist*, they must come from God—and, if from God, all things therein recorded must be true.'

"*Well* spoken, and as a dialectician!' exclaimed the Emperor. 'But see, my young *Plato*, that thou disturb not our people with thy subtle logic. I, indeed, love all argument, and even from beardless youths—but others have not heads to bear these things.'

"*The* Jews, mighty Hadrian,' I replied, 'are not given to making of proselytes to their faith—nor to the meddling with the faiths of others; and in this they differ greatly from the Nazarenes—faithful subjects, as I truly believe them to be.'" The Emperor graciously waved his hand, and thus we parted.

Upon Hadrian's brow I saw, or fancied that I saw, a deep frown at my remark concerning Christian loyalty; and greatly did I blame my seeming imprudence, when, upon leaving the Vale of Tempè, I passed close by the *Encænna*,—and remembered how, as

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

often I had heard, Hadrian had on that spot so mercilessly slain many of those deluded people! In that Encoënia, a few years before, many Christians were offered as sacrificial martyrs to Hercules; and my soul was much troubled at the thought that, in a villa dedicated to all that is lovely in art and nature—to all that is tasteful and delightful to each of the senses, there had been tortured and foully murdered these helpless Nazarenes, and for mere opinion's sake,—for the very name of Christian, without any known act, was often sufficient cause of death! \* \* \* \* \*

In the second year of his reign, Hadrian had continued for some time, and with great severity, the *Third Persecution*,—Trajan's edict having never been expressly revoked. *Hadrian carried on the Third Persecution.* The number of Nazarenes that perished at Rome, and in the provinces, can scarce be accurately estimated; but they may not fall short of twelve thousand: a few only of these need be stated by me. Manhood and prosperity were at length mine,—and ripened years have made me observant of the present and searchful of the past.

*Eustachius* was a favourite and successful commander, who had been ordered to unite in some idolatrous sacrifice, and in celebration of his own victories; but, unknown to the Emperor, he was a Christian! The faith of *Eustachius* was stronger than his vanity, or than even his love of life; he promptly refused obedience; and the enraged Emperor, forgetting his long services, ordered him and his whole family, they also being Christians, to instant death!

In the country around Mount Ararat, some hundreds were crucified,—and, in imitation of the great Nazarene, they were crowned with thorns, and pierced with spears! About the same time suffered *Zenon*, a Roman nobleman, and *Alexander*, bishop of Rome, together with his two deacons. At Brixia, a city a little west of Mediolanum, the persecution raged with extreme violence. In all places, the Nazarenes displayed such patience and even triumph under torments, that a certain Pagan, named *Calocerius*, filled with admiration, exclaimed with involuntary ecstacy, "*O great is the God of the Christians!*" and for this imprudence he was instantly doomed to the like fate.

At length, when Hadrian was at Athens, he was induced to listen to *Quadratus*, a bishop of that great city; who addressed to him an eloquent and learned apology for the Nazarenes: and, at the same time, the philosopher *Aristides* sent to the Emperor a masterly Epistle in their behalf. My late master *Gratianus* also interfered,—and with him some others,—so that Hadrian (who really possessed a deeply reflecting mind) became friendly to the Nazarenes, and caused the persecution to cease: and some have said that he even desired to enrol the Christ among the gods of Rome! This,

however, is probably not true; for, a short time thereafter, Hadrian still seemed to confound Christians with the Jews: the latter had again rebelled,—whereupon the Emperor showed no respect for the Christians, in having ordered a statue of Jupiter to be erected upon the spot where the Nazarene is fabled to have arisen from the dead; and he likewise placed upon Mount Calvary a statue of Venus!

*Travels of Hadrian.* The travels of the Emperor Hadrian are far too extensive for me to record with any detail: suffice it, then, to state that he passed first into *Gaul*; where he made a lustration, and examined with care the chief cities, and the fortifications. He thence proceeded into *Germany*,—where he reformed the legions, and gave to the army his own example of a soldier's hardy life. The Emperor next visited *Britain*; and there corrected many abuses that had crept in, since the time of the illustrious Agricola. To secure the Romans against the incursions of those fierce people in the northern part of the island, who are called Scotti and Picti, he built a stupendous earthen wall, said to be twenty parasangs in length, reaching from a great Western estuary and *Axellodunum*, to the mouth of the river *Tina*, near to the town of *Segedunum*, on the eastern sea.\* [A.D. 120.]

Journeying once more through *Gaul*, the Emperor reached *Spain*, where he convened a provincial council, in the city of *Taragon*: there his life was greatly endangered by a man, who rushed upon him with a drawn sword, whilst sauntering in a garden. Hadrian instantly disarmed him; and the guards supposed there would be an order for his immediate death,—but the Emperor quietly sent for his physician, and said, "*this man needs to be bled:*" for, as I suppose, Hadrian at once perceived some malady in his wits.

The whole Western Empire being thus passed over by Hadrian, he returned to *Rome*: but, soon thereafter thinking that, like the Sun, *Rome's* monarch should diffuse his light and heat through all the regions and corners of his Empire, he early departed from the City, for a like survey of all his Eastern provinces. The winter was spent by him in *Athens*,—where he received more favourable impressions as to the Nazarenes: from thence he passed into *Sicily*, and visited the burning *Ætna*—then into *Africa*, where he rebuilt *Carthage*, a city of great renown destroyed by the Romans, about two hundred, seventy and seven years before Hadrian's order: and this new city he called *Hadrianople*. Great may be the power of

\* This wall extended from Solway Firth to the mouth of the Tyne, a little below North Shields, across the Island, through the counties of Cumberland and Northumberland. The good Rabbi seems somewhat at a loss for a name to the estuary, as was natural enough at that time—A. D. 120.

Rome's Emperor to rebuild, and to confer new names—but greater yet is the glory of Carthage even in ruins, than Hadrianople though in palaces—and Isaac will not marvel should the former triumph for ever over the latter.

And now, in this same year, Hadrian returned to Rome, for the fifth time in a number of years; during all of which his travels were most extensive: and again, at this time, Rome retained him but a few days,—and next is he seen on his journey to the East, visiting the Lesser Asia—Syria—Palestine, and portions of Arabia,—receiving and communing with kings, tetrarchs, ambassadors and messengers of all those countries, and divers others. To the king of Parthia, he freely sent back that captive daughter, whom Trajan had made his own in the late war. This generous act caused very many to visit Hadrian, who otherwise might have had some fears; and they lavished upon him unmeasured honours.

The Emperor then gave orders for the rebuilding of some parts of our holy JERUSALEM; but to which he would impiously give a new name!—and, still more impiously, a few years thereafter he erected a temple on Mount Moriah to Jupiter Capitolinus—which first order was given in the fifty-ninth year after the city's destruction under Titus, and in the fourteenth year of Hadrian's reign. [A. D. 131—135.]

In the same fourteenth year of Hadrian, the Emperor was once more in Egypt,—where he caused a splendid monument to be erected over the decayed tomb of the great Pompey; and there he also deeply mourned over the death of that wonderful youth ANTINOÛS—whose beauty has noised his fame over the world, and which Hadrian seems resolved shall never perish. The story of this Bithynian prodigy of superhuman grace and loveliness, is more marvellous than, perhaps, any other recorded in all preceding times! My eyes once rested upon that wonder of human elegance—that perfection of manly, feminine, and youthful beauty combined; and such as I then beheld him assures me, that the Creator of all things may sometimes depart from his almost inflexible rule,—which is, always to permit the presence of some one or more imperfections, though in the midst of a crowd of shining excellences! and this may be designed only to make the contrast the more striking,—and also to teach man that God alone is perfect, or without a blemish,—and that sin, in this world, hath brought into all nature some visible defect. Be this as it may, exquisite beauty is seldom if ever found in nature; and, artificially, can spring only from a harmonious concentration of all that hath been observed to be perfect. Nature hath avoided that concentration in the human form, and, indeed, in most of her works; but the sculptor's art may sometimes impart to lifeless marble forms more

*Honours paid  
to Antinöus.*

perfect in the outline, than the Creator hath ever vouchsafed to man, beast, bird, or flower !

**I**n this surprising youth, however, just twenty years of age, when my delighted eyes reposed on him, I found all that the mind can fancy in the harmonious blendings of form—complexion—expression—health—and grace of motion !

**N**ow, it so happened, that, when the Emperor was in Upper Egypt, he came to the city of Abydos, where is the oracle of the famed Besa, whom the Egyptians greatly reverence. On consulting that oracle, as was Hadrian's superstitious practice, he was amazed and grieved to be informed that he, his whole court, and his army then around him, were in imminent peril,—and that this could be averted only by the immolation of some one most dear to him, and by whom he was equally beloved ! All knew, at once, to whom the oracle alluded ; and Antinoüs was not slow in earnestly offering himself as the appointed victim ! The sacrifice was mournfully and wickedly (because superstitiously) accepted by Hadrian ; and the generous, the supremely beautiful youth hastened to the summit of a lofty rock, and thence precipitated himself into the deep waters of the Nile !

**T**he Emperor was deeply grieved, nay inconsolable ; and all that a mortal could do to honour a favourite's memory, and to efface his own odious and double crime, was promptly done. There he built a goodly city,—which, in honour of the victim, he called Antinoë, or Antinopolis ; and this he embellished with beautiful temples—forums—porticoes—groves—fountains—grottoes, and with every rare and lovely production of nature and of art ! Hadrian also instituted games and sacrifices to his memory ; and everywhere were raised many statues, in marble, porphyry, and bronze, to immortalize the name of Antinoüs,—all being executed by the most famous of the Grecian artists,—and such statues were ordered to be regarded as sacred.

**T**he two principal streets of the new city, now one of the most delightful in the world, are filled with palaces,—along which, on both sides, is a roofed colonnade of lofty Corinthian pillars ; and under these, how often did I love to join the people in their long and shaded walk, that extended from gate to gate at either end ; and when there, to admire their solidity and great magnificence ! And yet so it was, Antinöe, with all of its crowd of splendours and tasteful embellishments, satisfied not the tender and deep-seated sorrow of Hadrian for the loss of his Antinoüs ! And hence was it that he influenced the Greeks to place his Favourite among the Immortal Gods ! and soon thereafter, the Astrologers gave out that they had discovered a new Constellation, and that ANTINOÜS had now been changed into a Star !

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

The whole East was soon filled with temples, chapels, and statues, dedicated to his memory—oracles were uttered in them, as proceeding from Antinoüs : and, at Antinoë, the gorgeous mausoleum erected over his remains is, even now, resorted to, under the faith that many wonderful miracles are there wrought ! Rome, also, is now filled with statues, busts, and other devices, in honour of that matchless youth ; and, in whatever form he is presented, the chisel has not failed to exhaust its resources in making him, as he was, the loveliest of mortals. Oh, the supreme infatuation, the unutterable wickedness of the pagan heart and mind ! When will these Heathens learn that man is but dust—vile and perishable, however lovely and perfect in form, or even lustrous in intellect, the man may be ; and when will the Pagan know that the soul, though steeped in worldly knowledge, and possessed of great power, is yet most odious in the sight of its Creator, when defaced by such sins as everywhere abound ? But, of such things, Hadrian scarce knows more, than any victim offered by him in Mantinea's great temple : for, both the Emperor and Antinoüs, in the eyes of purity, are alike infamous.\*

In the twentieth year of Hadrian, who then was again at Athens,

\* It is conjectured that the Roman Empire once contained nearly as many statues and busts of this famous youth Antinoüs, as of the goddess Venus—though her's was the fame of more than a thousand years, and in all the nations ! Some of those statues, busts, and relievos are still extant,—the most noted of which are the Belvidere Antinoüs of the *Vatican*—discovered in the xvth century upon the Esqueline hill—that of the *Capitol*, and lastly, the one at the *Villa Albani*.

The Antinoüs of the Vatican has been doubted ; and sometimes is called, though erroneously, a Meleager ; but its resemblance to all the other memorials of the famed youth has probably settled the question. It is indeed an exquisite statue, though deficient in the right arm, and in the left hand ; but is without the slightest blemish in other respects. The Antinoüs of the Capitol is very different,—being an unnatural combination of the Egyptian and Grecian styles, owing to the peculiar taste that so greatly vitiated Hadrian's judgment in things of art, after, what may be called, his Egyptian monomania ! It is supposed that this statue was, at first, composed of a solid block, (also after the manner of some Egyptian sculptors,) wrought upon, to a certain extent, by one artist,—and then sawed in twain ; after which they were carefully elaborated by distinct masters, and then again united !

The *basso-relievo* of Antinoüs, at the Alban Villa, is very noble : and also the bust of him in the Farnesi Palace, as likewise that formerly in the Palazzo Justiniani, are valuable delineations in confirmation of the features of the remarkable victim. That Hadrian was possessed of great talents, and of large acquirements, is not to be doubted : but the accuracy and delicacy of his taste may justly be questioned, perhaps firmly denied. And, though Roman taste had greatly declined at that time, Hadrian himself must have been largely instrumental in that decadence, judging from various works, the result of his special care, and from some other circumstances,—among the rest, that he would have suppressed Homer, and have supplied his place by Antimachus, an impoverished Greek poet, then, and since, of no reputation !



## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

*The Jews again rebel.* a dreadful rebellion of my countrymen once more broke out in Judea. The first cause of this war was, that the Pagan and Christian worshippers in the New City, called *Elia*, had certain privileges denied to the Jews: but the greater cause was, that the minds of the people were much inflamed by that great deceiver *Barcochaba*; who, assuming to be the "*Star*" foretold by Balaam, said to be now the true Messiah, came forth with vast power, and with kingly magnificence; and promised great things to our deluded and Messiah-seeking people! This terrific rebellion endured more than two years, during which Israel lost fifty of her strongest cities—also nearly one thousand of her towns and villages—and more than one million of her people! These complicated miseries, so soon following upon those which happened so lately under Trajan and Hadrian, have laid Israel low in the dust—never more to rise, till the time of the Gentiles shall be indeed accomplished! Then will the true Emanuel come—then will Messiah shine in his promised glories, causing Israel to forget all her sorrows. Oh! may we, in the mean while, learn wisdom—and may we have no more of those wicked and mischievous *pretenders* to the divine mission!

In that sad war was our land (or rather, that which once was ours) laid utterly waste—every Jew was driven out of Judea—*ELIA CAPITOLINUS*, then but four years old, sank as low, as did Jerusalem, after she had flourished, as the world's glory, during more than two thousand years! Wolves and hyænas soon roamed all around the impious *Elia*; the *plough-share* hath turned up the Temple's cloisters—and Hadrian's magnificence, forced upon that holy ground, could be now seen only from afar. [A. D. 136, the 20th year of Hadrian's reign.]

But these Nazarenes are surely growing apace—Abraham's seed, though still numerous, must hide their heads: and shall this New Faith be seated, after a time, even upon the grounds where the God of Israel seems now to forbid this *Elia* to be planted! Will *they* revive Jerusalem, and possess it, until, in some after ages, Israel shall be once more recalled? It so may be! Oh, how doth this thought of Jacob's long degradation now press upon the soul of Rabbi Isaac!—and yet, well am I assured that our City of Melchizedec would be more fitly in the keeping of those *Christians*, than in that of Roman Pagans, or of any other faith, save that of Abraham's offspring.

*Death of Hadrian.* In the last month of the twenty-first year of Hadrian's reign, he lay dangerously ill at *Baiæ*, near Neapolis; and his end seems to have been as miserable, as his life had been glorious, in the Pagan opinion. The diseased emperor's tortures were so extreme, that he urged his attendants to destroy

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

him. His physicians advised him, at length, to abstain from all sustenance; and soon after, upon finding himself in the arms of death, he several times scowled upon his attendants and said, "*a crowd of physicians will but kill the Emperor*:" and then musing upon his condition, he indulged for a short time his usual poetical vein, and apostrophised his soul in these few lines.

"Animula! vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos."

"*My little, lonely, fluttering soul!—the body's host and cherished companion—whither now wouldst thou go—so pale, and trembling, and naked?—no more, as was thy wont, wilt thou in jibes indulge!*"—  
And these were the expiring words of Hadrian! \*

\* The prose translation now given by Cartaphilus, from that of Rabbi Isaac, of these celebrated lines uttered by the dying Emperor, can scarce be said to breathe any portion of the delicate spirit so universally attributed to them in the Latin original. This, indeed, may be necessarily incident to any prose, or even poetic rendering. Every version we have seen, in various languages, is deficient in the purity and sententiousness that are said to mark the Latin verse. The poetic renderings by *Prior* and *Pope* are, perhaps, the best extant: and, of the two, the reader, we presume, will give the palm to that of *Prior*. Both, perhaps, are as close to the original, in spirit and words, as can well be attained,—and yet with that weakening amplification, so unavoidable from the difference of the two languages.

"Poor little, pretty, fluttering Thing!  
Must we no longer live together?  
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing  
To take thy flight, thou know'st not whither?  
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly  
Lies all neglected, all forgot:  
And pensive, wav'ring melancholy,  
Thou dream'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not what!"—*PRIOR*.

"Ah fleeting Spirit! wandering fire  
That long has warm'd my tender breast!  
Must thou no more this frame inspire—  
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?  
Whither, ah whither art thou flying,—  
To what dark undiscover'd shore?  
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,  
And wit and humour are no more."—*POPE*.

Lord Byron's Translation is faithful, but we think not so pleasing as either of the foregoing.

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,  
Friend and associate of this clay!

Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

*Isaac's Opinion of the Emperor.* Great is the fame of Hadrian ; and loud are the praises bestowed on him for learning, taste, and munificence, as displayed in his truly magnificent public works, in various cities, and especially at his Villa. But, had that emperor never erected any other edifice, than his gorgeous, and incomparable Temple of *Venus and Rome*, on the Via Sacra, close by the Flavian, he had need done no more for eternal renown in that way. But, if the fame of Hadrian's great works shall brightly transmit him to a remote posterity, will not the infamy of his cruelties likewise pass down the same long stream of time ? The Temple, I have named, is indeed most lovely—yet, was not his dealing with the artist who built it, (but who innocently ventured to point out some fault in the emperor's plan of that temple,) a most heartless and foul murder ? Truly, the tyrant, whose Laws and Penates were the mere baubles of his own mad fancies, and whose Supreme God was of such metal, ivory, or wood, as he had selected, and on whose cruelties there were no such reins as those that Israel knows, might easily be both monster and madman, amidst all the lustre of his other doings ! And, if Hadrian, in that diabolic act of suddenly slaying his architect, were crazed by some ungovernable passion at the moment,—even that poor excuse would serve him not in the matter of his excellent wife,—for her he *deliberately poisoned*—adding to that careful murder the blackest ingratitude ; for that wife had been the chiefest source of his power, and of all his worldly greatness ! \*

### MARCUS ANTONINUS PIUS.

When this great and excellent emperor came to the throne, in

To what unknown region borne,  
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight ?  
No more with wonted humour gay,  
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn."—BYRON.

On the whole, however, the Editor has never been able to appreciate the original to the extent of its known celebrity.

\* The architect, here alluded to by the Rabbi Isaac, was the same *Apollodorus* who, in Trajan's reign, was so distinguished as the builder of the great Forum in honour of that Emperor,—and also of the bridge over the Danube—the greatest work of the age. But Apollodorus had the misfortune to be enviously regarded by Hadrian as his rival in architecture, the Emperor having furnished the beautiful plan of the temple of *Venus and Rome*, so much and justly praised by the politic artists of the day—but unhappily, somewhat found fault with by Apollodorus ! The Rabbi, however, is probably mistaken in stating the death of the architect as being suddenly ordered by Hadrian, in a fit of jealous passion : it appears that the too candid opinion of Apollodorus had only then caused his exile : but what induced Hadrian subsequently to order his death—and under what circumstances inflicted, are probably little, if at all known.

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

the fiftieth year of his age, my own was but twenty-four. I had seen him at Smyrna, when he was Proconsul under the Emperor Hadrian. Antoninus then lodged with a celebrated Sophist, whose strange humour it was to request the Proconsul to retire from his house at night, though the hospitalities of the day were the most generous! Some years after this, the Sophist visited Rome, and was received at the Imperial palace of Antoninus, in the most courteous way,—who smilingly said to him, “I pray thee to use this palace as thine own, and be not uneasy, when *night* cometh, as to thy need of seeking a lodging elsewhere!”

Antoninus possessed all the mild virtues of Trajan, with nearly the acquirements of Hadrian, and none of the vices of either. He eminently merited the surname of *Pius*, conferred on him by the Senate; for never did man cherish a more gentle temper,—never was one better entitled to be called the “*Father of Virtues*.” The graces of his person, moreover, corresponded with those of his mind: and his eloquence was of so high an order that he never spoke without winning the heart, as well as understanding. Unlike Hadrian, he loved not travel; but thought he better could serve the empire by never quitting Rome.

The domestic peace of Antoninus was much disturbed by his empress Faustina; who, though gifted with talents and great beauty, devoted them more to others, than to her husband; and in such debaucheries, she was imitated by her daughter of the same name, who was wedded to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, his successor. The Empress, however, died in the third year of his reign: whereupon the pious Emperor, oblivious of her great faults, erected to her memory that beautiful Temple in the Forum, on the Via Sacra, near the Forum of Cæsar: and statues of gold and of silver, as also games, were erected and instituted to her memory. It is, however, supposed by some, that all these were the doings of the Senate, more out of regard for the Emperor, than for the deceased: and so the inscription on the frieze may be interpreted, which seems to be the act of the Senate, and in honour of the living, as well as of the dead.

DIVO. ANTONIO. ET

DIVÆ. FAUSTINÆ. EX. S. C.

This temple rises in great majesty from the Via Sacra, by a flight of twenty-one marble steps. The portico has ten Corinthian columns, of about forty-three Roman feet in height. The ornaments upon the frieze are rich, and of various devices,—as griffins, candelabra, &c.\*

\* Another doubt has been expressed as to this Temple: some believing it was

**A**bout this time, an unauthorized persecution of the Christians broke out in some of the provinces; which was promptly followed by an able Apology for them, written by Justin, formerly a Stoic, then a Peripatetic, next a Pythagorean, afterwards a Platonist: but finding no repose in the doctrines of any of the philosophers, he became a devoted and exemplary Christian. Born at Sichem in Samaria, Justin, after all these changes, arrived in Rome, filled with zeal against all opposed to his faith, and with confidence in Antoninus Pius, that the Apology, so specially addressed to him, would at least cause the good emperor to allow none to be molested but the *active* or more turbulent among the Christians,—for the punishment inflicted on a class—a family—a *name*, was always ruthless cruelty, and often causeless murder. It seems that a short time before this persecution broke out, a commotion was raised against the Nazarenes as the supposed cause of the recent earthquake! and the people finding that the magistrates had lately decided that under Hadrian's law, the mere name of Christian, or the quiet holding of that faith, was no crime they would take cognizance of, brought forward a new accusation, and insisted that Christianity was *atheism*, or in connexion with some *evil spirit*, that caused earthquakes and other mischiefs! But, with the merciful and enlightened Antoninus, no defence against such charges was needed—he knew them to be a harmless people, save that their faith could not but interfere with that in all the Heathen temples. Justin's vindication, therefore, fell upon a good soil,—and, not only did it remove such errors and prejudices as still had remained, but planted some new feelings in the emperor's mind. Antoninus then addressed a Letter prohibitory of further persecution; and admits that Christians triumph over their foes, by that ready submission even to death, which manifests their sincerity; and further, that, if any shall molest them merely because of their name and faith, their accusers shall be punished, and the accused be promptly discharged.

**A**ntoninus was also a great patron of all the arts, and of all learned men; and his exalted liberality, as well as refined taste, are manifested in those really wonderful *bavens* built by him at Terracina, and at Cajeta; also in the aqueducts at Antium—the baths at

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raised to the memory of their successors M. A. Antoninus, and his wife Faustina; and of this opinion is Nibby, a celebrated modern antiquarian; but, as we think, without any just grounds. The temple is yet in tolerable preservation; but has suffered by various conflagrations, and by mutilations,—and probably by earthquakes. The Via Sacra, also, has been so filled up by the debris of the City, that there is now no flight of steps. It also has been converted into a church, under the name of *S. Lorenzo in Miranda*; but is far better known by its ancient name.

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

Ostia—the temples at Lavinium,—and particularly, in the beautiful one just finished in the Campus Martius. The *cella* within that temple is sustained by eighteen magnificent Corinthian pillars; and the noble architrave in its front and rear, as also on the sides, is supported, each by fifteen columns—making in all sixty,—which give to the edifice a most imposing effect.\*

Antoninus Pius died in the 75th year of his age, and in the 23rd year of his reign, deeply lamented by the whole empire: for all admit that “*he never did any thing rashly in his youth—never any thing negligently in his old age!*” *Death of the Emperor, A. D. 161.*

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS PHILOSOPHOS,  
AND LUCIUS VERUS.

And now, for the first time, we find the empire governed by two sovereigns!—a delicate experiment, and one that occasioned no little surprise,—as the choice of a ruler is more often signalized by cruel jealousies and the shedding of blood, than voluntarily shared by him who could easily have retained all.

It was, however, the misfortune of this *seventeenth*, and perhaps on the whole, best of all the emperors, to unite his brother with him in the empire—for never were brothers more unlike each other,—the one, as profound and pious a philosopher, as a heathen can well be—the other a reckless, wicked, and vain-glorious debauchee. Rome endured very many miseries during their joint reign, of about nine years; and, as the consequence of that union, many afterwards. And, had it not been for the supreme wisdom of Aurelius, the empire must have sunk under its misfortunes.

During the absence of Verus in the East, (whose Lieutenants successfully fought his battles, whilst his excesses at Daphnè amazed even the Voluptuaries of those much famed groves,) Antoninus Philosophos was worthily occupied in promoting a most enlightened public administration.

The first care of Antoninus was for the Senatorial wisdom,

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\* A portion of this great temple remains; and is still the admiration of all beholders. Eleven of the fifteen pillars in front are in tolerable preservation, and the whole of the massive architecture that reposed on them. The columns have suffered by conflagration in the early centuries. The intercolumniations being filled up, and other additions and repairs made, give to this portion of the ancient temple an imposing appearance; and the building in that form is now the Customs' House! It is situate in that part of modern Rome called *Piazza di Pietra*. The number of columns assigned to this temple by the Rabbi Isaac confirms, on this subject, the opinion of Palladio.

*His political  
Wisdom and  
Justice.*

dignity, and justice,—wisely judging that no nation should be governed by one man; and that safety may only be found where there are many independent and enlightened counsellors, such as he much desired that Roman Senators ever should be. His next solicitude was as to the choice of governors and magistrates, even to the most inferior,—also soundly judging therein that the people's happiness more largely depends upon the wisdom and mercy with which subordinate offices are discharged, than upon those of much superior rank,—for these, comparatively, reach but the few: and are too much under the eye of intelligent vigilance, and selfish interest, to be much neglected, or grossly violated; and lastly, his golden rule was, to be faithful to his word,—and that a wise prince must sacredly respect every public obligation, though followed by heavy sacrifices of his personal interests. But unhappily, as, in a luxuriant valley filled with nature's loveliness, we sometimes find a foul and boggy spot, as offensive to the eye, as is a verdant oasis grateful to it when encountered in a desert, so was it in the mind (though not in the heart) of Philosophos, when we were compelled there to witness the odious stain of *superstition*!—for that, if not restrained, may spread as wide a ruin as intentional crime.

*Martyrdom of  
Justin—his  
Works.*

The first apology of Justin for the Nazarenes was scarce needed for *Antoninus Pius*, but afterwards was more than needed for *Antoninus Philosophus*! Both were pious; but the latter, with no more zeal for his gods than the former, understood not the nature of divinity as well. Justin had embraced Christianity late in the reign of Hadrian; [A.D. 132] and, besides his "Apology," addressed to the first Antoninus, he had written against Marcion, a heretical Christian, and son of the bishop of Pontus. He likewise wrote certain Dialogues with Triphe, a distinguished Jew of Ephesus, respecting his views of the true Messiah. Now, when Justin came to Rome, it was his misfortune to have many angry disputes with the notorious *Crescens*, a most violent and cruel Cynic; which occasioned him to publish his second Apology; and this he presented to Philosophos, in the second year of that reign.

*Crescens* became greatly enraged at this; and seemed resolved to destroy the zealous Justin; and hence he accused him, not of Christianity, but of Impiety against the Pagan gods—which was much urged upon the too superstitious Emperor; and, perhaps, when his mind was greatly disturbed concerning the then recent earthquake in Asia, ascribed to Christian influences!—a matter also firmly believed in, or wickedly used, by the Asiatic persecutors! *Crescens*, the infamous, became in this the victor: Philosophos, in the fourth year of his reign, and afterwards, blotted out much of

his glory; for Justin, in the 75th year of his age, was beheaded !  
[A. D. 164.]

In the East, victory continued to crown the Roman arms. *Artaxata*, of Armenia, was taken, also *Seleucia*;— *Verus returns to Babylon and Ctesiphon* were burnt, and yielded to the *Rome in triumph* army an immense plunder : but famine and sickness —dies, A. D. 170. came, and reduced them greatly. Verus had there continued to indulge in excessive and even brutal dissipations ; but the tender regard of Philosphos towards his brother was such, that he dispatched his own daughter *Lucilla* into Syria, hoping that her marriage with Verus, based on their previous betrothment, would reform him ! *Lucilla*, however, though beautiful, was a poor medicament—the being, in truth, as dissolute as her mother *Fauftina* had been : but, it seems, that Antoninus Philosphos knew little of the irregularities of his own wife, and nothing of the character of his daughter.

The six Roman commanders, then with Verus, faithfully discharged their duty ; but their example, and possibly their remonstrances, had no effect upon the voluptuous Emperor, who, during the whole of that four years of war, never once appeared at the head of his army—*Daphnè*—*Antioch*—and *Laodicea* having wholly conquered him ! At length, Verus resolved to return to Rome,—which he did in great triumph !

The return of this infamous Emperor brought with it every species of calamity, not only to Rome, but to a large portion of the world. His army introduced the plague into all the provinces through which it passed—this was followed by dreadful earthquakes—also by sore famine—terrific inundations—and by devouring caterpillars ! And, during these complicated miseries, the northern provinces revolted, and even made inroads into Italy. Antoninus hastened in person to the scene of rebellion, and quickly subdued it : but, on the following year the plague reappeared, and the revolt again broke out in much greater fury and power.

To counteract these calamities, in which supernal powers now seemed united with man to overwhelm the Empire, Antoninus had exhausted every means that could be devised by the wisest. Everywhere, the priests was directed to be unsparing of sacrifices to the gods ; and every sacred foreign ceremonial pleasing to the gods of other countries were sought after, and in vain adopted. At length, the fatal superstition, as to the Nazarenes, again took possession of the mind of Antoninus, and of the multitude ; the numerous evils they were enduring were imputed to those really unoffending people, who lamented over the woes of the empire as sincerely as did the Pagans : but the fatal decree had gone forth ; and, in the seventh year of the

*The Fourth  
Persecution.*



reign of Antoninus Philosophos, and the 920th since the building of Rome, commenced that great *Fourth Persecution*, which raged with unexampled violence during more than seven years!

How far Lucius Verus may have instigated the Emperor to this fierce persecution may not be fully known: but the sounder opinion, as it seems to me, is that Verus was the chief, if not the sole cause of the decree, and especially of the fury and perseverance with which it was executed. He had just returned from Asia, where hatred towards the Nazarenes was excessive, from the idle notion, so prevalent with the multitude, that even the elements were controlled by that people! The virtuous and truly wise administration of Philosophos would not have been thus perverted, but for the influences which Verus still retained over the Emperor: and how the virtues of an Aurelius may be blended with the actions of a Nero or a Domitian, can only be explained by that weak superstition that caused him to believe he was doing the gods a service, by exterminating those whom he imagined were magicians, working by the power of evil spirits! It has been the occupation of my prolonged life, and during my extensive travels and much reading, to *study man* in all the nations: and, how often have I found that *philosophers* may be wise and learned and kind on all subjects save Religion! With the Jewish, Christian, and Pagan multitudes, throughout all the nations, I have much communed, and ever with that kindness towards them all, which was the first lesson I received from Granius, at the moment I became a freedman at his hands. I have carefully observed them in all lands, in their knowledges, their philosophy, and in their religion. I have also seen man in his most refined, as well as in his most barbarous conditions: the Jew I have seen enraged to madness against the Christian and the Heathen: the Sabæans and the Magi of Arabia I have beheld in controversies with each other, more fierce than those of hungry tigers for their prey,—I have conversed with many who were the leading murderers in those terrific scenes that desolated the lovely Cyprus—and I have read of all the horrors of Jotapata, of Tiberias, and of our Holy Jerusalem in the days of Titus; and also of Masada, Gamala, and of all Judea, in those memorable days,—and likewise I have witnessed no little of the cruelties practised in divers other wars of my own times,—and in each and all of these, never have I failed to find that Superstition, the Fear of the gods, the Dread of Devils, and Ignorance of the only true God, have been a more abundant source of these evils to man, than all the ambition, the avarice, and the other fountains of wickedness known to our race! The persecutions waged against those unoffending Nazarenes, and sometimes against the still less offending Israelites, have shown to me the superlative cruelty of man towards his fellows in a far darker

light, than all the combined ferocity I have ever known practised from other causes ! Oh, thou God of Abraham, and Master of our master Moses ! whence cometh this fury of man in this matter of religion—why have Lucifer and Moloch, and all the Powers of Gehennom been let loose, to make thy glorious creation so like their own—dread abodes ?

Though a Jew, my soul can find no fault with the heart of these deluded "*Brethren*"—"*Disciples*"—"*Believers*" "*Nazarenes*"—"*Christians*"—"*Saints*"—or by whatever other name called at any time : their deep faith can be no more shaken than the eternal hills !—their morals are as pure as the limpid streams that once flowed from Judea's fountains—and their "*crime*" surely is not the impiety, or the atheism, or the magical consortings with devils, that so often and long have been imputed to them !—but, to the Romans, it is only that these people are *not* idolaters like themselves ; and to the Jews, that they worship this Christus, *as well as* the God of Abraham ! If this be worthy of persecution and of death, it is more at the hands of the Jew, than of the Gentile :—but surely, no crime so deep against Heaven can it be, as to demand the torturing vengeance of so fallible a creature as man : "*Vengeance is mine,*" saith the God of Abraham : and, moreover, these Nazarenes have ever been feared for their good—not their evil deeds.

It has been my misery to see much of all these terrific persecutions, and, though no whit the less a Jew thereby, I have become still more faithful to the promise made by me, in early youth, to my kind master Granianus. How often have I loathed my countrymen, when they were found exulting as demons over the tortures inflicted on the much vilified disciples of Calvary's Victim ! How often have I shuddered on beholding the artful contrivances for diabolic tortures—the many ingenious instruments of death—the mechanical devices to produce the largest amount of lingering pain ! and all these often on the bodies of venerable old age, of youthful lustihood, of infantile innocence, of wonderful female loveliness,—and so often dissolving likewise the holiest and tenderest relations of life, and consigning all sexes, ages, and conditions to some rude and shallow ditch as their mingled graves,—and sometimes without even that degrading sepulture—yea, utterly tomblefs !

I have seen them cast to wild beasts—some compelled to walk with naked feet over thorns and nails—others were flayed alive, or scourged till their veins and sinews were laid bare ! I have gazed on them while burning over slow fires, or thrown from lofty precipices, or pressed to death with heavy weights. I have beheld them tortured by plates of red-hot brass, applied to the tenderest parts of

Rabbi Isaac's  
opinion of the  
Primitive  
Christians.

Horrors of  
the Fourth  
Persecution.

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

the body ! I have seen them seated on iron chairs, so heated as to broil their flesh ! Some were sewed up in nets, and then fastened to the horns of wild bulls—others were torn to pieces by iron hooks and scrapers—some again, were cast into burning limekilns ; and some placed in the earth, waist high, till they were starved to death ! And yet, oh how wonderful ! never did I witness, or seldom have I heard of any falling off from their faith ; nor even any murmur against their savage tormentors !

**P**resent was I, also, at the martyrdom of Polycarp, the excellent and venerable bishop of Smyrna. Born late in the reign of Nero, he became a Nazarene, and a disciple of that wonderful man named John, who wrote the Book called REVELATION. At the time of his martyrdom, he had been a Christian eighty and six years ; and he exceeded the age of one hundred when, in the eighth year of the reign of Philoſophos, he was consigned to the flames. [A. D. 169.]

**T**he death of so aged and holy a man moved me deeply ; but the conduct, on that occasion, of Israel's sons filled my heart with pangs and loathing ; for I found them using towards the dying man hideous and exulting threats—taunting him with their mock groans,—and brutally encouraging those who were attendant upon the fires !

**B**ut, if I found in the *aged* Polycarp an almost superhuman firmness when he scorned the counsel of those entreating friends, who would have him save his life by pronouncing only a few words of feeble recantation,—I also saw in the *youthful* Germanicus an equal contempt of death,—for the Proconsul desired greatly to save him by the like means : but the ravenous wild beasts, ready to devour Germanicus, could in no wise appal him ; and the youth met them so valiantly, that some of the Pagans, who had come as scoffers, were forced to cry out with exultation to the God of the Nazarenes. And, regardless of consequences, they became converts, and also speedily shared the same fate.\*

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\* It will be perceived that the Rabbi Isaac, in his account of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, makes no allusion to the miraculous manner in which the flames are said to have encircled the body of Polycarp, without touching him,—and which caused the executioner to pierce him with a sword—whence issued a gush of blood so large as to extinguish the fire ! nor yet is any mention made by him of the dove that suddenly appeared, to direct the course of Polycarp to heaven ! Nor does the Rabbi confirm the statement as to the delicious odours, as incense, that arose from the Saint's blood amidst the burning faggots ! All these, are no doubt, the pious fancies of a misguided church-policy, and the enthusiasm of after ages. And yet, except as to the dove, they are detailed by Eusebius, in a letter quoted by him as from the Church of Smyrna,—and which is said to have been written immediately after the death of Polycarp. Eusebius himself lived only about 150 years after the martyrdom—a period, however, sufficiently

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 Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.
 

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About this time died the conceited and infamous Lucius Verus; who, during a reign of nearly nine years, had done nothing worthy of record: and yet this pompous man hath employed more of the sculptor's art—in statues and busts of himself,—than are to be found of any Roman emperor! [A. D. 170.] *Death of L. Verus.*

The occasion that had recalled Verus to Rome a short time before his death, was the war with the Northern Barbarians, especially *Marcomanni*. Most of the nations, from the shores of the *Mare Atlanticus* even to *Illiricum*, had united against the Empire; and all now agree that this war was one of the greatest and most alarming that Rome has ever sustained. The two emperors were then, for the first time, heartily united in their mental and physical energies for the service of the State; and, after many difficulties, for a short time, the Barbarians were signally defeated,—but with no credit to Verus, who had relapsed into his wonted debaucheries; and died at *Altinum*, in the 39th year of his age,—from whence his body was conveyed with marvellous pomp to Rome, and deposited in Hadrian's mausoleum.

*Philosophos* was now sole emperor; and being relieved from the mischievous counsels, neglects, and dissoluteness of his associate, a new life seemed to actuate the survivor,—which was greatly needed, as the *Marcomanni* were soon again in arms, and with them the *Quadi*, the *Vandals*, and other barbaric nations.

Moderation, wisdom, and valour were now the perpetual guides of *Philosophos*; but the persecution of the Christians, unhappily, still continued in the provinces: and all the wise counsels and energies of the emperor seemed unavailing,—for the Barbarians were victorious—the slaughter of the Romans was terrific—and devastations were all around them,—*Aquileia* having been taken, and Italy invaded by the *Marcomanni*! *Philosophos*, however, was not dismayed: incredible were his exertions, and personal sacrifices, for raising the means of conducting the new war: he ordered the sale of Hadrian's immense collection of pearls, of golden and embroidered garments, of statues, paintings, and innumerable other valuables—the selections of his long wandering life! The sale lasted during two months, and raised an immense sum: the war was vigorously prosecuted—the Emperor was present everywhere—the battles

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long, and also prolific in such pious frauds, to justify the refusal of all credence to the statements, beyond the simple detail as given by Rabbi Isaac.

In the vicinity of *Smyrna* there is yet to be seen, upon an eminence, an ancient castle, on which is engraved the Roman eagle,—and close to which castle is the tomb of *Polycarp*. It is said to be venerated and carefully preserved by all the faiths.

were desperate and bloody, and often very destructive on both sides; but victories perpetually succeeded each other,—the Marcomanni, and the other hordes fled in confusion,—were pursued by Philosphos, and wholly overthrown.

During that war an extraordinary, if not miraculous event occurred. At one time the Romans were victorious everywhere; but being cunningly drawn into an ambuscade by those wily barbarians known as the *Quadi*, the whole army was so enveloped by barren and almost impassable mountains and ravines, as to be in imminent peril of destruction by thirst. The *Pagan* deities were invoked by every solemnity—but all in vain. At length the *Melitine Legion*, composed in large part of Christians, were permitted to call for succour from *their* God—when lo! prodigious quantities of rain fell; the fainting soldiers held open their parched mouths—filled their helmets and shields with the life-reviving streams,—the dykes were soon overflowing, and the entire Roman army was thus wonderfully preserved! The heavens continued in dreadful commotion; the lightnings flashed terrifically in the faces of the enemy—the hail descended on them with fury, and the thunders crashed around them; but the Roman forces were in repose,—and soon after gained a most decisive and exterminating victory! Such is the account we have from Pagan, as well as from Christian testimony—with this only difference, that, whilst some of the Heathens ascribe the *admitted* miraculous event to the *magic* powers of the Christians, others impute it to the Emperor's own prayers, and give the glory to Jupiter Pluvius!—but the Christians are faithful to the opinion that the marvel came alone from the God whom they serve: and doubtless, of the twain, it must be so. [A.D. 174.]

That a very extraordinary preservation of the Roman forces did take place, and whilst the Barbarians were sorely assailed by the elements, no one questions, nor is it at all denied that the *Melitine Legion* were mostly, if not wholly, Nazarenes! It is also equally admitted that Philosphos had resorted to many sacrifices, and that the prayers of the Christian Legion were offered up to the God of the New Faith!—and to this, I must now add that the persecution ceased, from that time, in all the provinces more immediately under the Emperor's inspection; and also that the Senate erected to Marcus Aurelius Philosphos (immediately after his return to Rome) a lofty Pillar,—on the summit of which is his Statue: and we now see the figure of *Jupiter Pluvius* placed there, in commemoration of the sudden relief brought to the Roman army; and which, doubtless, came in so marvellous a way, as to force upon the Senate and People a deep conviction of some supernatural agency. But the ways of Abraham's God are often such, that it is as unwise to

magnify the ordinary dispensations of his providence into miracles, as it is criminal folly to regard his veritable miracles as the results of merely natural causes—or of magic—or, far worse, as the work of some evil spirit!\*

The deeply philosophical character of this Emperor is shown by the fact that, even during the perils of the Marcomannic war, he found time and inclination for his favourite studies—a portion of his admirable “MEDITATIONS” bearing date in the country of the Quadi,—and afterwards at Carnutum!

*The “Meditations” of Philosophos.*

This beautiful summary of the Stoic philosophy, and of the wise maxims of his experienced and thoughtful life, is in harmony with his general bright and lovely character—which, were it not for his severe dealings towards the Nazarenes, would be as perfect as the heart and mind of a Pagan might well be.†

A year or two passed after the termination of the Marcomannic war, when a dreadful persecution broke out in Gaul, and raged with violence, especially at Lugdunum. *Persecutions in Gaul.* *Pothinus*, the venerable bishop of that city, then ninety years of age,—also the deacon *Sanctus*, of Vienna upon the Rhone—and likewise *Blandina*, a matron of exalted virtue, together with about fifty others of less note, perished for religion’s sake. [A. D. 177.] It is, however, but justice to the memory of this worthy

\* This pillar is still in tolerable preservation, in what now bears the name of *Piazza di Colonna*. It is scarcely 100 feet high, with a diameter of about 13 feet; and, like Trajan’s beautiful column, it is crowded with *relievi* that encompass the shaft in a spiral form, from the base to the summit. The sculptures, however, are much inferior to those which grace the more famous pillar of Trajan. The mythological representation of Jupiter Pluvius, alluded to by Rabbi Isaac, shows the watery god as extending his right hand over the army, then perishing with thirst, and which the god is refreshing with copious rain,—whilst, with his left hand, he is repelling their enemies! The statue that crowned the summit has been removed, and its place supplied by a bronze one of St. Peter! The pillar has suffered by lightning, and was otherwise greatly damaged by time, and possibly by conflagrations. The base has been repaired; but the inscription now seen on the pedestal, (the work of Pope Sixtus V.) erroneously ascribes the column as being dedicated by Philosophos to Antoninus Pius! The mistake of Sixtus has been somewhat recently corrected, by the discovery of the obelisk dedicated to Antoninus; and it is now conceded that the pillar called “Antoninus’ Column,” in the Piazza di Colonna, is the one erected by the Senate to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Philosophos,—and that it is the one which records the marvellous preservation of the Melitine Legion.

† The “Meditations” of this Emperor were translated from the Greek, and published at Glasgow in 1764, in two volumes; and again at Bath, in 1792, with notes by R. Graves. It appeared in a French garb, in 1531, under the appropriate title of *Livre Doré*. It is probable these Meditations were assigned only for his private use; and that they never received those final corrections an author is used to make, who addresses himself to the public.

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

emperor to state, that during the eight preceding years he had been constantly absent from Rome, and from this province, engaged in many harassing wars with the Northern nations, and painfully occupied in the East with the famous rebellion of *Avidius Cassius*, also in the correction of many great abuses, and no little disturbed by the extremely dissolute life of his empress *Faustina*,—so that the persecutions in Gaul were, perhaps, wholly unknown to him: and this is the more probable, as his leniency towards *Cassius* and the whole family of that *republican*, as also towards all the rebel cities that united with him, evince the great mildness of *Aurelian's* temper,—and that such fierce cruelties as those practised towards the Christians would not have been sanctioned by him. And I must again state that *Aurelius*, during his long absence, was also greatly deceived by the representations of the Pagan magistrates, and priests; who filled his ears with the monstrous tales that these Nazarenes murder and eat their own offspring!—that they practise the most incestuous impurities,—that, in their secret meetings, they blaspheme the gods—are atheists, and are insidious enemies to the state!

That the philosophical *Aurelius* should have listened to such marvellous stories, without the closest scrutiny, and concerning a people, too, whose lives are so full of self-denials, and of prayer, was his greatest fault during a most illustrious reign; for, however idle the Nazarene faith may be, its disciples are not enemies of *Abraham's God*—they are exemplary in their lives, and believe what they practise,—nor have I ever seen just cause to think that the God of *Israel* frowns upon them: they indeed suffer persecutions, but so have the Jews; and that the Nazarenes have often been greatly favoured cannot be denied—seeing that the *fact* is so often imputed by the Heathens to the agency of evil spirits and of magic!

*Aurelius* was the first who raised a temple to the goddess of BENEFITS, although, before that time, nearly every virtue had its temple. The Empire, upon his return to Rome, rested in profound peace for a time—the Emperor having abandoned his own military trappings, caused all his soldiers to do the like. None were permitted to appear in Italy but in their gowns,—and he distributed to the soldiers liberal sums—forgave to them all debts due to the treasury for the past sixty years! The Emperor also raised many statues to those who fell in his wars; he greatly encouraged all learned men; and then retired into the bosom of his own darling philosophy,—often saying, at his villa near *Livinum*, “*Philosophy is my own mother—the Court my step-mother.*”

During this sweet repose, he finished his “*Meditations*,” and seemed to revel in the bliss of his own thoughts. About this time

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

came a letter to Aurelius, which detailed the great calamity that had just befallen Smyrna—in its almost total destruction by fire, and by an earthquake. The narrative so moved the kind emperor that he wept over it; and instantly sent forward a sum sufficient to restore the city to its former splendour! He had previously been equally liberal to Ephesus, and to Carthage,—both of which had suffered a like calamity.

But Aurelius (at that time in the 59th year of his age) was suddenly called from his delightful retirement, to all the miseries of war; for the rebellious Marcomanni were once more in arms! Again at the head of his army, the Emperor fought several successful battles, when he was suddenly arrested by death, at *Vindobona*,\* not without the suspicion of having been dispatched by his physicians, to please his son Commodus! [March 17—A. D. 180.]

Thus terminated the life of perhaps the best prince that ever swayed a sceptre—his only faults being those of a too confiding nature. Aurelius knew no guile—forgave all enemies to himself, unless the state should greatly suffer by his clemency: his charities were boundless—his generosity noble—his hatred of vice deep,—but his affections were too firm to distinctly see the vice of those he

\* Now erroneously called Vienna, in Austria,—but Tertullian says the death occurred at Sirmich, in Slavonia,—the stronger authorities sustain Rabbi Isaac: and Cartaphilus rejects the idea of *Vindobona* and Vienna being the same place. The *Vindobona*, here named by the Rabbi, and elsewhere mentioned by Cartaphilus, can scarce be said to be the ancient name of *Vienna*, the metropolis of Austria,—though doubtless that great city was founded in long-after times upon the very site of the same Pannonian town on Mons Cetius, in which Philocephos died, and where Caracalla sojourned for a time, indulging in his characteristic follies and diversions.

It would seem that whilst *Vindobona* takes its name chiefly from the river, anciently called *Vindo*, on which it was situated, so is Vienna now known only as *Wien*. *Vindobona*, however, being utterly destroyed, quite five centuries before Vienna came into existence, the latter city can scarce claim the former as its parent, or be at all entitled to its ancient name.

It is well known that St. Leopold, Marquis of Austria, early in the twelfth century, raised a palace for himself on Mount Cetius; and that from thence gradually spread some humble cottages, which in time extended themselves into a town, and finally into the magnificent city of Vienna! It would seem, moreover, that during most of the intervening centuries, between the extinction of *Vindobona*, and the erection by Leopold of his palace, the site of *Vindobona* had grown thickly up with birch trees; and the spot, from that circumstance, had been familiarly known only by the name of *Birkhoff*,—and even for years after the princely residence on the hill had caused many of the trees to be felled, for the raising of huts and cottages. All this might well have been passed over, but that the love of very remote paternity and names does sometimes lead to grave mistakes in history, as well as in geography; which, though the original Chronicles of Cartaphilus amply correct, yet the comparative narrowness of our selections therefrom would seem to demand an occasional Editorial explanation.



## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

loved,—his valour was great, but discreet—and the death, even of a Verus, was a veil that shut out all remembrance of the wrongs he and the empire had received from him.

The grief at this good Emperor's death was universal; and the honours paid to his memory filled Rome with statues and pictures of the "GOOD EMPEROR"—which it was the people's delight to call him. The senate declared all houses sacrilegious that had not some memento of the "Protector and Father of his Country."

If the "Meditations" of this philosophical monarch be a faithful picture of his own virtuous heart, future ages may also contemplate the graces of his person and of his fine expression, in that noble equestrian statue we now see near the dwelling of Annius Verus, the emperor's grandfather. This beautiful statue is of Corinthian brass, gilt with thick leaves of highly burnished gold,—so that, when the bright rays of the sun are upon it, the war-horse and his Imperial rider are shining, as the gorgeous luminary whose rays they reflect! This, of all the equestrian statues to be seen in any land, is the most beautiful: the animal seems in very motion—the Emperor's graceful limbs have the repose of a firmly seated rider, blended with the required action: and, in its gilding, the statue far surpasses all that heretofore has been known in Italy: but, as is so often the case, it is the work of an *Athenian* artist. Wealth can command all things, save genius and virtue—these are the gifts of heaven,—or, if of circumstances, Rome hath never yet manifested either that thorough knowledge of the arts, or those refined virtues, that have so distinguished the land of Pericles and of Plato! In this statue, the Athenian has as skilfully portrayed the admirable externals of this great man, and the mind that ever beamed in his face, as he has also embodied the very spirit and graces of the noblest of all the animals given to man.\*

*Equestrian  
statue of the  
Emperor.*

## COMMODUS.

I am not willing to soil my papyrus by recording much as to this *lufus naturæ*—this monster of loathsome wickedness—this hideously compounded human demon,—whose aggregate vices were those of Tiberius and Nero, of Domitian and Caligula and Vitellius combined!

*The elements  
frown upon  
his Birth.*

\* This statue is now to be seen in the Capitoline Square. It was excavated from near the *Scala Santa*—that probably being the spot where it was first placed, near the residence of Annius Verus, as stated by Rabbi Isaac. After it was brought to light, it had been much neglected, until the year 1471; when Sixtus IV. placed it before the Church of St. John Lateran; where it remained until Paul III. in the year 1538, removed it to where it now stands. The gilding has almost wholly disappeared; but may yet be recognized in the mane, and in a few other places. In all other respects it is in perfect preservation,

**A**n unnatural cruelty, voluptuousness, and other disgusting vices, such as Commodus manifested from early youth, seem to have caused the very elements to recoil in anticipation of his natal hour, and of the diabolic career he should pursue,—for it is related, and upon no doubtful authority, that at his birth (just nineteen years before he reached the throne) the parturition was signalized by many wonderful disorders in nature, and by many other deplorable calamities! On the day of his birth, the Tiber swelled suddenly; and so great was the inundation, that half of Rome was overflowed—multitudes of people and of cattle were destroyed—houses were torn down, and the surrounding country was so devastated, that many perished by the famine that ensued! Then came the earthquake; pestilence soon followed; and this was accompanied by myriads of noisome and destructive insects; the conflagration of several cities early added to the misery,—and lastly, the whole world seemed filled with rumours of war; which soon thereafter broke out in dangerous rebellions, and nearly at the same time in many of the provinces! All of these fearful calamities failed not to make a deep and melancholy impression upon the mind of his virtuous father; who, when Commodus had reached only his fifteenth year, said to some of his friends, “*I much fear the Roman Empire will scarce be large enough to contain the vices of my son Commodus!*”

**A** few years after this, and at the time of his own last illness, the venerable Philosophos summoned to his couch his friends, and the officers of his army; when, taking Commodus by the hand, he made to them all an address—so full of wisdom, of piety, and of paternal feeling, that, had not this graceless son possessed a heart of more than adamant hardness, he never could have forgotten such heaven-inspired counsels. But he who ruleth the nations saw that it would be seed cast upon a bare rock.

**R**ome had been greatly blessed by five good emperors successively; who, during full eighty years, had done all that Pagan minds could accomplish for the happiness and solid grandeur of their people: but unhappily, it is sometimes in the power of one miscreant to destroy, in a few years, what even angels may have raised with care, in almost as many ages!—and so was it with Commodus; who, during a mischievous reign of only twelve years, hath planted wounds in the empire that may never admit of cure!

**S**o many and various were the vices of this emperor, that even a stale enumeration of them would fill many leaves, and crowd them with such horrors that, methinks, the words, when flitting through my pen, must shrink and blush, and even weep at being so ignobly used! Truly,

*A concentrated  
View of his  
vicious Life.*

and is the more valuable, as it is the only bronze equestrian statue that has come down to us from these ancient times.

language doth hate to embody thoughts so foul, as those that must arise when Commodus is spoken of,—for he was anomalous in every abominable iniquity—unnatural in his incontinence—shameless in his lewdness, in his feasting, and in his bathings—loathsome in all his follies—utterly odious in his incestuous outrages—and often so gratuitous in his homicides, that the very demons rejoiced at his reckless waste of life, and doubtless were envious that a mortal should be more prolific in cruel devices than they! He defecrated his temples by blood, by voluptuousness, and by filthy crimes—he frequented the forums as a vagrant pedlar of small wares—he openly rioted with silly and hateful courtezans—he gambolled with idol gladiators—he drove his chariot in his menial's coarsest attire—he fought with toothless lions and tigers, for the amusement of the merely vulgar—he recklessly displayed his great strength and varied skill upon every occasion,—and his feats of agility and of superhuman prowess and power were at the option of every gaping spectator,—all of which, had they been directed by a noble spirit, would have given assurance that he might have been as signal a blessing, as he constantly was a foul curse to his suffering country.

Commodus maintained no less than three hundred concubines—encountered the gladiators not less than seven hundred times—gloried in the daily display of his odious impieties and fearful cruelties, especially in the fencing schools—he bartered away his provinces for gold—seized upon and confiscated to his own use the estates of the most worthy citizens—murdered his wife Crispina—also his cousin Faustina, and many of the most illustrious of the nobility—permitted condemned criminals to escape, for money paid to himself, or to his favourites—he sold the right of private revenge to those favourites—cast one of his servants into a burning furnace, merely for accidentally overheating his bath—and caused a certain learned man to be thrown to wild beasts, only for the offence of reading the life of Caligula by Suetonius! Some persons he mutilated in a foot, or in an eye,—and then would sportively name them his *monopodii*, and his *luscinii*! The factitious services of Mithras and of Bellona he commanded to be real woundings, and actual homicides—the Priests of Isis being compelled by him to lacerate their breasts, not seemingly, but truly—and the barbers were ordered to cut off ears and noses, as if by accident!

Commodus forsook his own, and his father's name, and took that of Hercules the son of Jupiter,—and, in conformity thereto, he abandoned the Imperial habiliments, and assumed the lion's skin, and the massive club! He collected all the cripples, and the poor sick of Rome,—tied to the feet of each such appliances as made them look like the fabled giants; and then giving them large sponges, bade them defend themselves against the Emperor—who in turn beat them to death with his ponderous club!

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

The tyrant, wearied with these diabolic fancies, next assumed the habit of an Amazon; in which he displayed much valorous agility: he changed the names of August and September to those of "Commodus" and "Hercules;" and to the remaining months he assigned other names!

At some public solemnity the demented Commodus, fancying that the people derided him, ordered a massacre of all present; and that fire should instantly be set to the City,—which, fortunately, escaped, through the intrepidity of one of his guards! Growing still more mad with Satanic influences, this monster resolved to display himself naked before the whole city,—and, in that condition, to fence as a gladiator! This resolution, however, though in perfect harmony with his odious character, seems to have been the only thing that awakened those around him with a loathing indignation. His favourite concubine, Marcia, and also Electus, his chamberlain, and Lætus, his general, remonstrated openly against the disgusting exhibition of himself, as a degradation that even imperial power could not endure. The enraged tyrant ordered them instantly to quit his presence,—and then recorded their names with some others, whom he destined for death that night! This done in secret, he retired at noon to his chamber, and slept, as was his daily custom.

But the demon's hour had come,—for a little boy, whom he much loved, and who was the only being who ever had access to his private apartment, had been playing there before the Emperor reposed on his couch; and the door was closed without the youth being seen. When Commodus slept, the boy innocently took up the fatal scroll of names, and this fell into the hands of Marcia, who at once understood its import! Lætus and Electus were soon apprised of their common danger: their minds were promptly made up that the Emperor should die,—whereupon they first contrived to poison, and then they strangled him. Thus perished Commodus, in the thirty-first year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. In him were extinguished the Ælian and the Aurelian families—as the Julian had been in Nero—and the Vespasian in Domitian. [A. D. 192.]

*Death of Commodus.*

## PERTINAX.

Commodus had been a favourite with none, save with the venal Prætorian cohorts, whom he had further corrupted, as the necessary ministers of his despotic power, and of his exaggerated vices. It therefore became essential to conceal from them the cause of the Emperor's death; and Lætus gave out that he had died of apoplexy.

*How called to the Empire.*

Pertinax, in the 69th year of his age, was then living in retire-

ment in the vicinity of Rome—daily looking for death at the tyrant's summons. At midnight, he was roused by Lætus and others; and, as they entered his chamber, Pertinax bade them "*strike him without further delay*"—he supposing them to be messengers of death from Commodus! Being informed, however, of all things, and of their earnest desire to make him Emperor, he yielded with great reluctance, and was forthwith proclaimed with acclamation,—for his renown was very great, as he had raised himself by wonderful merit from obscurity and poverty,—he being the son of a manumitted slave, and himself, at one time, a coal manufacturer, and then a teacher of Greek—his education having been very liberal, and from one of those circumstances that sometimes fortunately cherish the dawning career of genius.

Pertinax afterwards took to the study of Law; in which he made great proficiency; but shortly after he had become a public pleader, he forsook it for a military life, for which his impassioned soul had long ardently panted; and Antoninus Pius was quick in perceiving his extraordinary merit. Becoming soon distinguished in arms, he was made consul by Philosophos, and next governor of Mœsia and Dacia. Commodus, early after he came to the throne, banished him; but soon recalling him, he was sent to Britain, thence to Africa; in both of which countries he corrected many abuses in the army. On his return to Rome, the tyrant made him præfect of the City.

Pertinax, however, early perceived that his life was held at the hourly caprice of his nominal patron—and this was the state of things, when he was thus suddenly called to the Empire.

The reign of Pertinax lasted only three months,—but they were marked by a continued succession of wise enactments and good deeds, that promised glory and happiness to his much-exhausted country. The senate and people sincerely loved him; but virtue was odious to the Prætorians—and especially *that virtue* of Pertinax by which the public revenues were preserved; and they hated him the more, as they had recently ascertained the true cause of the death of Commodus, who so largely had ministered to their vices,—but of whose sudden death they could accuse neither Pertinax nor his friends, until the fact was revealed (sufficient for them) that though Pertinax was wholly innocent, his friends had robbed them of their diabolic Emperor!

Rome is too vast and various not to generate deeds that should shame humanity; but these happen so often, that astonishment can never be of long continuance. The death of Pertinax was, indeed, a political phenomenon. Wonderful! that in open day—in the face of all Rome—with no special exciting cause, a beloved and merciful ruler, the successor of a hated tyrant—a great captain—a venerable old man, one who

Death of Pertinax.

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

fought not the Empire, should be murdered by a few Prætorians, in all not exceeding three hundred, and this, too, when they and all Rome knew that the city teemed with his friends! Truly was Pertinax called the *Tennis-Ball of Fortune*; for his life was full of brilliant successes, and unmerited reverses,—and his death, at a ripe old age, was met by him with that dignified submission, which an exalted virtue can alone confer. [March 28, A. D. 193.]

## DIDIUS JULIANUS.

A nation that had not virtue enough to shrink with horror from the crimes of a Commodus, nor courage and conduct enough to punish the murderers of a Pertinax, was deeply corrupt, and seemed on the very confines of a degrading political death. The senators and nobles were panic-struck; they hastened to their dwellings, and fortified them: others retreated to their estates and castles in the country—hourly expecting that the furious Prætorians would assault them,—whereas, these very soldiers were themselves greatly alarmed, and had precipitately sought their camps, and fortified their ramparts and trenches—looking for the just vengeance of their natural masters! But the Empire was diseased—its vital energies were suspended—a foul corruption (during the odious twelve years of misrule under Commodus) had palsied every nerve, and degraded the general mind.

The Prætorians, however, were quick to perceive who were now the actual masters of Rome's destinies: for, though these soldiers of many wars, and now of the voluptuous camps, had suffered much by their great privileges, and by their relaxed discipline, yet the Senate, the Nobles, and the People were themselves without energy, and wholly destitute of unity of action. Hence, in two short days, all alarm had ceased in the camps,—and the insolence of these Prætorians became as supreme, as was now their actual power! None dared to attack them—none even ventured to whisper that Pertinax had been unjustly slain: and what immediately followed this panic, hath not its prototype since government first began,—for these now lawless and daring soldiers issued a Proclamation, and diffused it over the whole city, declaring “*The Empire to be on sale, and would be disposed of to whomsoever would give the most for it!*” Gold, vile gold was now their sole mammon—their country—their god!—Roman valour and virtue and patriotism were all extinct.

But riches, too, were well-nigh gone; for Commodus had left but few wealthy persons in all Rome! Sulpician and Didius Julianus, however, were rich *merchants*,—and the latter was by far the most wealthy individual in the whole Imperial City!

*The Empire  
exposed to  
sale!*

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

When the Proclamation reached Rome, I was then seated with Julian, his wife, and daughter, together with some friends at dinner. My intimate knowledge of the Greek language had introduced me into his family, as his daughter's instructor. The guests, no little excited by the luscious wines that freely circulated,—and still more by the selfish expectation of reaping great advantages, should Julian become Emperor, immediately beset him with flattery and much entreaty that he should offer for the empire!

My advanced age, and the great respect Julian bore me, caused him to eye me keenly for a moment, and he then said, "My venerable Rabbi, the Jews are much skilled in all bargains; would this, which my friends now urge upon me, be a profitable purchase?"

"**D**idius Julianus!" said I firmly, "it is foul sacrilege:—all government, whether of Jews or of Pagans, is of God, through the unbiaſſed expreſſion of the People's will,—or, by other known means of His appointment, or permission:—all others are of Bál-zebul, and muſt ſoon perish. Money may buy cattle, and lands,—yea, all the goods of life, ſave two things—a good conſcience, and lawful empire!"

A loud and contemptuous laugh burſt forth from the gueſts; and then all were ſilently gazing upon their hoſt, eager for ſome expreſſion of his opinion.

Julian was grandſon of the great lawyer of that name; and was not without talent and education. He had filled offices, military as well as civil,—but money was now the idol of his heart—avarice had made great inroads into his otherwiſe fair character; and Julian, in profound ſilence, received the flattering gaze, and the eager expectation of all around him.

"**I** pray thee not to loſe the opportunity of ſo noble a purchaſe," at length, ſaid his ſon-in-law, the impatient Repautinus—"for the Roman Empire is truly a priceleſs jewel: but thou, O Didius Julianus, haſt more of ready money than any other Roman,—haſten thee to the camp, and bargain inſtantly with the ſoldiers—then will the diadem and power and money, all, ſurely be thine!" Julian's eyes ſparkled with delight; for though avaricious and even penurious, he loved power; and hoped that, even as an *investment*, the ſum to be paid might bring him large uſury!\*

The Prætorian camps were ſoon reached; and there Julianus found his competitor Sulpician, actively engaged in ſoliciting the ſoldiers, and in lavishing on them promiſes of a large ſum, and of many favours and rewards ſhould

*The Empire  
purchased.*

\* The Rabbi Isaac's ſhort account of Didius Julianus' career is ſuſtained in every particular by the hiſtorians of the time, except as to the preſence of the worthy Jew in the family of the aſpiring merchant.

the empire become his. But Sulpician was feared by them, not only as being the son-in-law of the very Pertinax whom they had slain,—but especially as they doubted his ability to pay the required price. Julian had no such impediments; and his immense wealth being known, his liberal promises instantly decided the matter.

Julian being proclaimed emperor, entered Rome in military array at the head of ten thousand cohorts, and amidst the shouts of the venal soldiers, whose warlike implements were brandished by them in wild exultation. The delighted Emperor passed on to the Senate Chamber, with the undoubting confidence that wealth alone could now inspire—deigning not to waste his breath in a speech beyond a single line—“*You need an Emperor, and Didius Julianus is the fittest person you can choose!*” for these were his silly words—though Julianus generally was not silly, but was then besotted with the hope of power and of boundless wealth.

Thus was the vast and once most glorious of empires purchased, as a thing of mere traffic: and at that great sale were found but two bidders, who either desired, or had the means to effect the purchase, paltry as the sum really was!

As the new emperor entered the palace, he encountered the forsaken and mutilated body of Pertinax, and likewise the frugal supper that had awaited him at the moment the hostile Prætorians had suddenly rushed upon him!—for neither the corpse nor the repast had been observed by any, amidst the panic mixed with exultation, which the sad event, and the quick elevation of a successor had occasioned! Julian now was too much dazzled by the rich jewel he had bought, to heed the lifeless body he had just passed: and the simple entertainment prepared for the good Pertinax, in no way suited the newly inflamed mind of the Merchant-Emperor!

A magnificent banquet was soon in readiness,—at which Julian and his friends feasted till a late hour,—and afterwards amused themselves with dice, and the performances of some noted dancers.

Julian, nevertheless, could not divest himself of his darling avarice,—and though mild and courteous, and given to no cruelty, (for these cost no money,) he could not be as faithful to his promises made in the prætorian camps, as had been relied on, and which possibly were then made in perfect sincerity. This early occasioned discontent; and, moreover, the public mind now began to *think* and to *reason*; which could not but prove unfavourable to the stability of a throne so obtained. Roman pride and patriotism feebly revived—and the people soon learned to hate Julian, when compared with Pertinax. They also suspected him, though with no cause, of being somewhat accessory to the death; and some were prompt to declare that “*Didius Julianus stole the Empire*”—others openly insulted him; his foes daily increased,—and at length even the Prætorians



began to detest him for avaricious meanness, and for the cowardly endurance of the people's insolence.

These manifestations were quickly followed by the people's acclamation, at the public games, that *Picinius Niger*—then governor in Syria—should be emperor; and Julianus seemed entirely submissive to the popular will!

About the same time, however, SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, an experienced warrior at the head of the German legions in Pannonia, resolved to revenge the death of Pertinax, and to rid the country of the foul stain cast upon it by the purchase of the empire. The Pannonian legions

*Three Emperors proclaimed.*

instantly proclaimed Severus emperor,—who then assumed the revered name of Pertinax; and with the utmost expedition he hastened towards the Imperial City. Here, then, were three Emperors!—Julian, at Rome, terrified, indeed, into almost total inaction. Niger, at Antioch, rioting in luxury, and nothing doubting but that the honours paid him by the army, and by all the surrounding kings and governors, had made the diadem irrevocably his,—and lastly, the energetic Septimius Severus, speeding on with his army to the gates of Rome, the avowed avenger of the death of Pertinax!

The matter was soon decided. The Senate wisely decreed that “*He was unworthy to govern, who, not only failed to defend by his arms the Empire, but who had basely sought protection even from the Vestals, and had prayed that Severus should unite in the empire with him.*”

Before to the Virgins had never been made by any one—save in the last extremity,—and hence Severus well knew that Julian must now be wholly powerless.

The Senate lost no time in unanimously disposing of the fate of the impotent Merchant-Monarch, and in ratifying the selection made by the Pannonian army. But the outrage done to the Empire in the murder of Pertinax, and the purchase of the diadem at auction, could not be appeased by the mere deposition of the venal Julianus: the Senate went further, and promptly dispatched persons to slay him. As the messengers of death entered his palace, they found him already forsaken by all but a few friends,—and he weeping as an abandoned child! When his executioners announced to him their errand, Julianus exclaimed—“*What crime have I committed—whom have I slain?*”

Thus ended the short reign of Didius Julianus, Rome's twentieth emperor,—after possessing the throne only sixty and six days,—who, had he remained content with his more humble station of a *wealthy merchant*, would have lived happy and honoured,—and have saved Rome an ignominy, the remembrance of which will never perish. [June 5—A. D. 193.]

## SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

The difficulties and miseries that came upon me by the death of Julianus, (who had remained kind to me during his fleet and fatuous dream of royal power,) together with the infirmities of my fast approaching old age, admonished me that Rome could now no longer be my abode: and this was soon confirmed, when I early perceived in Severus not merely the rigid discipline of a good soldier, the industry and activity of a Hadrian and Antoninus combined,—but the severity and cruelty of a revengeful, crafty, and jealous tyrant. I therefore sought retirement here in Lugdunum,—where I have resided, now more than a decade of years—most willing to forget the unholy three years I had spent in the family of the rich merchant at Rome,—and, for a few months, in the palace of an Emperor—so ill suited for empire as the deluded Didius Julianus.

*Rabbi Isaac's  
retirement.*

In Lugdunum, peace and health cheated age, for a time, of her infirmities: my hours were devoted to my former Rabbinical studies, ever watchful, however, for an opportunity to lay my body within the limits, or as near the confines, of Palestine, as well might be—for no Jew fails to sigh for burial in the “*land of delights*”—a country on which the God of Abraham hath lavished—and for our ungrateful people—more beauties than may be found in any other region known to man, though it might be of twenty times its extent! But the unsettled state of Roman affairs, and the many dangers I should encounter, have still detained me here.

The new Emperor had the earliest intelligence of Julian's fate, and of the Senate's promptness in regard to himself,—both of which occurred whilst he was approaching the City: and before he entered the walls, he had ordered the Prætorians instantly to appear before him, and without their arms! This command was promptly obeyed; and they came with branches of laurel, to do him homage, fearing for their lives, but yet hoping that their joyful observance of his order would so please him, as to win his clemency. All gazed upon the scene with intense anxiety; for to none were the Emperor's designs in the least known.

*Severus punishes  
the Prætorians.*

Severus addressed them in a short speech, severely reproaching them for their cruel perfidy to his venerated friend Pertinax—a blessing and an honour to the empire—their best friend, and Rome's devoted friend. He then directed that they should all be instantly stripped of their military habiliments—deprived of the very name of soldiers, and be forthwith banished for life, not less than one hundred miles from Rome. This done, Severus entered the gates with his whole army; and received from the Senate the customary honours.

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

Faithful to his word, the new Emperor made a solemn and gorgeous funeral for the lamented Pertinax ; and declared that he not only now assumed his revered Name, but would imitate his signal Virtues ; and that the maxims of Antoninus Philosophos should be his guide in all matters of justice and of clemency ! Promises, however, are easily made—they are but breath ; performances are difficult, and are enduring substances : and so was it with Severus,—for his now two names, and in their most odious sense, soon became faithfully descriptive of his character,—so that what Spartianus said of him was well said—that “ he is *vere Pertinax—vere Severus* ; ” and yet this Emperor, though thus laconically and accurately portrayed, had some virtues of another sort.

The first care of Severus was to crush *Picennius Niger* in the East—who there was still called Emperor. He also  
*P. Niger and C. Albinus.* feared *Clodius Albinus*, commander of the legions in Britain. Both of these men were distinguished soldiers, ambitious, and at the head of powerful forces,—though the former had lately been more of a voluptuary, than a general.

The Emperor's policy, therefore, was to promptly war with the one, and to conciliate, for a time, the other : and hence he appointed Albinus Cæsar, and his successor—sending him a most flattering letter,—but against Niger, he marched with a vast and well appointed army. The struggle proved more desperate than had been expected ; but Niger fell. Antioch, the seat of his empire, was nearly demolished—the enemies of Severus were sorely dealt with—his friends most generously rewarded : and, after a succession of great victories, and the establishment of all the Eastern provinces in their allegiance, Severus next resolved to destroy Albinus, who still continued in the West. Hastening towards Italy, the Emperor passed through *Byzantium*, which he levelled to the earth, for having impeded his progress when marching against Niger.\*

The war with Albinus was a fierce one,—much of which greatly moved me ; for, though Severus was a great soldier, and the empire then needed one, his character was odious to me, and I feared him. Here, in Lugdunum, five years ago, I beheld from the city walls the two armies in dread preparation : a bloody contest for empire was about to ensue,—and such a one soon took place—one that Roman chronicles can, perhaps, scarce record its like. From

\* Byzantium remained in ruins more than 130 years ; when it was rebuilt by Constantine the Great, with extreme magnificence, who then gave it his name, and transferred to it the seat of his empire. Rome never survived the shock consequent upon the removal of the Court ; and 146 years after this, the Western Empire fell a prey to the Barbarians. Constantinople became a great city, and continued under the Byzantine emperors until the year 1492, when the Saracens became its master, and all things were changed.

the City walls we beheld the Imperial troops retreating in much confusion, though 150,000 strong! We heard the shouts of victory from the enemy; the Emperor's horse fell under him, and all seemed lost: but suddenly, Lætus appeared with new forces,—Severus was again on horse,—he charged upon the enemy with such fury and exactness, that the victory was instantly plucked from the hands of Albinus,—who sought refuge within the walls of Lugdunum! Severus rushed into the city—Clodius Albinus was made prisoner,—his head severed, and his body cast into the Rhone, with those of his wife and children; whilst his head was sent in triumph to Rome! [A. D. 197.]

The Emperor returned to the Imperial City in great glory—the empire was now his—no less by conquest, than by free gift,—all was secure, and nothing remained but to reap the legitimate fruits of his triumph: and yet Severus, like Commodus, basely stooped to corrupt the Prætorians, on whom he lavished bribes, and unusual honours—permitting them to marry; and, even as knights, to wear golden rings—a privilege before unheard-of! These innovations upon the ancient discipline are now regarded by very many as the surest preface of Rome's speedy downfall—a fact more alarming, indeed, to the few who reflect, than are all the other outrages committed by the *severe* Severus.

To the astonishment of all, and the grief of many, Severus has lately honoured the memory of the infamous Commodus—called him brother, and even ranked him among their gods! Rome then indeed had triple cause to tremble; for the adherents of Albinus, and also the Niger faction, were still numerous and wealthy,—many of both sexes were therefore put to death by Severus,—and others were robbed of their ample possessions,—for the Emperor worships mammon with far more devotion than any other of his gods. His victories were indeed brilliant; and for these he had conferred upon him the titles of "*Arabicus*"—"Parthicus"—and "*Adiabenicus*;" and the Senate and people also erected to him a magnificent Triumphal Arch, near the entrance from the Forum into the Capitol,—upon which are recorded the history of those famous victories,—but in sculptured devices of less artistic merit, than may elsewhere be seen.\*

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\* This Arch was also dedicated to the Emperor's two sons; but after Caracalla had murdered Geta in the arms of his mother, the inscription as to Geta was erased—and probably by his unnatural brother, when he became full Emperor. This structure consists of a grand central arch, with a smaller one upon each side,—and of four columns on both fronts. The whole arch is highly decorated,—but, as the good Rabbi intimates, the sculptures are quite inferior, and seem to indicate either great haste, or a manifest decline of the art. The solid parts are yet perfect; but the inscriptions and ornaments are much de-

And here I have again the painful duty to record the terrific cruelties once more revived against the Nazarenes. *Persecution of the Christians.* During the emperor's late absence, *Plautian* (whose daughter *Plautina* had married the Emperor's eldest son *Bassianus Caracalla*) was made præfect of Rome. Severus had long been greatly attached to this Plautian; and reposed in him an entire confidence.

It seems that some Christians, and a few of the nobility, had given Plautian great offence,—and, without consulting either the Emperor, or the Senate, this Prefect ordered many of them to instant death! This great outrage by the mere governor of a city, excited the Christians deeply,—and caused the famous *Tertullian* to address an Apology respecting Christians to the Senate and Magistrates of the empire. Fortunate for this valiant champion of the Nazarenes, *Tertullian* was a man of great influence, and highly beloved in Rome. By birth an African, (as were also Plautian and Severus,) his genius and learning were well known; for he had been educated to the law—was a popular and spirited reasoner, though not a very profound one,—was extremely eloquent and impassioned,—and also a most able writer in the language of the Romans, and well versed likewise in the learning of the Greeks. The "Apology," moreover, being boldly and zealously written, and with all the burning eloquence which the ardent son of his native country so usually imparts, was well received by those to whom it was addressed,—and greatly tended to mitigate the erroneous and inflamed notions, entertained by so many, respecting these Christians.

About this time was it that the Emperor returned; and never having countenanced any severities against those people, he seemed displeased with what Plautian had done. But, in the following year, it being then the *tenth* of his reign, Severus, to the surprise of all, and without any admonition, or apparent cause, issued a most severe decree against the Jews, as well as the Christians—which is now the *Fifth Persecution* of the Nazarenes by formal decree, or of a general nature.

Thus far, the emperor's decree has been so zealously executed, and with such savage ferocity, as to cause those unhappy people to regard Severus as, what they call, *Antichrist*, *Severus called Antichrist.*—this being, according to the Nazarene faith, either some great, but false prophet, or prophets, that would appear under pretence of being the true Messiah,—or, some powerful ruler—a

faced. At one time it was almost buried by the débris of the surrounding buildings; but it has recently been entirely relieved of them, and cleansed. The accurate and beautiful engravings of *Bartoli* will preserve, for ever, the appearance of this structure,—and possibly to more advantage than as it came from the hands of the sculptors.

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

foe and persecutor of their religion : and this latter idea is now attached to the Emperor, and is said to have been first given out in that Book of John, that is called REVELATION ! With these matters I, as a Jew, would have no concern : but, with these persecutions, be they of Christians, or of Jews, I am bound as a man to abhor them ; and therefore do I greatly venerate Tertullian, for the earnest and intrepid defence he hath made.

During the two years that have passed since this persecution commenced, I have witnessed scenes of atrocious cruelty, and heard of others, that often made me think that men and demons differ but in name. With Irenæus, the late bishop of Lugdunum, my acquaintance was not slight during my whole sojourn here ; and, though he a Christian and I a Jew, he ever shamed me by the sweet harmony with which he blended uncommon firmness, exalted genius, and varied learning, with an equally pure humility, charity, and benevolence towards the whole human family ! When first I came to Lugdunum, I found the good Irenæus had been established here many years ; and that, as the successor of that *Pothinus* who suffered martyrdom near the close of the reign of Philosophos, the pious Irenæus was ever prepared to share the fate of those who become eminent in the Christian cause. He was a disciple of the great Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna ; and came to Rome in the time of Antoninus Pius, nearly twenty years before he was made bishop of Lugdunum. The greatest of his works is that written by him against Christian Heresies, consisting of five books—portions of which I have read, from my great respect for Irenæus, and to the no small surprise, and sometimes anger, of my countrymen. His very name (which imports *peace*) truly indicates the native mildness of his tempers, and the softness of his demeanour : but neither the name nor the virtue could save him : and, in the first year of the present persecution, I witnessed the beheading of that venerable old man !

*Victor*, bishop of Rome, and *Leonidas*, father of the well-known Origen, perished in support of their faith a short time before Irenæus. But, of all the painful scenes of those fearful times, none will compare with the death of *Rhais*—her mother *Marcella*, and of her virgin sister *Potameina* ! So terrific were the orders given as to all of them, that *Basilides*, the officer appointed for their execution, peremptorily refused obedience ! The fact, however, was, that Basilides was himself more than half a Christian : and, when the people heard him so boldly reject the customary oath, and also declare that no faith had he in any of Rome's gods—but much in that of the despised Christians, their surprise and rage became so furious, that they instantly dragged him before the magistrate ; and soon after he was numbered among the beheaded. The order,

*Martyrdom of  
St. Irenæus.*

## Rabbi Isaac's Narrative.

however, respecting Rhais, her mother, and sister, was then fiercely executed: boiling pitch was poured over them; and in that state they were set on fire, and consumed to ashes!

**A**nd now to return to Plautian, who was doubtless the author of the first move against the Christians,—and afterwards stimulated the Emperor to issue the fatal decree.

*The Plautian Conspiracy.*

Plautian's influence over Severus was very great; and, as he had caused the mischief, I must not forbear to detail his own fraud and merited fate,—which happened only a few weeks ago.

**T**he marriage of the Emperor's son Bassianus (sometimes called Caracalla) with Plautina, the daughter of Plautian, had ever been against the wishes of that son,—who had yielded only to the strong desire of Severus, and from his great attachment to the maiden's father. The husband's neglect of his wife, which soon followed, caused Plautian's deepest hatred of Caracalla, which was not slow to extend itself to the Emperor, so long the Præfect's most confiding friend! Plautian then fashioned what he thought an artful conspiracy, for the sure destruction of both, and for his own elevation to the throne! But the treason was revealed to Severus; who, at first, made very light of it—believing it to be little else than a base fiction of his own desperately wicked son Caracalla, that he might be revenged on Plautian. When the matter, however, was made too obvious for doubt, the Tribune, who had been faithful to the traitor, was ordered by the Emperor to bring Plautian, on a certain occasion, with him to the palace. The Tribune thereupon appeared suddenly before Plautian; and with apparent joy, blended with alarm, told him that he had just slain Severus and Caracalla! and that, if he would please accompany him forthwith to their well-secured chamber in the Imperial Palace, he would find their bodies there, ready for secret removal! He then saluted Plautian with exulting flattery, and hailed him as Emperor! That which is ardently desired is often easily believed—so that Plautian was soon with the Tribune at the chamber-door: it readily yielded to their means of opening it;—and lo, in the midst of a blaze of light stood Severus and Caracalla, among many friends!

**T**he Emperor at once saw the traitor's deep confusion; and demanded to know "*what great concern of state, or otherwise, had brought Plautian into the Emperor's chamber, in the depth of night?*" Reply was, of course, impossible—and, confessing his odious ingratitude, he still sued for mercy: but the furious Caracalla waited not his father's answer, and instantly plunged his sword deep into the traitor's body. [A. D. 203.]

HERE ENDS THE NARRATIVE OF THE RABBI ISAAC, AND THE  
RETROSPECT OF CARTAPHILUS.



## APPENDIX.

### A.

\*.\* See ante, page lii. for the Editor's reasons that caused this Letter to be inserted here out of Chronological Order.

#### LETTER CCIX.

ISAAC LAKEDION TO HENRY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

Paris, December 5th, 1535.



TWICE only have we met, since, in *Colonia Agrippina*, thy wondrous fame first urged me to come into thy presence unbidden—and then to seek of thee a revelation of a matter (through thy somewhat *Eleusinian* mysteries!)—a revelation very dear to me, though at that time the matter sought of thee had been clothed during many ages by the usually oblivious veil of time,—but which, the multitude around thee said and believed, was fully within thy competency to clearly unfold to me by thy *Magic Mirror*; and which my then diseased mind caused me to yield the fullest credence unto thee! Much didst thou wonder and disturb me thereby, for a time: but it ended, as thou wilt never forget, in my unfolding a far greater marvel unto thee, than the one I sought of thy magic, when thou wert told who LAKEDION truly is; but which won from thee only an ungracious intimation that thou didst greatly *dread* me, and far more than ever thou shouldst probably *love* me! \*

But, my Agrippa, (thanks to our subsequent interviews at *Antwerp*, and at *Grenoble*—as likewise thanks to the growing enlightenment of our times, and to the increasing charities of the intervening years) thou hast since learned to know me somewhat better; and hence to regard me more justly: but still, whether my tale thou believest more than I do thy *Necromancy*; or, whether thou dost yet regard what I first told thee, as only a rank hallucination of bad digestion, and of a foul brain, I wot not; nor would it in any wise surprise or vex Lakedion,—who hath seen too much of man's ano-

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\* See ante, pages xi. to xvi. of the *LEGEND* for the matter alluded to.



## Chief objects of the Letter—The Magic Mirror.

malous mental developments, through all the ages, to expect either credulity, or incredulity, from his fellows—since extremes so often meet,—the credulous-ignorant becoming often the most incredulous, and the incredulous-learned equally often the most credulous!

I have also found, O Agrippa, that sometimes the learned (as thou surely art) are more than credulous in all that regards *physics*; and yet are overflowing with rank pyrrhonism in all that concerns mind and *morals*—and especially in things divine: hence would I not quarrel with thee or others, for looking upon the tattered and much despised and ever “WANDERING JEW,” as nothing else, or better, than some poor and mind-besotted creature, whose early life had overcharged his brain with knowledges, which the feebleness of his after years could ill sustain, and under which he now hath sunk! If such be thy thought of me, 'tis well; and Lakedion will not strive to dislodge it: but that it is not wholly thine *now*, I do believe; (though day unto day, and night unto night, give assurance that others so regard him) for ISAAC, whom the street-boys, and the hangers-on around cathedrals, do so rudely sport with, is now happy in learning from thy letter, that *knowledge* is sought of him, even by *thee*—as thou wouldst know of him his matured thoughts respecting some matters, of high moment unto thee and others during these troublous times.

Thy recent letter invites from me some further particulars in regard to the views intimated by me, and which then so greatly wondered thee, as to the *Necessary Origin of Sin*—the *Essential Free-agency* of man—the *Absolute Oneness of Deity*—and yet the essential *Tripersonate Nature* of God!—opinions (except the *third*) at one time, abhorred by me,—as thousands during the early Roman empire, and myriads since, in all Arabia, could have testified of me, had they but known who Cartaphilus, at divers times—Ahasuerus at others—then Josephus, and now Lakedion, was, and is!—a revelation to be fully made by him, only when he is on the confines of the latter days, not, indeed, of the world, but of those that border upon the ante-millennial period.\*

At all this, my Agrippa, thou wilt smile; but not with more incredulity than I do, and possibly thyself, at all of thy so-called magical, but most ingenious, devices and incantations, by thy famed *Mirror*†—especially those

\* [From this it would seem, that Cartaphilus designed the present ample revelation of himself, more than three hundred years ago.]

† In that remarkable volume, issued by Mr. George Sinclair, as late as 1769, (then Professor of Philosophy in the College of Glasgow) entitled “THE INVISIBLE WORLD DISCOVERED,” we find the marvellous *cultibility* of Man—the false *philosophy* of the thing called Witchcraft—and the little *Common Sense* that guided the judicial mind of most countries, and the then lamentable ignorance in all classes of life, from the throne to the hovel! The Professor’s work contains forty-two distinct “RELATIONS” of the wonderful *Doings* of Satan and his attendants: to all of which the worthy philosopher accords his unqualified belief! and this, too, in the early part of the *Third George’s* reign! But more modern observation, a little Science and Art, a little more knowledge of *Ventriloquism*, and some acquaintance with the mischievous contrivances of needy and wicked persons, reveal the solution of all that so much disturbed the then public mind, and which a short time before had consigned so many to the fagot and flames! The revelations of Carta-

His promised Orthodoxy—Opinion as to the Reformation.

of thy earlier life; which, if they wonder the world, cause the people to ascribe to thee yet ampler powers; and which, for a time, though they so greatly dismayed even Lakedion, are still destined to pass as unstaining from posterity's mind, as they soon did from mine own.

But, my Agrippa, as thou wilt see and hear of me no further after this, I will now freely communicate unto thee, (but not elaborately in a volume,) my views on the questions sent of thee—trusting that the "CURSED ONE," hath not erred now in either of the three matters sought of him by thee—and believing, moreover, that his faith in all others, will eventually become as orthodox, as he feels himself to be wholly so in these,—and yet further, that the unhappy Jew, whose home hath been in every region, and whose faiths have been various, like men's specific forms and complexions, will then continue as stable as the rock of Calpè, and become as famed for purity, as once they were for every poisonous mixture!

And now, O Agrippa, let me assure thee that even the great "REFORMATION," so ripe at this time, and glorious as it surely is, doth still partake of *humanity*; and that although some ages may be lost in time's abyss, before Luther's mighty work shall be wholly purged of dross, and leave naught but a pure residuum,—the time *will* come when it shall ripen into that perfect copy, whose prototype can be found only among a few who lived and taught in the first, or Holy Century!

Doubt it not, my Agrippa, that the Latin Church, and its early offspring, the Greek Church, as likewise all of the Oriental christian faiths, together with Luther's, and all that may spring from its loins, lineally or collaterally, must yield to a far brighter faith—and a yet holier practice, than have been ever known, save in the Apostolic times—a resemblance to which is perhaps yet to be found only among those wonderful, and much persecuted people of the valleys,—so that, if many popish errors have been amended by that holy

philus, early after the *French Revolution* of the last century, will disclose to the reader his own agency (during the *darkest* period of his life) in many of Mr. Sinclair's "Revelations" from 1640, and for more than a century after! The reader is now referred to only the Xth Revelation, given by Mr. Sinclair, entitled "*A true narrative of the Drummer of Tedworth*"—one of the most remarkable of his tales of the "Invisible World"—even at this hour read in Scotland, possibly by very many thousands, and with full belief!—though the astounding tales are nothing more than those of *Ventriloquism*, and of a little ingenious contrivance, now so well understood in France, and Germany, and far more extensively in the United States of America. But in the tale of the condemned "Drummer of Tedworth," we find a *physician*, (one Mr. Crompton, of Somersetshire,) a staunch believer, in the whole narrative, and likewise in no wise doubtful as to the "*Mirror*" of Cornelius Agrippa! And a Mr. Hill states therein, that Mr. Crompton exhibited to him a magic "Looking-Glass," bidding him to look therein and he would see his wife, then far away—which done—"he saw the exact image of his wife, in the habit she then wore, and working at her needle in a certain part of a room, all likewise, distinctly seen;" which, upon subsequent inquiry was found to be precisely so! The whole tale of the Drummer is certified to Professor Creed, then Doctor of the Chair in Oxford! It will be remembered also that the Jew and Cornelius Agrippa again met at *Antwerp*, which may possibly account for the singular statement given in those times as to *Tindal* (the first translator of the Bible into English) who is said to have encountered at Antwerp a wonderful magician, whose artifices were defeated by Tindal's presence!—See also, as to the *Magic Mirror*, in the Legend—ante, &c. page xi. to xvi.

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His theory of the Oneness of Deity—of Original Sin—and of Free-agency.

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man of Eisleben, and by others who followed him, or soon shall follow, we shall also find that some excesses and deficiencies that mark the new teachers, who now so greatly agitate all Europa, must infallibly yield to time's meliorating influences; and that they, in turn, will be largely amended; and *must* be, before Peter and Paul, were they now with us, would fully take them to their bosoms! The world now, and for some ages to come, may glory in the fruits of the pious Luther's toils—but, I tell thee, and without prophecy, even they must yield their earthy drosses, before the millennial times shall dawn upon the world!

And now, O learned Cornelius Agrippa, thus much only as prolegomena to my response unto thy several inquiries,—which concern *first*, ORIGINAL SIN—FREE-AGENCY—and—THE ONENESS OF DEITY—*secondly*, the TRI-UNE-GOD: and these, as to me it seemeth, are matters, each and all, of more easy solution, and worthy of a brighter faith, than even the learned-pious are wont to admit,—the unhappy fashion in this regard having ever been, to deal with them all as matters of mere blind faith—hopeless of any approximations towards the results of human reasoning, though aided by all the divine illuminations we do possess! And now as to the first division.

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I. As the Zodiac hath *twelve* signs—so have the matters in hand,—not, indeed, in the way of consequence, nor even in remote connexion; for I believe not in Astrology. Know then, my very learned Agrippa that,

- i. The word "God" doth, *ex vi termini*, signify essential supremacy, relatively to all other Intelligences: for, if such Intelligences existed not, the word *Supreme* would be without meaning, except potentially; and hence,
- ii. God is an Unit—that is, there *cannot* be more than one God,—though, in him, there may be divers *personæ*.
- iii. If there *be* other Intelligences, or moral and intellectual entities, (as we know there are,) they cannot be *superior* to God; for then *they*, not He, would be the God. These, also, cannot be his *coequals*; for then, all combined would still be but one God—and therefore such entities, (as they do exist,) *must* be to Him *inferior*.
- iv. Such existent inferior entities, whether angels, or men, must have been *prior* to God—*coeternal* with God—or *subsequent* to God. Neither priority, nor coeternity, *can* be predicated of inferior intelligences: *divinity, per se*, excludes the very idea; and hence it follows that inferiority, *in se*, must imply, not only *subsequency*, but also *obedience*, in fact—or *resistance*, in fact, to the Superior; and such obedience, or resistance, must also imply, *in se*, the existence of *LAW*. Now, a *perfect* obedience would make the inferior equal with the superior; which is impossible, and a contradiction—and therefore obedience, if it exist at all, must always be *imperfect*. All inferiority implies, also, either a *necessary* OBEDIENCE, or a *voluntary* obedience—a *necessary* DISOBEDIENCE, or a *voluntary* disobedience: and, be it necessary, or voluntary, still always an *imperfect* obedience: but, as to *disobedience*, it is ca-

His theory of the Oneness of Deity—of Original Sin—and of Free-agency.

pable of an almost infinite extent!—not, indeed, of efficient *power*, but of a diabolic *will*!

- v. Now, all the intellectual and moral entities being necessarily *inferior*, there *could* be in them no *necessary* obedience,—since a necessary obedience to God, must, as necessarily, be a *perfect* obedience: and a perfect obedience is, in itself, at variance with *inferiority*—therefore, the obedience is neither a necessary, nor a perfect one,—but *must* partake of the nature of the inferior being itself; and consequently can only be a *voluntary*, and an *imperfect* obedience.
- vi. The inferior Intelligence, then, is bound, not by a compulsory, but only a voluntary, or Free-will, obedience—and merely because all inferiority begets Law, and all law (though it implies *sanctions*) as necessarily implies *freedom*.
- vii. A sanction must be either of *reward*, for obedience, (though *necessarily* imperfect,) or, of *punishment*, for disobedience,—since Law, without a sanction of some kind, (remuneratory, or punitive) is wholly inconceivable.
- viii. God being a *perfect* Being, must be perfectly *just*—therefore he would not *reward* obedience, if necessary; nor *punish* disobedience, if there were no freedom. The sanctions, therefore, imply, in themselves, that the agent is not *forced*, but is a *free* one,—and, in the strictest sense, so far forth as it regards not the *mere imperfect* obedience only that is demanded—or, that is possible, from the very nature of all inferiority.
- ix. MAN, then, subsequent to God, and hence *created* by, and consequently inferior to Him, *must* be subject to Law; and if so, then a free-agent, —whose obedience *cannot* be *perfect*, because the obedience must be contemporaneous to the *nature* of the being. Hence, springs an inferiority of obedience, and also a disobedience, in every conceivable degree, *because* the Agent is free, (but still only within the whole range of an inferior obedience,) the former being VIRTUE—the latter SIN,—and hence, O Agrippa, the Origin of Sin—taking its rise, as it doth, from the *mere fact* of an intellectual and moral entity existing *at all*, who is *inferior* to God; and such it *must* essentially be.
- x. God, therefore, must have either 1st, not created *at all*; or, 2ndly, have created a being *as perfect* as himself, because necessarily and perfectly obedient; or 3rdly, created one inferior to himself,—and hence, of necessity, but imperfectly obedient: and here, my Agrippa, we clearly see why the CHRISTUS was *not* created—why he flows, in fulness, from the Father—and finally, why the Son and Holy Ghost do proceed from the Father!—But, of this hereafter—and now as to the above three. Now first; *not* to have created *at all*, would have rendered even DIVINITY profitless; and indeed inconceivable. Secondly; To have created a *perfect* being seems equally in conflict with the idea of Creation. And thirdly, *Inferiority*, therefore, seems the necessary result of their being *any intellectual being besides God*. In the sight of Jehovah, angels are imperfect—but the Christus was *not* imperfect, and hence not created—but was himself the Godhead *bodily*! But of this, also, hereafter. Now, if the created intellectual entity be, in any degree what-

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ever, inferior to God, (as we have seen he *must* be,) then Law, as we have also seen, flowed as the essential result,—and even of the *least degree* of inferiority: and, if Law, then free-agency—and that again, with only an imperfect obedience; and *Sin* will arise from the *sole fact* that, as there cannot be two Gods, or any more than one, all other moral entities must be inferior, and hence, in a degree, sinful—the degrees of sin being from infinitely small, to intensely great—and only when there is *knowledge*.

- xi. As all of this flows from the *essential nature of things*; it can with no propriety be said that God is the *author* of sin, any more than that he created himself, or was the author of his own nature, or that he can change his nature—neither of which can be predicated! With God, there is absolutely no variableness—He never departs from his nature; *that* is perfect, and needs no change. If nothing existed *at all*, but Himself, it could scarcely have been predicated that he would have been God!—and, if he created *at all*, he could not create a being equal to himself—the creation of a God being impossible, as the *created* cannot be equal to the Creator. God, then, is *essentially* what he is; and his power, though omnipotent, *lato sensu*, hath still its *own* limitations—flowing from its own inherent nature, and even though it be God's nature! Every thing, indeed, that exists *must* have a *NATURE*: and that nature cannot at all be deviated from, without becoming another entity. Hence, even God hath no variableness; and He *is* what he is, *ex natura ejus nature*! He never acts *præter naturam*, as to any thing: and here must I *again repeat* (and hesitate not so to do, with some enlargements, wouldst thou, my Agrippa, fully understand me) that God must have wholly failed to create,—or have created such an Intelligence as would be inferior to himself, and *hence* subject to law; which can be neither without free-agency, nor without sanctions: for, if a necessary agent, then certainly to do only *perfect good*—or *perfect evil*! The latter *will not*, and the former *cannot* be, predicated, because perfect good can only flow from perfect *knowledge* and perfect *power*; which would imply, not inferiority, but coequality,—which, as we have seen, is impossible—for God creates not a God!—and there cannot be two Gods.
- xii. Now, as God is truly omniscient, he must have *known*, (before he created man a free-agent) that he nevertheless would sin—*nay*, that sin, in some degree, flowed as the mere result of man's necessary inferiority—but He also knew that His own omnipotence was, in that respect, *not* limited—but that He was competent (and He *alone* competent) to endure the *sanction* of his own laws—and therefore, He himself instantly provided the remedy; and, as was promised in Eden, He appeared in the world at the appointed time, and in the fashion of *Man*, to make good and to vindicate the violated Law!

Some of the Intelligences had previously sinned—and infinitely *beyond* the mere measure of their necessarily imperfect obedience: and *they* are called "Fallen Angels"—or "Diaboli." Myriads, also, in Heaven, and on Earth, conformed to the Law, so far forth as their inherent inferiority permitted: but, the *special* law being also violated by *Man*, and the

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boundary between the imperfect obedience of his imperfect nature, and *that* which surely occasioned *imputable* sin, being then exceeded by our first Parents, and continually after by their descendants, that special Law, and other special laws, *could not* be made good by Man himself—nor yet the *general* one, flowing from his essentially imperfect obedience, (were *that* also imputable—as to which, perhaps, we have no means of judging,) it then pleased God, that an ETERNAL FOUNTAIN of passive mercy, of perfect love, and of perfect obedience, should be *provided*, so as to meet that eternal flow of transgression, (possibly of both kinds of sin,) and in all of its infinitesimal degrees, varying from *mortal sins*, to those that fade away almost into brightness—such being so venial that they amble on the very borders of that *mere inferiority* of our first parents, and before their actual transgression of a specific law—and which inferiority of obedience comes, as I have often said, from the fact that man is a *created* intellectual entity!

Now, my Agrippa, unto no mortal is it given to know, or to define, the boundaries of sin of either kind—nor how the provision made doth exactly meet each—nor how it doth provide for those who transgressed *before* the Law of Sinai—or for those in a mere state of nature—nor what was done by the Great ATONER, in the region of departed Spirits—nor yet what may now be there doing for the rescue of those without *either law*, or possibly, for those who have had both! As for the abstract doctrine of *Purgatory*, Lakedion *will not* dogmatically say for, or against it: and yet abhors the Romish doctrines of “*Satisfaction*”—“*Works of Supererogation*”—*Indulgences!* But doubt it not, my Agrippa, that, for sin of every kind, and in all the ages, the remedy provided by the Great Atoner is *perfect*—and that there *was* a glimmering Christian Faith, even from the Adamic Age—and that this, together with His descent into Hades, will prove wholly sufficient,—all of which interesting mysteries will be fully revealed, either here, when man shall be better able to value them than now—or hereafter, in *hades*—in *gehenna*—or in *cælis!*

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And now, O Agrippa, to enforce somewhat further the foregoing views, (though already with many repetitions, caused by my desire to be fully understood of thee) Lakedion would still add, that he can find nothing but *mercy*—and also a high probability—nay, he would fearfully say, an essential *necessity*, that the taint of Original-Sin—and After-Sin, should be thus, and thus only, blotted out! God, as we have seen, saw fit to *create* man: inferiority was the unavoidable result: from this flowed Law, and an imperfect obedience—and finally, (man being also an *admonished* free-agent,) there came gross and strongly imputable sin. The created entity was, in itself, unable to make any amends—it being tainted *in se*: and, after transgression, if the entity were not *annihilated*, Sin must be *perpetuated*—when *like would beget like!* Now, my learned Agrippa, I would ask thee, (in the thought, and somewhat in the language of the pious SAINT BERNARD, when contending with the reckless Abelard,) “Why may I not have another’s “*righteousness* imputed, since I have another’s *sin* imputed to me? Is there “not sin in the seed of the sinner?”

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And suffer Lakedion also to ask thee—if there be bodily generation, is there not spiritual generation? If like begets like in all visible nature,—and if the fruit of the tree is yielded according to its kind—and if the progeny of all animate things be after the fashion, more or less, of its parents, must we not look for the presence of this law in the *spiritual* birth also?—will not the essential similitudes, that belong to the original, be seen, at least in its proclivities, in the offspring? Suppose you that those who yield to Satanas, and who are, as it were, *generated* and *born* of him, can do good, or any acceptable works, unless they be *born again*? surely not: and so of all the children of grace—their works follow, as doth the shadow the substance.

Now, if sin hath its own offspring, so hath purity: and also, as there is sin in the seed of the sinner, so is there righteousness in the blood of Christ: for, as in Adam all die—so in Christ may all be made alive.

As the seed, moreover, of every fruit may contain within itself the seed of all other fruit of its kind, so did Adam contain within himself all that were ever born, or who shall be; and not bodily only—but spiritually also: and, though all men be still under a law, and the violated first law is atoned for; yet is it only unto all that have faith; so that the perfect righteousness of the God-Man must be imputed to every individual soul, before the original taint can be removed, and the sins of after acquirement be blotted out.

As God, then, hath created what man hath dared to call the “*hard case*,” He hath also provided the *only*—and yet *easy* remedy!—easy for man—*heavy*, beyond the utterance of speech, for the great ATONER, in his humanity—and yet it was triumphantly accomplished on the Cross—in the Tomb—in Hades—by the Resurrection—by the Ascension, and by the sending of the Holy Ghost! Remember, O Agrippa, how prompt, after the *sin* committed in Eden, was the *promise* of the remedy!—forget not that God, *without creating*, and in his absolute Self, is scarce conceivable—remember that the creation of an intellectual being, destined for Earth, (possibly six thousand years after the first fiat was given for any such creation) was necessarily the bringing forth of an *inferior* moral entity,—who was subjected to law,—who violated it,—and that, when sin *was* thus committed, it then was a *past fact*, not to be atoned for by him—nor blotted out by any *repentance* whatever; and that the sin necessarily affected the *creature*, and in its *entirety*. Remember likewise that Man was not a mere individual that terminated in himself, but one that had within himself the seed of all the human race—for *that was the nature* of his creation! And remember lastly, my Agrippa, that no other scheme *could* exist, than the *very one* so promptly announced to our race, viz. that the CREATOR of man should in all things assume man's very nature, sin excepted—and thereby make the required atonement perfect!

Possibly, moreover, and for aught we know, this wonderful Exemplar secured the faithful obedience of myriads of other worlds, peopled and governed by a law similar to our own; so that our little one, in its merciful rescue, (if indeed any thing be *little*, or *great*, in the sight of God,) may have diffused joy unutterable, throughout the illimitable regions of God's Em-

pire; and Heaven itself may have echoed the peals of gladness! Oh, how poor, how very narrow are the thoughts and feelings of our ungrateful race! and how shallow are man's views, when he dares to say, "God would not condescend thus to rescue our tiny world, lost as it is amidst the vastness and glories of creation!"

II. The xii insignia that mark the proof of Sin's true origin—of man's free-agency—and of God's essential oneness, being fixed and bright, *A Triune-God* like the signs of the zodiac; so would I now remind thee, O *essential*, and Agrippa, of the three stars of Orion, to symbolize the three- *demonstrable*. fold lustrous points which declare the origin, and essentiality of the *THREE-ONE GOD!* \*

There *cannot* be three gods—but there must be one only—and He *must* be *threefold!*—Startle not at this, O Agrippa! for God exists only in *DESIGN*—in *EXECUTION*—and in *DIFFUSION*. No Intelligence whatever can exist for a moment without design; that *design* need not exist, but for *execution*; and that execution would be profitless, but for *diffusion*: and hence God, the Designer, is called *God the Father*; God, the Executor, is known as *God the Son*; and God, the Diffuser, hath the name of *God the Holy Ghost!* Still, my Agrippa, it would be as idle to declare that hence there be *three* gods, as it would be to say that the King, who is legislator, expounder, and enforcer of his laws, is therefore, not one, but three kings!—for there must be design in the making of a law—execution in its particular application—and diffusion in the results of its enforcement: and were that king, in all of his external insignia, and in every visible manifestation of his power, to be ever so emphatically *distinctive* in each of the *three* named matters of his essential regality, he still would be but one king in the conception—execution—and diffusion of his laws. Now this, O Agrippa! is only to shadow forth my meaning, though feebly by a similitude, and only *parvis componere magna*.

\* The apparent astrological cast of Lakedion's mind, as is here indicated by his allusions to the signs of the Zodiac, and to the stars in Orion's belt, seems to have affected at least his language and figurative illustrations, although he was avowedly averse to all the occult sciences of the day: and this conformity in language is no way surprising, seeing that, not only his earlier life had made him so familiar with the Magian and Sabæan faiths of the remote East, but also, as Judicial Astrology was so much in favour in Europe at the time this letter was addressed to the renowned Agrippa; who was himself accused not only of implicit faith in stellar influences, but of the practice of magic and of the necromantic arts. But even Agrippa seems to have been somewhat anxious, at times, to free himself of those charges; especially when fierce superstition made them inconvenient; and yet the charm of mystery, and the power it conferred on him, rendered his efforts in this respect but feeble. If we look at his character, as unfolded in his popular and charming work entitled "*Vanity of Arts, &c.*" and especially in Chap. xxxi., we know not how to reconcile his theoretic rejection of the occult arts, with the opinion entertained of him by most of his cotemporaries as to his practising them. As to Lakedion's astrological allusions, they are nothing more than figures, and can in no way impair the weight due to his judgment, and to the soundness of his main argument.



## A New Theory of the Trinity—Doctrine of TRIADS.

In contemplating JEHOVAH, the three manifestations, or essential *hypostatic* constituents, or *personæ* of his essential nature, are lost in the effulgence of the only ONE—in the abstract : but this trifold personality (arising *ex natura divinitatis*) maketh not three gods—but only three hypostatical persons,—and yet each is *distinct*, only as Design, Execution, and Diffusion, *lato sensu*, are distinct.

Now, as there can be no *diffusion* but of an existent or executed thing, so there can be neither a making nor *execution*, but of a previously *designed* thing—these *three* being *essentially* united and *one*, when contemplated up to their original or divine source!—and this is equally so, whether we contemplate his nature analytically, or synthetically.

Even *man* (surely an emanation or effluence of divinity and formed in His image,) first *thinks*, then *executes*, and finally *diffuses* : and yet is he but one man ; and all his works, moral, intellectual, and physical, flow from but *one source*, though he be, like his Maker, essentially *threefold*—and no more ! And, should man be invariably clad in wholly *diverse* habiliments, whenever he thinks, or executes, or diffuses, still would he be the same one man, though thus officially and abstractly individualized in each of the three cases,—and also though he should think, without executing, or execute, without diffusing.

THOUGHT is essential to every intelligent entity : man cannot exist without it : his nature is made up of it : and when he thinks rightly, he usually and naturally strives to execute rightly ; and if he succeeds, he as earnestly endeavours to diffuse its results : he may fail in the two last, from the want of power : so likewise, though he strives, he may fail in the first, as he may think *unrightly* ; and he may also execute and diffuse his *erroneous* thoughts ; but he cannot *exist* at all without thought of some kind—and so of Deity in some respect. His nature, doubtless, consists of eternal thought—and equally of eternal execution, and of eternal diffusion!—but, as He never fails in *correct* thought, so never in *perfect* execution, nor in *illimitable* diffusion,—and hence the truly infinite and boundless extent of His creations, and the coequal excellence of them all—minute, as well as great ! And here, my Agrippa, the mind of *finite* man is utterly merged in the vastness of the contemplation ! These are indeed great mysteries, in *imo pectore* ; but the essential *oneness* and yet equally essential *trinity* of the divine mind, is not without its *likeness* in nature as well as in man ; and this is illumined to our comprehension and belief by divers other things, in mind and matter, which we do entirely believe. Never, indeed, hath this doctrine seemed to me a mystery beyond credence and evidence—never contradictory of reason ; and yet there was a time, I confess, in which I believed it not—but not because to Lakedion's mind it seemed impossible. Why, then, oh Agrippa ! should this Trinity in Unity have been regarded, in all the ages, as the *opprobrium theologicum*—the *experimentum crucis*—the inexplicable *secret*,—and as a matter of mere *blind* faith, and *above* all reason, if not also wholly *contradictory* of it ? And why, finally, should some insist that we do hold to three gods ? Is it not because they *will not* look on the doctrine *diverso intuitu*, and as it must ever be contemplated ? Behold how many things there are that absolutely end in *trinity*, and in which there is neither

*duality* alone, nor any further number than three! Are not the *sources* of all knowledge but three—the *senses, reason, faith*? Doth not all religion consist of but *doctrine, sacraments, charity*? the first having its fountain in *design*, the second in *execution*, and the third in *diffusion*? TRUTH, also, hath been declared only in three *places*, in the Synagogue, in the Church, and in Heaven: and the same TRUTH hath been shown only in three *ways*—first, by shadows mainly—then by shadows feebly, and by broad teachings mainly—and lastly, without shadows, and by open Truth alone!—the first in the Synagogue, the second in the Church, and the third in Heaven! Again, we have the mystery of the Christus in three ways, viz., in the Manna, in the paschal Lamb, and in the holy Eucharist!

And still again, my Agrippa, when the mind contemplates the source of all *actualities*, how naturally has it, in all the ages, been cast into this identical vein of thought—beginning with the *monad*, and ending with the *triad*! Almost instinctively, we think of the primal capacity—or *MOVING*; the primal exertion, or the *MOTION*; and of the final result, or the *MATTER*, created or fashioned, through the united triad of mover—motion—and result!

In contemplating a first cause, and its action, we unavoidably think, first of Unity, or God, in the abstract; then of Duality, from the Logos; and finally of his *gifts* (sometimes more correctly translated *diffusion*—as in Hebrews ii. 4.) Unity—Duality—and Diffusion, therefore *compel* us to think of *design* or thought—of the sequence *execution*—and of the grand result *diffusion*, in all its boundless beauty and endless variety!—and all such thoughts seem necessarily to terminate at the *third* stage of their progression! We cannot conceive of a God, distinct from the idea of Unity—nor of that unity, as without design or thought—nor of that thought, as unproductive (hence the Logos); nor of that productive Logos, as wanting in zealous diffusion and endless variety—(and hence the glories of the Universe!)

And yet still further, my patient Agrippa, we cannot realize the thought, or at all embrace the idea, of any of these *three*, as being distinct from their necessary relation to the *other two*! So likewise, if we commence our thoughts at the *end* of the series, and gaze upon the Universe, the conception of an endless *diffusion* and variety compels us to think of the previous *execution* (or making)—that conducts us next to the previous *design*; and thus the *three* centre in the ONE—and the arguments *a posteriori*, and *a priori* harmonize; and bring us thereby from the Triad to the Duad, and finally, up to the Monad—or to the only One-God!

And so, as thou well knowest, the illustrious Plato was *obliged* to think; and all just and deeply meditating minds do the same at this day—and so will all hereafter, though Plato and all his works should for ever be blotted out, and henceforth remain unknown!

JEHOVAH, then, is the only source of all Design—Execution—and Diffusion: and these three embrace all His varied powers and attributes—each and all absolutely perfect! All of his power (called Omnipotence) His absolute wisdom, (called Omniscience,) and unceasing diffusion, (called Omnipresence,) are thus comprehended in the Ineffable THREE-ONE! And hence the most intense thought of man would for ever be unable to conceive a single idea of Deity, that shall not be found in that TRIAD! and hence

## The TRINITY—Illustrative Examples of the Doctrine of Triads.

the Trinity in Unity is *not* so sealed a mystery, as very many pious and thoughtful men have been too wont to yield to the enemies of the true Faith. It is founded in nature; and is a truth most welcome to the soul of an unperverted reason. Lakedion is therefore forced to believe that this much vexed doctrine, when rightly understood, will cause the carping objection of three gods to vanish—will manifest the coëternity and coëquality of the Christus—and will show that his human personation is neither contradictory to, nor above reason—and no more so than the creation and fashioning of any other *cogitative* entity. When angels and men were created, both mind and matter had previously existed—Mind from all eternity, in God—Matter, not from eternity, but created by the Logos, in execution of the great Design: and the divine combination of these two formed angels and men, at divers times: and finally, the divine union of the Logos with matter gave to the World the Christus—who thus was Very-God, and Very-Man; and differing from other men as the Christus, only in the measureless effusion of Divinity, which excluded the possibility of sin!

And now, my Agrippa, I would not urge upon thee too dogmatically this matter of the Triads—so variously manifested throughout the world of Nature, as well as of Grace. To enumerate them would be nearly endless,—but to point out some is the duty in hand, and may be profitable as *hints*, that may give assurance that these triunities are, and cannot be accidental—but are symbolical, and designed to awaken attention to the ineffable Being, who is thus Three in One! And this I am further prompted to do, that thy own fertile mind may thereby be set to extract a volume of proofs in regard to these analogies, that point so plainly to so sublime a truth—naught of which analogies, is the fancy of my own too zealous brain, but the undoubted symbolizing of the greatest and most awakening of primeval facts!

Such *triads* are too infinite and harmonious and applicable to be, as I have said, *fortuitous*, even were such a thing as *fortuity* at all predicable in regard to any of the works and doings and sayings of God—and hence *ex paucis discite omnes*.

1st. We have Life—Death—Resurrection.

2nd. We have the *Creation* of matter—its *Formation* into infinitely various shapes of wondrous beauty—and its *dissolution*, which ends the laws of its particular existence, but which annihilates not its primordial atoms.

3rd. We behold the *Past*, as replete with design—the *Present* with executions of those designs—and the *Future* brings forth their interminable results and diffusion.

4th. In *Omniscience* we find the source of design—in *Omnipotence* the only means of its execution—and in *Omnipresence* the ever-flowing fountain of diffusion.

5th. In Man himself, we have but three cardinal and distinctive natures—a *Corporeal body*—a *rational Spirit*—and a *sensitive Soul*: the second flows more immediately from the divine source, and hence it *designs*: the first flows more immediately from the Logos, and *executes* all of man's designs: and the third (which man has in common with all other animals) is perpetually engaged in *diffusing* all executed designs.

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6th. As a spiritual being, Man was created in the likeness or image of God : and though his nature endured a sad change after the Fall, yet we find him still possessed of something that may remind us of Omnipotence—Omniscience—and Omnipresence : also of Wisdom, of Moral power, and of Goodness : and, though possessed of these two classes of triads (as being in the image of God) yet is he only *one man*, and not, intellectually *three men* : but who doubts the Trinity in Unity possessed by man, irrespective of his body ?—for there are sometimes triads within a triad.

7th. If we look from man, into boundless space, we have throughout the Universe (according to the idea of nearly all the Ages) only three grand material divisions of that Universe—viz. the *Olympus*, the *Kosmos*, and the *Ouranos* ! Now, as thou, my Agrippa well knowest, the Ouranos is said to be that first region situate between our world and the moon—both included ; and this space is variable and less orderly ; next comes the Kosmos, or planetary region—invariable, and replete with harmony and great beauty : and finally comes the Olympus, or region of light and heat ; and this diffuses vitality and efficiency unto all things,—now, as to the precise generation and order and import of this sublime physical triad, I wot not ; but doubtless, like the spiritual, intellectual, and other triads, this hath its own vast symbolic import.

8th. So also do we find in every intelligence whatever, from the Great Supreme, to the smallest, that intellectuality is *manifested* in three ways only—viz., in the motive power or the *MOVER*, for Design—in the *MOTION* itself, that caused creation and formation, which is *Execution*—and lastly, in *MATTER* infinitely varied and omnipresent,—which is the boundless Diffusion ! Now, in Deity, as a triune—first and only cause, He hath delighted in them from all eternity, and for ever will so continue to delight.

9th. In like manner we have, in each of the *hypostases* of the Original Triad, three distinct triads : for we fail not to find in each division, (not an absolute unity, but)

*First*, in that of *DESIGN*, we have Law—Virtue—Vice ; but these only in *posse* : for *mere* design may be an intellectual and unproduced entity.

*Second*, in that of *EXECUTION*, we have an Express Revelation—a Typical Revelation—and a Prophetic Revelation,—each being seen by the Divine prescient Mind, as executed facts—or, as being to Himself, *in esse*.

*Third*, in that of *DIFFUSION*, we have the Universe (*stricto sensu*), also, the Gehennon, and lastly the Cælum (*not* the Shamayim, but the *Rakiang* beyond it—and the peculiar sanctuary of the Eternal). And, within this triad of a triad, there is still another triad—viz., *Probation* in the world—*Punishment* in the Gehennon—and *Reward* in the Cælum !

10th. So also in the world of Grace, there are but three *DISPENSATIONS* for the completion of God's providence towards man—viz. *first*, before the Law, (for man's thoughts or designs as the source of Natural Religion ;) *second*, under the Law, (for the execution of God's Revealed Religion—whether express, typical, or prophetic,) and *third*, under the Gospel, (for the diffusion of all !)

11th. Likewise, there are but three *PRIESTHOODS* for the accomplishment

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of the Redemption—viz. that of Melchisedec—that of Aaron—and that of the Christus—the last being in the similitude of the first, and in final execution and diffusion of it. The Melchisedecan was the original great *design*: the Aaronic was the partial and but typical *execution* of it—and the Christian is, and will continue to be the endless *diffusion* of all the results of the wonderful plan!

12th. We have, moreover, but three kinds of SABBATISMS—or rests; viz. the *Express Sabbath-day* (whether septennial, or jubilean), the *typical* rest in Canaan—and the *Eternal* rest in Heaven! And my learned Cornelius Agrippa, Lakedion would only now intimate unto thee that the Jubilean sabbatical period implieth a deep mystery—scarce likely to be clearly revealed to man, until the blessed millennial days shall be close at hand!

13th. We have also the COVENANT—the CRUCIFIXION—and the RESURRECTION: the *first* revealed the great design in Paradise—the *second*, its execution in the brightest period of man's then historic development—and in the *third*, we behold the diffusion of their mighty results throughout heaven and earth, and so to all eternity!

14th. There were designed to be, and will be, only three RESURRECTIONS, viz. that of the Christus and of those raised by him during his abode here in proof of his mission—next, the Partial or millennial resurrection—and lastly, the General Resurrection, when Time shall be no more!

15th. There were also three ASCENSIONS of the Christus; viz. first, early in the morning after the resurrection, invisibly from the vicinity of the tomb, and before Mary, or any one, was permitted to touch his body: (for so he declared unto the penitent malefactor—“*this day* thou shalt be with me in paradise”). The second ascension was from Bethany, on the same day, also invisibly, and after he had been handled by his disciples—and the third took place from the Mount of Olives, in the presence of many, and forty days after the resurrection: and doubtless, each of these ascensions has its own pregnant meaning!

16th. The Triune-God designed but three manifestations of Himself in the CHRISTUS; viz. as the *Prophet*—the *Priest*—and the *King*: the first *revealed* (by prophecies and types) his designs for the future; the second *executed* them on earth, as the king of a spiritual kingdom; and the third will *diffuse* them all throughout the universe!

17th. So again, there are but three bodily dwellers in Heaven; viz. Enoch—Elijah—and the Christus: the first before the Law was given—the second, under the Law—and the third under the Gospel: and moreover, the ways of their translation are also three—Enoch's insensibly—Elijah's by the visible ministry of angels—and that of the Christus by his own inherent and triumphant power! He ascended as the son of God—as God—the others, as servants: and all three to illustrate the three Dispensations—the last alone perfect, and also the symbolic antitype of the three Resurrections, and of the three Ascensions of the Christus!

18th. When Jehovah spoke to Moses saying, “The LORD bless and keep thee—the LORD be gracious unto thee—the LORD give thee peace, we there have revealed, though feebly, the mystery of the blessed Trinity: that *thrice* repeated word is no mere form of speech—is not fortuitous only—was

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no Hebraic *norma loquendi*: God the Father peculiarly *blesses and keeps us*—God the Son is emphatically *gracious unto us*—and God the Holy-Ghost, or Comforter, was sent to *give us peace*. [See *Numbers*, vi. 24, 25, 26.]

19th. Nor is the Apostolic Benediction to be regarded as only an ardent triplication—but shows forth the trifold nature of the One-God—as in 2 Cor. xiii. 14, where the words are “*The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ—the Love of God—and the Communion of the Holy-Ghost be with you all.*”

20th. There were only three BAPTISMS—each referable to a distinct source, and yet centering in *one* out of three—viz. first that of *John*, designed and ordained by the FATHER—second, that of the SON, through his Apostles and the Seventy, and before his death—and third, that which is emphatically the Christian Baptism, performed in the name of the three *Persons* of the Trinity—but still more specially referable to the HOLY-GHOST! John’s baptism was never in the *name* of the Father, nor of the Son; and it had wholly ended, when the baptism of the Apostles and of the Seventy commenced. That *second* baptism also was not in the *name* of the Father, nor of the Son: and *thirdly*, the more special Christian baptism, after the death, resurrection, and ascension, was then distinctly in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy-Ghost! Those three baptisms, in order of time, and of object, had each its substantive import: but the two were merged in the third, or Great Trinitarian Baptism, which consummated the originally *designed*, and now *executed*, and *diffused* object—proceeding from the FATHER, executed by the SON, and energized and diffused by the HOLY-GHOST. As to the *Persons*, these baptisms were distinct—but, as to the God-head, they are but one: that through John, His witness, is expressly declared by John to be from the Father, (though not named,) and also to be a baptism unto repentance and faith in Him that *was to come*: the second baptism is as expressly declared by the Apostles and the Seventy, to be unto the Kingdom then at hand—and wholly embraced John’s: and the third one is proclaimed by the Son, after his resurrection, to be a three-fold baptism, and (for the first time) was in the *name* of the three persons! Nor can these three baptisms, (so distinct, and yet so resolved finally into one,) be ascribed to any other than a meditated cause, as we find in them respectively the palpable elements of DESIGN—that EXECUTED—and then DIFFUSED. The two had achieved their office—the third will remain to be spread abroad for ever!

Now, my deeply thinking Cornelius Agrippa, the above illustrations of the matter in hand are but as the pinch of saffron in an amphora of water—they are but suggestions in a boundless subject: they do of themselves fully satisfy Lakediton: but they may not thee, or some others of a more doubting nature than thee: and hence I will not yet part with what I promised unto one who asked and who now relies upon me.

21st. Now I would ask thee, O Agrippa! are there any more than *three* kinds of Entities in all the Universe? And are not these

1. Cogitative, or Spiritual only—viz. GOD.
2. Incogitative, or Corporeal only—viz. MATTER.
3. Cogitative and Incogitative blended—viz. ANGELS, and Men?

And canst thou, with thy utmost wit give me one other, that may not be

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justly embraced in the above triad? for *Satanas*, doubtless, was not a merely cogitative entity; but, like man, hath a corporeal body—though, as being an angel, that body is far more ethereal than that of man; for so thought the admirable St. Basil—St. Augustin—St. Athanasius, and others—this is the Voice of all antiquity. Now all angels and men think only through the soul, or cogitative principle. No organization of matter can ever produce a thinking entity. Angels are never wholly disembodied—nor will man ever be, though hereafter his body may be far more ethereal than when first in paradise: and hence, after death and resurrection with the “spiritual body,” the thoughts of men (and of angels at all times) will be far more clear than they now can be, impeded as they at present are by the bodily coils. What there is in matter, or, in the blending of spirit and body, that doth cause a proclivity to sin, *Lakedion* wots not; and will not strive to resolve it: but certain it is that matter is, in some way, the mark of that *inferiority*, which doth so essentially belong to angels, as well as, men. Matter, no Manichæan of the present day can assert to be evil *in se*: for it can be neither good nor evil, *ex natura rei*—because not cogitative: and yet it may be a *veil* that, in degrees, shuts out the full effulgence of God’s ineffable Truth: it may be His designed means whereby man is subjected to the law of a perpetual vigilance, and to all the obligations that flow from an essential inferiority! And hence *Satanas* is immeasurably wicked,—because, though nearly *unveiled*, and knowing the Truth far better than man, he yet exultingly disregards it!

22nd. There seem to me but three cardinal sources of Sin; which, though only *quasi* distinct, do, as a unit, act antagonistically against all virtue—and unitedly, with tremendous power,—viz. the Devil—the Flesh—and the World, for thus I state them, though so usually by others in an inverted order: for, in the first, we find the great fountain of wicked *designs*; in the second, a large source of the *execution* of those designs; and in the third, the prolific means of a thorough *diffusion* of all the sinful contrivances of *Satanas*. And though Manichæus greatly erred in imputing to *matter* an essential principle of sin, it is a great instrument, abundantly used by the *diaboli*, within the body of every individual; and so the matter of Flesh, like the World in the aggregate, doth serve as the prolific source of all sensuousness—and this last is the universal *diffuser*. Nor, my Agrippa, can this triad be in any way added unto, nor be diminished; and yet these *three* are essentially one!

23rd. There were only *three* signal CAPTIVITIES of Israel, and only three of Judah—each, however, is distinctively marked, and each adumbrates Design, a partial Execution, and a final Diffusion of the ultimate views of Providence in respect to those captivities respectively. But these are too broad for me to expatiate on, especially in an Epistle, intended to be but an outline of a great and very pregnant subject.

24th. MOSES—JOSHUA—and DAVID seem to me the only three eminently intended human *types* that adumbrate the scheme of Providence in respect to the great antitype of the Christus: in them alone, we find the typical *design*—the typical partial *execution*—and the typical *diffusion* allusive to the Antitype of the stupendous plan, accomplished through the Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost!

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25th. For the establishment of Faith in God's purposes towards man, we have only three great sources of knowledge productive of that faith—viz. His Old and New *Express Law*,—His system of *Express Prophecies*—and thirdly that of *Types*, or of virtual and symbolic prophecies. In the first, by the Father, we have the whole *design*; (for, though the New Testament *Law* is revealed by the Son, it evidently is not in his *human* character, but only as the divine lawgiver—and after the design of the Father). In the second and third, we have the *execution* and *diffusion*, whilst the express prophetic revelations, and the symbolical revelations are respectively and gradually fulfilling: for all types are also prophetic as to their antitypes. And, my Agrippa, all this is likewise too mysterious and deep and extensive to be more than thus briefly noted by me.

26th. There were but three Temples destined to carry out the vast scheme towards Man—viz. that of Solomon, more specially to unfold the typical *design* of the Father: the second, that of Zerubbabel, in part, to *execute* that design by the presence and action of the Son—and lastly, the Soul of man, as a temple to receive the Holy-Spirit, and to universally *diffuse* its influences! Its commencement (in that aspect) was only after the final Ascension of the Son, and upon the coming of the Paraclete or Comforter, on the Pentecostal day: but it will continue throughout all eternity.

27th. The perfect scheme of Grace is likewise a triad only—viz. FAITH—REPENTANCE—OBEDIENCE; and these three are as one. The three, separately, are profitless, and perhaps impossible. The *first* is the origin of all design—the second necessarily executes—the third perfects and effectually diffuses. The essential fruit of Faith is Repentance; the necessary fruit of repentance is Obedience: in Abraham the whole were combined and executed and diffused. The "Father of the Faithful" is diffusing to this hour, and will continue to grow brighter through all time. WORKS avail nothing without faith and repentance and obedience: and it is the nature of the three, when real, to act as a unit productive of complete results.

28th. The LAW from Sinai, though revealed in but ten short Commandments, embraces the whole compass of our duties to God and to Man—for, short as they certainly are, they still take in the whole—and this is done in just *three* comprehensive classes, and no more!—viz. in *thought—word—and deed*. The first reveals all designs—the second, every execution—and the third, their effectiveness and complete diffusion over the soul! The mere naked precept of the Law would indeed be barren, did it not embrace the *deed* and anterior thought: and hence the great comprehensiveness of the Decalogue, and its universal obligation on mankind, and not on Israel alone: from the combined *thought, word, and deed*, it receives its vitality and great unction; and this trifold division will also be found to equally apply to *each* of the ten commandments—giving to them, as a whole, their wonderful efficacy, and their undoubted application to man in all of his varied relations—to man of every region, age, colour, sex,—and to man throughout all times! Now this, O Agrippa, is a matter not so well understood, and thought of, by those who have been disposed so narrowly to regard that Decalogue, as not only to doubt its comprehensiveness, but its



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obligation in many important ways—and who seem disposed to resign its signal blessings to Israel's dispersed flock!—as if seemingly content with the New Law alone, as being full and complete—surely forgetting that the House, however well built, and otherwise goodly, must fall, if its solid foundations be removed. Now, even in this our *triad* of Thought, Word, and Deed, we find the trinitarian principle full of wisdom, of power, and of goodness; and, like all of Jehovah's dealings towards man, instinct with a pervading efficacy, however few may be the words—or however small may be the visible entity!

29th. As a *spiritual* being Man was created, as we are expressly told, in the likeness or image of his Creator! Now, although his nature must have undergone a sad change after the Fall, yet we even now find he is in himself a Trinity, possessed of something that may well remind us, occasionally, especially in the aggregate, of Omniscience—Omnipotence—and of Omnipresence!—nay, even of a divine Wisdom—of a vast Moral Power, and of a holy Goodness! Possessed of these classes of triads (as being in the image of God) we know that he is, thus considered, but one man, and not, intellectually, three men.

30th. Is not Language necessarily a triad? It must first be *cogitative*—next *organic*—and lastly, in some way, *pictorial*: and these three connections are so *inherent*, that if the triad be dissolved, or, if its integrity exist not, the faculty of language itself might as well not have existed.

Cogitative or mental language begins and terminates in the *first* person. Organic language, whether *lingual*, or otherwise, (as by the motions of the deaf and dumb,) imparts the cogitation to the *second* person *present*; and lastly, the province of the pictorial language, whether alphabetical, or otherwise, is to transmit to the *absent*, and to all the ages, the combined results of the other two. Here then, is mere thought embraced by mental language—which is *design*;—then comes utterance of some kind, which is *partial execution*,—and lastly, both are consummated by their *diffusion*,—that being the life and very object of the original thoughts or designs.

Now, every human being, free of disease or of mutilation, must *think* and must *clothe* his thoughts with *mental* language, and must naturally seek to give them utterance, either by lingual sounds, or by other organic means, audible or inaudible; and nature prompts him further to their diffusion: and all this he does as a triad in himself; whilst his *thoughts*, and *language*, and *organic* action, likewise constitute another triad! Neither the one series, nor the other, can be a mere unity, nor a mere duality, nor a mere trinity; but, in fine, each must be essentially a trinity in unity, each being in itself of small comparative value—and the two last impossible without the first. No living being ever existed, but that it manifested, not only *thought*, but also the desire to impart it by language of some kind; and, in proportion to its measure of intellectuality, it evinces a desire to diffuse that thought: the meanest insect communes not with itself alone—nor with one or a few alone—nor is any found so low in the scale of mentality, as to possess no language—no means of imparting such thoughts as it has.

31st. The following triad, and two more in conclusion, must end this my dissertation: and I give thee the present one, seeing that thou, my Agrippa,

hath probably been more studious of *physical* nature, than of spiritual matters. As it cannot but be that the act of CREATION was preceded by the most perfect *designs*, and also that all the FORMATIONS were in exact conformity to those ideal prototypes, so we must conclude that the *execution* of them was by a simultaneous act of perfected creation, and of perfected formation—and also by that infinite *diffusion* of the results, which grace the Universe, and which manifest the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator! Nor can I regard it as being in any degree probable, that this creation, and this formation, and this boundless diffusion (so manifestly in execution of previously perfected designs) could have resulted in the creation at first of a mere *Chaos*, and from which beauty and order and perfect adaptations were gradually to arise from the operation of *secondary* causes or laws—so different from the delightful idea or doctrine of *final causes*: for, if so, how could the Creator have at once pronounced all as “good,” and unless simultaneously made so by the combined act of creation and of formation, and, as it were, *uno flatu*? Oh no, my Agrippa! this is but a Heathen figment, and better suited for the poetical Ovid, than for the philosophic Christian: Lakedion believes that design, creation and formation were completed doings; and, as it were, *instantaneous*, proceeding from that other and self-existent TRIAD of a combined Wisdom, Power, and Goodness;—the latter triad being in such exact harmony with the former triad! We know that all nature teems with life; and that this is as boundless for enjoyment, as are the varied things of creation boundless in supplies for that enjoyment. Nor is the force of those two harmonious triads in the least diminished by even the assumption that the three acts of design, creation, and formation were *not* contemporaneous—but followed each other at intervals of exceeding great length, instead of the comparative moment in which, as I conceive, all was effected. Surely, my Agrippa, an *undesigned* creation must have been a Chaos, suitable enough for the Heathen fancy; and never could have been *fashioned* into such marvellous beauty, by what hath so absurdly been called the *VIS NATURÆ*! The one is a sublime Truth, worthy of that Deity, who so complacently beheld his great work, and then pronounced it “good”—the other is a foul absurdity—and the offspring of man’s ineffable arrogance.

In this harmonious double triad of causes and effects, who perceives not in them a natural progression of the three Kingdoms of nature in all their perfection, and of all the created and fashioned entities that constitute the three, which we name the Mineral—the Vegetable—and the Animal kingdoms?—the first, or mere *matter*, being denominated (*lato sensu*) mineral—second, the vegetable organization, (not inert, but with a species of life)—and lastly the animal organization (with its actual life and spirit, and finally, its immortal soul!) And still further, the two latter kingdoms perpetuated, (and not created, as was the first, merely to *endure*, and which, if not disturbed by agencies *ab extra*, does continue, as first it came from its Creator’s hands) and thus are these two caused perpetually to exist in their likenesses by seeds, by offshoots, by procreations, and possibly by other means—but never, my Agrippa, by what some have ignorantly attributed to Equivocal Generation—surely an absurdity as great, in the opinion of Lakedion, as is

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the present alchemical folly that would strive to make gold, or an elixir vitæ! In this triad, therefore, we find that the first in its series, viz. the mineral, remains the same as when first called into existence: it *grows* not, nor is it *propagated*; whereas the other two kingdoms of that triad are destined to endure only for a time, and are continued, only through their respective likenesses, in the ways I have intimated. Brute matter, if it be made to turn to dust, and its individuality be thus destroyed, so remains for ever—but, if let alone and as nature created it then doth it also remain so for ever; their particulars needed *duration* only—not *perpetuation* in any way, as the other two divisions of the triad: but, my learned Cornelius Agrippa, in neither of the divisions of our present triad, can we find the least evidence of anything but a trinity—no duality—no quinary number—no unity, or absolute oneness,—in fine, nothing but a triunity: the mineral is never a vegetable—the latter is never an animal—nor is that ever really both; but each is essentially different. And, if we examine all the ostensible triads in the worlds of Spirit, as well as of Matter, it will be found just the same! How numerous are those, no doubt essential triads: and how difficult, nay impossible, to conceive any addition thereto, or any subtraction therefrom!

Man's limited knowledge must fail to discover all those triads; the *intimate* nature of any one of them he may never know entirely: he also may, from the same ignorance, produce erroneous triads; but still their palpable multitude, and their equal perfection, clearly manifest that the idea I so long have dwelt on, is no vain imagination, but an indisputable fact; and that all of them are designed to symbolize and to illustrate the Ineffable Trinity in Unity!

And who can doubt that these three pregnant actions have reference to the three distinct, but perfectly harmonious actions of the FATHER, as the source of all *design*—of the SON, as the fountain of all *execution*—and of the HOLY SPIRIT, as the eternal spring of all the efficient and sanctifying *diffusions*?

And now that I shall enumerate but two more of these Triads, permit me previously to refer you to only one very ancient *authority*, as being more expressive of my general meaning, than any other that occurs to me in the times of the Apostolic Church: I mean the answer given by Dionysius, of Alexandria, to Dionysius, the then bishop of Rome. The former had been unjustly accused of heresy in the matter of the Trinity: and having received an Epistle from a Synod of the Latin Church, at the instance of its Bishop, the pious Alexandrian was not slow to reply—the substance of which is as follows—"That there never was a time when God was not Father: and so "there cannot have been a time when the Son was not (existent). That "God was never without his Word—Wisdom—and Power; and therefore "Christ, as being these, always existed,—not, however, deriving his being "from himself, but from his Father;—that the Father is the light—the Son "its radiance—and hence co-eternal with the Father."

Dionysius further maintained that he "did not object to the term Homöousius, but only had remarked that it existed not in Scripture, that his "opinion was consonant with its use, and that he had illustrated it by the

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“analogy of human generation—saying that parents were other than their children, simply by not being the children—by analogy also of the plant, and root or seed—also of the stream and the fountain—of the *word* on the lip, and the *sense* in the heart, whence it went forth, and with which it is *one*—while, at the same time, they are two,—one existing in the other, and yet other than that other: and, in fine, that his opinions extend the unity without division in the Trinity—and again reduce the Trinity without diminution to the Unity.”\*

That these numerous triads (always in wonderful consistency with the idea of a triune-deity) cannot be regarded as being what men so ignorantly denominate *chance*, and can never be approved as such, by so soundly thinking a mind as thine, is what I venture to strongly hope. And, whilst it is quite possible to sully a great and intensely interesting truth, by indiscreetly applying to it a too exaggerated fancy through over-zeal; yet hath Lakedion earnestly striven to avoid this. Amidst a mass of lights now given, there may be found opaque spots: but he claims for himself exemption, at least, from all presumptuous folly, and especially from any intentional undevout dealing with a hidden subject. Lakedion firmly believes it not to be hidden, but open to the full extent of the views he here hath unfolded: and that, as to the *positive distinction of persons*, he claims to be as firm in *that* faith, as if the Orthodox Creeds had been given by himself: for surely Omnipotence and Omnipresence might be, in *persona*, even infinite, had the Almighty so willed—why, then, not in the declared ineffable *THREE*? Lakedion is not aware that any Scripture, any Creed, or any Man, hath ever, in all the ages, declared that the number *Three* can be the number *One*—or that *One* can be *Three*: for *that* is not the *idea*, and never was: and yet *One* may be *Three*, or *Three* may be *One* *diverso intuitu*, and in a way perfectly known to God, though it may be but feebly understood or conceived by Man.

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\* After a careful examination of all that Cartaphilus has stated in respect to his views of the Trinity, and of his analogical doctrine of Triads, the Editor, whilst he prefers to express no very decided opinion on the entire matter, does not hesitate in the belief that those views do contain a closer approximation to the deeply interesting and intensely sublime Truth, than elsewhere may be found; and also that the same is equally remote from any tincture of Arianism, or of Sabellianism. The Athanasian Creed, and the Apostles' Creed do not conflict with those views, as the Editor is persuaded; and yet the subject possibly is, and so may remain, quite too recondite for the heart and head (fearful of its judgments) not to welcome the following language of JEREMY TAYLOR: “He that goes about to speak of the mysteries of the Trinity, and does it by words and names of man's invention—talking of essences and existences, of hypotheses and personalities, &c. may interest himself, and build a tabernacle in his head, and talk something he knows not what: but the good man, who feels the power of the FATHER, and to whom the SON has become Wisdom and Sanctification and Redemption, and in whose heart the Spirit of God is shed abroad—that man, though he understands nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone understands the doctrine of the Trinity.”

The Editor desires to repose not upon Cartaphilus alone, nor upon Jeremy Taylor alone, but upon that combined spirit of adventurous thought, but of modest submission to judgment, that seems to have characterized each.

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Dost not thou well know, O Agrippa, that this dogma of the Trinity hath been floating down the stream of time among all the Nations, and in all the Ages? Its progress may be seen throughout the Hebrew Scriptures—also in the writing of Philo-Judæus,—in the New Testament—in the Apocryphal books—in the early Fathers of the Church—in the Philosophy and Religion of all the Oriental tribes and nations—in the Mythology of nearly every Heathen land—and lastly, even in the Koran of the ever mysterious Mohammad; who, though he justly denies three gods, and insists upon one only, hath never said that God cannot appear as man to his creature man! Whence, then, proceeds this universal tradition of a dogma so profound, but from its essential truth; and, no doubt, also from an *original revelation* in Paradise, and for ever perpetuated by reason and faith, because of its inherent conformity to nature and truth?

32nd. And here I may incidentally add that nearly all the cosmogonies, and the mythological genealogies, during all the Ages, and in all lands, have a seeming eye to the idea of Triads. Not only have their primary gods been thus arranged, but even their attributes; as to the former of which I shall only state a few instances. We have in this triad connexion *Isis*, *Horus*, and *Nephthys*; also *Osiris*, *Horus*, and *Sheth*; likewise *Chronos*, *Rhea*, and *Vesta*—also *Dies*, *Saturn*, and *Jupiter*—also the “Good,” the “Evil,” and the “Averter.” This triad again appears elsewhere in a different form, as *Isis* and *Osiris*—or the *Giver of Life*—the *Arimanius*, or *Source of Evil*—and the *Sheth*, or *Averter of Evil*: the same, or similar idea we find in the god *ON* or *Aon*—called the “*Enlightener*,” or *Designer*; the god *PETHAH*, “*Maker of things and the people*”—or the *Executor*; and in the god *REHA* (the Sun), or the *Diffuser* of *physical* light, whereby all *mental* knowledges may be admitted into, and diffused throughout all the regions of darkness, whether physical or intellectual—all these being but corruptions of the great Hebrew type of the *JAH*—the *Logos*—and the *SPIRITUS*. So likewise, in the arrangement of the mere *attributes* of their gods, we sometimes find them divided into a series of triads; and even the Rabbinical Jews of the darker ages (adopting this oriental fancy), have arranged all the supposed twelve natures of the One-God, into four triads, so as to form a diagram indicating the outlines of a man! Such wild notions, my Agrippa, may suit other less experienced and thoughtful minds than yours and mine, and will never receive from either aught but the emotion of pity—and yet it inculcates (corruptly) the sublime idea of triads.

33rd. And my Agrippa, though I add one more example of the doctrine of triads, as symbolical of the mighty Antitype, yet would I call upon thee to seek out some of the hundreds more that may be found in God's most varied and wonderful providences towards man—as if the Creator, from the beginning, designed to impress upon all entities whatever, the great mysterious truth of a Triune-Divinity!—and in the whole of them, as also individually, to illustrate the fundamental principle of the essential nature of the Triune-God as flowing from Design—Execution—and Diffusion—the point from which I started.

And now as to the Triad with which I must conclude the task thou hast imposed upon me.

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Are not all SACRIFICES based upon the threefold idea of *first*, the choice of the victim—*secondly*, the imposition of hands, and *thirdly*, of the sprinkling of the blood? And is not the Selection of the victim referable to the whole *Design*—also the Imposition of hands to the partial *Execution*—and the Sprinkling of the blood to the effectual *Diffusion* of the inestimable blessing to be conferred? And, in these three distinct actions (though by representation), have we not the essentials of the whole sacrificial symbol of the Tripersonate Deity? and doth not the symbol there terminate; and finally, did not the Great Antitype exactly accomplish the Sacrifice—the Imposition of hands—and the Diffusion of the blessing through the Holy Spirit? Who, O Agrippa, amidst the numerous other triads, can believe the present one imaginary only?\*

I have now performed the task imposed by thee—less satisfactorily than I wished, but with no diminished zeal as I advanced. I pray thee, do thou ripen into full maturity these my imperfectly expressed opinions; and I mean, moreover, those expressed throughout the whole of this Epistle—for all the matters therein are but as one. Thou, O Cornelius Agrippa! as the author of those learned Orations that so greatly have charmed the world—as the author also of that admirable work thou hast given us upon the "*Vanity of Arts and Sciences*," (that is, according to the mistaken fashion of the times) ought to warrant Lakedion in the hope that the foregoing matters, in this Epistle, as to God's essential Oneness—Man's essential inferiority—his free agency—also as to the necessary Origin of sin—the remedy provided therefore—and especially as to the essential tripersonate nature of Divinity, may all be placed of thee beyond the sphere of future cavil, should this my humble endeavour have planted in thee the desire so to do. Thou wouldst then give to Lakedion's meagre outline all the strength, and all the grace, as it were, of a pyramid, amidst the perishing tents of the now degraded nomades of the Egyptian land. Truly doth it wonder me that from, even before the days of Arius unto the present hour, the world hath found

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\* Solomon, in his "Book of Wisdom," ix. 16, 17, 18, manifestly alludes to this Trinity in Unity, when he says that man comes to the knowledge of heavenly things in three ways—viz. by the counsel of God (the Father) which giveth Wisdom (that is, by the Logos or the Son) through the HOLY SPIRIT—so that the spiritual things may be pleasing unto thee (God) and men be thereby saved through Wisdom"—or the Christus.

Here then we see that God gives the Logos or Wisdom—and sends the Holy Spirit from above, that men may be saved through the Wisdom and the Holy Spirit so sent.

Had God been the *absolute One* (as claimed to be the fact by Mohammad, and by all other Unitarians) his acts towards all Creation must have been stated as done without any reference either to the Son, or to the Holy Spirit: OR, any *instrumentality* must have been stated as such: but the Son and the Spirit are never regarded as *Angels*, or as *Instrumentalities*—but the language (so often used) always excludes the *Sabellian* notion of but one person, acting by mere angels or instrumentalities—an idea wholly foreign to that of Cartaphilus: for, though all proceeds from one fountain—and that fountain is only three-fold, yet *all the powers* are ascribed equally to *each*: what is pleasing to God the Father is so to God the Son, and to God the Holy Ghost: the Wisdom and the Spirit could not exist separately and independently!

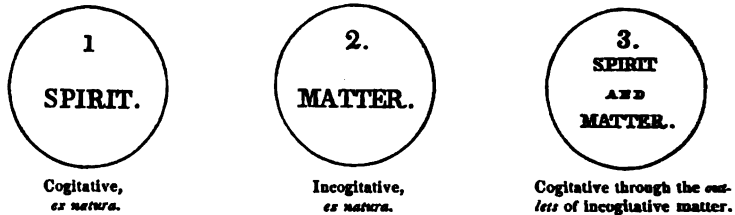
## Illustrative Diagrams of The Triads.

and proclaimed in these matters so many difficulties, and as if those difficulties could find no even plausible solution, but involved almost a *contradiction*! And yet, my Agrippa, (as I formerly revealed unto thee,) Lakedion, of all mortals, hath erred most grievously in them all, than any one before or since! But a new light eventually came unto him: and, if Mohammad (so called) hath gone beyond Arius, and if both were in the main sincere, (as they may have been) marvel not that Lakedion should now have eyes that reject his own great errors, and likewise a heart to expose the enormous follies and blasphemies that have arisen since the Apostolic times.

And though this matter of the Triads hath been stated by me, in *words*, to even a larger extent than I designed,—yet I have added thereto a few symbols and *diagrammatic* lines, that possibly may more clearly unfold my meaning, or give strength to the feebleness of language: and now, for ever, FARE-THREE-WELL.

ISAAC LAKEDION.

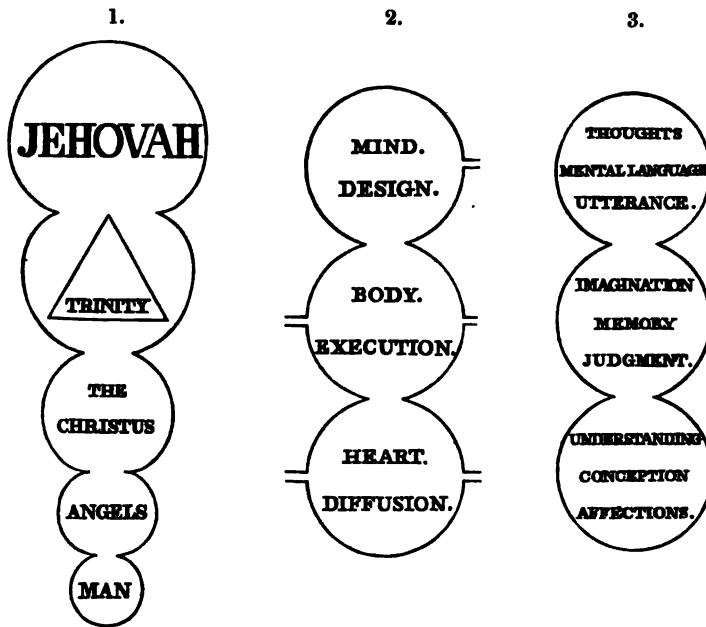
## DIAGRAM THE FIRST.\*



\* In Diagram the 1st is shown the only *three* entities in the universe.

Illustrative Diagrams of The Triads.

DIAGRAM THE SECOND.\*



\* In this 2nd Diagram, No. 1 shows *Jehovah* to be the source of every Triad—He being essentially a Triad: and the contraction of the four spaces manifests the several natures of the four entities. No. 2 carries out the idea, as the three flow into each other, as shown by the outlets in each of the circles: and No. 3 is illustrative of the Mental Faculties, as triads.



## Illustrative Diagrams of The Triads.

DIAGRAM THE THIRD.

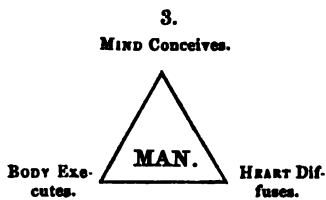
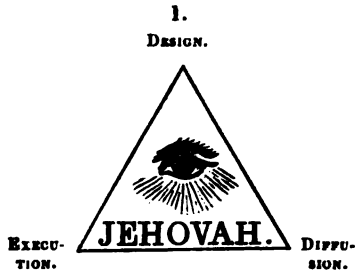
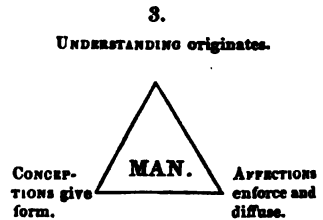
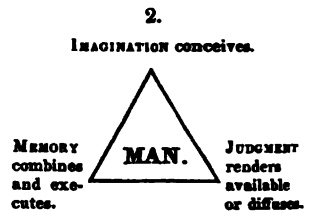
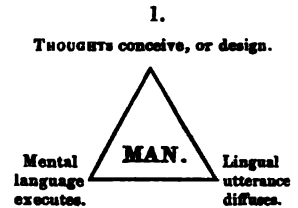


DIAGRAM THE FOURTH.

## FACULTIES.



APPENDIX B.

*On the Death of Saint Paul, and of his Second Epistle to Timothy, Chap. iv.*  
See pages 218 and 219.

We would here additionally remark that the Commentators appear to have greatly mistaken the object of Paul's request in the *thirteenth* verse of this Second Epistle, in regard to his mantle, books, and parchments, but that their views are still more erroneous as to the interpretation of the *seventeenth* verse of the same epistle. Some have strangely supposed that St. Paul was not beheaded by Nero, but under the authority of Tigellinus, Sabinus, and Helius, during Nero's absence in Greece (the particulars of which sojourn in Greece are so specially recorded by Cartaphilus in his *NERONIANA*). The Commentators maintain that this *seventeenth* verse—"Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me, that, by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear. *And I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion,*" had reference to the monster *Helius*, to whom the government had been more specially entrusted by Nero during his absence in Greece! We conceive this to be impossible; and that, at no time did Helius subject Paul to the fury of a "lion"—nor that Helius was symbolically called a lion, nor that he had any agency whatever in the death of Paul, and finally, that Paul's death took place *before* Nero's expedition into Greece, and *not* by Helius during the emperor's absence, though all history concurs in the fact of Helius' oppressions, as governor, whilst Nero was upon that fantastic travel. Cartaphilus, therefore, gives no countenance whatever, as we have seen, to the modern notion. But, independently of the internal evidence afforded to the contrary, by this *seventeenth* verse itself, all tradition and history negative the idea of Nero's *absence* at that time. We know that Nero was certainly in Greece from October, A.D. 66, to near the close of the ensuing year: and if so, we further know that the martyrdom could scarce have taken place during the short interval between Nero's return and death.

We further have good reason to believe that the martyrdom of Paul did take place in the summer of A.D. 66, at which time Nero was certainly at Rome: and the second Epistle to Timothy was doubtless written shortly before his death, and in firm anticipation of the event. We therefore, independently of the facts stated by Cartaphilus at page 218, and also of the remarks made thereon by the Editor in his Note on said page, have further to remark, in support of our view, that this *seventeenth* verse conclusively shows the "*delivery from the lion*" alluded to, was a delivery that had taken place during Nero's presence: for, if by an *actual lion*, instead of by Helius, a *symbolical* lion, either must have taken place some time before Nero's expedition into Greece. The traditional date of Paul's martyrdom is the 29th June, A.D. 66—about four months before Nero's departure. The popular idea is that the Epistle was written during warm weather, and the Commentators strangely suppose that Paul anticipated remaining in prison during the ensuing winter, and would consequently need the mantle! But

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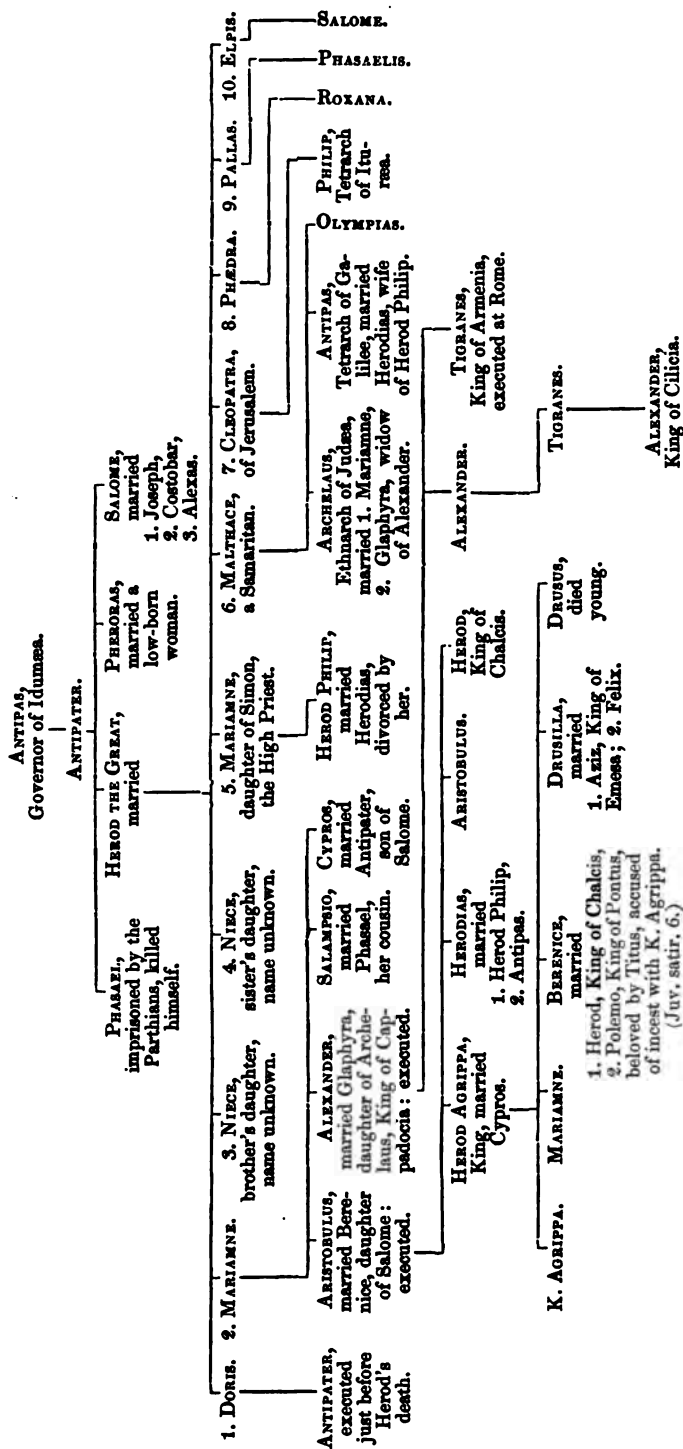
Remarks on Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy.

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this conflicts with the very spirit of that Epistle—he certainly expected an early death, and desired everything from Troas that might enable him to establish his privilege as a Roman, and also when on trial, to appear with the customary mantle. Paul therefore needed (as we contend) his *mantle* (but not for warmth) and also his *books* (but not for study) and “especially his *parchments*” (but not his *diary* or common-place books) as his modern commentators have so erroneously interpreted the *thirteenth* verse. All the explanations of these two verses, conflict either with the epistle itself, or with history and tradition. Paul could not have said, in the *seventeenth* verse, that he *had been delivered* out of the mouth of the lion, consistently with the notion of one commentator, who supposes that lion to be Nero—nor with the idea of another, who thinks that Paul expected to be delivered to the lions instead of to the axe—nor is the opinion of another commentator more happy, viz. that “delivery from the lion” was a mere *proverbial* expression, for if so, it removes no difficulty. In fine, the 17th and 18th verses seem to us nothing more than a consolation he takes to himself, after he had in the previous verses lamented his loneliness, in being forsaken by all save Luke—and *that* consolation is the recollection that God had heretofore sustained him, and delivered him from the mouth of the lion (neither a beast, nor man) but the general persecution of Christianity—which, *then*, may be properly regarded as an idiomatic or proverbial expression. And finally, as to the 13th verse, we must insist that it is free from all those difficulties that appertain to the customary solutions, as we think is made sufficiently manifest by the Note on page 218—219, and the remarks now made in continuation of the same.

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APPENDIX C. See pages 188 to 146.  
 GENEALOGY OF THE HERODIAN FAMILY.

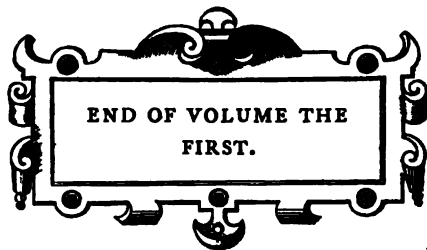


APPENDIX D. TABLE OF ROMAN DATING. See page 473.

| JANUARY.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | FEBRUARY.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | MARCH.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | APRIL.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | MAY.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | JUNE.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1<br>Calend. Jan.<br>2<br>IV. Nonas<br>3<br>III. Nonas<br>4<br>Prid. Non. Jan.<br>5<br>Nonas Jan.<br>6<br>VIII. Idus<br>7<br>VII. Idus<br>8<br>VI. Idus<br>9<br>V. Idus<br>10<br>IV. Idus<br>11<br>III. Idus<br>12<br>Prid. Idus<br>13<br>Idus<br>14<br>XIX. Cal. Feb.<br>15<br>XVIII. Calend.<br>16<br>XVII. Calend.<br>17<br>XVI. Calend.<br>18<br>XV. Calend.<br>19<br>XIV. Calend.<br>20<br>XIII. Calend.<br>21<br>XII. Calend.<br>22<br>XI. Calend.<br>23<br>X. Calend.<br>24<br>IX. Calend.<br>25<br>VIII. Calend.<br>26<br>VII. Calend.<br>27<br>VI. Calend.<br>28<br>V. Calend.<br>29<br>IV. Calend.<br>30<br>III. Calend.<br>31<br>Prid. Cal. Feb. | 1<br>Calend. Feb.<br>2<br>IV. Nonas<br>3<br>III. Nonas<br>4<br>Prid. Non. Feb.<br>5<br>Nonas Feb.<br>6<br>VIII. Idus<br>7<br>VII. Idus<br>8<br>VI. Idus<br>9<br>V. Idus<br>10<br>IV. Idus<br>11<br>III. Idus<br>12<br>Prid. Idus<br>13<br>Idus<br>14<br>XVI. Cal. Mar.<br>15<br>XV. Calend.<br>16<br>XIV. Calend.<br>17<br>XIII. Calend.<br>18<br>XII. Calend.<br>19<br>XI. Calend.<br>20<br>X. Calend.<br>21<br>IX. Calend.<br>22<br>VIII. Calend.<br>23<br>VII. Calend.<br>24<br>VI. Calend.<br>25<br>V. Calend.<br>26<br>IV. Calend.<br>27<br>III. Calend.<br>28<br>Prid. Cal. Mar. | 1<br>Calend. Mar.<br>2<br>VI. Nonas<br>3<br>V. Nonas<br>4<br>IV. Nonas<br>5<br>III. Nonas<br>6<br>Prid. Non. Mar.<br>7<br>Nonas<br>8<br>VIII. Idus<br>9<br>VII. Idus<br>10<br>VI. Idus<br>11<br>V. Idus<br>12<br>IV. Idus<br>13<br>III. Idus<br>14<br>Prid. Idus<br>15<br>Idus<br>16<br>XVII. Cal. Apr.<br>17<br>XVI. Calend.<br>18<br>XV. Calend.<br>19<br>XIV. Calend.<br>20<br>XIII. Calend.<br>21<br>XII. Calend.<br>22<br>XI. Calend.<br>23<br>X. Calend.<br>24<br>IX. Calend.<br>25<br>VIII. Calend.<br>26<br>VII. Calend.<br>27<br>VI. Calend.<br>28<br>V. Calend.<br>29<br>IV. Calend.<br>30<br>III. Calend.<br>31<br>Prid. Cal. Apr. | 1<br>Calend. Apr.<br>2<br>IV. Nonas<br>3<br>III. Nonas<br>4<br>Prid. Non. Apr.<br>5<br>Nonas<br>6<br>VIII. Idus<br>7<br>VII. Idus<br>8<br>VI. Idus<br>9<br>V. Idus<br>10<br>IV. Idus<br>11<br>III. Idus<br>12<br>Prid. Idus<br>13<br>Idus<br>14<br>XVIII. Cal. Maias<br>15<br>XVII. Calend.<br>16<br>XVI. Calend.<br>17<br>XV. Calend.<br>18<br>XIV. Calend.<br>19<br>XIII. Calend.<br>20<br>XII. Calend.<br>21<br>XI. Calend.<br>22<br>X. Calend.<br>23<br>IX. Calend.<br>24<br>VIII. Calend.<br>25<br>VII. Calend.<br>26<br>VI. Calend.<br>27<br>V. Calend.<br>28<br>IV. Calend.<br>29<br>III. Calend.<br>30<br>Prid. Cal. Maias | 1<br>Calend. Maias<br>2<br>VI. Nonas<br>3<br>V. Nonas<br>4<br>IV. Nonas<br>5<br>III. Nonas<br>6<br>Prid. Non. Maias<br>7<br>Nonas<br>8<br>VIII. Idus<br>9<br>VII. Idus<br>10<br>VI. Idus<br>11<br>V. Idus<br>12<br>IV. Idus<br>13<br>III. Idus<br>14<br>Prid. Idus<br>15<br>Idus<br>16<br>XVII. Cal. Junias<br>17<br>XVI. Calend.<br>18<br>XV. Calend.<br>19<br>XIV. Calend.<br>20<br>XIII. Calend.<br>21<br>XII. Calend.<br>22<br>XI. Calend.<br>23<br>X. Calend.<br>24<br>IX. Calend.<br>25<br>VIII. Calend.<br>26<br>VII. Calend.<br>27<br>VI. Calend.<br>28<br>V. Calend.<br>29<br>IV. Calend.<br>30<br>III. Calend.<br>31<br>Prid. Cal. Jun. | 1<br>Calend. Junie<br>2<br>IV. Nonas<br>3<br>III. Nonas<br>4<br>Prid. Non. Jun.<br>5<br>Nonas Junie<br>6<br>VIII. Idus<br>7<br>VII. Idus<br>8<br>VI. Idus<br>9<br>V. Idus<br>10<br>IV. Idus<br>11<br>III. Idus<br>12<br>Prid. Idus<br>13<br>Idus<br>14<br>XVIII. Cal. Jul.<br>15<br>XVII. Calend.<br>16<br>XVI. Calend.<br>17<br>XV. Calend.<br>18<br>XIV. Calend.<br>19<br>XIII. Calend.<br>20<br>XII. Calend.<br>21<br>XI. Calend.<br>22<br>X. Calend.<br>23<br>IX. Calend.<br>24<br>VIII. Calend.<br>25<br>VII. Calend.<br>26<br>VI. Calend.<br>27<br>V. Calend.<br>28<br>IV. Calend.<br>29<br>III. Calend.<br>30<br>Prid. Cal. Julias |

APPENDIX D. TABLE OF ROMAN DATING. See page 473, &c.

| JULY. |                  |    | AUGUST.           |    |                  | SEPTEMBER. |                  |    | OCTOBER.         |    |                  | NOVEMBER. |                  |    | DECEMBER.        |    |  |
|-------|------------------|----|-------------------|----|------------------|------------|------------------|----|------------------|----|------------------|-----------|------------------|----|------------------|----|--|
| 1     | Calend. Julies   | 1  | Cal. Augustæ      | 1  | Calend. Sept.    | 1          | Calend. Octob.   | 1  | Calend. Nov.     | 1  | Calend. Dec.     | 1         | Calend. Nov.     | 1  | Calend. Dec.     | 1  |  |
| 2     | VI. Nonas        | 2  | III. Nonas        | 2  | IV. Nonas        | 2          | VI. Nonas        | 2  | IV. Nonas        | 2  | IV. Nonas        | 2         | IV. Nonas        | 2  | IV. Nonas        | 2  |  |
| 3     | V. Nonas         | 3  | III. Nonas        | 3  | III. Nonas       | 3          | V. Nonas         | 3  | III. Nonas       | 3  | III. Nonas       | 3         | III. Nonas       | 3  | III. Nonas       | 3  |  |
| 4     | IV. Nonas        | 4  | Prid. Non. Aug.   | 4  | Prid. Non. Sept. | 4          | IV. Nonas        | 4  | IV. Nonas        | 4  | Prid. Non. Nov.  | 4         | Prid. Non. Nov.  | 4  | Prid. Non. Dec.  | 4  |  |
| 5     | III. Nonas       | 5  | Nonas Aug.        | 5  | Nonas Sept.      | 5          | III. Nonas       | 5  | III. Nonas       | 5  | Nonas Nov.       | 5         | Nonas Nov.       | 5  | Nonas Dec.       | 5  |  |
| 6     | Nonas Julies     | 6  | VIII. Idus        | 6  | VIII. Idus       | 6          | Prid. Non. Oct.  | 6  | Prid. Non. Oct.  | 6  | VIII. Idus       | 6         | VIII. Idus       | 6  | VIII. Idus       | 6  |  |
| 7     | Nonas Julies     | 7  | VII. Idus         | 7  | VII. Idus        | 7          | Nonas Octob.     | 7  | Nonas Octob.     | 7  | VII. Idus        | 7         | VII. Idus        | 7  | VII. Idus        | 7  |  |
| 8     | VIII. Idus       | 8  | VI. Idus          | 8  | VI. Idus         | 8          | VIII. Idus       | 8  | VIII. Idus       | 8  | VI. Idus         | 8         | VI. Idus         | 8  | VI. Idus         | 8  |  |
| 9     | VII. Idus        | 9  | V. Idus           | 9  | V. Idus          | 9          | VII. Idus        | 9  | VII. Idus        | 9  | V. Idus          | 9         | V. Idus          | 9  | V. Idus          | 9  |  |
| 10    | VI. Idus         | 10 | IV. Idus          | 10 | IV. Idus         | 10         | VI. Idus         | 10 | VI. Idus         | 10 | IV. Idus         | 10        | IV. Idus         | 10 | IV. Idus         | 10 |  |
| 11    | V. Idus          | 11 | III. Idus         | 11 | III. Idus        | 11         | V. Idus          | 11 | V. Idus          | 11 | III. Idus        | 11        | III. Idus        | 11 | III. Idus        | 11 |  |
| 12    | IV. Idus         | 12 | Pridie Idus       | 12 | Pridie Idus      | 12         | IV. Idus         | 12 | IV. Idus         | 12 | III. Idus        | 12        | III. Idus        | 12 | III. Idus        | 12 |  |
| 13    | III. Idus        | 13 | Idus              | 13 | Idus Sept.       | 13         | III. Idus        | 13 | III. Idus        | 13 | Idus Nov.        | 13        | Idus Nov.        | 13 | Idus Dec.        | 13 |  |
| 14    | Pridie Idus      | 14 | XIX. Cal. Sept.   | 14 | XVIII. Cal. Oct. | 14         | Pridie Idus      | 14 | Pridie Idus      | 14 | XVIII. Cal. Dec. | 14        | XVIII. Cal. Dec. | 14 | XIX. Cal. Jan.   | 14 |  |
| 15    | Idus             | 15 | XVIII. Cal. Sept. | 15 | XVII. Cal. Oct.  | 15         | Idus             | 15 | Idus             | 15 | XVII. Cal. Dec.  | 15        | XVII. Cal. Dec.  | 15 | XVIII. Cal. Jan. | 15 |  |
| 16    | XVII. Cal. Aug.  | 16 | XVII. Cal. Sept.  | 16 | XVI. Cal. Oct.   | 16         | XVII. Cal. Sept. | 16 | XVII. Cal. Sept. | 16 | XVI. Cal. Dec.   | 16        | XVI. Cal. Dec.   | 16 | XVII. Cal. Jan.  | 16 |  |
| 17    | XVI. Cal. Aug.   | 17 | XVI. Cal. Sept.   | 17 | XV. Cal. Oct.    | 17         | XVI. Cal. Sept.  | 17 | XVI. Cal. Sept.  | 17 | XV. Cal. Dec.    | 17        | XV. Cal. Dec.    | 17 | XVI. Cal. Jan.   | 17 |  |
| 18    | XV. Cal. Aug.    | 18 | XV. Cal. Sept.    | 18 | XIV. Cal. Oct.   | 18         | XV. Cal. Sept.   | 18 | XV. Cal. Sept.   | 18 | XIV. Cal. Dec.   | 18        | XIV. Cal. Dec.   | 18 | XV. Cal. Jan.    | 18 |  |
| 19    | XIV. Cal. Aug.   | 19 | XIV. Cal. Sept.   | 19 | XIII. Cal. Oct.  | 19         | XIV. Cal. Sept.  | 19 | XIV. Cal. Sept.  | 19 | XIII. Cal. Dec.  | 19        | XIII. Cal. Dec.  | 19 | XIV. Cal. Jan.   | 19 |  |
| 20    | XIII. Cal. Aug.  | 20 | XIII. Cal. Sept.  | 20 | XII. Cal. Oct.   | 20         | XIII. Cal. Sept. | 20 | XIII. Cal. Sept. | 20 | XII. Cal. Dec.   | 20        | XII. Cal. Dec.   | 20 | XIII. Cal. Jan.  | 20 |  |
| 21    | XII. Cal. Aug.   | 21 | XII. Cal. Sept.   | 21 | XI. Cal. Oct.    | 21         | XII. Cal. Sept.  | 21 | XII. Cal. Sept.  | 21 | XI. Cal. Dec.    | 21        | XI. Cal. Dec.    | 21 | XII. Cal. Jan.   | 21 |  |
| 22    | XI. Cal. Aug.    | 22 | XI. Cal. Sept.    | 22 | X. Cal. Oct.     | 22         | XI. Cal. Sept.   | 22 | XI. Cal. Sept.   | 22 | X. Cal. Dec.     | 22        | X. Cal. Dec.     | 22 | XI. Cal. Jan.    | 22 |  |
| 23    | X. Cal. Aug.     | 23 | X. Cal. Sept.     | 23 | IX. Cal. Oct.    | 23         | X. Cal. Sept.    | 23 | X. Cal. Sept.    | 23 | IX. Cal. Dec.    | 23        | IX. Cal. Dec.    | 23 | X. Cal. Jan.     | 23 |  |
| 24    | IX. Cal. Aug.    | 24 | IX. Cal. Sept.    | 24 | VIII. Cal. Oct.  | 24         | IX. Cal. Sept.   | 24 | IX. Cal. Sept.   | 24 | VIII. Cal. Dec.  | 24        | VIII. Cal. Dec.  | 24 | IX. Cal. Jan.    | 24 |  |
| 25    | VIII. Cal. Aug.  | 25 | VIII. Cal. Sept.  | 25 | VII. Cal. Oct.   | 25         | VIII. Cal. Sept. | 25 | VIII. Cal. Sept. | 25 | VII. Cal. Dec.   | 25        | VII. Cal. Dec.   | 25 | VIII. Cal. Jan.  | 25 |  |
| 26    | VII. Cal. Aug.   | 26 | VII. Cal. Sept.   | 26 | VI. Cal. Oct.    | 26         | VII. Cal. Sept.  | 26 | VII. Cal. Sept.  | 26 | VI. Cal. Dec.    | 26        | VI. Cal. Dec.    | 26 | VII. Cal. Jan.   | 26 |  |
| 27    | VI. Cal. Aug.    | 27 | VI. Cal. Sept.    | 27 | V. Cal. Oct.     | 27         | VI. Cal. Sept.   | 27 | VI. Cal. Sept.   | 27 | V. Cal. Dec.     | 27        | V. Cal. Dec.     | 27 | VI. Cal. Jan.    | 27 |  |
| 28    | V. Cal. Aug.     | 28 | V. Cal. Sept.     | 28 | IV. Cal. Oct.    | 28         | V. Cal. Sept.    | 28 | V. Cal. Sept.    | 28 | IV. Cal. Dec.    | 28        | IV. Cal. Dec.    | 28 | V. Cal. Jan.     | 28 |  |
| 29    | IV. Cal. Aug.    | 29 | IV. Cal. Sept.    | 29 | III. Cal. Oct.   | 29         | IV. Cal. Sept.   | 29 | IV. Cal. Sept.   | 29 | III. Cal. Dec.   | 29        | III. Cal. Dec.   | 29 | IV. Cal. Jan.    | 29 |  |
| 30    | III. Cal. Aug.   | 30 | III. Cal. Sept.   | 30 | Prid. Cal. Oct.  | 30         | III. Cal. Sept.  | 30 | III. Cal. Sept.  | 30 | Prid. Cal. Dec.  | 30        | Prid. Cal. Dec.  | 30 | III. Cal. Jan.   | 30 |  |
| 31    | Pridie Cal. Aug. | 31 | Prid. Cal. Sept.  | 31 |                  | 31         | Prid. Cal. Sept. | 31 | Prid. Cal. Sept. | 31 |                  | 31        | Prid. Cal. Dec.  | 31 | III. Cal. Jan.   | 31 |  |



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